





Presented to the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY

by the

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE
LIBRARY

1980

Fine Binding

THE CARSWELL COMPANY LIMITED



2946
71146
BLACKWOODS'

Edinburgh



MAGAZINE.

7662

VOL. XXXVII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1835.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1835.

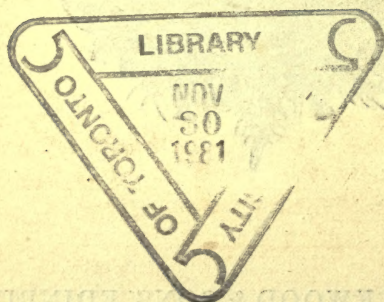
BLACKWOOD'S
MAGAZINE

NOV XXXVII

JANUARY - JUNE 1831



AP
4
B6
V.37



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & CO. LONDON

478

T. CARRILL, STRAND, LONDON

1831

BLACKWOODS'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXX.

JANUARY, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

Contents.

WILLIAM PITT. PART I,	1
FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL. CHAPS. VI., VII., VIII., AND CONCLUSION,	18
FALL OF THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY,	30
EDMUND SPENSER. PART V.,	49
SKETCHES BY H.B. FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD,	72
PRINCE TALLEYRAND,	76
THE EARLY CALLED. CHAP. I.,	82
A SUMMARY OF THE TIMES—IN NURSERY RHYMES,	95
AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY,	107
LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG,	125
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. No. LXX.,	128

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

Contents.

1	William Pitt, Part I.
18	Extracts from the History of John Bull. Chap. VI, VII, VIII.
29	And Conclusion.
40	Fall of the Marquis of Salisbury.
48	Edward Everett, Part I.
55	Sketches by Mr. Knox the Tutor of the British Embassy.
70	Prison Talk.
77	The Early Career. Chap. I.
85	A Summary of the Times--In Recent Years.
100	Arthur's Correspondence in England.
105	Letter from a Liberal Friend.
120	Notes and Remarks. No. LXX.

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET.

EDINBURGH:

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXX.

JANUARY, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

WILLIAM PITT.

PART I.

THE memory of great men is the noblest inheritance of their country. All other distinctions are perishable. A few centuries have covered the most intellectual regions of the world with the deepest barbarism. National valour, the spirit of national sacrifice, the noble and natural pride of public supremacy, all that was great in the nature, the ambition, and the power of a nation, is exchanged for debility and decay, or survives but in the form of some faint memorial, mutilated sculptures round the tomb where the dead glory of the people slumbers. But the character of her eminent minds is unassailable by the process that humiliates the strength and dignity of the nation. Their ordeal is past; they have reached the point at which fame is inevitably their own. In passing to the grave, they have secured the honours, which to all the living must be still liable to the common chances of things. The nation may go down, and be submerged in the common tide of human casualty. But their fame stands up, like the mountain tops in the deluge, the last retreat of the national hope and virtue, the first point from which they reissue to possess and restore the land.

William Pitt was one of those men whose mind shaped his time. Fortunate for the vigour and purity of our own time, if that mind were to

be taken as the model of living British statesmanship. The subject is at this hour more important than ever. The destinies of England are more and more approaching to that crisis, in which their good or ill depends on personal character. Pitt was formed to carry the empire through a convulsion altogether new, fierce, and beyond the calculation of the old public wisdom of Europe. At this hour, the statesman may be forming, on whom is to depend the pilotage of the empire through a tempest, of which the fury will be equally beyond calculation, the trial more severe, and the elements more powerful, wilder, and more unknown. Pitt saw the Continent with one revolution in its centre, and that revolution enough to shake Europe. The statesman who is yet to succeed in the high and solemn task of sustaining the name of England through all her trials, may see every kingdom the centre of a revolution; the solitary Jacobinism of France forgotten and eclipsed by a universal hostility to throne and temple; popular passion inflamed into boundless frenzy; and the earth involved in one reckless and measureless confusion of war, conspiracy, and infidelity. To the man and his age, the study of the life of William Pitt, and of the years in which he achieved the triumph of his principles, must be the most essential and productive employ-

ment of their wisdom, the most speaking lesson to their experience, and the most assured and cheering pledge of their ultimate safety. They will find in his personal character the solid connexion of private virtues with public fidelity; no factitious and glaring professions of impracticable patriotism; no degrading submissions to the popular cry; no desperate experiments on the public security, to grasp at a shadowy and fugitive power, and they will find the success commensurate to the integrity of the principles; public difficulties that seemed insurmountable, rapidly overcome; disaffection at home converted into emulous loyalty. The broken system of Europe rebuilt into one superb confederacy; the fallen fortitude of the Continent suddenly inspirited into invincible courage; the revolutionary idol which disdained to be fed with less than the blood of kings, and sat enveloped with the smoke of human hecatombs, resistlessly torn from its altar, and cast into its own flames; an unexampled war, which involved all Europe, and menaced the dissolution of every tie of nations and of man, closed by an unexampled triumph, in which all Europe shared, and which established a new bond of friendship and mutual reliance among all its kingdoms.

The history of Europe is imperfectly and obscurely written, if the historian forgets to look to Providence. But the history of our own country forms one of its finest illustrations. If it had been contemplated by man in the middle of the eighteenth century, that at its close the French Revolution should shake the Continent, and that England should be the great agent in the hand of Providence, first to protect mankind from the fatal supremacy of that revolution, and next to overthrow and extinguish it in the very spot where it first started upon the human eye, no measures of provision could be more distinctly and powerfully preparative than the apparently simple contingencies of England from the end of the Seven Years' War. The peace of 1762 had tranquillized Europe, but it was the abortive tranquillity of a truce. War was at an end on the Continent. Austria had been

baffled by Prussia, but Prussia was exhausted by her victory. No German power remained, of sufficient strength, to revenge the ravages of both. France had lost armies, and what she valued more, laurels. Russia, scarcely recovered from domestic murders, and employing her resources in doubtful hostilities with the Ottoman, was scarcely recognised as a European power. England, flushed with victory, had gained all the prizes of the war, an unlimited territory in the New World, the French West Indies, a new empire in the East, and the unquestioned influence of a power of the first order on the European system.

The natural peril to England, in this condition of safety and superiority, would be, that she might relax the sinews of her strength; that without an enemy to dread, she might cease to be warlike; that with hourly increasing opulence, she might become surcharged with indolent voluptuousness; and that with a population rapidly rising in the consciousness of its own influence, she might be tossed about by every gust of republicanism. All those contingencies would have been formidable hazards under any condition of the surrounding kingdoms. But the nature of the coming crisis, utterly unascertained as it was by man, must have rendered the hazards almost certain ruin.

If, a quarter of a century before the first meeting of the National Assembly, the angel of the future had drawn up the curtain, and revealed to some great English mind the characteristic form and features of the French Revolution, its universal spirit of aggression, its conversion of the whole power of the state into war, its hatred of all settled authority, and its universal appeal to the power of the populace at home and abroad; what would be the qualities which such a mind would require to see, as first and most predominant in England, if she were finally to rescue herself and redeem others from the general danger? The answer must be, that she should be compelled by circumstances to keep her warlike vigilance in activity, that she should be in some degree even exercised in war during the interval, that she

should be directed to the knowledge of those peculiar resources on which she must finally rely, and be taught the especial use of that arm by which the battle was to be chiefly borne, that she must feel the value of a financial system founded on the most accurate estimate of her means, that she should be taught the infinite peril of suffering the populace to become the dictators of her government; that to put the whole machine of public power and virtue in motion, there should stand at the head of affairs some individual whose peculiar talent lay in that management of the public wealth so essential in a long, costly, and exhausting course of hostilities, while his unquestioned general ability, public devotedness, and personal integrity, made the nation look up to him with unbounded homage, and follow his counsels with deferential obedience. Another requisition, of the highest moral value in a contest, which was as much of character as of arms, was, that on the throne should be seated a king, whose manliness, firmness, and religious principle qualified him to preside over a nation, among whom the last virtues of the earth were to find a shelter, religion to make its stand against atheism, loyalty against rebellion, patriotism against treason, and the ancient and generous character of royal government against the novel, bitter, and bloodthirsty selfishness of popular anarchy. Is it fanciful to conceive those requisitions? No more so than to remember their necessity. The history of the revolution a quarter of a century after is lying open before the world. There, guided by the ominous light shed from the lamp of the regicide and the assassin, we may trace, line by line, the precautionary wisdom of that singular and effectual discipline, by which England was unconsciously made ready for the most extraordinary and trying contest that ever summoned a nation into the field for the highest interests of human nature.

The peace of 1762 had placed England in the most distinguished rank which she had ever yet attained. All was national supremacy, all was popular exultation. The public feeling of her preeminence

was so unquestioned, that the nation actually trembled at the sudden overflow of prosperity, and while the language of the politician was, that she must thenceforth prepare to meet the combined jealousy of all nations, the philosopher pronounced, that as the wheel of change was in continual motion, and she had now risen to its summit, she must thenceforth make up her resolution to descend.

But all history seems written to baffle the pride of human prediction. From the hour when her sword was laid by, the spirit of England began to be exercised in civil contests, menacing in appearance, but of the first importance to her constitutional vigour. The quarrels of Wilkes with the Government, the struggles of rival leaders for the Cabinet, and the excited feelings of the nation from both causes, kept the country in a perpetual state of that uninjurious activity, which is the finest school for civil knowledge. The few remnants of ancient despotism clinging to the constitution were rent away in the contest; and in the midst of much popular violence, party follies, and national alarm, freedom gained at every advance, until every man of sense and honesty felt that not the shadow of a feudal fetter remained on the noble proportions of English liberty. The discussions with the American colonies followed, and they were rapidly exacerbated into war—a war which now lies too deep among the crimes of the past and gone for us to revive its memory, but on whose tomb the most lenient hand, if it be the hand of truth, must inscribe popular profligacy, unprovoked rebellion, and filial ingratitude. But that war was made the direct means of preparing England for the coming hostilities, which were to summon all her force. Even the peculiar nature of the war seems to have belonged to that system of foresight which turned all casualties to the great future emergency. It scarcely occupied a fragment of the military force of England. It largely occupied the naval. After a long period of necessary inaction, it compelled England to feel that the navy was her right arm; it disciplined that navy, by frequent encounters, into almost a security of

future success; it turned all the triumphs of England in the direction of the navy; it showed her that if the time were to come when she must fight the battle of law and liberty against combined Europe, the navy was her strength, and in that strength she might fight the battle.

When the war ceased, the naval vigilance of England was sustained by the singular event of a naval coalition in Europe. Russia, rising into power and jealousy together, Sweden, almost her vassal, and Denmark in terror of both, confederated, in the well-known Armed Neutrality, to break down the power of the British Empire. The principle, that "free ships make free goods," was contradictory to all justice, for it obviously sanctioned the supply of a British enemy by a British ally; involving at once a contempt of all diplomatic obligations, a defiance of common justice, and a burlesque of common sense. Holland, then the base and mercenary trafficker with all nations, in scorn of all treaties, was an eager party to this general Jew dealing with the principles of national trade; and bitterly and soon she had reason to repent her substitution of swindling for honour. The Armed Neutrality gave way before the firm countenance of the English Cabinet, and the feeling of its own treachery. But the effect on England had been produced. The navy was found to be the supreme national protector; the naval spirit of the nation was sustained in its unimpaired vigour, and when the true necessity was at hand, the English fleet was found prepared in all points, of numbers, discipline, and national favour, to begin the contest with a superiority of physical and moral force, which never failed in a single instance during the revolutionary struggle.

But, as if for the purpose of making the proposition complete in every respect, England was to be taught a resistless lesson of the dangers of popular supremacy. The riots of 1780, unaccountable in their origin, and trivial in their results, yet displayed the terrors of popular passion, in a degree qualified to impress the nation for ever. England saw with astonishment a multitude which had assembled from motives

avowedly religious, justifiable, and national, suddenly touched with a fury which flamed out into public devastation, and whose limits no man could hope to define. Of all the violences of popular power, this exhibited the evil in the most direct, broad, and naked form. In other instances there had been a popular leader, a cause, an oppression, an anarchy engendering license by its habits, some bold prejudice operating on some glaring iniquity of power. But the burning of London was due to the simple will of the mob, with no leader but a ridiculous and half-witted religionist, no conceivable oppression, no denial of justice, no rejected claim, nothing to stimulate the multitude to the most horrible atrocities, but the mere sense that it had the means. Armed with this sense, 40,000 of the rabble, not a thirtieth of the population of London, held the capital in alarm for three days and nights, marched through it like a conquering army, plundered and burned at their will, threw the Court into terror, the Government almost into dissolution, and shook all but the firmness of the brave and manly King. The tumult died away, as rapidly as it rose. But the lesson was of infinite value. It was not forgotten when the first gatherings of the Revolutionary clouds in France began to throw their shade on the shores of England. The sounds of the tempest at a distance prepared the Steersman of the British Ship for the last extremities of the visitation. The clamours of conspiracy in England were instantly answered by the national voice of loyalty. The speciousness of popular deliberation, regenerated rights, and the new age of rabble legislation, were specious no longer to the eye which had seen the rights of the populace registered in the flames of the capital. The minister was called on by the national experience to guard against the boundless calamity of a government with its throne in the streets, and its councils in the uproar of robbery and massacre. Jacobinism protested its innocence in vain. The names of philosophy and philanthropy figured largely at the head of the memorial by which France pleaded her treacherous and sanguinary

cause before Europe. The English minister was already warned, he looked to the body of the document, and showed that it was a proclamation of democracy and treason. The universal answer, and the true one, to all the advocates of rabble authority was,—“the Riots of 80.” The national feeling, without which the highest activity of the Government must be ineffectual, unhesitatingly sustained the wisdom of the minister. The warning had been written in characters which were not to be dimmed by political sophistry, nor effaced by public folly. They had once been characters of blood and ashes, they were now characters of light, and while every finger pointed to them on the wall of the tribunal where the cause of revolution was tried among us, no dexterity could confuse the national judgment, or avert the national decision.

The kingly character essential to the crisis was fully found in the steadiness, sincerity, and public spirit of George III. The ministerial in the illustrious subject of the present memoir.

William Pitt was the second son of William first Earl of Chatham, and of Lady Hester, only daughter of Richard Grenville and Countess Temple. His elder brother, the Earl of Chatham, still lives; his younger, James, died early, a captain in the navy. Of his two sisters, the elder, Lady Hester, was married to Lord Mahon in 1774; the second, Lady Harriet, to the Honourable Edward James Eliot, eldest son of Lord Eliot, in 1785.

At the age of six years Mr Pitt's education began, under the care of the Rev. G. Wilson, in Lord Chatham's house, a tuition which continued till he was fourteen; but his health was so feeble, that for nearly half this period he was unable to receive any instruction. In 1773 he was sent to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, his tutor still residing with him, in consequence of the delicacy of his health. But his studies were solely directed by Prettyman, one of the two public tutors, afterwards well known as the Bishop of Lincoln.

There is a natural interest in pursuing the steps by which a mind like William Pitt's advanced in know-

ledge. On his entrance at Cambridge, his literary acquisitions were found to be of unusual extent for his age; he read all Latinity with ease, and could make his way through half-a-dozen successive pages of Thucydides, a remarkably idiomatic and condensed author, without any peculiar difficulty. It is a curious circumstance, that by Lord Chatham's express desire, Thucydides was the first book to be put into his hands in college, followed by a direction to his tutor that he should read Polybius with him. The plain perspicuity of the Greek tactician's narrative might have recommended him for the formation of a mind in which clearness and accuracy were to be prominent features; but when we remember that Demosthenes transcribed Thucydides eight times as the model of an oratorical style, we must believe that Chatham was preparing the future fame of his son as the great leader of the British Senate.

His understanding soon began to develope itself. His apprehension of his studies was distinguished for clearness and rapidity; he became an exact grammarian, and took delight in the philological niceties of the Greek and Latin. He exhibited equal ability for mathematics, speedily made himself master of all that formed the usual course of college studies, even to the highest branches of the examinations, felt, as we are told by his tutor, “a great desire to fathom still further the depths of pure mathematics,” and, as his concluding wish on leaving college for the bar, expressed a hope “to be able to read the *Principia* again with him after some summer circuit.” Even in the more advanced periods of his eminent career, his reverence for those studies had not deserted him. He frequently declared, “that no portion of his time had been more usefully employed than that which had been devoted to those studies; not merely from the new ideas and actual knowledge which he had thus acquired, but also on account of the improvement which his mind had received from the habit of close attention and patient investigation.”

He was a great admirer of Locke's Essay; of which he made a complete analysis. But he seemed to think lightly of the subtleties of our me-

taphysicians in general. The details of his chief literary tastes, given by his tutor, are interesting. He tells us, that in the alternate reading of classics and mathematics with him, the rapidity of Pitt's comprehension was most extraordinary, while his memory retained every thing that it had ever received. His reading was extensive. There was scarcely a classical writer of Greek or Latin which he and his pupil had not read together; Pitt was a nice observer of their various styles, and alive to all their characteristic excellences. But he was also capable of close and minute application. When alone he would dwell for hours upon some striking passage of an orator or historian, in marking their manner of arranging a narrative, or explaining their motives of action. It was a favourite, and must have been a most advantageous, employment with him to compare opposite speeches on the same subject; and examine how each speaker managed his own side of the question, and obviated the reasonings of his opponent. His chief studies on this head were Livy, Thucydides, and Sallust. On those occasions his remarks were frequently committed to paper, and furnished matter for further consideration. He was also in the habit of copying eloquent sentences, or phrases of peculiar beauty, which came in his way in the course of general reading. The Greek poets constituted a peculiar study, and he even urged this fondness to the extent of toiling through the obscurities of Lycophrone. "The almost intuitive quickness," are his tutor's expressions, "with which he saw the meaning of the most difficult passages of the most difficult writers, made an impression on my mind which no time can efface. He possessed indeed this faculty in so extraordinary a degree, and his application to Greek literature had rendered his knowledge of the language so correct and extensive, that I am persuaded, if a play of Menander or Æschylus, or an ode of Pindar, had been suddenly found, he would have understood it as soon as any professed scholar. There unquestionably have been persons who had far greater skill in verbal criticism and in the laws of metre; but it may, I

believe, be said with the strictest truth, that no one ever read the Greek language, even after devoting his whole life to the study of it, with greater facility than Mr Pitt at the age of twenty-one."

Among his classical acquirements he did not forget the writers of his own country. He read the poets with delight, and the historians and politicians with diligence and instruction. He even wrote verses, and at an early age had contributed his part with his brothers and sisters to a play in rhyme, which they acted before their father and family circle. His favourite prose models were Middleton's Life of Cicero, and Bellingbrooke's political and historical works. He read Barrow's Sermons by the desire of his father, who pronounced them an admirable repertory of language. In the university he attended with great interest to Dr Halifax's lectures on civil law.

For three years after his entrance at college, his health had continued to form a serious impediment to his progress. In 1773, he was seized with an illness which had nearly deprived the world of his abilities. He was so weak on his recovery, that the journey to London occupied four days. But this shock finally confirmed his constitution. Exercise, attention to diet, and early hours, rapidly recruited him after a confinement of two months, and at eighteen he had every prospect of longevity. The incessant toils of public life alone seem to have shortened his bright and powerful career.

In college he was remarkable for propriety of conduct. The son of the Earl of Chatham, the first and most popular minister that England had seen for a century, must have been a conspicuous object of attention and temptation. But Pitt was above the poor celebrity to be gained by violations of order. It is well worth remembering that this youth, at the height of all that life could offer, was to be seen attending the public duties of his college with a strictness which would be meritorious in the student whose conduct was to be his fortune.

No man was more regularly present morning and evening at chapel, and he was never known to pass an evening out of the college

walls. In this combination of pure habits with vigorous diligence, he passed seven years. "In the course of which time," says his tutor, "I never knew him to spend an idle day, nor did he ever fail to attend me at the appointed hour. At this early period there was the same firmness of principle, and rectitude of conduct," which marked his character to its close.

The strong interest which Lord Chatham took in his second son, the almost prophetic anticipation by which he saw his future eminence, is a matter of common knowledge; but the fondness of his feelings towards this young representative of his genius and his fame was but little suspected in the haughty fabric and bold ambition of Chatham's mind. In passing on to the more public transactions of this stirring time, we may justly pause for a moment over those memorials of the heart of a mighty statesman. It ennobles our sense of human nature, to see that so much nerve and grandeur of mind is compatible with so much tenderness of affection. But the unquestionable truth is, that a large portion of the supremacy of a leading genius must arise from the susceptibility of soul. Nations reluctantly own the sway of the most powerful intellect, when they cannot repose on the feelings of the man. Public assemblies revolt from all the splendours of eloquence, where they are not the emanations of natural sensibility. The orator may have the command of all the treasures of literature and language, but a single word from the heart carries off the prize from them all. He may stand before them like the golden image of the Assyrian king, and counsel their passing and public idolatry; but the unfailing homage is to the invisible spirit of the pure, generous, and beneficent impulses, the impress of the divinity within. Lord Chatham had made the moral education of his children a subject of personal interest from their birth. He constantly associated with them, conversed with them on all subjects of which their young minds were capable, treated them as companions, gave them all opportunities of expressing their opinions, and "never passed a day of health without giving

instruction of some sort to his family," and seldom without *reading a chapter of the Bible with them*. The benefit of such early lessons is perhaps among the most vivid of all remembrances, even in the turmoil of after life; and "his boy William" became, at an early age, extensively acquainted with Scripture. "I had frequent opportunities," says his tutor, "of observing Mr Pitt's accurate knowledge of the Bible; and I may, I trust, be allowed to mention the following anecdote:—In the year 1797, I was reading to him, in MS., my exposition of the first of the Thirty-nine Articles, afterwards published in my *Elements of Christian Theology*. There were several quotations from Scripture, all which he remembered. At last we came to a quotation at which he stopped, and said, 'I do not recollect that passage in the Bible, and it does not sound like Scripture.' It was a quotation from the Apocrypha."

Lord Chatham's first letter was written on his son's going to the university, in 1773. We give a few sentences—"Thursday's post brought us no letter from the dear traveller; we trust this day will prove more satisfactory. It is the happy day that gave us your brother, and will not be less in favour with all here, if it should give us, about four o'clock, an epistle from my dear William. We compute that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of *Alma Mater*, and that you are invested to-day with the *toga virilis*. Your race of *manly* virtue and *useful* knowledge is now begun, and may the favour of Heaven smile upon the noble career. * * * How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mamma and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge *One*, without a beard, and all the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up and say, 'this is a man.' I now take my leave for to-day, not meaning this for what James calls a regular letter, but a flying thought, that wings itself towards my absent William. Horses are ready, and all is birthday. Bradshaw has shone, this auspicious morning, in a very fine speech of congratulation; but I foresee 'his sun sets weeping in the lowly west,' that is, a fatal bowl of punch will, before night, quench

this luminary of oratory. Adieu, again and again, sweet boy, and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Sampson, and what is more, will keep your hair."

The next letter is in a graver yet not less natural strain. It was written on the young student's recovery from his dangerous illness.—"October 30, 1773. With what ease of mind and joy of heart I write to my loved William, since Mrs Wilson's comfortable letter of Monday. I do not mean to address you as a sick man. I trust in Heaven that *convalescent* is the only title I am to give you in the ailing tribe. * * * But, though I indulge with inexpressible delight in the thought of your returning health, I cannot help being a little in pain lest you should make *more haste than good speed* to get well. Your mamma has been before me in suggesting that most useful proverb, *reculer pour mieux sauter*, useful to all, but to the *ardent necessary*. You may indeed, my sweet boy, better than any one, practise this sage dictum, without any risk of being thrown out in the chase of learning. All you want, at present, is quiet. With this, if your ardour, *ἀπιστύς*, can be kept in till you are stronger, you will make *noise* enough. How happy the task, my noble, amiable boy, to caution you *only against pursuing too much* all those liberal and praiseworthy things, to which less happy natures are perpetually to be spurred and driven. * * * * You have time to spare. Consider, there is but the Encyclopædia; and when you have mastered that, what will remain? You will want, like Alexander, another world to conquer."

In a subsequent letter, he thanks "his dearest William" for his affectionate anxiety for the result of a fit of the gout, which had left the great earl an invalid; or, as he describes it himself, "left him behind in the hospital, when his flying camp removed to Stowe. Gout has for the present subsided, and seems to intend deferring his favours till Winter, if Autumn will do its duty, and bless us with a course of steady weather, those days, which Madame de Sevigné so beautifully paints as, '*des jours filés d'or et de soie*?' "

The gout had now nearly sapped the constitution of the earl, and he was subject to violent pains, which almost precluded writing. But his latest correspondence is full of the same fond and *secure* feelings for the progress of his son, whom he evidently regarded as the representative of his mind, if not as the direct inheritor of his political power. A letter, within a few months of his death, thus begins:—"How can I employ my reviving pen so well as by addressing a few lines to the *hope* and *comfort* of my life. My dear William,—You will have pleasure to see, under my own hand, that I mend every day, and that I am all but well." The letter then laughingly alludes to Lord Mahon's (the late Earl Stanhope's) experiments for the extinction of fires. "On Friday, Lord Mahon's indefatigable spirit is to exhibit another *incendium* to lord mayor, foreign ministers, and all lovers of philosophy, and means to illuminate the horizon with a little bonfire of twelve hundred fagots, and a double edifice. Had our friend been born sooner, Nero and the second Charles would never have amused themselves with reducing to ashes the two noblest cities in the world. My hand begins to demand repose: So, with my best compliments to Aristotle, Homer, Thucydides, and Xenophon, not forgetting the Civilians and Law of Nations' tribe, adieu, my dearest William.

"Your ever most affectionate

"Father,

"CHATHAM."

The Earl of Chatham died May 11, 1778, in his 70th year, followed to the grave by the regrets of the empire; and going down to posterity with the fame of the most commanding eloquence, the noblest range of political conception, and the most triumphant statesmanship of the most intellectual, ardent, and successful age of England.

The world of public life was now before Pitt, and to no man was this tempting and powerful career ever more widely expanded. His great father's renown, the popular expectation which had already begun to gather round himself, and the strong inspiration of kindred genius, urged him to the senate. All his studies were thenceforth turned to Parlia-

ment. He became a constant attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords, on every important occasion, and exercised his natural acuteness by observing, as each speaker proceeded, how he might be answered; how his arguments might be enforced; what might be added; and especially what might be retrenched. A characteristic of his own oratory, in after times, was the avoidance of repetition, a quality essential to all the influences of public speaking.

In the spring of 1780, he became resident in Lincoln's Inn, and on the 12th of June he was called to the bar, and went the western circuit in the same summer. In the autumn he was a candidate for the University of Cambridge, which lost the honour of returning the most illustrious of her sons to Parliament. But in January, 1781, he was returned for the borough of Appleby, in Westmoreland, in the interest of Sir James Lowther.

His first speech in the House of Commons (February 26) was nearly accidental. Burke's bill, for the reduction of the civil list, was in debate. Lord Nugent rose to speak against the bill. While he was speaking, Byng, member for Middlesex, asked Pitt whether he would not reply. His answer was a doubtful one, but he at length came to the determination of remaining silent. However, on the conclusion of Lord Nugent's speech, Byng called out his name. His call was instantly and loudly echoed, and Pitt, observing that the House waited for him, thought it became him to rise. His speech was brief, but it gave remarkable promise by its vividness, elegance, and fervour. It was pronounced, from that moment, that the mantle of Chatham had descended on shoulders worthy of its inspiration. The members of both parties were unqualified in their praise. Burke, in his idiomatic style, declared that "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Fox carried him to Brookes's, where he was elected, and thus was at once brought into intercourse with all the leading men on the side of Opposition. But it was soon clear that Brookes's was not his element; he never played; he never gave way

to the still more exceptionable habits which were then considered to be almost essential to fashionable society. His name continued on the books of the club for some years, but its tastes were not his, and he scarcely ever set foot within its walls from the time of his becoming a minister.

In this session Pitt spoke on three occasions, and with equal effect on all. On the last of those, an unpremeditated defence of his father's opinions on the American war, brought up the Lord Advocate Dundas, (Lord Melville,) who declared, "that however unwilling he might be to say in the honourable gentleman's presence what truth would exact from him were he absent, yet, however unusual it might be, he must confess, that he found himself compelled to rejoice in the good fortune of his country and his fellow subjects, who were destined, at some future day, to derive the most important services from so happy a union of first-rate abilities, high integrity, bold and honest independence of conduct, and the most persuasive eloquence." Those were unusual compliments to any man, and still more unusual from the man who paid them. Yet they were paid to a senator of two-and-twenty! But the general sentiment was equally strong. At the close of the session, on an observation being made, that "Pitt promised to be one of the first speakers ever heard in the House of Commons," Fox, turning round on the speaker, instantly replied, "He is so already."

Every incident that belongs to the progress of such a mind is curious; and the anecdotes that have transpired in later years of Pitt's short sojourn at the bar are highly interesting. In his first circuit, he was employed in several election causes, in one of which his argument on the admissibility of a point of evidence attracted so much attention, that it was panegyricized by Buller, the judge, a rough son of Themis, whom nothing but singular qualities in any advocate could keep within the bounds of civility. One of those remembrancers, who went the western circuit with him, says, "In a criminal case at Exeter, he exhibited, as junior counsel, such talents in cross-examination, that it

was the universal opinion of the bar that he should have led the cause. During his short stay in the profession, he never had occasion to address a jury; but on a motion in the Court of King's Bench for a habeas corpus to bring up a man to be bailed who was charged with murder, Pitt made a speech which excited the admiration of the bar, and drew down very complimentary approbation from Lord Mansfield. When he made his first brilliant display in Parliament, those at the bar who had seen little of him expressed surprise; but a few who had heard him speak, in a sort of mock debate at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, when a club, called the Western Circuit Club, was dissolved, agreed that he had even then displayed all the various species of eloquence for which he was afterwards celebrated.

"Before he had distinguished himself in the house, he certainly looked to the law as a profession. The late Mr Justice Rooke used to relate, that Pitt had dangled for seven days with a junior brief and a single guinea fee, waiting till a cause of no sort of importance should come on in the Court of Common Pleas. At Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr Bond, Mr Leicester, Mr Jekyll, and others. I well remember a dinner with Pitt, and several of his private friends, at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, in memory of Falstaff. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakspeare the whole day, and it appeared that Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakspearians present. After he was minister, he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered."

To those who had seen the minister only in the senate, stemming the rough tide of debate, or known him only as the resolute and solemn statesman, on whose head lay the weight of public care for all Europe, representations of his personal gaiety and liveliness may come with some doubt. But this remembrancer tells us from personal know-

ledge, and we have sufficient testimonies in corroboration, that "Among lively men of his own time of life, Pitt was always the most animated and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young men on circuit. He joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. He was extremely popular. His name and reputation, for high acquirements at the university, commanded the attention of his seniors. His wit, good-humour, and joyous manners, endeared him to the younger part of the bar."

But he was soon to give new evidence of his powers on the higher stage. In November, Parliament met. The American war had wearied the Ministry, and raised the hopes of the Opposition. It was evident that Lord North struggled in vain. Fox, at the head of Opposition, thundered at the Ministerial ramparts, and was followed by an emulous crowd of the most brilliant and popular names of England. The barrier must soon break down, and then all the prizes of the contest, and they were of the first order of competition to accomplished and ambitious minds, were open to every man's hand. On the day of meeting, Fox moved an amendment to the address, deprecatory of the war. The amendment was rejected, by 218 to 129. On the following day, on the report of the address, Pitt spoke, and eclipsed every other speaker on the question, concluding by a lofty invective against "the incapacity of a Cabinet, which, by its fatal system, had led the country, step by step, to the most calamitous and disgraceful condition in which a once glorious empire could be placed—a condition which threatened the dissolution of the empire."

The acclamations of the House were so loud and continued, that it was a considerable time before any other voice could be heard. The Lord Advocate then was warmed to another panegyric. Fox gave his ready testimony to the universal admiration excited by the speech; and Courtenay pronounced, that "its splendid diction, manly elocution, brilliant periods, and pointed logic,

conveyed in a torrent of rapid and impressive eloquence, brought strongly to his recollection that great and able statesman, (Chatham,) whose memory every grateful and generous Briton revered." The address, however, was carried by a majority of 131 to 54.

But events, more resistless than oratory, were rapidly loosening the ground under the Ministerial feet. The unexpected and unaccountable capture of Cornwallis at York in Virginia, a capture which ought for ever to have settled the question of his lordship's military talents, came like a thunderclap upon the Cabinet. Opposition now struck blow after blow. One of Pitt's speeches was made memorable by the pungency and classical elegance of his allusion to Ministers. He had begun by pointing out the contradictory declarations of Lord North and Lord George Germaine in the debate, and while he was pressing them on this point, the attention of the House was suddenly withdrawn to the spectacle of the two ministers whispering with Welbore Ellis, the treasurer of the navy (afterwards Lord Mendip). He stopped in the middle of a sentence, and looking significantly on the group, said,—"I pause till the Nestor of the Treasury Bench, shall settle the difference between the Agamemnon and the *Achilles*." The shaft was launched with a keen hand, and the disastrous memory of Lord George's (formerly the well-known Lord George Sackville's) military fame, gave it incomparable force. The effect on the House was electric, the Ministers instantly assumed the most respectful attention, and Pitt concluded in a tumult of applause from both sides of party. Rigby, paymaster of the forces, a bold and unhesitating speaker of good or ill, pronounced him the true representative of Chatham, and, in his rapture, went to the extent of declaring that "his oratory was not less persuasive, his abilities not less powerful; nay, he would make no scruple to assert, that he regarded him as a still greater orator than his noble and admired father. He had observed with amazement and pleasure the effect which his eloquence had produced, and the awe, the hope, and the animation which it had inspired." Fox

similarly declared, that, "with that commanding eloquence, which even the effrontery of Ministers could not resist, the honourable member had detected and exposed the glaring and abandoned disunion which subsisted in his Majesty's councils." The minorities continued to increase, until, in March 1782, Lord North rose in the House to announce that the Ministry had resigned.

We have no instance in the records of debate similar to this reception of the young ability of Pitt. Compliments to the first efforts of promising members are not unusual, and civilities occasionally pass between members of all standings, on the subject of successful addresses to the House. But those few and formal courtesies have no relation to the perpetual, universal, and glowing admiration lavished on the early eloquence of the son of Chatham. If there were some *prestige* in the title, it must be remembered, that after the first novelty had worn off, that title would be an additional weight on the steps of an infirm aspirant, that the force of the contrast would have operated as a most oppressive impediment to strength unable to sustain the comparison; and that, while the very sounds of the father's eloquence were still reverberating in every ear, nothing but a spell of equal, or perhaps superior, power, could have vindicated the senatorial honours of the son. But we fail of reaching the natural height of the estimate, if we forget the astonishing rivalry exhibited at that moment in the British senate; that Pitt was not standing in a solitary arena, with nothing to divide the public homage but the sepulchre of his renowned parent, but that he descended to the combat in a circle of the most vigorous, practised, and ardent intellectual champions that England ever saw together. That the strong sensibility and massive logic of Fox, the universal knowledge, and almost inspired conception of Burke, the brilliant acuteness of Dunning, and the various fine faculties of a host of men, any one of whom would have been the master of the House in days nearer our own, were then in their lustre. Yet all those luminaries, and never was the title more justly earned, if intellectual splen-

dour was to be the claim, united in doing homage to the new risen brightness of Pitt. And all this eminence was gained at an age scarcely beyond boyhood, at twenty-two! It may be unwise to attempt to follow the steps of Providence with too eager a determination to discover all its ways, but the character of the times that were at hand, the character of the minister by whom they must be met, the nature of the ministerial faculties essential to the public safety, and the nature of the people, to be ruled in that crisis only by mental superiority, of the highest and most *undisputed* order, unless the most marked coincidences are dreams and vapour, justify the natural and cheering conception that Pitt was a gift of the protecting Providence, which willed the unexampled triumph of England over the furies and frenzies of revolution.

It will be acknowledged, that the ministerial eloquence of this great man does not seem calculated to have called forth those bursts of rapture. It might be entitled to the profounder admiration due to finer skill, exerted under circumstances of still greater difficulty. Reserve, calm sagacity, and ever watchful caution are the qualities most requisite for the leader of the House of Commons. The part of the minister in debate must be chiefly defensive. The simple fact of its being his to originate measures, almost restricts all his efforts to vigorous repulse. To Opposition belongs the vividness, variety, and animation of attack. Thus Pitt, always equal to the emergency, and exhibiting the force of his eloquence always in noble subordination to the force of his reason, naturally changed his style with his circumstances, and the most dazzling declaimer of Opposition was changed, and the change was but an additional title to honour, into the most unanswerable reasoner, and the calmest, clearest, and most comprehensive of living depositories of the power and the hopes of empire. The early speeches of Pitt are wholly lost to the student of oratory. Nothing beyond the most meagre outline is preserved. All the colourings and rich fillings in of the master-hand are extinguished. Yet even the outline is majestic.

We find every where the traces of magnitude of mind. That he attained the highest rank of the new style of eloquence, urged on him by situation, is a matter of general acknowledgment. It was often said of him, "that no speaker ever knew better how to tell all he chose to tell, and not a syllable more." Fox, at the end of his long career of rivalry, declared that "in all the years in which he had been opposed to Pitt, he had never once caught him tripping;" and familiar as the phrase was, it conveyed the highest panegyric on the sleepless intelligence, and imperturbable sagacity of the mind which watched over the fates, less of England than of the civilized world.

The fall of the minister was naturally followed by the transfer of Opposition to the Treasury Bench. With some similitude to the state of public affairs even while these lines are writing, the King sent for Lord Shelburne, and offered him the premiership, as first lord of the treasury. But the earl declined the appointment, saying, that in his judgment no one was so fit to be at the head of the Cabinet as the Marquis of Rockingham. The suggestion was received, and in a few days the new Cabinet was announced, which was to be so brief, yet to be immortalized by Burke's praises. The marquis, first lord of the treasury; Shelburne and Fox, secretaries of state; Lord Keppel, at the Admiralty; Lord John Cavendish, chancellor of the exchequer; Lord Camden, president of the council; the Duke of Grafton, privy seal; General Conway, commander-in-chief; Dunning, (Lord Ashburton,) Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and Thurlow continued as lord chancellor.

The extraordinary distinction already acquired by Pitt could not suffer him to remain disregarded in the change. Various offices were proposed to him, and, among the rest, the vice-treasurership of Ireland, a place of large emolument, which must have rendered it of peculiar importance to the younger son of a nobleman of the narrow income of Lord Chatham, and which had the farther recommendation of being formerly held by his father. But Pitt, with the loftiness of mind

which always marked his career, and with that due sense of his capacity which is one of the characteristics of genuine greatness, resolutely declined all proposals of subordinate place, determining never to accept any office which did not give him a seat in the Cabinet, grounding this determination on his reluctance to pledge himself to the defence of measures, in whose origin he had no share.

It is remarkable, as a contrast to the national feeling in the later years of the King, that for more than one half of his reign he was singularly unpopular; and this contrast derives the greater force, from the fact, that during this obnoxious period no aspersion was ever thrown on the personal virtues of the monarch. He was acknowledged to be pure, patriotic, and intrepid in public life; gentle, pious, and domestic in his palace; anxious only for the national good, and willingly sacrificing all private predilections to the national advantage. But party was the libeller. The hand of faction was the blackener of the statue which should have stood high in the temple of British honour, as it now stands high in the temple of British gratitude. If the purpose of some great controlling power had been to show Britain the innate and incorrigible perverseness, folly, and virulence of partisanship, how could it have been more effectually promoted than by showing one of the most upright of men and sovereigns the object of its perpetual malignity.

His adoption of the Bute Cabinet, a natural result of his education, and impeachable on no just ground of incapacity in the objects of his choice, had been seized on by the daring and reckless competitors for power, as an act of scarcely less than treason. The prosecution of the American war, of all wars the most popular in its commencement, was the next count in the charge brought by party against the King. The daring virulence of Junius, whose libels, like venomous insects preserved in crystal, still survive, through the exquisite beauty of the medium in which they were sent forth to the world; the unprincipled violences of Wilkes, and the crude and corrupt malevolence of Horne

Tooke, were all in restless action to inflame a populace giddy with prosperity, arrogant with the consciousness of new strength, and in the mere passion for movement ready to solicit the extremes of public subversion. The fiercer reality was yet to be perpetrated by the populace of France; there the crime of the obscure miscreant who burned the temple to make a name was realized by a whole people. The evil there came from the heart. The more generous and imperial character of England might find its representative in the act of the mighty Macedonian, burning the palace in a moment of intoxication. The error there was of the head; and English opinion gloriously atoned for the temporary extravagance, by a loyalty which struck its roots into the grave, and which still flourishes over the monument of that patriot King.

His sense of this injustice naturally drove him to retirement. The satirist then charged him with misanthropy, with contempt of opinion, and even with aversion to the name of England.

“ Our sons some slave of greatness may
 behold,
Clad in the genuine Asiatic mould,
Who, of three realms shall condescend to
 know,
No more than he can spy from Windsor’s
 brow.”

He at length came into public, exhibited himself to the people, and even went to Portsmouth to be present at the naval reviews. Satire sent its shafts at his publicity as much as at his seclusion.

“ There shall he see, as other folks have
 seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas
 are green;
Shall count the tackling trim, the stream-
 ers fine,
With Bradshaw prattle and with Sand-
 wich dine;
And then row back amid the cannon’s
 roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the
 shore.”

In another sense of contrast, the fate of the King of France was equally remarkable. In 1781, the year in which George III. had reached the *acme* of unpopularity, Louis stood on the summit of national

idolatry and personal fortune. In October of that year, he had seen the sword of the last British general in America laid at the foot of his throne by Lafayette, as the pledge of the final separation of the colonies from England. His fleet had been successful in its seizure of the West India Islands, under Suffrein, an officer who seemed to have imbibed more the spirit of the English seaman, than of his own country, "more an ancient Roman than a Dane," the possession of the East India seas was boldly and almost successfully contested with the British fleet, under the brave, but unlucky Sir Edward Hughes. The most galling wound of all was inflicted on England by the sight of the combined French and Spanish fleets blockading the Channel, and even threatening to attack our fleet at anchor. The Spanish government, taking courage from these disasters, threw itself into the arms of France; and after capturing Minorca and West Florida, marched a powerful force against Gibraltar, the last hold of England on the Mediterranean. Holland, almost the natural dependency of England, had joined the confederacy, and fought the desperate action of the Doggerbank under Zontman, one of the bloodiest struggles of the war, but a drawn battle. To crown the exultation of France, Marie Antoinette, destined yet to the most fatal catastrophe that ever rent the heart for beauty, fortitude, and virtue, gave birth to a dauphin, after a marriage of ten years. Within ten years more, this glittering picture was covered with universal shade. Exulting France was a sea of burning and blood; Louis and Marie Antoinette had perished on the scaffold. The Dauphin was dead of disease. His unhappy brother, the Duke of Normandy, had become heir to a crown only to die of misery in a dungeon. All the royal brothers were exiles. The church, the court, the army, the whole stately fabric of the monarchy, were sunk in dust and ashes.

Yet it is not to be forgotten that the fall of the French monarchy was but a further vindication of the high principles of national faith. Its treacherous violation of the British Alliance, in the prospect of hum-

bling England by the loss of America, was the immediate and well-known source of that conflagration which so suddenly wrapt France in irremediable ruin. The instrumentality of that violation in effecting that ruin, was capable of being traced in every point. The presence of Franklin preaching republicanism in Paris, gave the first guilty confidence to the *philosophes* who made political regeneration the watchword of revolution. The French troops who had returned from America were the direct propagators of the revolt, and their general, Lafayette, was the direct agent of leading the unfortunate King into that fatal reliance in the people, which paved his way to the guillotine. If that most courteous of revolutionists had not *bowed* the King out of all precaution on the 6th of October, 1792, France might have been saved from the guilt which was yet to be expiated, and scarcely expiated, by the loss of three millions of lives, the tyranny of the sternest despot of modern Europe, and the double capture of her capital.

The close of the American war was the close of a great political period. The humiliation of England, and the elevation of France, equally came to an end at that moment. Thenceforth, all on the British side was restoration of character and fortune—all on the French, confusion and decline.

The detail, by an eyewitness, of the manner in which the dissolution of the luckless ministry of Lord North, the beginning of good, was actually effected, possesses a more than common interest in our own day of rapid ministerial change. "During the month of November, the accounts transmitted to Government of Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, augmented the anxiety of the Cabinet. Lord George Germaine, in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse result of that expedition hinged the fate of the American contest and his own office, as well as probably the duration of the Ministry itself, expressed to his friends the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of Parliament stood fixed for the 27th of the month. On the 25th, about noon, the official intelligence of the sur-

render of the British forces at York town, arrived from Falmouth at Lord George Germaine's house, in Pall Mall. Lord Walsingham, who, previously to his father Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under-secretary of state in that department, and who was to second the address in the House of Lords, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any other person, Lord George, for the purpose of despatch, immediately got with him into a hackney coach, and drove to Lord Stormont's residence in Portland Place. Having imparted the disastrous information to him, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the chancellor's house in Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at home; when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it themselves in person before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived at his door in Downing street, between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind gave way for a short time under this disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards how he took the communication. 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' replied Lord George; 'he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced the apartment during a few minutes, 'Oh God! it is all over,' words which he repeated many times, under emotions of the deepest agitation and distress.'

Military affairs have since displayed themselves on a broader scale, and we can scarcely conceive that such notions of national calamity could be appended to the capture of a force which, however brave, scarcely amounted to the vanguard of a modern army, certainly not to the *twentieth* of the army with which Wellington appeared on the peninsular frontier of France. The misfortune of the troops under Cornwallis was unquestionable, but their character was unstained, they had been brought by their commander into a *cul de sac*, where, it is true, they might have held out for ever, if they could have received supplies by sea. But that contingency was

too delicate to have been relied on by an officer of any intelligence. The result proved the fact. The French fleet took up the position which Lord Cornwallis's imaginary plan had marked out for the British. The army within York town found that though to the Americans they were impregnable, they had a more formidable enemy, famine, to deal with; and, finally, to that enemy, and that enemy alone, they surrendered.

We next have a picture of a Cabinet Council in terror. When the first agitation had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether it might not be expedient to prorogue the meeting of Parliament for a few days; but, as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of meeting, and as many members of both Houses had arrived in London, or were on their way, the proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost to remodel, the King's Speech. This was done without delay, and at the same time Lord George, as secretary for the American department, sent off a despatch to the King, then at Kew, acquainting him with the fate of Lord Cornwallis's expedition.

The narrative proceeds: "I dined on that day at Lord George's; and although the information which had reached London in the course of the morning from France, as well as from the official report, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated to me or any other individual of the company when I got to Pall Mall between five and six o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who also dined there, was the only person, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, nine in number, sat down to table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before dinner was over, one of the servants delivered to him a letter, brought back by the messenger who had been despatched to the King. Lord George opened and perused it; then looking at Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed the observation, 'The King writes,' said he, 'just as he

always does, except that I observe he has neglected to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment, and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George, having acquainted us that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death, 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.' 'He *has* survived to see that event,' replied Lord George, with some agitation."

The conversation was prolonged until, on the mention of the Virginian campaign, the minister disclosed the full bearing of the intelligence. "The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper." The paper was taken from his pocket, and read to the company. The next question was one of rather an obtrusive kind, to see what the King thought on the subject. The narration states the minister's remark, that it did the highest honour to his Majesty's firmness, fortitude, and consistency. But this was a complying moment, and we are told that the billet was read to this effect:—"I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germaine has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it on account of the consequences connected with it, and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord George Germaine, nor any other member of the Cabinet, will suppose that it makes the smallest determination in those principles of my conduct, which have directed me in past time, and which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest."

The Cabinet, strengthened by the royal determination, now recovered

courage; they met Parliament at the appointed time, and fought their battle there with unusual vigour. Perhaps in all the annals of senatorial struggle there never was a crisis which more powerfully displayed the talents of the Commons. Burke, Fox, and Pitt were at once seen pouring down the whole fiery torrent of declamation on the Government. The characteristic distinctions of their public speaking gave new vividness and force to their assault upon the strongholds of the Ministry. Fox's passionate personality hurled the fiercest invective against the Ministry, the court, and, fatally for his own ambition, the King. Burke's vast and glowing grasp gathered materials of charge from all quarters, and all subjects, and heaped them, alike strong and weak, on the devoted heads of the culprit Cabinet. Pitt, with keener sagacity, for both the present and the future, tore up the frame of the ministerial policy, spared persons, avoided all insult to the monarch; but with the copious and superb combination of fact and feeling, argument and appeal, which from that period was adopted as his great Parliamentary weapon, and which was made to give him matchless superiority in a deliberative assembly, swept all before him with "two-handed sway," and where he smote, left nothing for friend or enemy to combat or defend after him.

These efforts failed of overthrowing the Cabinet at the time; but there can be no question that they hastened that precipitate fall which was so speedily afterwards to surprise the nation. The assault had terrified the garrison, and shaken the battlements, to a degree which made the result of the next attack secure. But a more important result was already discoverable in the variety of the powers exhibited by the three great champions of Opposition; the true preparative for a crisis which was to fling the petty contests of colonies and ministerial juntas into the shade. It was palpable, that when the government of the British empire should again become the prize, when the three triumvirs, who now combined so vigorously, should separate and struggle for themselves, the master of the day would be found in the matchless dignity and brilliant saga-

city of Pitt. It was remarked that Fox, though delighting every ear by his command of language, by a bold simplicity of conception, which made the feeblest argument in his hands assume the appearance of strength, and by a quick sensibility, almost a tenderness of heart, which, of all the qualities of an orator, is one of the rarest and the most resistless, yet wanted temper. Neither place nor person was sacred from his tread; the tread was acknowledged to be gigantic, but the House looked for the judgment which should have directed the footstep, and looked in vain. Where rebuke would have been sufficient, he reprobated; he was not content with stripping off the disguise, he scourged and lacerated. The language which he directed openly against the King, on the first day of the session, was rash in the extreme. "Those," he exclaimed, "who are ignorant of the character of the prince whose speech we have just heard, might consider him as *an unfeeling despot, exulting in the horrid sacrifice of the liberty and lives of his people!*" The speech itself, divested of the disguise of royal forms, can only mean,—our losses in America have been most calamitous; the blood of my subjects has flowed in copious streams throughout every part of that continent; the treasures of Britain have been wantonly lavished, while the load of taxes imposed on an overburdened country is intolerable—*yet will I continue to tax you to the last shilling.* When, by Lord Cornwallis's surrender, all hopes of victory are for ever extinct, and a continuance of hostilities can only accelerate the ruin of the British empire, *I prohibit you from thinking of peace; my rage for conquest is unquenched, and my revenge unsated; nor can any thing except the total subjugation of my American subjects allay my animosity.*" Burke roved through his own metaphorical region with unrivalled wing; but the

times were too anxious for the mere rapture of eloquence, and men's minds were too keenly fixed on the calamities which seemed to be flowing in full tide round their feet, to enjoy the careerings of this sitter on the clouds above their heads. But in Pitt they saw the true leader. He wasted none of his prodigious power in rash accusation, or splendid excursion into the world of fancy. He broke ground directly in front of the Cabinet, and urged on his attacks alike with steady daring and consummate judgment, completely and justly drawing the line between the King and the Ministry—and there can be no juster distinction than between the motives of the man who can have no personal object, and ministers, all whose objects may be personal, and to whose advice all the acts of government must be constitutionally referable. Pitt's conduct on this occasion was so distinguished an evidence of his superior fitness for the guidance of affairs, that the future minister was seen in him from that hour; and Dundas, the lord advocate, a man remarkable for his knowledge of political human nature, attached himself to him as the man on whom, at no distant period, he foresaw the destinies of the country would depend. Though sitting among the ministers on whom Pitt was flinging red-hot brands, he contrived to panegyricize their force and fire; while impugning their direction, applauded the patriotism, while he tenderly deprecated the opposition of the young orator; and attributed his adoption of the hostile side to the mere accidents of his entrance into public life, foretold in him the future defender of his country; in contrast with its hot and hurried assailant, hailing him as a beneficent luminary rising on the horizon, that had but just before glared with the baleful flames of an eccentric meteor, "shaking from its horrid hair pestilence and war."

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. XI.

Of the Sham Fight between Dan and Allsop, when he robbed Patrick's House.

"BLESS my heart," quoth John, as he slipped into the steward's office next morning after Gray had been spirited away, as you have heard, and found Allsop at work as usual, with the ruler in his hand, and his ready-reckoner before him, casting up the price of some prime cattle which John had been purchasing for Bullock's hatch—"Bless my heart, Master Allsop, why, I thought you were gone for ever and a day—and fifty miles off at least, by this time. Any thing happened to your friends in Northamptonshire, eh? And where is Gray, for I warrant me, since you are come back, he's not far from your elbow?"—"Nay," quoth Allsop, looking closely at his ledger, to escape John's eye, and letting fall an infernal splash of red ink on the page in his confusion—"nothing at all has happened, and Gray, poor fellow, isn't come back; but the truth is, that just as we were turning into the North Road, by the park gate, out came all the servants to a man, protesting that the books could not be kept without me; that nobody except myself understood my way of posting them; that I must stay at all events for a month or two, just to help Sheepface a little, till he gets into the way of managing them; and so, being somewhat soft hearted, as you know, and not liking to see the books bedevilled by a stranger; why look ye, d'ye see—I came back, as it were; that is to say, here I am again, after all."—"But methinks," replied John, to whom all this appeared uncommonly queer—"you and Gray had made up your minds to jog it together for better for worse; and, now I think on't, I've heard you make affidavit you would never put pen to paper under another steward. And as Gray only went because you wouldn't stay, it's past my comprehension how you should come back, and he be left to trudge on alone."

"Ah, well-a-day! 'twas with a sore heart I left him," said Allsop. "I wept like a church-spout; but what could I do? The books must have gone to the devil; and, thinks I, if I remain, I may do something for Gray, poor old fellow, since his pride won't allow him to keep the key of the privy; so, although it went sorely against the grain with me to part company with him, there was no help for it. And though Gray was an excellent hand at accounts, yet Sheepface—Sheepface is his match any day—a clever, handy, good-natured fellow, has every body's good word, never speaks above his breath; turns away the very beggars with a civil answer; and he and I understand one another already—so no fear that between us all will go on fair and smoothly."

John knew quite enough of Allsop's pranks, to see there was some vile underhand work about all this, and 'twas plain to him that, one way or other, poor Gray had been fairly juggled out of his situation. Fain would he have sent the whole concern adrift, but what could he do? Here were fifty things to begin to, and none to do them; for Arthur and Bobby, to whom he had sent a broad hint that he would like to see them, and that perhaps they and Sheepface might manage matters between them, returned for answer, that they would see him damned before they would sit in the same office with him. There was no help for it therefore; Allsop, he saw, would be a fixture for a time, so, grumbling and groaning a little, John handed over the keys to Sheepface, who, to do him justice, was really a civil serviceable fellow, and indifferent honest, as times went. "Well," thought John to himself, "a man can't live for ever. That rich old father of Allsop's will die some of these days—I saw him crawling about the other day in a spencer, looking main old—and then, willy

nilly, Allsop must leave this to look after his own farm. By that time, please Heaven, I shall have some other body in my eye—and then out go the whole crew. Amen.”

You may remember, that this scheme of turning Gray out of doors was mainly owing to Dan, who, finding that he was not just so ready to join in his plan for robbing Patrick of his living as he expected, would never rest satisfied till he had seen his back fairly out of the house; and now having gained his end, by the help of honest Allsop and Buckram, he wasn't the man to let so good an opportunity slip. So he fairly told Allsop, that he intended to come down that evening after dark, and rob the parsonage by main force; and that he, Allsop, must lend a hand, or, at all events, pretend to be asleep, and say nothing.

“Nay,” said Allsop, “though I care as little about Patrick as most men, yet John, as you know, has a great respect for him. ’Twas but the other day that Martin and he, who seem to be consumedly afraid that something or other is in the wind, walked up to the hall, and were most graciously received by John, who told them, he would stand by the Church like his fathers before him, and that not a stiver of the living should ever be cut short with his consent. I heard the thing with my own ears; and, as you know, he's the man, when fairly roused, to keep his word. We've gone a good length for you already; for the watchman has been sent adrift, the bulldog chained up, the pestilent broken bottles on the top of the wall chipped off, and Patrick may roar long enough now before any one comes near him. Rob the house, therefore, and welcome; but, for the sake of appearances, I must make a show of resistance. It won't be much—I'll only strike a blow or two, and then give in; and, when the thing's over, we'll talk about how the cash is to be shared.”

Accordingly, in the dusk of the evening, down came Dan at the head of as infernal a troop of thorough-going desperadoes as you could see. Being aware of their own strength, and knowing that the resistance was to be all fudge, they did not give themselves the least trouble to con-

ceal their designs, but commenced with a storm of blows, with wooden bludgeons, on the door and casements. Dan headed the attack with a poker; and when poor Patrick, who had thrown up the window above, was bellowing across the pond for assistance, he accosted him thus:—

“Lookye, Patrick, I am a man of honour, and a gentleman every inch, and scorn to do an ungentee thing by a countryman. Now just give up quietly two-fifths of all the cash and valuables you have in the house—you'll never miss it—for you're as rich as a Jew—you know you are, you dog!—and we'll let you off handsomely for the other three-fifths.”

Patrick only roared the louder at this proposal, for he saw it was a mere device to get a footing in his house. At last, by dint of bellowing, he brought Allsop to his assistance, who had pretended to be asleep, till John had actually sent a message to enquire what the row was about. He took good care, however, that most of the servants should be out of the way, and so made his appearance at the head of a few broken-winded old fellows, that were no match, of course, for Dan and his Irishmen. He then doubled his fists, and pretended to administer a tremendous blow on Dan's sconce; but Dan, parrying it with much ease, repaid him with a cross-buttock, and down dropped Allsop on his back, like a prize-ox under a cleaver, without uttering a word, and lay for dead.

This pantomime, however, was not so well performed, but that Bobby and Manley, and some of the other servants, whom Allsop had taken care not to bring with him, but who, hearing the din, had followed to the spot, saw plainly that the thing was a sham fight; one shouted out shame in Allsop's ear, in hopes of bringing him to time, another threw a basin of cold water over him, a third poked him in the ribs, but all in vain—he seemed as dead as mutton. They did their best, however, to prevent the burglary from being committed; but they were so sadly outnumbered by the gang, that, in spite of all they could do, the ruffians made their way into the house, and marched off with

a large quantity of plunder. It so happened, however, that as they were making off, Patrick, who had made his escape by the back window, got round in time to alarm the upper servants, who met them just as they were endeavouring to sneak through their room, while Buckram, with his coat turned, was holding a lighted candle to show them the way, and here the battle began in earnest; but after a smart scuffle, in which Buckram received an infernal punishment, and Sheepface got his doublet torn off his back, the villains were compelled to disgorge their prey, and were kicked down stairs to the number of more than a hundred.

Although John had no very direct

evidence that Allsop and Buckram had been concerned in this iniquitous scheme for robbing Patrick, he could not help having pretty strong suspicions on the subject; and this, coupled with their knavish conduct towards Gray, gave him a great disgust at both, particularly Buckram, so much so, that he could not help showing it in more ways than one; and even many of the servants themselves, though not nice, began to look coldly on them—for, as they said, “if faith is not to be kept among thieves, where is it to be expected? It was Gray’s turn yesterday, it may be ours the next—Master Buckram had better look to himself.”

CHAP. XII.

How Buckram behaved when he went to visit Sister Peg’s Quarters.

OF Buckram, accordingly, ye shall now hear. It so happened about this time, that one or two of Sister Peg’s tenants in the North, who had a sneaking kindness for Gray, and did not like to see him turned out of doors at his time of life, proposed to give him a dinner in a tent as he passed, and perhaps raise a trifle for him to live upon the rest of his days. No sooner did Buckram hear of this, than he said to Allsop—“By the hokey, Allsop, if Gray gets among these people, and begins to open his heart to them over a glass, all will come out, and, considering that John is looking black enough upon us already, and the servants grumblingly consumedly—to say nothing of the tenantry, who have lost conceit of us entirely—if this business be blown, our places are not worth a tester. I’ll down to the North directly, and it shall go hard with me but I’ll manage, one way or other, to stop his mouth. I’ll see, too, whether I can’t manage to raise my credit among the tenants a bit.”

So up went Buckram to his room, clapt on a pair of tartan trowsers, by way of flattering Sister Peg, stuffed his pocket with tracts and quack medicines, put his pea and thimble in order, hung an immense seal of John’s to his watch, and by a stiff walk, he got among Gray’s friends just as they were beginning to assemble—

paid his shot with the rest, and stalked into the tent, where, though Gaffer had not yet made his appearance, he found the board already pretty well cleared, and most of the trenchers as clean as if a buffalo had licked them. You may imagine how Gray stared when he came in, and, casting his eyes by chance across the table, saw his old crony grinning and nodding to him, and making believe as if they were the best of friends; but it was still worse when Buckram, to crown the whole, got up on his legs, and proposed Gray’s health, with three times three, lauding and magnifying him to the very skies, and telling the whole party how that Gaffer and he had been the means of taking in and doing for poor old Madam Reform, when all the world had cast her off, and providing her with good accommodations, which would in time have been enlarged, if she had behaved quietly.

“Not that he was one of those wise-acres,” he added, “who were for turning John’s house out of doors, or kicking out the upper servants, merely to give her room—fair and softly was the word with him; and really, to say the truth, the old lady had been living rather too fast of late, and must pull up a little in future, unless she meant to shatter her constitution entirely; and so he would advise some of her addle-pated hang-

ers-on to keep a close tongue in their heads, unless they wished to see her put upon short allowance, which John had a great mind to do."

Buckram, after delivering this harangue, was sitting down on the bench, hugely tickled at the idea that he had fairly stopped Gray's mouth for that time at least, when, who should start up in the corner of the tent, to his great consternation, but his quondam friend Drum, who would have had no objections to the turning-out of his father-in-law, had Allsop and Buckram been disposed to let him go snacks in the perquisites; but finding there was nothing to be made of it, he had conceived a most pestilent hatred against both, and thought this was too good an opportunity to lose of venting his spite against one of them.

Up, therefore, he got, and looking at Buckram—"A pretty fellow, to be sure, you are," cried he, "to talk of taking in and doing for the old lady! A pox on ye! you have taken her in and done for her, with a vengeance! O Lord! what assurance some folks have! Why, my friends, 'twas but the other night that Dan and I heard her screaming out for assistance, as he and my precious father-in-law there and some others were trying to gag and force her into the cellar—Gray holding her feet, and Buckram squeezing his wig into her mouth, and crying, 'Much good may it do ye.' Did not you confine her to her own room after dark, and entertain her with the cat-o'-nine-tails? Enlarge her accommodations, forsooth! Why, have you not tried to pare as many shillings as you could off her miserable income? Nay, tried to stop her allowance altogether, on pretence that she had not paid her share of John's petty customs? Were you not the first to kick her cousin from Warwickshire out of your own room the other day, and throw his bill after him, though it had been checked by the under servants, and found correct to the last farthing? For my part, if the old lady be still alive, which I doubt, it's my firm belief, that in another year or so she'll be starved to death among ye. No matter—none shall lay her death at my door at least."

When Drum sat down, Buckram was utterly confounded for a minute or two—the more so, when he

saw Hob, and the Pensioner, and Neddy Bear, get up and say they thought him in the right, and that, for their parts, they would not let a day go over their head but they would see to get the old lady's rooms cleaned out, and every thing made decent for her, come what would. This last fellow was a great Greek, and commonly went by the name of "money in both pockets," from the strange fancy he had for keeping John's money in 'one breeches' pocket, and his own in the other; so that sometimes when he lent a friend a shilling or so, his head would get quite confused, and he really could not recollect for the soul of him out of what pocket he had taken it.

But though Buckram was at first not a little abashed by this exposure, he blessed his stars that, at all events, he had contrived, in the confusion, to make poor Gaffer and his doings and complaints be as completely forgotten as if he had never been in existence. "Now then," quoth he to himself—"now is the time to strike while the iron is hot."

So away he set next morning to make a round of sister Peg's tenantry, to see whether by his mountebank tricks and plausible tongue, he could patch up a little his battered character among them. No trick was too low for him. Though he knew that John could not abide the sight of him, he affected to be deep in his secrets. If any one gave him a chance dinner or a pot of beer—"Aha!" he would exclaim, "some folks now would be vain enough to think all this was meant for them—but I'd have you to know I am none such. 'Tis all done out of respect to John—whose unworthy servant—but no more of that. I'll take care this blessed evening he shall know it in course of post."

And so he would sit down and seem to scrawl off a letter, taking care to exhibit the beginning, Dear John, and the address in large letters, To John Bull, Esq., Bullocks' hatch, *These*: and then sealing it with that immense seal of John's, which he kept always dangling from his fob, he would walk away with it with much dignity to the post-office, when he made as if he dropped it into the letter-box, but withal contrived

to slip it quietly into his breeches' pocket, from which, if it ever came out again, it certainly went in a quite different direction from Bullock's hatch.

On other occasions, he would have a postboy in John's livery hired to come into the kirk in the middle of the sermon, and whisper in his ear, loud enough to be heard by the whole congregation. "Gadzooks," he would exclaim, "John wants me, you say, on most confidential business? A pestilent hardship, my friends—but stay—I'll be with him in the twinkling of a walking-stick;" and, darting away, he would spring into the chaise hired for the purpose at the nearest stables, and drive off, like a whirlwind, in the direction of the manor-house. But no sooner did he come within sight of the Park, than, looking out of the chaise window, and seeing that nobody was in sight, he would desire the postboy to drive leisurely round for an hour or so in a circumbendibus, and then come back all in a sweat, swearing he had been closeted with John on matters of life and death, till his own life was a burden to him, and that, in fact, but for him, to speak candidly, John's matters would all go to rack and ruin.

To some of the tenantry, again, he distributed tracts, to others quack medicines, of which he had always great store, suited to all ages, tastes, and constitutions. He gave himself out for a regular member of the British College of Health, pretended to give advice gratis, generally recommending mild insensible aperients—"not like your universal mixture and annual pills," he would say, "that turn a man's bowels inside out, but mild alteratives, such as Dolittle's drops, Allsop's anodyne, my own volatile essence, and such like, that create no insurrection in a man's intestines, but leave him to go about his affairs, without loss of time or hinderance of business."

It was observed, however, that much as he abused those drastic purges, he had always a supply ready in an inside pocket, for such as he saw did not like his milder mixtures. Then, in addition to all this, he occasionally surprised them with the strangest feats of ground

and lofty tumbling, dancing to the Scotch-fiddle, balancing straws on his nose, and many other conjuring tricks, which he carried to a pitch of perfection never before heard of; for he was the first man who ever succeeded perfectly in turning his back upon himself, and eating his own words, which feats he accomplished more than once to the wonder of all beholders. Sometimes, again, with the strangest incontinence of tongue, he would blab all that was going on about the manor-house—what this servant said, or that servant did—what bills were owing last quarter—what shifts John would now and then be put to to raise the wind!—with much more gossip of the same kind, which thereafter came to John's ears, and gave him no little annoyance. Then, when taxed with what he had said, he would deny downright that he had said so;—and, in a trice again, he would deny that he had denied it—so that no man knew where to have him. One man he would draw into a corner, and, taking him by the button, he would abuse the upper servants as the most pestilent pragmatical noodles that ever handled a trencher; to the next, if he happened to be a twentieth cousin of any of the upper servants, he would run down the under servants at the same rate, as the most self-conceited, shortsighted, blundering blockheads he had ever come in contact with;—swearing, that he and the upper servants had little else to do but to check their erroneous arithmetic, and lick their house-bills into something like shape for them;—then he would pretend that he thought Arthur a devilish good fellow, and intended one of these days to speak a good word for him to John—who, mayhap, to please him (Buckram) might take him back again as an assistant.

So many strange vagaries following on one another's heels, made people begin to look a little queer, and to exchange significant nods, and point with a comical expression to their own upper story, as Buckram went by. And now, as the devil would have it, for poor Buckram, he took it into his head about this time to quarrel with his friend Tims the newsman, who had been too long in

his secrets not to have him totally at his mercy,—and all about a Penny Magazine, in which, it seemed, he was a Sleeping Partner, and to which he had begun to send all the gossip and scandal of the hall, of which Tims had hitherto had as it were the monopoly. The Lord have mercy on Buckram, say I, for Tims had none. The course of kicking, cuffing, bastinadoeing, and carbinadoeing he now underwent is past conception. Tims scarcely left him the likeness of a beast. Week after week did he continue to pen the most truculent paragraphs against him; now telling all the world how he had devised a plan for feeding John's poor tenants on sawdust, ground bones, and plaster of Paris; how he had sworn that no one was so fit to be a

J. P. as Deepread, and yet made John put another in the commission; how he called another man a lousy loon behind his back, and then flattered him to his face; how he had kicked a poor wench who was with child out of doors, and refused to grant a mittimus against the father, telling her it would be a mere encouragement to bastards; how he had robbed a man of his bill, with the assistance of a Charley, and afterwards had the effrontery to discount it in his own name as drawer, with a thousand such knavish tricks—which surprised every body except those that knew him. And now things had come to that pass that scarcely any of the servants could look Buckram in the face without laughing at him.

CHAP. XIII.

How John was sickened at Breakfast, poisoned at Dinner, and nearly burned at Night.

ALL these rumours of Buckram's strange vagaries reaching John's ears, you may believe gave him no little vexation; and as he had no great liking for his new servants before, they only made him the more resolved to get quit of them as soon as he thought another set could be had. Just at this time, too, as misfortunes never come single, came a string of annoyances one after another, which might have tried a more patient temper than John had to boast of—who for that matter had a little of his father and grandfather about him—neither of whom were related to Job.

John had come down one morning to breakfast, and Mrs Bull, in her usual way, had just helped him to his first cup of tea, when John, putting it to his lips, suddenly made a face as if he had swallowed prussic acid, and dashing it down on the teatray, exclaimed, "Gad's my life, what infernal decoction is this? Essence of wormwood? Extract of aloes and coloquintida, eh? In what 'pothecary's shop, pray, did any one pick up this cursed drug? Faugh—I feel as if I had swallowed poison."

"My dear," said Mrs Bull, "don't alarm yourself; 'tis your genuine tea from Messrs Sloe and Copperas

—your new tea merchants, whom your stewards have persuaded you to employ of late, and give up old Hyson and Co., who served yourself and your fathers before you. As for the price of it, good or bad, I can only say 'tis charged a swinging round sum in the bill, as you'll find at the year's end."

"So," cried John, who still continued making wry faces at the recollection of his last draught, "this is my return for giving the dogs a portion of my custom. Pay their bill, my dear; and let us never see their cursed compounds again. Ah! one gets wiser by experience; and if the matter be to do over again, Hyson and Co. are the men for my money. They charged a good price, to be sure; but then you could rely on a good article—while these rascally slopslippers think no more of poisoning a Christian, than they do of watering their rum, and sanding their brown sugar."

But if things at breakfast were bad this day, at dinner 'twas worse. John, who, like every Squire Bull before him, liked a good glass of port wine after dinner, had ordered a bottle of his best on this occasion; but no sooner had he swallowed his first glass to the king's

health as usual, than he rolled his eyes in his head as if strangled, clapped his hands on his stomach, and setting down the glass, squirted the contents out of his mouth with infinite appearance of disgust. "O Lord," he exclaimed, "my poor bowels! Call ye this port wine! 'Tis a mixture of rhubarb and devil's dung at the least, I'll be sworn. Harkye, knave," cried he to the butler—old Cupid—whom we mentioned before,—“did my old friend Michael ship me this damnable drench? If so, there's no faith in man.”

“Why, sir,” said Cupid, with one of his best bows, “that unlucky quarrel between Michael and Peter, in which, as you know, you lent Peter a hundred pounds to carry on his lawsuit about the old gentleman's succession, has been the ruin of Michael, who has fallen back in the world, and has got no stock left, so of late we have been dealing with Peter's agents, Messrs Sloe and Wormwood—for Sloe is a partner both in the tea and wine trade, and is too much of a gentleman, I am sure, to treat an excellent customer like Squire Bull scurvily. You may depend upon it, the fault is in your own palate—and if you would just allow me to taste it,”—so stepping up to the table, and swallowing a bumper with some difficulty, he set down the glass, assuring John 'twas just as he had expected, and that John must be beginning to lose his taste entirely, if he could complain of such genuine old English port as that. John, however, was not to be persuaded out of his senses this time. “Take it away, said he, and at least let me have a neat glass of schiedam, to put the filthy taste of this pouison out of my mouth.”

“My dear sir,” said Cupid, with some confusion, “ever since that occasion when you joined Philip Baboon in clapping up the obstruction before Nick Frog's door, and pelted him with mortar pellets, we have given up dealing with him as much as possible—and truth to say, there is not a drop of gin in the whole house. 'Tis a filthy liquor, my dear master, and Dr Bowstring, you know, prescribes French claret as most agreeable to your constitution.”

“French claret be ——! but 'tis

useless vexing one's self about what can't be helped. 'Thank God, a time's coming. There, hand me the Morning Post, and get about your business. So”—and John drew his arm-chair to the fire, and pretending to read a paragraph or two, was on the point of dropping into a doze.

Scarcely, however, had he composed himself for a comfortable nap, when a rap came to the hall gate, as if a whole posse of Bow Street officers had been thundering for admittance. 'Twas a letter from the overseer at Plantation farm; and as John had heard little from that quarter lately, he yawned, rubbed his eyes, and began to read.

“HONOURED MASTER,

“I am happy to inform you that every thing goes on at the farm as well as could be wished. [Come, that's some comfort, however, said John.] Quashie works like a Turk, and seems as happy as the day is long, so I have ordered him an additional allowance of salt herrings at your expense. [Poor fellow, said John, I grudge it not; Heaven send only he may continue quiet.] I have no doubt you will find in the end you have got full value for your twenty pounds. I have taken the liberty of drawing upon you for the like sum, being my own allowance. And remain your humble servant,

“JOHN SLY-GO.”

“But what's this—‘Postscript’—Ah! I hate postscripts—they never bode any thing good, but let's see.”

“P. S. Since writing the above, I am sorry to say that Quashie, either set on by rum, Obadiah, or the Devil, has struck work; and what's worse, struck one of the quorum a damnable blow with his hoe on the skull, and, hard as it was, he is not expected to recover. Hitherto we have not succeeded in catching him. Pray order out half-a-dozen special constables, for Quashie threatens to burn us all in our beds.

“P. S. News have just come in that your large hay rick is on fire, and that Quashie was seen last night near it with a lighted candle. For God's sake don't forget the constables. In haste, yours to command,

“J. S.”

Had you seen poor John's face as he perused this dismal epistle, you'd

have pitied him. The tears stood in his eyes with vexation, when he thought that he had parted with his money only to have his servants knocked on the head by a dog of a black, and his barns burnt about his ears.

"This comes," thought he, "of meddling with what did not concern me. My poor friends, Muscovado and Molasses, and Bamboo and Mango, I daresay, are murdered or ruined by this time. My turnips, of course, go to the devil. Sugar will rise a shilling a pound—and none but that firebrand, Obadiah, or Quashie himself, are the gainers by it. Gainer, did I say?—why, the damned villain Quashie will drink himself to death, I daresay, in a fortnight—and what becomes then of his wife and his small niggerly family! All thrown on me, I suppose, after the farm's fairly ruined. Ah! John, John! misfortunes never come single. Harkye, you fellows—there's no time to be lost; go some of you and call half-a-dozen constables together—and post as fast as your legs can carry you to Plantation Farm, before Quashie set the sugar manufactory on fire next. But," (turning his eyes towards the window which looked across the court to the servants' rooms,) "what the devil's this? has Quashie got among us here too? As I live by bread, the upper servants' room's on fire! There, don't you smell it? and see where the flames are bursting out of the window. Oh! Lord, that it should come to this! Run, fly, bring the engine, ye ragamuffins; would ye see your master burnt before your face?" And John pulled off his wig, threw it in the air, and danced about the room in a fit of desperation.

At last, having come a little to himself, he put his wig again on his head, and sallied down to the court, where such a scene of confusion was going on as never man beheld—the fire blazing, the torches flaring, the engines playing, the spectators roaring, the firemen cursing, the pickpockets filching, the constables cracking the sconces of the crowd. Here was one fellow directing the nozzle of his water-pipe full in his neighbour's face, as if the fire had been in his inside;

there was another throwing out glasses and crockery-ware from a three pair of stairs window for the sake of preservation, while a third, with nothing on but his shirt, was letting himself down by a blanket, and dangling with his legs in the air some dozen feet above the court, afraid to let go his hold. Allsop climbed a ladder, and got into the under servants' room, from which he reappeared speedily, and descended the ladder with much importance, holding something very carefully wrapped up under his cloak. John hurried up to him to thank him, thinking he had brought away his title deeds and securities at least, but to his great mortification, when Allsop displayed his treasure, 'twas merely a cracked chamber vase, filled with waste paper.

"Where's Neddy?" cried John—" 'twas his business to look after the fire in the servants' room."

"Oh! Neddy went a snipe-shooting this morning, and hasn't yet returned."

"Where's Hob, then?—one of them at least might have been there."

"He has lost his way in some of the woods and forests about," said another.

"Damn the upper servants' room," shouted Allsop—"let it blaze, but save the buttery."

"That stingy old codger, John, would not enlarge our room," Hum was overheard to say—"though we were squeezed and stunk to death in it; but now he must give us a decent room to sit in, whether he will or no."

And in truth it seemed as if most of them, if they hadn't a hand in the fire, rather thought the bonfire a good joke, for many were laughing heartily, and swilling porter and flip, instead of lending a hand at the engine or the pump, while poor John's goods and chattels were consuming. At last with much ado the fire was got under, though not until all that side of the mansion-house, where the servants' rooms were, was fairly burnt to the ground. And though John was ensured to some extent, the loss will certainly be serious. The servants themselves, who had been on the alert,

lost little; indeed nobody made any great complaint except Buckram, who was seen walking up and down disconsolately next day among the ruins, seeking for his best wig, which

had been left hanging on the wall, and which he found at last in a corner dripping wet, and a most deplorable spectacle.

CHAP. THE LAST.

How John desired his Servants to walk about their business, as they could not agree, and took his old Steward back again.

THESE annoyances and misfortunes coming so thick upon one another, made John quite melancholy: he shut himself up in his room, and desiring Sheepface to put the books on the table and leave him to himself, he began, with a heavy heart, to consider the state of his affairs.

"When I look about me," said John to himself, "I find I have scarce an old friend left in the world with whom these mischiefmaking villains haven't embroiled me. When they came in, 'twas to be all peace and plenty, mirth and good fellowship—but in a twelvemonth in how many damned lawsuits had they involved me! I must take part against my old friend poor Nick Frog when his back was at the wall, and pay that fellow from the Cobourg's Attorney, because he was too poor to do it himself—I must do the same in that confounded unbrotherly strife between Peter and Michael—though Michael's right to the vineyard under his father's will was as clear as my own title to Bullock's hatch; I must lend a hand to oust his next door neighbour, poor Charles, out of Esquire South's lands, because forsooth his brother that's dead and gone forged a deed by which he pretended his father had docked the Entail. I was forced to stand by while my old friend the Turkey merchant was robbed of his best manor: then they tried to stir up strife between Esquire North and me—(I grudge confoundedly, by the by, that L.500 they made me pay him on Frog's bond);—and the only 'squire in the whole neighbourhood with whom I am in speaking terms, is that cunning fox Philip Baboon, who, though as smooth as an eel, hates me, I know, at heart as the devil does holy water, and would willingly see all that belongs to me brought to the hammer—in

hopes of picking up a field or two cheap at the sale."

"Then here," added he, tossing over the leaves of the ledger, "what comes of all their boasted saving and cheese parings?—'To bill for lawsuit against Frog'—I'm afraid to look at the amount. 'Do. do. Michael;' 'do. do. Charles;' 'Cash paid for Grease,' so much. 'To paid for building your new Justice of Peace Court.' 'To repairs to your Work-house.' 'To paid additional watchmen to guard Patrick's house.' 'To paid for a new plan of strengthening Patrick's vicarage, by removing the foundations.' 'To paid Bamboo redemption money of Quashie.'—I'll read no more!" and he flung the ledger to the other side of the room.

"Then at home," continued he, "am I not in a perpetual sea of troubles? Scarce a day passing but some riot or murder committed at that confounded farm on the other side the pond, which I wish were at the bottom of it. Offices and hayricks blazing all about me; threatening letters sent to me through the penny-post; my servants all fighting and quarrelling among themselves, or blabbing every thing they hear about the house; more particularly that mountebank attorney, who I hear has been also forging my name to the labels of his quack medicines, and telling every low pot-companion, that he will take care to let me know how many pots of ale he had drunk to my health. I can see, however, things are coming fast to a head, for no two of the fellows are of one mind; some of them never meet but foul language passes between them; and though the knaves have hung together as yet, methinks there must be a break up speedily."

One would suppose John, like his sister Peg, must have had the gift of

second-sight; for just at that moment came a gentle, timorous, undecided tap to the door, and on John's answering, "Come in," in walked Sheepface, evidently looking a good deal nonplussed, and scarcely knowing how to open his mind. At last, after humming and hawing for a time, "Honoured master," said he, "we have just heard that Allsop's father, poor old fellow, has kicked the bucket at last; and now, as he'll have enough to do with his own farm, he gives up the books here directly. He desires me to make his best respects, and say, he's very sorry to leave the hall, but hopes you'll have no difficulty in finding somebody to take his place."

"Why, Master Sheepface," replied John, "methinks the matter should not be quite so easy; for 'tis but a week or so since you all told me that without Allsop you could not get on at all—that he was the only fellow who could keep any order among the under-servants—and that without him all would go to rack and ruin."

"I grant," said Sheepface, "we may have said something to that effect; but one should not be taken at their word, you know; and really we find now there are so many clever fellows among the under-servants—who by this time understand ciphering pretty well—that, i' faith, there will be no lack of hands to supply his place."

"Ap-Rice, perhaps?" answered John—"well, he's a sharp, clever, active little body, and may do."

"Why, no—not exactly Ap-Rice," replied Sheepface;—"he's a clever little fellow, as you say, to be sure—but not exactly the man to take the upper end of the table. There's a something—a kind of a—sort of a—that is—as it were—in short, he won't please the rest."

"Well, get on, Sheepface—who's next?"

"What say you to Johnny?"

"What—whispering Johnny? Nothing—Pass him over—he's not worth wasting breath upon."

"Well then—perhaps [*hesitating*] Littledone might do."

"Littledone!—that mischievous, marplotting babbler—a fellow consorting under my very nose with Dan—a fellow whom Dan has called

a liar to his face, and then told him he meant nothing personal—a fellow who, when a gentleman kicks his seat of honour, is satisfied with being told that he was only kicked in his public character!—No, no—no more of him.—Well, get on."

"I' faith," said Sheepface, "I find I am come to the end of my tether; for the truth is—'tis nonsense to conceal it—we are not quite at one among ourselves what should be done as to two or three little matters—such as Patrick's living, among others—and so 'tis not easy to hit upon any one that will work in harmony with the rest. Some think matters have been pushed far enough as to Patrick—and, for mine own part, I am much of that mind—but Johnny, and Hob, and Neddy, and the Pensioner, are quite clear no good will be done till you pull Patrick's church down altogether, and build a Roman Catholic chapel instead."

"I'LL SOONER DIE FIRST," cried John: "Nay, nay, since matters have come to this, I'll save you any further trouble about filling up the place: I've one in my eye that I think will do.—Good day to you."

"But, my dear sir," cried Sheepface, who scarcely expected that John would have come to the point so abruptly, "although 'tis true no two of us could agree on most points, don't suppose we could not have jogged on together very comfortably. In the main point we were all quite united."

"The main point—keeping your places, I suppose," muttered John.

"There might have been a little squabbling and sparring," said Sheepface,—"and perhaps some of us, whose temper is of the shortest, might have been rather abusive; but we should have cobbled the matter up one way or another, and perhaps been better friends than ever."

"No, no," said John; "once for all, we've had enough of these Billingsgate squabbles and calling of names. My servants must be of one mind. This quarrelling and fighting, and clipping and paring, and gossiping and harlequinading, brings discredit on the house. I mean nothing personal to you, Sheepface, for, to do you justice, you've always kept a civil and discreet tongue in your head; but, since we cannot get on

together, come, tell me frankly whom you advise me to take, for a steward I must have, and that without delay."

"Why, then, since you put it to me, I cannot but think—though you need not mention I said it—[*whispering*] that Arthur is your man."

"There at least we agree.—I'm sorry Bobby's gone south, so as to him we must think about it. But, barkye, you're going the way of Arthur's house—would you have any objection to take a letter to him?"

"None in the world—I'll do it with all the pleasure in life.—Eh! Gad I begin to feel now as if a load were off my back."

"There, then," cried John, handing him an epistle, which he hastily scrawled off to Arthur, telling him what had happened, and begging him not to lose a moment in coming to him, for he was determined to make a clear house of it that blessed day—"there—and now," holding out his hand, and shaking him by it, "fare thee well, Sheepface,—there have been worse fellows than thee—and better."

Though Sheepface took the matter, on the whole, with a good grace, very different indeed was the reception which the news met with from the rest of the servants. They looked aghast, and could not at first believe their ears; but when they found it was too true, never men were in such a frenzy. "Ah!" shouted Buckram, "Mrs Bull has done it all." "'Tis all a sneaking underhand job of Bobby's," cried another, though poor Bobby, as they knew, was full fifty miles off, and thinking of very different matters. All their hope now was, that, as they had succeeded before in stirring up the ragamuffins on the estate in the matter of Madam Reform, when they got into their present places, these same worthies would be as ready now to bellow, and brawl, and break windows or heads, to keep them in them. This, however, they soon found to their cost was no longer the case. Though they all marched in procession to the market place in deep mourning, nodding to radical Dick and his friends as they passed, and winking familiarly, and though Buckram made the most *moving* speeches, and all of them protested

the estate was ruined if they staid not, the folks only laughed in their faces, and asked what worse they could be under Arthur than they had been under such a self-seeking crew, who had been liars even from the beginning, and had only made their way into the house by promising what they knew very well they never could perform. 'Twas the same every where else upon the estate wherever they tried to get up a cry in their favour; the tenants either stared at them, or told them to go to the devil; many threw up their caps at once for Arthur—others said, 'twould be hard to hang him before trying him, and all of them were agreed that any change must be for the better.

All this while, if you would have believed the newspapers, the whole estate was in a state of perfect convulsion. John, however, who had read some of these fearful accounts, having a curiosity to see how far they were true, slipped down to the public house, where he was told there was a great meeting of the tenants, at least a hundred strong; but when he came there, all he found was about a dozen of the lowest tatterdemalions in the village, deboshed bankrupts, notorious swindlers, professed buffers, brawling bullies, and such like, all bellowing at the top of their lungs, and abusing one another as heartily as Arthur or himself. "Aha!" said John to himself, "this is a different guess sort of work from the meetings about Madam Reform—i'faith my blood runs cold yet when I think of them—but here, may I perish, if with this good cudgel, and half-a-dozen stout fellows at my back, I could not clear the causeway of the whole crew in ten minutes."

In the course of that very day, John paid them their wages, and told them, as soon as they had given up the keys, and accounted duly for the silver spoons, they might walk about their business. Most of them had the sense to make the best of a bad bargain, and walk quietly out, as if quite delighted at their release; indeed all but Buckram, who hung on to the very last, and was found at last squatting behind the old woollack in the lumber room, in hopes of being allowed to spend another night at least in the house.

When at length they had turned him out by main force, what did he do but write a letter to Cropley, who, he understood, was to be his successor, begging him to use his interest with John to get him a lease of the Chequers, which he said he would take on better terms than ever John had been able to let it before. Cropley, however, who was determined to get quit of him entirely, told him he had nothing to say about the matter—he might ask Arthur, or Bobby when he came, and then he would get his answer. Then Buckram, seeing there was no hope of the lease, wrote back an impudent letter from Philip Baboon's house, upon whom he had gone to sponge for a little, something in this fashion.

“CROPLEY,

“I was a consummate fool to demean myself so far as ever to think of setting myself down in such a beggarly pothouse as the Chequers—so my friends tell me, and I believe them. I wouldn't take a lease of it now, though it were offered gratis—so you will please to put my offer in the fire. Hoping soon to hear that you are kicked out as well as myself, I remain your humble servant,

“BUCKRAM.”

No sooner had John got their backs fairly turned, than he began to rummage his servants' quarters—for he had a strong suspicion that he should not find all right. But bad as he took them to be, he had no notion of the full extent of their villainy, till he began to pry a little into their concealments. Here in one corner, carefully hid among Buckram's old papers, was a bottle of French brandy and a corkscrew; under Allsop's bed, was the remains of a leg of mutton—here

a quantity of soap and candles, which seemed to have been filched by Pullet—there a parcel of green tea—(“sloe and copperas, I hope,” quoth John)—wrapped up in a religious tract; in a hole in the wall, a bundle of letters from Buckram to Allsop and Tims before their quarrel, revealing all their roguery in the matter of Gray, and using such language about John and Mrs Bull, as made John's very hair stand on end; and in an old trunk a large quantity of John's best writing-paper and quills, concealed under some dirty linen. “Here's a *mare's* nest with a vengeance,” cried John. “I always wondered how my stationary disappeared so fast, but I've found a *key* to it at last.” Just as he was finishing his survey, Arthur, who came post haste the moment he got John's letter, knocked at the door.

“Come along, my boy,” said John, “glad to see thee again—give us a shake of thy fist. Ay, you may look about you, a pretty mess they have left—and hard work you'll have to set things to rights again—but they're gone, please Heaven, never to come back. Bobby will be here by and by to help you—my tenants are beginning to recover their senses, and to believe that an honest outspoken steward is the best steward after all. And see here's Mrs Bull come to shake hands with you—glad enough, poor woman, I'll be sworn—(though she knew nothing about it an hour before)—that we have rid the house at last of those vermin. There—take that crownpiece to the bell-ringers, and tell them to ring a merry peal—order a hogshead of porter out to the yard, and let the tenants drink ‘Success to Arthur and Bobby, and LONG LIFE TO JOHN BULL.’”

FALL OF THE MELBOURNE MINISTRY.

AT length the great act of retributive justice has taken place. The Whigs have fallen! The dregs of that once great and powerful party which sought in power only the means of elevation, and in Reform only the consummation of political animosity, have been crushed under the work of their own hands! The rock which, like Sisyphus, they have rolled with so much labour to the summit of the mountain, has recoiled upon themselves; the battery which they raised with so much labour for the destruction of their opponents, has been turned upon their own forces; the winds which they let loose from the cavern of Eolus, have torn their frail and wretched Government to shreds. Not the prudence of the Crown, nor the efforts of the aristocracy; not the power of thought, nor the energy of virtue; not the spirit of religion, nor the devotion of patriotism, have alone brought about this great act of public justice. Against all these forces, powerful as they are in the end for the extinction of evil, and clearly as they lay the foundation of all good government, they were sufficiently armed by the consequences of the prodigious constitutional change which, by the aid of the multitude, and by appealing to their worst passions, they had brought about. The united virtue and probity, property and intelligence, religion and patriotism of the empire, had sought in vain to arrest the march of a Government which, by installing the multitude in power, and rousing the worst and most selfish passions of our nature, had acquired for the time irresistible influence. But there is a power above the world, in the hands of which the worst, as the best principles of our nature, are made the instruments of ultimate good; there are eternal laws of justice, to which the acts of kings and statesmen, not less than those of the humblest peasant, are subjected. The Reform Bill is what has ruined them; the passions to which it gave

rise, the anarchy of thought which it occasioned, the extravagant expectations which it excited, are the real causes of their fall. Like Necker and the Constitutionalists, or Brissot and the Girondists of France, they have found the anarchical spirit which they awakened too strong for the feeble hands which, when too late, sought to coerce it. Like them, they have fallen from their high estate, an object of pity to their enemies, of hatred to their friends, and, like them, they are about to have their names crushed under the maledictions of ages, for the vast opportunities of usefulness which they have neglected, and the boundless, social, and political blessings which they have destroyed.

The Whigs have fallen! As a political party, acting on certain constitutional principles, and professing to hold the balance even, between despotic power and popular licentiousness, they are, we fear, no more. Never again will they reappear on the stage of English history. Like the Orleanists and Girondists, they have descended to the great charnel-house of nations. Their leaders may again be wafted to the helm; the best and noblest portion of them may be incorporated with other administrations; possibly as a body they may resume the lead; they may profess themselves Whigs; they may flatter themselves they have inherited the mantle of Somers and Fox; but they will be as far severed from the principles of those illustrious men as day is from night. They cannot again succeed but as Revolutionists; they cannot again ascend the perilous heights of power, but on the footing of destroying that religion, to preserve which was the great object of the Revolution in 1688, and that Constitution, which Mr Fox pronounced to be "the happy practicable equilibrium which has all the efficiency of monarchy, and all the liberty of republicanism, moderating the despotism of the one, and the licentiousness of the other."* They may succeed in

* Parl. Hist. xxiv. 288.

tearing to pieces the relics of the constitution which they have so grievously injured; they may again hold for a few months or years a precarious and wretched authority, as the executors of the will of the sovereign multitude; but as the real rulers of the State, as imprinting upon the march of Government the impress of their own principles, and the result of their own determinations, they are consigned to the vault of all the Capulets.

This catastrophe—this total and irremediable destruction, is the natural and unavoidable result of the false principles on which they have proceeded, and the monstrous alliance with the Revolutionists which they have formed. It is not peculiar to them, but is the uniform and inevitable fate of all political parties, in all countries and in all ages, which unite themselves to an anarchical faction. The principles and objects of such a faction cannot fail, in a short time, to bring destruction upon all who support it. It is the nature of democratic ambition, as of every other irregular and ruinous passion, to be insatiable—to increase with every gratification it receives—and precipitate its votaries into a baneful state of excitement and desire, which rapidly brings them to destruction. This moral law of nature is the invincible necessity which speedily brings ruin upon all the allies and supporters of Revolutionary measures. Did any of them ever survive five years? Not one.—Did any of them ever escape the eternal condemnation of history? Not one.—Is the memory of any of them not execrated by the enlightened and the good, the brave and the free, in every country and in every age? Not one. As much as the supporters of freedom and religion are revered and respected by future ages, are the leaders of revolution and democracy stigmatized and reviled. History points to the one as the greatest benefactors; to the others as the greatest scourges of the species. In the first class she numbers Timoleon and Brutus, Tell and Wallace, Hampden and Sidney, Burke and Pitt; in the second she includes Catiline and Gracchus, Alcibiades and Marius, Robespierre and Danton. The fate of all these demagogues has been the same. They all possessed abili-

ties sufficient to have blessed, and power adequate to have ruled mankind; but, by allying themselves to a democratic faction, and seeking the means of elevation, not in the assertion of the eternal principles of freedom and justice, but in flattering the passions, and pandering to the desires of popular ambition, they were all speedily involved in ruin, and their history remains to future ages a monument of the same unvarying truth, that passion is insatiable, whether in societies or single men, and that swift as is the ruin which the principles of democracy, when indulged to excess, bring upon nations, swifter still is the destruction to which they consign its own supporters.

Teeming as the page of history does in every part with examples of this eternal law of nature, a more memorable example of its unvarying application never occurred than has recently happened in the fall of the Whigs. Who that recollects the tumults of adulation with which they were hailed two years ago, when carrying through the Reform Bill, could have anticipated that so soon, *so very soon*, they were to be consigned to ruin, amidst the maledictions and contempt of the very men whom they made these vehement efforts to seat in power? What has so suddenly converted all this flattery into contempt, and all this support into indifference, and compelled them to give way to political antagonists whom they boasted of having utterly destroyed only two years before? The multitude are, doubtless, fickle and volatile in all ages and countries; but their versatility, how great soever, cannot account for so prodigious a change. It is the impossibility of satisfying a democratic party which is the real and unavoidable difficulty; it is the "constant and active pressure from without," which, in the second and ulterior stages of revolution, forces its early leaders to adventure upon measures of spoliation, from which they at first would have shrunk with horror, but which are soon made the sole conditions of their keeping themselves at the head of affairs. If they recoil from the task—if their better feelings revive at the sight of the consequences of their weakness—if they resolve to sacrifice power, ra-

ther than persist in the great work of destruction—they are speedily driven from the helm, and make way, if the march of evil is not arrested by a simultaneous effort of all the virtue and energy of the nation, for more thorough-paced Revolutionists—for men who are paralysed by no conscientious feelings, checked by no stings of remorse, but boldly and wickedly obey the mandates of the ignorant but insatiable sovereign multitude, to their great immediate gratification, and certain ultimate ruin.

The Whigs flattered themselves that by rousing the passions of the people, and wielding the powers of the prerogative to force through the Reform Bill, they would succeed in destroying their old antagonists the Tories, and thereby secure for themselves and their successors a long lease of power; and charity bids us believe that they hoped to do this without tearing to pieces the institutions of the state. They may now see what we and others have all along foretold, that of all vain attempts, the vainest is to attempt to establish a solid edifice of political authority on passions whose very essence is continual advancement, and construct a durable government on the insatiable cravings of democratic ambition. The whole intellect and ability of the human race, if concentrated in one individual, would fail in such an attempt. Mirabeau tried it and failed; Necker tried it and failed; Lafayette tried it and failed; Danton tried it and failed; Robespierre tried it and failed; Napoleon tried it and failed. That great man did not engage in perpetual wars from the mere desire to extend his fame or enlarge his territories. He did so, as he himself has told us, from an enlightened and just estimate of his situation, as the head of a revolutionary state, whose energies were now entirely centred in military ambition, but required then the same incessant gratification, as they had formerly done in the career of political exaltation. His fixed opinion, says Bourrienne, from the commencement was, that if stationary he would fall; that he was sustained only by continually ad-

vancing; and that it was not sufficient to advance, but he must advance rapidly and irresistibly. "My power," said he, "depends on my glory—and my glory on the victories which I gain. It would instantly fall if it were not based on fresh glory and victories. Conquest made me what I am; conquest alone can maintain me in it. A government newly established has need to dazzle and astonish: when its *éclat* ceases it perishes. It is in vain to expect repose from a man who is the concentration of movement."* Such were the principles of Napoleon, the ablest incarnation that ever appeared on earth of the revolutionary principle; and if he was unable to construct a durable edifice, or prevent overthrow, either from the ascendancy of bad, or the reaction in favour of good principles, what other can expect to succeed in the attempt?

The French democratic party, however, are in an error, and it is a most signal one, when they represent the march of revolution toward evil as unavoidable, and the succession of factions who succeed each other in rising to the head of the state, each more atrocious and wicked than its predecessors, as the inevitable progress of human affairs in periods of public convulsion. It is inevitable, only if it is not resisted: if the patient has not sufficient strength to throw off the malady, he must undergo all the horrors of its ulterior stages; but there is a period to all when its stoppage is possible, when prevention may come in place of cure. In France, even, there was a period when, by an unanimous effort of all the higher classes, the downward progress of the Revolution might have been checked, and a constitutional monarchy established, which would have secured to every rank the blessings of real freedom. On occasion of the outrage to the King in the palace of the Tuileries, on June 20, 1792, the reaction in favour of rational principle was so strong, that by the concurring testimony of all the Republican historians, the authority of the monarch might have been restored, and a constitutional throne establish-

* Bourrienne, iii. 214.

ed, which, without spoliation or injustice to any, might have secured to all the advantages of durable liberty. What then prevented that auspicious event from taking place? The known irresolution and vacillation of the King, and the defection and flight of the whole body of the nobles. These fatal circumstances, and still more the consequent junction of the emigrants with the Allied Powers, when they invaded the territory of the Republic, were not the causes which produced the subsequent horrors of the Revolution, but they were the causes which prevented the sanative powers of nature from interposing to heal that ghastly wound, and left all the worst and most malignant passions of our nature in unbridled sovereignty in a country, from which all its worth, probity, and religious feeling, had been withdrawn.

That the prodigious and unlooked-for gift of political power, which the Reform Bill conferred upon the lower orders, especially in great cities, in this country, has developed in the empire the true revolutionary fever, can be doubted by no one possessing even the smallest share of historical information, who considers how exactly the crisis of England on the passing of the Reform Bill resembled that of France on the assembly of the States General, and how completely identical the objects since pursued by our revolutionists have been with those successfully contended for by their French predecessors. If, therefore, the conduct of the king and of the aristocracy had been at all similar, there cannot be the least doubt that a similar result would have occurred here to that which there took place, and a stern despotism, like that of Napoleon or Louis Philippe, closed a long series of bloody convulsions. But there are three circumstances, essential in their nature, which distinguish the conduct of this country, when seized with the malady, from that pursued in the neighbouring kingdom, and which it is to be hoped, under the blessing of God, entitle us to hope for a different termination.

The first of these is the religious feeling which still animates so large a portion of our citizens, and the

increasing rather than declining sway of feelings of piety over the better classes of the people. That great part of the religiously disposed are now allied to the infidels; that Catholics, Radicals, and Dissenters have for long formed an unholy alliance to beat down the Church of England, is indeed true; but still the spirit which animates its members is firm and resolute, and it numbers among its ranks all the greatest and best, as well as the wisest and most enlightened of the community. Such a body must, in the end, acquire the direction of human affairs. The strength and violence of the mob, irresistible, like the spring of a wild beast, when first exerted, in the long run yields to the ascendant of virtue and thought: even the rudest and most illiterate nations are more governed by intellectual and moral, than physical qualities. The religious spirit of the immense majority of the English people is the most important distinction between them and the French in 1789, among the higher classes of whom infidelity and irreligion were universal. Even the dissenting bodies, who now follow the standards of revolution, may be expected to fall off from the array when its ulterior measures are brought forward, when the destruction of religious establishments is about to take place, when religion itself is likely to perish in the convulsion, and infidelity is on the eve of the greatest victory it has ever gained over the Christian faith. There is no power in nature capable of combating the demon of revolution but the spirit of religion. That power was wholly wanting in France, excepting in La Vendée, which alone did so much to stop the progress of evil, and thence, after the overthrow of that heroic province, its terrible progress and irresistible success. But that power is not wanting in England; on the contrary, it exists in full and general activity, and more than at any former period has spread its influence among the higher and more enlightened classes of society. England, therefore, does not advance to the strife, weak and corrupt at heart, enervated by luxury, seduced by infidelity. She comes forth clad in the panoply of faith, with the sword of courage in her right hand,

and in her left the shield of knowledge. It is a very different thing to overcome such a power, and demolish the institutions of France, tainted at heart by universal irreligion in the higher classes, and weakened by the defection of all those upon whose cooperation it was most reasonable to calculate in the outset of the struggle.

The second great distinction between the English and French convulsions is to be found in the widely different conduct which, under similar dangers, the higher classes have pursued in the two countries. The French proprietors and nobles basely fled on the first approach of danger, and inflamed the public discontents by leaguings with the stranger against their native land. The English Conservatives have all remained at their post, and in the midst of danger, odium, and popular exasperation, firmly but temperately resisted the progress of evil, by the influence of their characters, the force of their talents, the weight of their knowledge—calmly and temperately enduring the tumult of obloquy and violence, with which they were assailed, they have replied to the falsehood and calumny of their adversaries by deeds of beneficence, by works of utility, by acts of charity. Wickedness and passion are powerful, and often in the outset irresistible; but virtue and wisdom are still more powerful, and in the end seldom fail to obtain the victory. The leader of the Whigs has borne the most decisive testimony to the vast increase of influence which the Conservatives have acquired by this patriotic and dignified conduct during the period of their adversity. "The Reformers," said Lord Melbourne, "are mistaken, if they suppose that they can prevail, except when united, against a party formidable from its property, its opinion, and its uncompromising character." How is it that the Conservatives, whose political influence was so completely destroyed by the Reform Bill that they could not gain at the last election one hundred and twenty seats in Parliament out of six hundred and fifty, have been able to regain their lost ground so far, that, on the confession of their enemies, a cordial union of all the movement party is

indispensable to prevent their resuming their ascendancy in the state? Simply by the justice of their principles, the power of their talents, and the resolution of their characters—by their constancy in adversity, and the vigour with which they combated the principles of evil, which the temporary triumph of their adversaries had rendered so powerful in the state. Their resurrection has been the effort of thought to throw off the thralldom of violence, of virtue to shake off the bonds of passion, of knowledge to unloose the chains of ignorance, of religion to burst the fetters of infidelity. England was not corrupt at heart when the evil days came upon her. She was still able to maintain a desperate fight with the principles of destruction: her children evinced a spirit worthy of their glorious descent: her nobles and her landed proprietors exhibited all the vigour and resolution of the Norman blood, and her talent stood forth nobly in the cause of truth, of freedom, and of religion—whether all these efforts and virtues can ultimately triumph over the principles of evil which the Whigs sowed with so unsparing a hand, while they held possession of the reins of power, is a question which can only be resolved by time; but the struggle at least has hitherto been very different from what it was in France, and the friends of order and Christianity, from the difference of the seed they have sown, may confidently hope for a very different result.

The third circumstance which distinguishes the British from the French crisis, is the different character which the sovereign has displayed during the struggle. Louis XVI. was as much attached to the faith of his fathers as any prince of the House of Hanover; but he had not the firmness and resolution which has been the hereditary characteristic of that illustrious family. He never ventured to face the danger; he had a superstitious dread of coming into collision with his subjects, and sought, in the revolutionary system of conciliation and concession, the means of obtaining a respite from the evils that were impending. But the spirit and resolution of his subjects—the evident growth of Conservative principles in

all the educated classes of society—the manifest and increasing ascendancy which the old English feelings had gained, after the pseudo-liberality which preceded the Reform Act, was dissipated by that desperate innovation, had inspired the British sovereign with a more magnanimous resolution. Exhibiting a spirit worthy of his immortal father, he resolutely refused to go into the revolutionary project of church spoliation which was proposed to him; and in the memorable words, *I WILL DIE FIRST*, gave the signal to his people that the hour was come when “England expects that every man will do his duty.” Every person of common information had long foreseen that the time would inevitably come when a stand must be made, and the perils of braving the revolutionary tempest be faced and disregarded. Let us be thankful that the King was the first to make the glorious appeal; that he threw himself into the breach to stop the forces of anarchy, ere his faithful subjects could assemble for his support; and that when he at last took his stand, he did so in defence of those sacred institutions on which public prosperity here is mainly dependent, and of that religion which opens our best hopes of salvation hereafter.

The present change, therefore, is a crisis which may always be expected in a nation afflicted by the revolutionary fever, but in which the real strength and sinews of a state are as yet undecayed. It is the effort of the better, the more courageous, the more virtuous, the more highly educated classes to emancipate themselves from the monstrous and degrading despotism of the multitude; to shake off the frightful load under which they have laboured for the last four years, and save themselves and their children from those unspeakable calamities, to which a continuation of the same system must inevitably have led. It is the effort of freedom to resist the worst species of slavery, that which ever and speedily follows democratic ascendancy; the heroic endeavour of real patriotism to avert those chains which their misguided fellow-citizens were blindly preparing for themselves and their descendants—Whether it is to be successful or not,

will just depend upon the question whether the principles of good or of evil, of virtue or vice, of religion or infidelity, have the ascendancy amongst us. If the latter are chiefly prevalent; if a majority of the influential classes of the state are resolved to overturn our institutions, to liberate themselves from all restraints, human and divine, and, under the specious name of improvement, to restore the anarchy of the French Revolution, they cannot be prevented; they must wade through an ocean of suffering or blood, and leave an iron despotism to themselves and their children. But if the former principles, as we devoutly hope is the case, are still paramount with a majority, even in point of numbers, and a vast majority in point of property, knowledge, character, and talent, in the state; if the delusive contagion of democracy is as yet confined, for the most part, to the inhabitants of great cities; if innocence and virtue, the faith of their fathers, and the loyalty of their ancestors, are still paramount amidst the simplicity of rural life; if those who, without wishing revolution, were carried away by reform, are resolved now to make a stand, and unite with their former opponents, in resisting the farther advances of evil, the spoiler may yet be stayed, and the flag of England, after being all but sunk in the waves, will again float triumphant in the breeze.

The cause of the dissolution of the late Cabinet is so apparent, that he that runs may read. We predicted, fifty times over, during the heyday of their reform popularity, that they would come to this untimely end. It was the heavings from below which ruined them, “the constant and active pressure from without,” which forced the Government, as the condition of their existence, to engage in many perilous and revolutionary measures, which necessarily brought them into collision with the great interests of the country. The divisions of the Cabinet, which were the immediate cause of their weakness and fall, were but types of the great division which was going forward among their adherents in the country. Their strength at first, used in carrying through the Reform Bill, was owing

to a coalition of many different and discordant parties, whom an extraordinary and unparalleled combination of events had brought together. Many able and good, though deluded men, existed in their own body. A large portion of the Conservative body were to be found in their ranks, or had aided them by their previous efforts. Multitudes, who were carried away by the delusive liberality of the day, who thought they might dally with revolution, and combine the lustre of popularity with the multitude, with the advantages of esteem from the well-informed; the shortsighted, the timid, the selfish, (and they are ever a great majority of mankind,) were inclined to go along with a current, which they deemed irresistible. The strength of these united parties, joined to the fatal division of the Conservatives, consequent on agricultural distress, and the passing of Catholic Emancipation, were the real causes of the triumph which the Whigs at first obtained over the constitution of the country. But such a coalition could not long hold together. From its very triumph may be dated the commencement of its decline. The unwieldy body was speedily driven on to ulterior measures; the Revolutionists were not to halt midway in the career of victory; the cry for the fruits of reform speedily succeeded the cry for reform itself, and what in their estimation these fruits were to be, was now not even attempted to be covered with a decent disguise. Intoxicated with their extraordinary triumph, and not aware how large a portion of their supporters had honestly favoured reform, without intending revolution, the Anarchists openly proclaimed their designs—annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, were the preparatory steps, but they were only means to an end—church spoliation, the abolition of a national establishment, the confiscation of a large part, if not the whole, of the funds, in other words, general bankruptcy, the removal of every species of protection from the labour of the agriculturist, were publicly avowed as their ulterior objects. What effect these precipitate avowals produced on their former conscientious, though, as we think, mistaken supporters,

may be judged of from the following passage in Sergeant Spankie's admirable letter to his Finsbury constituents:—

"It has long been clear enough that the organs of the Republicans, and of the political unions, have marked for immediate destruction the House of Lords and the Church of England. About this there has been no disguise—they hardly condescend here even to use the milder term of reform. Not only the vast interests of whole orders and classes of men, but the deep-rooted principles, or, if some please, the deep-rooted prejudices, of many millions of the King's subjects, are treated in these schemes of reform as unworthy of the slightest deference or consideration. The insolent tone of such imperious reformers on these and other questions gave us a foretaste of the domination we have to expect. To talk of the monarchy or the British constitution, after granting the demands of these reformers, is perfectly childish. It would not be even a decent capitulation, but an absolute surrender at discretion. Not only the objects but the temper of these reforms must inevitably lead to a complete revolution, and were the proposal to be received with indifference, or even without intense indignation, why a total revolution is virtually accomplished. It were sottish simplicity to be deluded with the pretence of reform—the old nursery tale might teach us better—the wolf that cajoles us to let him in that he may devour us, hardly deigns here to soften the harshness of his tones."

When doctrines of this sort tending to the utter annihilation of our constitution in church and state, and calculated to let in a flood of anarchy, convulsion, and revolution upon the nation, were openly broached by the Movement Party, and embodied in bills to be supported by their whole weight in the Legislature, it is not surprising that the rational, conscientious, and high-minded part of the Whigs, (and there were many such who had unhappily been seduced by the Reform mania,) broke off from the alliance with such auxiliaries. The sober-minded friends of freedom in the country accordingly rapidly fell

off, and it became evident, even to the most casual observer, that a very great increase of Conservative principles in the better and highly educated classes of society, was taking place. This change, coupled with the cooling of the Reform zeal consequent on the entire absence of any practical benefit from the change, soon communicated itself to the Cabinet. The Conservative Whigs, the men who supported Reform, but not Revolution, who were sincere in their wish to renovate but not destroy our venerable institutions, separated themselves from their more unflinching brethren. Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earl of Ripon, influenced by the feelings of true patriotism, broke off upon occasion of the Irish Church Bill, when the intention of applying ecclesiastical property to secular purposes was first openly announced, and a measure of spoliation calculated immediately, and without any compensation, to confiscate private property, first received the sanction of Government. A dark intrigue, conducted at the time when by mere accident Lord Brougham happened to be corresponding with Lord Wellesley in Greek on the comparative merits of Sophocles and Æschylus, next led to the resignation of Lord Grey. There remained only the Radical rump, under the guidance of a nobleman worthy of better things, Lord Melbourne. But the weakness and divisions of his Cabinet soon became such as to render it evident to all that a total change either towards Conservatism or Radicalism was approaching. The Edinburgh dinner was a desperate effort to prop up a falling cause. But the divisions which it brought to light, the heartburnings which it engendered, the controversy to which it led, served only to expose still more the weakness and nakedness of the land. In vain Lord Brougham travelled from Devonshire to Caithness, catering for popularity with all the Reform town councils, and dragging the Great Seal of England through the dirt in the vain endeavour to regain a rapidly sinking popularity. The desperate and discreditable attempt totally failed. The Press even, of which he had so

long been the *enfant gâté*, turned fiercely and indignantly against him. The bubble burst, and a fall almost as rapid and complete as that of Cardinal Wolsey, revealed to the world the flimsy unstable nature of the foundation on which such a reputation rested.

At length Lord Melbourne, aware that matters could not go on as they were, waited upon the King, upon occasion of the death of Earl Spencer, and in submitting the proposed arrangements to his consideration, candidly acknowledged that he required to recruit his forces in the extreme Radical camp, and that the sacrifice of a large portion of the Irish Church, and the extinction of the Protestant religion in a considerable part of that island, were the conditions of such an alliance. The mask had now, therefore, fallen from the face of the Movement Party. Half measures were no longer proposed—spoliation and confiscation were openly avowed—and the proposal to admit the Radicals into the Cabinet was equivalent to a proposal to plunge at once into the vortex of revolution. The Monarch instantly, and in the spirit of his ancestors, took his part—he positively refused to be a party to any such attempts, and calling the Hero of Waterloo to his councils, threw himself without reserve into the arms of that noble party which through every danger and obloquy had boldly stood by their country, and with whose ascendancy all the brightest glories, as well as the happiest periods of its history, have been identified.

The Whigs have fallen! but in what state have they left the country to their successors? Have they, during the four years that they kept possession of the helm, repressed the spirit of disaffection, enlarged the fields of industry, upheld the honour of the State, extinguished the bitterness of faction? Is the nation more united, more orderly, more prosperous, than it was when they were called to the royal councils? Is Ireland more tranquil, conflagration and murder less frequent in its fields since the great agitator was allowed to escape, after having pleaded guilty, and rewarded for his efforts by a silk gown? Are the West Indies more tranquil and

contented? and is the condition of the slaves in those important colonies really ameliorated by having the lash of an overseer exchanged for that of a stipendiary magistrate? Are the foreign relations of the empire in a satisfactory state? Have we put a bridle in the mouth of the Russian autocrat in the east, or held fast by our alliances with our ancient confederates in the west of Europe? Has the alliance with France brought with it all the advantages and honours, commercial, political, and moral, that were anticipated? and can we confidently rely on Louis Philippe to uphold the principles of freedom, or support the interests of the British empire? Is the danger of domestic disturbances or convulsion averted? Are the passions of the people calmed? and has the stream of innovation been turned from the devastating torrent of revolution, to the sober, fertilizing channels of practical improvement? These are the questions which must be answered, before the real situation of the new government can be appreciated—these are the points which must be considered, before the measures to be expected from them can be really understood.

The Whigs have been only four years in office; but during that time they have made alterations, the whole effects of which centuries will not develope. They have in that time not only effected a total and irretrievable organic change in the constitution of the state, but they have completely altered alike the balance of its internal powers, the state of its foreign relations, and the condition of its principal colonial dependences. They have given back not the British empire as they received it, compact and firm, radiant with glory, but divided, distracted, with the seeds of ruin sown with no sparing hand in every part of its wide extent, and principles of anarchy implanted in its bosom, which cannot fail, sooner or later, to bring the mighty fabric to the dust.

A slight retrospect of the measures of this memorable (memorable in what sense?) Administration, will demonstrate how irreparable have been the evils they have inflicted on their country, and how extremely

difficult is the task which they have devolved on their successors, of steering the vessel of the state through the numerous breakers with which it is surrounded.

They came into power when the country, it may be admitted, was in a very disturbed and anxious predicament; when discontent against the measures of the liberalized Tory administration was general, and fatal divisions had paralyzed the Conservative ranks; when the prosperity of the Shipping Interest had been deeply injured by the reciprocity system, that of the manufacturers by the Free Trade dogmas, and that of the farmers by the disastrous changes, some inevitable, others voluntary, on our monetary system. Predial outrage was general, conflagrations in the southern counties frequent, the thieves and robbers of London in a state of general excitement from the *contrecoup* of the Three Glorious Days, and the anticipations of pillage and devastation over its mighty extent. They came in, too, it may be conceded, from the experienced inability of the Duke of Wellington to carry on the government, with the House of Commons as it was then constituted, elected under the combined excitement of the Revolution of the Barricades, and the efforts of the West India philanthropists; and they came in pledged to non-intervention, reform, and a reduction of expenditure. This was the state of the country when they were called to the helm, and these the principles they were bound to carry into execution. Let us cast a glance over what they have done during the four years that they were at the head of affairs.

Their first measures were such as at once lost them the confidence of all practical or experienced statesmen, even of their own party. They brought in a budget so monstrous, that they were themselves obliged bit by bit to abandon it all; in which they proposed to shift taxation from an indirect to a direct form; to take it off tiles and tobacco, and lay it on steamboats and sales of estates; and to shake the whole foundations of our public credit by a heavy imposition on funded property. This was followed up by a measure for the equa-

lization of the duties on Canadian and Baltic timber: in other words, for conferring a great and uncalculated boon on the holders of Norwegian forests, to the ruin of our own valuable transatlantic possessions, and which inevitably would have been followed, and that too right speedily, by a general revolt of those colonies, and the loss of a trade which employed above 500,000 tons of British shipping, and is indispensable to our West India possessions, which employed 250,000 more. The whole practical men of all parties in the state stood aghast at these insane measures, which clearly demonstrated, that the members of the new Government were drenched with visionary ideas, which rendered them totally unfit for the practical direction of affairs, and were bent on a course of policy dictated by theoretical views, which would trench at every step on the great and vital interests of the country. Their own adherents therefore fell off in great numbers, even in the House of Commons, elected under circumstances so favourable to their views; they never ventured to press their budget to a division, but one by one abandoned all its provisions; and on the timber question they were defeated by a majority of forty-nine. The Whig Government stood on the verge of dissolution.

The attempt therefore to govern the country according to any thing like the former system of administration under which England had become the terror and envy of the world, had failed in the hands of the new Cabinet; public confidence was rapidly leaving them; ridicule, that worst of enemies, was already pointing them out to public derision. They saw they were going, and resolved on a desperate effort, if not to relieve themselves, at least to ruin their enemies; and for this purpose they brought in the Reform Bill. On the 1st March, 1831, a day to be named with the most disastrous which the British empire ever knew, they brought forward the first project of that prodigious change. We recollect as if it was yesterday the astonishment, the breathless amazement with which this reckless measure was received by the legislature and the people. It drew forth shouts

of laughter even from the House of Commons, elected under the tumult of the Barricades; so utterly inconceivable did it appear that so vast a change could ever for one moment be rendered feasible in the stable realm of Old England. But the great majority who raised these shouts of laughter little knew, because they had never experienced, the power of democratic ambition over the human mind. Instantly the populace took fire; the vast and unlooked-for boon, exceeding tenfold all that the wildest Radical had hoped, all that the most visionary Whig had imagined, speedily spread the flame through the great cities; and urban multitudes, from one end of the empire to the other, assembled in vast and tumultuous bodies, to support, by threats of violence, a concession of power which promised speedily to give them the uncontrolled dominion of the state.

The Conservative party were at first struck dumb with amazement. Accustomed to look for support and direction to the Government, and to follow, in organized bands, rulers who acted on Conservative principles, they were at a loss how to act when they saw this new enemy suddenly rise up in their rear, and the prerogative of the Crown wielded to subvert the national institutions, at the very time that it was hardest pressed by the forces of revolution in front. Slow to move, though tenacious of purpose—sluggish in the commencement of a struggle, but often irresistible in its close, they hardly made any resistance for some weeks to a measure which threatened to introduce a greater change than any which had occurred since the Great Rebellion. Gradually, however, they recovered their senses; a perception of the immense danger consequent on the change overcame the terrors arising from the hourly increasing effervescence of the people; and on General Gascoigne's amendment, a clause which the Government deemed material was thrown out by a small majority.

With true revolutionary audacity, the Government instantly took their line. They dissolved Parliament in April, 1831, and sent the members back to their constituents, when the nation was in a paroxysm of frenzy

from one end to the other, and it was morally certain that the members returned would represent, not its durable interests or sober judgment, but fleeting passions and transitory enthusiasm. Instantly the revolutionary press raised its infernal war-cry. Too often in advance only of public error, and inflammatory of passion at the moment when it most required to be cooled, it advocated, fiercely and universally, the most violent and outrageous measures. Treason was publicly spouted on the hustings and at popular meetings;—violence and menaces were openly recommended by the Ministerial journals;—the brickbat and the bludgeon, the torch of the incendiary and the dagger of the assassin were generally invoked in a Christian land, by the advocates of regeneration. A furious mob attempted to murder the Duke of Wellington, on the anniversary of the day when he had saved his country; Bristol was during three days sacked and burnt; Nottingham castle was devastated by the Reformers; Derby was illuminated by the flames; outrage and violence were universal; and the destructive fire spreading to the most distant colonies, speedily threw Jamaica into revolt, and, amidst the songs of democratic triumph in Great Britain, a sanguinary insurrection broke out in that splendid settlement; its wooded hills were illuminated by midnight conflagrations, and, amidst unheard-of negro suffering, four millions worth of British property was destroyed.

The object of all this violence and conflagration, however, was gained. The electors in many places were intimidated, in some beat down by open violence; in all, depressed and disheartened by the appearance of a vehemence of opinion, which it seemed impossible to resist. Amidst showers of stones and riotous assemblies, burning houses, and vociferous multitudes, a treasonable Press, and an infatuated populace, the Legislature was returned, and the result soon appeared. Almost all the county members were in the movement interest; and a great majority of the Lower House, after an obstinate and most able resistance from the Conservative Band, passed the Reform Bill.

Still the Upper House remained; and the Barons of England, now thoroughly awakened to their danger, resolved to defend their country. Nobly and courageously they stood in the breach, when bereft of all aid from the Crown, and not supported, as they had a right to expect, by their disheartened adherents in the country. Twice they threw out the revolutionary measure, and the Ministry in consequence insisted on the King creating eighty Peers, to overturn the constitution; and on his refusal to do so resigned. *Cetera quis nescit?* It was discovered, when the Conservative leaders were admitted into the King's confidence, that the Royal Faith was deemed to be pledged to the support of the Reform Bill; and that any Ministry which might succeed must carry through unimpaired the leading provisions of that measure. The Conservatives justly considered such a dereliction of principle impossible, and in consequence retired from the attempt to form an administration. The King was now compelled to yield; the majority of the Peers, to avoid the irretrievable shock which the constitution would have received from the open creation of so vast a body to swamp the Upper branch of the Legislature, retired from the contest; and, amidst a deathlike silence and gloomy forebodings, even from its warmest supporters, the vast, the irretrievable measure, was passed into a law.

This was the great, the decisive act of the late Ministry; all that they have since done has been but a lame and impotent attempt to resist the consequences of this prodigious innovation, and retrace their steps, now irrevocably taken towards revolution. The consequences of the step were soon apparent. Such was the universal excitement which followed this great victory of the Democratic party, that the old interests of the country were generally overturned; almost all the great towns returned members under the Reform Banners; and, out of the whole Legislature, hardly one hundred members, when they at first assembled, could be relied on to resist the Movement Party, or stem the progress of evidently approaching convulsion.

Meanwhile, however, the natural and usual concomitants of such measures began to appear in that part of the empire, which, by being least accustomed to political agitation, and latest admitted to political privileges, was least capable of bearing its excitement. Ireland was in a state of disorder, disgraceful to European civilisation, humiliating to a Christian land. Since the reform agitation had commenced, its great and atrocious crimes, always numerous, had quadrupled: every day murders were committed in all parts of the country; every night the heavens were illuminated by the glare of conflagration, and the official returns laid before Parliament exhibited the fearful catalogue of *fifteen hundred* murders, robberies, and fire-raisions, committed in three months alone. Under this atrocious system industry of every kind was paralysed; the industrious inhabitants were flocking in crowds into the great towns, to take shelter from the infuriated peasantry as from hordes of Tartars or Huns; the payment of tithes had almost invariably ceased; the services of religion were abandoned; and Ireland, as the first fruits of its political regeneration, was "fast relapsing," as the ministerial writers themselves confessed, "into the savage anarchy of Abyssinia."*

Government took the alarm at the consequences of their proceedings; the laws of nature were written in Ireland in characters of fire; the great truth flashed upon their minds, that revolutionary excitement, if not firmly met and restrained, will speedily relapse into universal anarchy. Boldly and manfully they took their course. Passing at once, but not before it was imperatively called for, into the other extreme, they introduced, and pressed through with the whole weight of Government, a measure of great and surpassing severity, which at one blow suspended all the liberties of that distracted country, and introduced military courts-martial to supersede the ordinary civil tribunals. The Revolutionists stood aghast, they had little expected such decision from those whom they had hitherto driven before

them, into all the measures of concession which they desired. But the imminence of the danger overcame all other considerations; the old English Whigs, the lovers of order as well as freedom, were roused to exertion; the Conservatives threw in their weight to support the painful but unavoidable measure, and amidst the execrations of the Revolutionists, the Coercion Bill was passed into a law. Ireland afforded another example of the eternal truth, that revolutionary violence sooner or later terminates in military despotism. The unwonted act of vigour however, produced the desired result; the determination of Government had the effect of overawing without recurring to actual deeds of severity; and although only one county was proclaimed under the Coercion act, the extraordinary growth of violence was suddenly checked, her crimes at once fell to a fourth of their former amount; and while her agitators were fiercely declaiming in Parliament upon the extinction of her liberties, she was gradually regaining that first of political blessings, a tolerable security to life and property.

But while a necessary though tardy recurrence to conservative principles was producing these admirable effects in one part of the empire, the consequences of the vast ascendancy of urban multitudes fatally appeared in another. It had been uniformly predicted by the opponents of reform, that it would lead to a practical vesting of the powers of government in the populace of great cities; and that on any subject on which they were strongly excited, it would be found impossible to resist their mandates, how clear soever it might be, that they would lead to the ruin of the best interests of the empire, and consign helpless multitudes to irretrievable indigence and ruin. The truth of this was soon apparent. The West Indies had long been the object of impassioned and vehement invective, not only with the democratic but the religious portion of the community; and numbers of pious and good men, influenced by the painful picture which was drawn of the evils of slavery, and desirous of striking off its

* Reform Ministry and Reform Parliament, p. 9.

Settlers from a portion of their fellow-subjects, had strenuously endeavoured to effect the total and immediate abolition of negro slavery. In vain the Conservatives argued, that, benevolent and estimable as these objects were, the measure proposed would instantly defeat them; that the slaves of the West Indies were as yet, generally speaking, incapable of bearing the excitement of instantaneous emancipation, that the experiment had been tried with the most fatal effects, both to the planters and the negroes, in St Domingo; that the industry of that splendid colony had signally declined, its cultivation of sugar totally ceased, since a similar measure had been adopted in regard to its inhabitants, and the liberated bondsmen fallen under a yoke of surpassing severity without any of its benefits; and that similar results must necessarily be expected from the adoption of similar measures, in the British West India Islands, with this additional circumstance of evil, that it would lead to the eventual destruction of that branch of our commerce, which at present employed 250,000 tons of shipping, and had always been considered as the best nursery of our seamen. They might as well have spoken to the wind. The populace of the great cities, highly excited on this subject, would admit of no modification or delay, and at an expense of twenty millions to the parent state, which the justice and firmness of Mr Stanley procured for the planters, amidst loud complaints from the Revolutionists, who longed for unmitigated spoliation, the slaves in all these colonies were at once set free.

What have been the consequences of this immense change? Are the West Indian negroes more contented, more free, more industrious, more happy, under the stipendiary magistrates, than their former owners? Is the military flogging, to which they now are subjected, so much more bearable than the punishment of thirty-nine lashes allowed to their old masters? Let facts, stubborn undeniable facts, answer the question. In St Lucia, the moment that emancipation took place, the whole negroes broke out into open insurrection; military force

was employed to subdue them, and at the very moment that the infatuated philanthropists in this country were celebrating, by public breakfasts, the final extinction of slavery in the British dominions, three hundred negroes in that island alone received, as the first earnest of their liberty, *three hundred lashes each*. NINETY THOUSAND LASHES were inflicted in a single week in one small island alone; and a greater mass of suffering endured by the unhappy victims of European philanthropy, in that short period, within those narrow limits, than in a century before. In Demerara, a continued series of outrages have gone on; multitudes have been flogged, seven-and-thirty transported, and blood has even fallen on the scaffold. In Barbadoes, amidst similar disastrous consequences, fourteen thousand children, turned out of the public hospital, have been thrown into a state of destitution, and the state of misery in which they are left, threatens to destroy, in a few years, the hopes of future generations. In Jamaica, an incessant *soud* insurrection is going forward; the system of passive resistance to labour, of inert conspiracy, is at work. Lord Sligo, in urgent terms, demands an increase of military force and stipendiary magistrates; regiments from all quarters are hastening to the scene of danger; fifty fresh magistrates have been sent out; the Irish system of midnight conflagration has begun; and amidst universal anxiety, disquietude, and agitation, labour of every sort has been so much neglected, that the island is not expected next year to produce a third of its average crop of sugar. It is easy to see what is to be the result of such a perilous state of things. The cultivation of the island will gradually cease; the planters, already on the brink of ruin, will become bankrupts; the enormous expense of the stipendiary magistrates and of this criminal police, which all comes off the twenty millions, will fritter away the compensation to the unhappy planters; ruin and starvation will overtake the wretched negroes, and after a violent struggle between the Government overseers and African indolence, and infinite suffering, perhaps great bloodshed, has wasted

the numbers of these miserable victims, the hopeless task will be abandoned, and Jamaica remain in savage anarchy, and groaning under the rule of savage tyranny, as memorable a monument of English, as St Domingo is of French delusion.

But the worst part of this woful tale remains to be told. Anticipating the probable, or rather certain, decline of colonial produce in the British islands, the other slave colonies of the globe are making unheard of efforts, by the importation of additional slaves, to fill up the gap, and already the slave trade is increasing rapidly in every part of the southern hemisphere. The emancipation of St Domingo, by totally destroying the growth of sugar in that island, has already raised the annual importation of human beings into the slave colonies of the world from fifty to two hundred thousand a-year; but it is to be feared, from the unexampled activity now exhibited in that detestable traffic, in anticipation of a similar ruin to the British islands, even that stupendous amount will soon greatly increase. And thus, while the well-meant but unhappy measure will reduce the British West India islands in the end to the anarchy and wretchedness of St Domingo, and involve in irretrievable ruin and suffering a population of 800,000 souls, who, the Whigs themselves admit, were "enjoying a state of comfort," prior to the change, "superior to any peasantry in Europe,"* the detestable traffic in human flesh will quadruple in amount over the whole world, and other slave colonies be doomed to the wretched condition, inseparable from those who are first imported, but which, in the British islands, from long residence there, had gradually improved into one of comparative comfort.†

Turn to the East Indies,—what a long vista of calamities must the prophetic eye of experience anticipate

in that splendid and matchless colony! Not to mention the present state of the China trade, which appears to be fast degenerating into a competition of druggists and adulterators of genuine tea with each other, what tremendous consequences must in the end result from the extinction of the East India Company as a mercantile body, and consequent subjection of India, with its countless millions, and boundless local and peculiar interests, to the direct control of the British Parliament! Is the House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, and as it must continue to be constituted under any administration, so very cautious and deliberate in its determinations, so thoroughly well informed on Eastern affairs, so tender of the interests and prejudices of its Eastern subjects, so firmly resolved to hold the balance even between the unrepresented millions of Hindostan, and the represented multitudes of Great Britain, as to give reason to hope for a long continuance of the unparalleled prosperity, stability, and glory, which has hitherto attended the British empire on the shores of the Ganges? Are the ideas, habits, and prejudices of a popular assembly in this country, in which British prejudice and democratic feeling have at least their due ascendancy, likely to quadrate in the long run, with the government requisite for the management of a vast and distant empire, won by the sword, and depending even more than that of Napoleon on the *prestige* of military glory?

Already the ruinous effects of the democratic tendency of the parent state have become painfully conspicuous, and a step has been taken, which promises, in its ultimate results, to shake our Eastern empire to its foundation. Yielding to the popular cry for economy in this country, transferring to a great military monarchy in the East the ideas of a democratic European state, Government have

* Reform Ministry and Reform Parliament.

† It is stated by Mrs Carmichael, that a West India slave, with tolerable industry, could, prior to the emancipation, save L 30 a-year from the free labour allowed him. Is there any European peasant who can say the same? and when will either the St Domingo freemen, or the Jamaica apprentices, be able to save a tenth part of the amount?

ventured there upon the bold, the almost desperate, step, of at once reducing by a third the whole military establishment of India. The native troops have all been reduced in every branch of the army, from 1000 to 666 men, and the allowances of those retained greatly diminished. For the dismissed officers and privates no provision whatever has been made; and yet belonging, as they almost all do, to the soldier caste, they have, and can obtain, no other means of subsistence. The consequence, of course, has been, that the great majority of them have enlisted in the service of the native powers, and transferred to them our latest improvements in discipline, tactics, engineering, gunnery, and all the branches of the military art. The allegiance and affections of the subalterns and privates who remain have been seriously shaken by this ill-judged step; and although we may, under any circumstances of ill usage, reckon on the fidelity of our gallant European officers, yet who will secure the allegiance of the numerous sepoy subalterns and privates, professing a different religion, influenced by different or hostile feelings, and retained to our standard only by the strong bond of individual interest? This is the first effect, but it may possibly be the first and fatal effect of the government of India by the maxims of a popular European assembly; and it affords an example of the perils which may be anticipated from extending to that distant empire, won by the sword, and held by so frail a tenure, the ideas and habits which suited an old established, stable, and compact European monarchy.

Consider the situation of our foreign relations; in what state have they been left by the Whig Cabinet? Great and glorious as was the reputation which they received with the British empire from their predecessors, it has almost been obliterated by the wretched policy pursued by their successors. Their principle seems to have been to depart in every instance from the system of those who preceded them, without any regard to its probable effect upon the fate or prospects of the British empire. Mr Pitt and Lord Chatham opposed France, therefore they contracted a

close and cordial union with the Throne of the Barricades. Mr Pitt waged a long and costly war to rescue Antwerp from France, and preserve a barrier in Flanders against Gallic ambition, therefore they stipulated for the destruction of that barrier, and united their naval force to its armies to wrench the citadel of Antwerp, erected at so vast an expense by Napoleon, in order to menace this country, from the King of Holland, and surrender it to the son-in-law of Louis Philippe. Wellington gained immortal renown by combating in the Peninsula with the revolutionary forces of France, therefore they delivered over Spain and Portugal to revolutionary passions, fomented a destructive civil war in both countries, and formed a quadripartite alliance for the establishing of usurping revolutionary queens on the thrones both of Lisbon and Castile. England and Germany had stood side by side through all the perils and glories of the revolutionary war, therefore they cordially united with Louis Philippe, and maintained a cold reserve towards these great central European powers. England had long upheld Turkey, and Mr Pitt had put a bridle in the mouth of Russia in her strides towards universal Eastern dominion; therefore they abandoned Turkey when she applied to us for aid, after the crisis of the battle of Koniah, and in consequence brought down the Moscovite forces to the Dardanelles, and led to the formation of a treaty which closes those formidable straits against every other power, and converts the Euxine into a great lake, where the Russian fleets may securely gain the experience requisite to give them the dominion of the Mediterranean. Here, therefore, as elsewhere, during these disastrous years, irretrievable steps have been taken; faith pledged has been broken, honour engaged has been lost; old allies have been irreparably wounded, hostile revolutionary interests have been created; and England with tarnished reputation, weakened strength, and alienated attachment, is now left to wend her way as she best may from new born and burdensome democratic allies, to the states whom identity of interest and character had for centuries made her

friends, but recent and undeserved injury had converted into her foes.

Great as these evils, however, are, what are they all to the internal state into which they have brought the British empire? There is the irremediable evil which has been done: there the steps have been taken which can never be retraced. Not merely by the new distribution of power which they have created, but by the extravagant ideas which they have set afloat—the visionary projects which they have presented to the public—the audacity of revolutionary language which they have encouraged—have they irrecoverably shaken the stability of existing institutions, and given a wound to the British empire which a century will hardly heal. All that succeeding governments can do or attempt, is to moderate the action of the revolutionary fever, and bring the nation back, by slow degrees and a prudent cautious regimen, to a sound and healthful state. When projects for the instant emancipation of the negroes were brought forward by government one year, for a total change in the constitution another, and for the immediate spoliation of the church in a third—the next, men's minds were shaken as by the fall of mountains, or the yawning of an earthquake. All that was most stable, most sacred among men, seemed to be giving way before the first breath of innovation. The reckless, the ardent, the desperate, the bankrupts, the insolvents, the prodigals, the visionary, the enthusiastic, the infidels, were brought into fearful and prominent activity; like the sea-birds, whose cry thrills in the ear of the sinking mariner, they issued from their obscurity to share in the spoils of the falling state. It is the political influence bestowed upon such characters which constitutes the real danger; it is the extravagant expectations of approaching spoliation they have formed, which is the real evil with which all friends to their country have to contend. The “fruits of reform,” in the estimation of such men, are nothing but undisguised robbery and licentiousness, the acquisition, first of the influence, and then of the possessions, which are now in the hands of the industrious

and virtuous classes in the state; the transference to idle violence of the fruits of laborious industry; to scoffing irreligion of the funds of ancient devotion; to audacious rapacity of the gains of honest exertion. The ruin of the religious, the educated, the wealthy, the industrious, the conscientious classes in the state, is their real object. It is their disappointment at a change of government, which promises to prevent or delay such excesses, which forms the basis of the opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration; it is the prospect of being compelled to return to honest industry, for the acquisition of wealth, which renders them so fierce in their outcry against any administration which promises a return to a Conservative system of government—that is, any government which professes to support property against spoliation.

“Those, indeed,” says Mr Sergeant Spankie, “who consider Parliamentary Reform only a means to effect a total revolution, will be disappointed by the change. The late ministers had placed themselves in a situation in which they could not carry even safe reforms, without risking, at every step, a convulsion in the state. Representing but a part of the community—having lost the confidence of a great portion of the upper ranks, of the property, and the respectability, and even numbers of the country, they had no resource but to govern by active multitudes, to call in agitation upon every emergency, and to carry every doubtful measure by a sort of *coup d'état*. They could not conduct the business of government without making successive surrenders of every bulwark of the constitution, and, in a year or two at farthest, it must have been left naked and defenceless to its enemies.

“It was impossible that ministers so unfortunately situated could conduct the government steadily upon the principles of a limited monarchy with the means they possessed. In their hands every mention of reform in any of our institutions excited alarm. They had less power, therefore, even to carry salutary reforms than men of more unsuspected intentions. They had virtually subjugated themselves to the party

movement. By that party their system was substantially dictated and controlled. Like the foolish animals in the fable, they had (to gain a temporary object) given themselves a master from whom they were unable to escape, and whose pleasure they were compelled to serve."

How then, it is asked, is the new government to go on? Is it to return to the old Tory principles, to govern by means of rotten boroughs, and check the march of reform now in progress, and so passionately desired by a portion at least of the community? We answer, it will do none of these things: it is aware that the great organic change, be it for good or for evil, is irretrievable; that the support of the intelligent and influential classes is the only secure basis of government: and that the public desire for improvement cannot, and should not be checked. What it will do is to SEPARATE REFORM FROM REVOLUTION: to give what is good in the former, and arrest what is evil in the latter: to give to change all the benefits which it can confer, and withhold from convulsion all the evils with which it must be attended. In the prosecution of this great and glorious object, they will have difficulties innumerable to encounter, and not the least will arise from the extravagant expectations of the immediate benefits to be derived to themselves from the plunder of others which the weakness of the preceding government had led the revolutionists to believe were almost within their grasp. But they will have ample opportunity to separate the wheat from the chaff; and by granting all the legitimate and safe improvements which the really respectable reformers desired, leave in their native deformity the hardened Anarchists who advocate change for other and selfish objects.

The principle of the new Ministry therefore is clear; and in carrying it into practice, they will in fact, secure to the country all the benefits which were expected to flow from reform, but which in the hands of its fierce supporters, never could have been obtained from it. They will not dam up the stream of improvement, they will only direct it into safe and fertilizing channels;

they will not strive to stop up the current, but endeavour to turn it from the raging descent of the cataract, into the gentle declivity which spreads blessings through every region into which it flows. They are not the enemies, on the contrary they are the firmest friends of freedom; they are not the foes, they are the warmest supporters of improvement, and it is precisely because they are so that they ever have, and ever will oppose those measures which defeat the object of both; which induce, after the transports of democracy, the despotism of Robespierre, Cromwell, Napoleon, or Louis Philippe, and after the warm philanthropy of the Girondists, the bloody and selfish sway of the Jacobins. It is to save the people from their worst enemies, their demagogues and agitators, that they come forward; it is to give them the reality of that of which the others amuse them only with the shadow, that they undertake the perilous duty of directing the state at such a crisis. They would see the people prosperous, and powerful, and free; but they would also see their children as well as themselves prosperous, and powerful, and free, and therefore they would save them from those delusions and excesses which, if unhappily indulged in, cannot fail to cause a delusive gleam of popular power to be followed by a long night of suffering and slavery.

The application of these principles to every practical question which involves improvement is easy; and it is by following out in every department the principles of conservative amelioration only, that the evils which now so obviously menace society can be averted. For example, the Irish Church is at present the general object of obloquy and attack from the whole revolutionary party, because they deem it the species of property most exposed to danger, and therefore the most likely to fall a victim to their attacks. The evils complained of, and ostensibly held forth, are non-residence, pluralities, levying of tithes in kind; the real object is the extinction of the Church of England, and therefore they commence the attack in the most vulnerable quarter. The whole income of the Irish

Church, so much the object of invective, is only L.600,000 a-year, since the burden laid on it by the Irish Church Reform Act. It is as the first step to ulterior things, therefore, that the destruction of this species of property is so fiercely advocated. The way to deal with this question, difficult as it may appear, is obvious. Sedulously promote improvement— anxiously eradicate experienced evils—steadily resist revolutionary spoliation. By all means, therefore, introduce a general commutation of tithes, on principles equitable alike to the clergy and the people—remove the evils, under a due attention to existing interests, of non-residence and pluralities—equalize, under a similar attention, to a certain degree, the livings, so as to increase the efficiency and respectability of the clergy—and, having done this, firmly resist to the uttermost any appropriation of the funds of the Church to secular purposes, or any approach to the system of admitting an Established Church only where a certain number of the inhabitants of a parish are of that faith; in other words, making the religion of a state the parti-coloured jacket of the harlequin.

In like manner, the existing evils of Ireland are, the sway of the agitators, the dependence of the Catholic priesthood on the deluded flocks which they wield at pleasure, the redundancy of the population, the want of employment, the destitution of the poor, the multitude of absentee landlords, and the general insecurity which prevails. The Whigs could devise no remedies for these evils, but giving the Great Agitator, after he had pleaded guilty to a criminal charge, a silk gown—proclaiming from the Castle of Dublin the mandate, “Agitate, agitate, agitate!”—abolishing Church cess, which amounted, as a general burden, to L.90,000 a-year, and laying it on the clergy—and abolishing ten bishoprics; in other words, annihilating ten of the few remaining resident landed proprietors in the country. Let the Conservative Reformers proceed on different principles. Let them introduce, and that too right speedily, a general system of Poor Laws, divested of the evils which disfigure the English system; and in so doing close the

fountain which so long has deluged English industry with foreign misery. Let them establish a firm and unbending administration of justice—give a ready vent to the starving multitudes of the poor in gratuitous foreign emigration—set on foot great public works to absorb them at home—and relieve the priesthood from their abject dependence on the agitators by a general provision, paid not out of the funds of the Church, but the general income of the State. The same may be done in every other department. The anxious and feverish wish for the removal of evils and the progress of improvement may be rendered consistent with the most real and substantial benefits to the industrious classes, while the Revolutionists alone are denied the iniquitous advantages which they hoped to gain at others’ expense, and by the certain destruction of the institutions, property, and liberties of the country.

The composition of the new Ministry offers the fairest prospects of success—much more so than could have been presented if a Cabinet had been formed on a wider basis, and embracing a greater variety of opinion. That the Ministry will be as liberal as is consistent either with the stability or improvement of our institutions, cannot admit of a moment’s doubt, when the composition of the House of Commons under the Reform Bill is considered. The real danger was, that they would have been too liberal; that, under the influence of previous habits and opinions, a part of the Cabinet would have pressed forward measures inconsistent with the existence of united councils, and leading directly to a renewal of the divisions which proved so fatal to the cause of order in 1829. A repetition of such a catastrophe would have utterly ruined the Conservative party, and with them given a death-blow to the last hopes of the country. Nothing could have been imagined so disastrous as a splitting of the supporters of order, now firmly united; and a second fall, not in defence of principle, or in support of the Monarchy, but from the paralysing effect of internal dissension. As they stand now, the Cabinet are infinitely more likely to be stable and united, because it is

composed of men who, to talents of the very highest order, both for administration and debate, unite unity of principle and similarity of feeling. If they find that they cannot govern the country but by entering into measures of spoliation or revolution—if a majority of the Lower House, after an appeal has been made to the better feelings of the nation, are still resolved to persist in the destructive course, let them at once resign, and let the infatuated people learn, amidst tears and suffering, the wisdom which they could not derive from reason or argument. The cause of order is never hopeless as long as a noble and virtuous party remains united in defence of the principles of religion and virtue; the real time for despondency begins when they have ruined their strength by internal dissensions.

Government, however, will stand in need of the forbearance and consideration of all classes in steering the vessel of the State through the numerous shoals and breakers into the midst of which it has been plunged by the recklessness and incapacity of its predecessors. The Conservatives must regard them with the eyes of indulgence. They must recollect the unparalleled difficulties with which they have to struggle, and that they may sometimes be obliged to agree to measures which they do not approve, to avoid the greater evils which may arise from refusing them. They must recollect, that the Whigs are now, as a party, destroyed—that the Reform Bill has sunk them to the bottom—that other and dearer interests are now at stake—that the country is now rapidly dividing into two classes, and two classes only, the Conservatives and Destructives,—and that, if the former are overthrown, the latter will inevitably succeed. Let them recollect, that it is not now a question between Pitt and Fox, Grey or Wellington; but that if Sir

Robert Peel's administration is overturned, Lord Durham and O'Connell, the fierce Radicals and thirsty Revolutionists, come at once into power. Let the moderate and conscientious, and, therefore, now conservative Whigs, consider to what a state the country will be reduced if, by uniting with the Radicals, they succeed in overthrowing a Government which is confessedly the last stay between us and a fierce and bloody Revolution. Let them recollect, that the Whigs have confessedly failed in the attempt—that Lord Melbourne's administration fell to pieces from the experienced necessity of introducing the Radicals into the Government—and that, if they overthrow the Duke of Wellington, no other power in the state will be able to oppose to them any resistance. Finally, let all the lovers of their country recollect for what a cause, and under what a leader, they are now to be engaged—that they are to struggle for all that man holds dear—their liberties, their properties, their children, their lives!—that this struggle, if unsuccessful, will *unquestionably be the last*, and a bloody convulsion swallow up the falling remains of English greatness. Finally, let them take example from the patriotic and disinterested conduct of that illustrious man, who has recently set so noble an example of true patriotism—who without hesitation repaired to the post of danger, when hardly any one but himself would have ventured to fill it—who alone withstood, for a month, the calumnies and falsehoods of his own and his country's enemies—and, at last, retired from the elevated station to which he had been called by his Sovereign, and, conferring on others the lustre and sweets of power, reserved only for himself its toils and its duties, the consciousness of duty done, and the anticipation of immortality acquired.

SPENSER.

No. V.

THE FAERY QUEEN.—LEGEND OF THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

THIS is quite the perfection of a Fairy Dell. Yet we feel that to paint it as it deserves, we should be in the far-off city. The beauty so satisfies our senses, that 'tis out of our power to select from the images that compose it; and without selection, nor pen nor pencil can create a picture. We shut our eyes, and try to see it as in a dream—hoping that thus we may be inspired by its visionary character, and on opening them again, at least write a prose-poem in its praise. But the little dipping waterfall keeps disturbing us with the felt presence of the birch woods it vivifies; the diamond pool below, which it troubles into a thousand lovely flaws, sends its lustre through our eyelids, and will be seen, whether we will or no, as if it were all one shattered chrysolite; and the slip of steadfast blue sky, slowly floated over by families of clouds, has so become a very part of our imagination, that we see it even more distinctly than before, and can remember nothing of all the rest of heaven.

Well, then, we shall make no more unavailing attempts to put on paper the perfection of a Fairy Dell. But hush—there are one—two—three of the most beautiful of the Fairies! Yet who ever before in this world saw Fairies by sunlight, and in meridian day? So very shady the place, indeed, that here it is liker twilight—and the Silent People fear not to visit it even now—knowing that it is as solitary as during the time of stars. Hand in hand they come along the embowered greensward—linked with one long flower-garland that seems many garlands—and right on towards our Cave. Ha! can Fairies laugh so shrill as well as sweet—can Fairies dance so firm at once and light—can Fairies toss such clustering tresses from such radiant brows—and ever uplifted Fairies to the heavens such heavenly eyes as these—that seem to lend more beauty than they borrow from the cerulean sky?

Their Christian names softly syllable themselves, each name with its own voice, in the hush of our heart. Lovelier far than any Fairies—though the forest genius, love-inspired, has sung of them as most lovely—ye sweet Humanities! are you to these darkening eyes of ours, that were they to be utterly darkened, would still see you shining through thickest night! In aimless joy into the gloom you go—and God goes with you—and with your innocence. Our eyes fall again on the book before us, and a brightness, not of sunshine, but of our own soul, illumines the pages as we turn over leaf after leaf—and see, without reading, the poetry that breathes like music through the light. Una! Belphebe! Florimel! fair names of fairest beings! Yet Spenser's own spirit—though it was a spirit all divine—did never see in inspiration's hour IDEAS purer in their immortality, than these Christian maidens, who were born to die!

Many a time and oft all three have wept—O shade of gentle Edmund! nor wished ever to cease such weeping—over thy pity-prompting, soul-subduing strains! All that is best in thy spirit—eternized here on earth—has sunk into theirs; and thinking of their sad happiness, as they read through their tears, a holier pathos now touches us from every page, and Una's self is dearer to us for their dearest sakes.

So now this Cave shall be our Study—and the Legend of the Red-Crosse Knight our theme of thought once more—while even in Spenser's poetry we shall be satisfied, though we meet with nothing lovelier than the life now hidden in that wood, in which the cushat has this moment hushed her brooding voice;—yet why, O fearful bird! shouldst thou have been startled by the approach of creatures, who not willingly on the wild brier would disturb the dew!

For all such we read to write—nor is their number few beneath the skies. Had there not been thousands

and tens of thousands—we should never have had the Faery Queen. She whom Spenser loved best was one of them—as those delightful bridal sonnets show in lines of light—for though she was only a “coun-tree lasse,” but for her the sun might never have seen

“Heavenly Una with her milk white lamb.”

Behold Una once more—and hear her shrieking in the arms of Sansloy!

“Ah heavens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?”

She so importuneth the skies, that the stars weep, and the sun hides his head. There is no lion now to leap on the ravisher. Sansloy had “launched his lordly heart,” and no salvage saviour glares from the gloom. But

“Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her selfe a way :
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd :
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

“Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,
And ran towardes the far-rebownded noyce,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent :
Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde ;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

“The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the Virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbered face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate :
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state ;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woefull plight.

“She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ;
And every tender part for feare does shake.
As when a greedy wolfe, through hunger felle,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
Which quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With chaunge of feare to see the lyon looke so grim.

“Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart ;
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had ;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning forheads, with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror, all asyde doe lay ;
And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and, feare to put away,
Their backward-beht knees teach her humbly to obay.

“ The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
 Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
 But still, twixt feare and hope, amazzd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beauty soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;
 And all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

“ Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time :
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
 They, all as glad as birdes of joyous pryde,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's ryme ;
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as queene with olive girlond croud.

“ And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled eccho ring ;
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
 Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
 To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
 And aged limbs, on cypresse staddle stout ;
 And with an yvie twine his waste is girt about.

“ Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ;
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Or Cybeles frantiecke rites have made them mad :
 They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
 That flowre of fayth and beaultie excellent :
 The god himselfe, viewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazzd, and burnt in his intent :
 His own fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
 And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

“ The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as goddessse of the wood ;
 And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes not what
 To thinke of wight so fayre ; but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly broode :
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see,
 But Venus never had so sober mood ;
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseeth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

“ By vew of her he ginneth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse :
 For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wil'd annoy.

“ The woody Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
 Her to behold do thether runne apace ;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face ;

But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace;
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on Earth they find.

" Glad of such lucke, the lucklesse lucky mayd
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseries :
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' image of idolatryes ;
 But when their bootelesse zeale she did restrayne
 From her own worship, they her asse would worship fayne."

Here we have indeed what critics call a confusion of the vanities of Heathen Mythology with the mysteries of Christian Faith. To us the confusion seems very beautiful—may rather the union of the imaginative spirit of the old world with the religious spirit of the new—and we feel a mournful moral breathing from the strange scenery and wild life of the woods. Merely as an adventure—we are charmed by Una's abode among the Sylvans; under the magical power of genius, we hold the tale devoutly true, and fancy reconciles the heart to a picture of peace all at once rising so visionary, with its out-of-the-world forms and colours, and receiving into its secure seclusion the lovely wanderer, whom the wicked shall trouble no more in that far off Forest-Dream. Wonderful as it is—yet how easy of belief! We lapse into it with all our sympathies, nor doubt that Una is happy among that savage people; for the meaning of what we see begins to brighten and brighten, like the woods themselves at dawn; "verily this is a mystery" is the voice we hear in the hush of the heart; and without ever losing any of our human interest in the situation of the Virgin, we are aware of its divine import, and think how Heavenly Truth, when outcast and forsaken, may find a home in horrid shades, till the time comes when she is destined to reappear and to illumine the earth. Here we behold her "among the ignorant, where not only the creature, instead of the creator, but the image, for the thing imaged, is mistaken and adored." Upton reminds us that the poet's mentioning these satyrs or rustics worship-

ping her ass, seems to hint at what Minutius Felix and Epiphanius have said respecting the idolatry of the ancient Christians. He tells us, too, to remember the distressed state of the Church at this time. Una is separated from her knight who should defend her, and is forced to take "up her abode in the woods among the wild savages; 'tis a continued allegory, and these Satyrs allegorized are ignorant Christians," which they who are now studying Spenser with us, for the first time, now understand—and feel with us how exquisite is the beauty of the picture.

Or shall we say that these "Satyrs allegorized" are not "ignorant Christians," but images of rude and unregenerate man? In all ages, with what facility have barbarous nations laid aside their ferocious manners, and been brought to adopt the gentler sentiments of civilized humanity! We are not to judge of the moral nature of the human being from his condition. While evil only is before him, he will seem to love but evil; but let the light of truth shine upon him, and thither he will turn his desiring and adoring eyes. How many examples do we find of men, who, full of wisdom and humanity, have spoken to the ignorant and the savage, and have persuaded them! By what power, except by that kindred nature which was in the depth of the ferocious bosom? That power antiquity brightened with her fables, representing tigers and rocks as touched and tamed by the harmony of the Muses' sons. Those fables spoke of the power of the humane and enlightened to reach in uncouth and barbarous breasts the latent spirit of

humanity; and this is the sole ground of the possibility of human improvement, without which man once astray would be irreclaimable for ever. It is a proof of the universality of the moral nature of man, that there are none who can resist the force of truth when they behold it pure. The admiration and love which pervades their spirits, testifies that there is in them an unextinguishable principle that is akin to virtue. Spenser knew all this right well; and was glad to show how Una was "saved from outrage worse than death," by that "rude, mis-shapen, monstrous rabblement." The raging Sarazin "never saw the like," and fled. Una's self was sore dismayed; but what had she to fear?

"All stand astonied at her beutie bright!"

They knew nothing of heaven; yet, at first sight, they recognised the Child of Light, and did kiss her feet.

But who is he—the warlike, noble Knight—who is now for ever by her side in the woods, where

—"he unawares the fairest Una found,
(Strange Ladye, in so straunge habilliment,)

Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,

Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound."

"Tis Sir Satyrane, son to "Fair Thyamis, daughter of Labryde." And who his sire?—a Satyr. For that "Lady mild" had been wedded to Therion, "a loose unruly swain,"

"Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,

And chase the salvage beaste with busie payne,

Than serve his ladie's love, and waste his pleasure vayne ;"

and her, seeking her husband in the woods, a Satyr violated, and long kept in thrall in his "secret cabin." Having borne a boy unto that "salvage syre," she was suffered to return home, leaving him for ransom. That boy "his salvage syre"

"Nousled up in life and maners wilde,
Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men exilde."

His education had been conducted on a few strong and simple principles.

"For all he taught the tender ymp was but

To banish cowardize and bastard feare."

So he forced him to put hands upon the lion and the bear—to tear her whelps from the she bear's teats—to ride the backs of wild roaring bulls—to run down roebucks—and silence the growling libbard. Nay, the boy Satyrane harnessed wild beasts in iron yokes—and drove six-in-hand, the spotted panther, the tusked boar, the pardale swift, the tigre cruell, the antelope, and the wolf both fiers and fell—and

"Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,

And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,

That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law."

Once on a day his mother came to the woods to see her little son, and met him with a litter of lion whelps in his arms, while the lioness in rage and fear kept roaring at his heels.

"Ah, Satyrane! my darling and my ioy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play ;

To dally thus with death is no fitt toy:
Go find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy."

He paid no regard to such advice, but having at last cleared the forest of all "beasts of name," he wearied of the woods,

"and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,

In which his might was never overthrowne,

But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was blowne."

Yet he never forgot but dearly loved his birthplace, "and ever more it was his maner faire," to revisit it, "to see his syre and ofspring aun-cient." And now he beheld Una—now for the first time—the fair face of truth!

"He wondered at her wisdoms heavenly rare,

Whose like in womens wit he never knew

And when her curteous deeds he did compare,

'Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rewe,

Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
 On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trew;
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learned her discipline of faith and verity."

It is not easy, we suspect, to tell the entire meaning of the birth, breeding, and character of Sir Satyrane. But every reader must feel how they assist in some strange way our sympathies with the Satyrs, one of whom is his sire. The creatures thus become human to our imagination, in spite of their "backward-bent knees;" for Sir Satyrane himself is a straight-limbed knight, and though of a stern, not forbidding aspect; he is not ashamed of his father, grotesque old gentleman though he unquestionably be; and shows, by his filial gratitude, that he attributes his success in life to the judicious education of his boyhood. But, pray, what manner of "Ladye mild" was his mother?

Here we confess ourselves completely at fault. That Spenser imagined a lineage for Sir Satyrane, capriciously and without definite meaning, it is not to be believed; yet not a syllable is said by any one of his commentators—so far as we know—about Satyrane's mother, Thyamis, or his grandfather, Labryde. We never scruple to acknowledge our ignorance, and now wish wiser men would enlighten it. Thyamis! Is that name from the Greek, or the Italian, or from what other tongue? Is Thyamis an impersonation of Animal Passion? The word *θυμος*, everybody knows, is used by the old philosophers, to express that part of the human soul which was the seat of the passions, and distinguished from *ψυχη*, the pure immortal spiritual part, and from *νοῦς*, the seat of the intellectual faculties. What, again, is Labryde? Perhaps from *λαβρος*, voracious—vehement—and the like—and, therefore, a fit parent of Thyamis. Therion—a wild beast of a man—being devoted to venery—more in its ancient than its modern signification—left Thyamis to herself—and she impatiently following him into the woods—when it would have been wiser and more matronly to stay at home—falls into the clutches of a

Satyr. This explanation is not very satisfactory to ourselves—and to you may seem absurd—but 'tis a mere conjecture, ventured on in utter hopelessness—and perhaps you may be able to dispel the darkness at once—in which case we shall be happy to admit that we were an ignorantus—but a modest one.

Sir Satyrane, we opine, typifies Natural Heroic Activity, as subsidiary to the Moral Virtues. He is a good Knight, but a savage, and not a Moral or leading Champion. Perhaps this idea is a key to Una's present predicament, taken in a large historical sense. Heavenly Truth, after her conflict with the corruptions of Rome, and the violence of the Saracens, falls back for her support upon the strength and simplicity of savage life, and the natural religion of the woods. Their noble earnestness of character makes them bow their ears to the words of Una. Still she is in danger from the natural violences of rough life, till a native genius prevailing among them—Sir Satyrane—Heroic Activity—freeing her from his own kindred, that is, counteracting by his influence lust, &c., becomes her natural ally. If we were asked what native virtue among the nations of Europe has always been, and must be favourable to the Christian religion, we should say Heroic Activity—the natural enemy of lazy, implicit, monkish glosses—the lover of all Fair Play, and straightforward Sincerity, and likely to be at once enamoured with Truth. From his necessary temperance, he has sobriety and manliness of thought, opposed to presumption and pride. Thus did Hercules beat down the giants; and thus did our Satyrane (Book III., Canto VII.) war against their Daughter, the Giantess Argante. In individual cases is not Heroic Activity that best native virtue, which, besides admiring the severe truth itself, is most likely to save it from being outraged by any cognate violence? True that the Satyrs idolized her and her "snowy palfrey;" but Truth might not always have been safe among them—and there was something suspicious about old Sylvanus. At first sight of Una, he thinks her fairer than his own Dryope or Pholoe—and "burnt in his intent." She

does all the good she can to the shaggy folk—all their nature is yet capable of receiving;

“ But she, all vowd unto the Red-crosse knight,

His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight;

But her deare heart with anguish did torment,

And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she showed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise

How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.”

Every line—every word tells. Una is guilty of no ingratitude in thus leaving her rude preservers. She had already repaid them their kindness a thousand fold. Her smiles had softened them, and they were happier far than they had been before her coming among them; but it was not ordered that she should dwell any longer in the woods. Her duties lay elsewhere, and far off; yet a time was to come—and it came—when the light of her countenance was to dissipate all the gloom even of those wild places; but now

“ The satyrs all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old;”
and with the trusty Satyrane by her side, Una resumes her search after him of the Silver Shield. Satyrane is not in love with Una, but he loves her—and, at any hour, for her sake, with joy would that simple servant die!

All the ordinary incidents in the Faery Queen occur so very naturally, that, novel as they are, and never anticipated, they yet seldom give more than a slight surprise, and possess their interest in themselves, and in their perfect adaptation at once to the story and the allegory, which constantly progress, side by side, and hand in hand. Spenser scorns to startle—and trusts to his own inventive genius, which is never wearied, much less exhausted, prodigal alike of incident and illustration, and enjoying its own mastery over the imagination and the heart; all is in fair proportion, produced rather by natural felicity than by art—as if the poem were self-evolved, and grew up like a stately plant, laden with

flowers harmonious in their many-coloured beauty, among which there is not a blasted bud or a withered leaf. The transitions are never violent, though often a single stanza carries us out of one world into another; and sometimes there is a waftage wavering to and fro, as if contrary currents of air were dallying with the poet's wing, and giving a sweet uncertainty to his course along the ether.

What first happeneth to Una on her escape, with Satyrane, from the Silvens? They meet

“ A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,

And soild with dust of the long dried way;

His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,

And face all tann'd with scorching sunny ray,

As he had travell'd many a sommer's day

Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,

And in his hand a Iacob's staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.”

For a moment we wonder who it may be—the next we are sure it must be Archimago. Una asks if he has seen her Knight—and we know the voice of the deceiver.

“ ‘ Ay me! deare Dame!’ quoth he,
‘ well may I rewe

To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;

These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.’ ”

That pang so sudden and so sharp, kills her heart, and she falls down “with dying fitt”—soon restored to life by the pitying Satyrane, who demands to know what Paynim slew the Red-Crosse. Foreby a fountain sits Sانسloy washing his bloody wounds—a fierce encounter ensues—and Una, fearful of the issue, flies far away, pursued by Archimago, “in hope to bring her to her last decay.”

And whom does she meet in her flight but the Dwarf, bearing

“ His mightie armour, missing most at need;

His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynted speare, that many made to bleed.”

And seeing that sight, she knows of the dead. Can nothing be more pathetic.
a truth that her Red-Crosse is with

" He had not travaill'd long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met
Fast flying from the paynim's greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let ;
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake ;
Yet might her piteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

" The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde ; dead was his hart within ;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes ;
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne ;
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne ;
Then 'gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne :

" ' Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye longer feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell Fates the careful threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde ?
Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

" ' O lightsome day ! (the lamp of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove)
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heaven's windowes shyning wyde ;
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But, seeled up with death, shall have their deadly meed."

" Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
But he her quickly reared up againe ;
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
At last, when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
' Tell on,' quoth she, ' the woful tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye

" ' Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart ;
Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart ;
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare ech part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart,
Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound ;
If lesse than that I feare, more favour I have found."

"Then 'gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
 The subtile traines of Archimago old;
 The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
 The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
 The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
 The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould;
 The lucklesse conflict with the gyaunt stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

"She heard with patience all unto the end,
 And strove to maister sorrowful assay,
 Which greater grew the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
 And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
 For greater love, the greater is the losse.
 Was never lady loved dearer day
 Then she did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

"At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
 And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
 She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale:
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
 High over hills, and lowe adown the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale."

The pathos here is within the limits of pleasure. We know that her first agonies of grief will be succeeded by a bearable sorrow—for captivity is nothing to death. But her lament is so full of best and dearest passion, that we love to listen to words so charged with ruth and pity—to see human tears for a little while filling an angel's eyes—the misery, which we ourselves as mortals know, troubling the countenance of an immortal. The Christian religion contains many a pure well-head of sanctifying waters—and who unmoved can think of Una weeping as if she could never be comforted! Yet there is no impiety in her complaints—a holy submission subdues her voice—she speaks of repentance as if she were not a sufferer only, but a sinner—"mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed," is the self-reproach of one who yet had never cared for vanity—and at the close of her ecstasy—too severe to endure—how beautiful the dawn almost of something like the light of hope, rising unawares on a heart, in which humility is so ha-

bitual, that resignation is already beginning to bring its own relief!

"If death it be, it is not the first wound
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
 If lesse than that I feare, more favour I have found."

Till thus asked "to begin," the Dwarf has been mute. His own grief for his master is great, and he is loath, were he able, to speak of that hopeless dungeon. Nor was it in his power to stop the lady's lament—"dead was his heart within"—and he could but rub her temples in her swoon—for the hands of the affectionate and the faithful can do their work even when not one word of all the words hanging there can effect utterance from the lips.

Sir Satyrane was a "noble warlike knight"—but a mightier far than he was commissioned to restore the Red-Crosse to Una—and behold he comes—he alone who had power to set the prisoner free.

"At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his squire, arayed meet:

His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious rare :

“ And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights ;
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

“ His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd ;
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
 His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddaine horreur to faint hartes did show ;
 And sealy tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

“ Upon the top of all his loftie crest
 A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly,
 With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

“ His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene ;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 (Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
 But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

“ The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray :
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke art's constraint.

“ No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call,
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddain fall ;
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;

And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

“ Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes ;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes :
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell ;
Both shield, and sword, and armour, all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell ;
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seen if sought.

“ A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breast with pikehead square ;
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborn steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaufft that any on his backe should sitt,
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.”

No need to name him—’tis the Hero of the Fairy Queen, Gloriana’s own Knight—though yet he has never seen her face but in a dream—the Briton Prince, Uterpendragon’s Son, Arthur the Undying—Magnanimity, and Magnificence!—The poet lavishes on his creation all his sense and all his power of heroic beauty, and rejoices to behold the vision brightening before him into consummate splendour.

The vision first appears at a distance—

“ His glitterand armour shined far away ;”
and then the sight was like sunshine. It nears, and is seen to be armed cap-a-pie. There is visible, athwart its breast, a baldric shining with precious stones, like twinkling stars. In midst of them one stone, like Hesperus among the lesser lights, shaped like lady’s head—whose head but Gloriana’s—and she, you know, was none other but England’s Virgin Queen. The old storians tell, that on Arthur’s shield was painted the image of the Virgin Mary ; but it pleased Edmund to place the diamond Tanaquil on his baldric, right on the middle of the hero’s heart. There hangs his mortal blade, called by the storians Caliburn or Excalibur, by Spenser Mordure—the Biter. Finer and finer lines succeed one another as the vision continues intenselier to burn before the great painter’s imagination.

“ His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,”
and its dragon crest, superbly terrible as they are, do not yet satisfy the poet ; and he cannot rest till his exultation produces an image of utmost grandeur, and likewise of perfect beauty—beyond which even his genius could not go, and which is indeed transcendent—

“ A bounch of heares discoloured diversely
With sprinkled pearle, and gold full richly drest,

Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,” &c.

That Shield resembles Atlant’s in Ariosto, which afterwards Ruggiero owned, and which was always kept covered too, unless on greatest occasions. Was it imaged from the story of Medusa’s head ? So asks some one—and we answer, No. Was it imaged from the Ægis of Jupiter, filled with the figures of Horror and Flight, which Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, usually bore ? So asks Upton—and we answer, No. Was it imaged from the shield which Minerva (see Ovid) gave to Perseus, when she sent him to attack the Gorgon ? No. It was imaged from a shield Spenser saw in his sleep, with his hand lying on a Bible, which he had been reading till midnight, and then fell into a dream. For we agree with Upton, that “ ’Tis Truth and Wisdom which shows all deformity in its proper hue ; frightens away all monsters, and prevails

over all illusions and falsehoods ;” and we farther agree with Upton, whom we love, that a finer compliment was never paid by poet to woman, than when Spenser at the close declares, that this shield is still in possession of the Faery Queen.

“ In Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seen if sought.”

For what queenly endowment so resplendent as Truth and Wisdom? The shield is light itself—and thus her Laureate immortalized Eliza by attributing to her a soul,

“ All of diamond, perfect, pure, and cleene ;”

and so spake Shakspeare too of her the gracious Lady of the West.

Una’s heart—grief-full as it was till it could hold no more—must have been inspired with some comfort—almost with gladness—the gladness of hope that sometimes knows not itself to be hope—by this Apparition—even before she heard his voice. But Una was the daughter of a king and of a queen, and she was not startled by

“ That haughtie helmet horrid all with gold ;”

nor by the dragon crest—yet she must have admired the meteor that crowned it—for meteorous was that hair with its pearls and gold—though she saw it as her poet did—

“ Like to an almond tree ymounted hye On top of green Selinis all alone.”

She says not a word on its approach—nor testifies either wonder, or surprise, or joy ; nor even had she been happy, would she have been the first to speak. Now, from all that glory, her soul turned sickening away to the captive in his dungeon. Spenser says not so—but in one softest, gentlest, and most mournful stanza he lets us into the truth.

“ What worlds delight, or ioy of living speech,

Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my hart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,

Then rip up grieve where it may not avale ;
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe
and waile.”

“ With lovely court he ’gan her entertaine ”—but he soon sees that she is in great affliction, and ere yet he knows what it may be, tries to soothe and support her under it by humane, wise, and pious sentiments, that could not be heard by such a heart as hers without inspiring comfort.

“ His goodly reason and well-guided speech
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,”

that she is enabled to tell her “ story sad ;” all of which thou already knowest—gentle reader—for we have told thee it all—and though she says, “ I shall tell you brieft,” her words, now mournful and now passionate, keep flowing or pouring as if they could not end—for all the while her eyes are on that armour and those arms—and in midst of her narrative she suddenly breaks out—

“ And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,

His biting sword, and his devouring speare,

Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,

Can speak his prowesse, that did earst you beare,

And well could rule ; now he hath left you heare

To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my doleful disadvantages dreare.

O heavie record of the good Red-crosse,
Where have yee left your lord, that could
so well you tosse ?”

With what exquisite delicacy of tenderness does she touch on his unhappy delusion—without one word of blame—as if he had done nothing that needed her forgiveness ! Yet the thought is insupportable that her loyalty should have been suspected ; and after attributing his desertion of her to the arts of that “ enchanter bad,” she cannot help giving utterance to her own innocence in words expressive too of perfect belief in his—so holy and heavenly a virtue is love in the heart of truth.

“ Be iudge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,

How I him loved, and love with all my might !

So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.”

He to whom she has been speaking so long and fervently has not once

interrupted her, even by his eyes—fixed we can well believe pitifully and reverently on hers; but on ceasing of her voice, he the Magnanimous knew well how to comfort her—and a few words relieve her heart of “its importunate and heavy load.” Her heart can have no misgivings—and she knows as surely as she sees the sky, that she is in presence of the Deliverer.

“Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint;
But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
‘Certes, madame, ye have great cause of
 plaint,

That stoutest hart, I weene, could cause
 to quake;

But be of cheare, and comfort to you
 take,

For till I have acquit your captive
 knight,

Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.’
His chearefulle words reviv’d her cheare-
 lesse spright;

So forth they went, the dwarfe them
 guiding ever right.”

The dwarf guides them to Orgoglio’s castle—and the knight, alighting from his “loftie steed,” bids the lady stand aloof “to see what end of fight should him befal that day.” His squire, “the admirer of his might,” winds the bugle which “hong adowne his side in twisted gold and tasselles gay”—“an enchanted horn,” taken, quoth Upton, “from the horn of Roland, mentioned by Turpin in the history of Charles the Great.” And he adds, that the mention of Roland’s horn by Turpin, explains that passage in *Don Quixote*—“In Roncesvalles is to be seen Orlando’s horn, as big as a great beam.” If so, then Spenser does not seem to have taken “his enchanted horn,” for he tells us very particularly that it was “an horn of bugle small.” Who does not remember Sir Walter’s glorious lines—

“O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every Paladin and Peer,
In Roncesvalles died!”

Ariosto—Upton says—took from the same source the hint of the Horn which Ostolfo the English duke received from Logistilla. Logistilla represents Reason, and the Horn—whose sound bred terror—repre-

sented Justice, which breeds terror in all misdoers, and drives them out of the country. But the Horn, which this Gentle Squire carries with him, represents not only Justice, but rather “the word of Truth, the word of God, whose sound goeth into all the earth.” Warton, we think, says that Spenser has not made enough of this Horn—but Tom’s ideas of horns must have been too exalted—for heard ye ever “Horn of bugle small” sound more dreadfully than in these stanzas?

“Was never wight that heard that shrilling
 sownd,

But trembling feare did feel in every
 vaine:

Three miles it might be easy heard
 arownd,

And ecchoes three aunswer’d it selfe
 againe:

No faulse enchauntment nor deceitfull
 traîne

Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and
 fast,

But with that piercing noise flew open
 quite, or brast.

“The same before the geaunt’s gate he
 blew,

That all the castle quaked from the
 grownd,

And every dore of free-will open flew.

The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that
 sownd,

Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce
 fownd,

In hast came rushing forth from inner
 bowre,

With staring countenance sterne, as one
 astownd,

And staggering steps, to weet what sud-
 dein stowre

Had wrought that horror strange, and
 dar’d his dreaded powre.”

“High mounted on her many-headed Beast,” Duessa comes after the Giant with her golden cup, replete with magic arts, from which many had supped death and despair. She is the mystical Babylon, “with a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations; kings and inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with her wine.” The Gentle Squire is in jeopardy beneath the feet of the monster—for the angry witch had sprinkled her enchantments all over his weaker parts;

but the Knight finally prevails over Orgoglio—when lo!

“That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing lefte, but like an emptie blader was.”

He had been puffed up—and now is but devil's dung. A few moments before, he tumbled down like

“a tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele
nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.”

That is a magnificent image—for as yet Orgoglio was but “shorn of his right leg by the knee;” and here is another image as magnificent—

“Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtil engins and malicious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heap-
ed hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victour's
might;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that seemed
to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare
did quake.”

The whole combat, from beginning to end, is described by means of magnificent images—as for exam-
ple—

“Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine;
But wise and wary was that noble pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

“Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw;
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an earthquake show.

“He has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces
spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that
glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt nor to defend;
As where the Almightyes' lightning brond
does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts
the sences quight.”

And how happened it that this shield had not thus operated earlier in the fight? Because it had been veiled from sight. But the club of the giant had fallen on it, and “did loose his vele by chaunce.” And then

“Open flew,
The light whereof, that heven's light did
pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the
ayer threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to
vew.”

Not only did it blind the eyes of Orgoglio and Duessa,

“But eke the fruitfull-headed beast,
amazd
At flashing beames of that sun-shiny
shield,
Became stark blind, and all his sences
dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie
field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to
yield.”

Had that shield been sooner unveil-
ed, Orgoglio had not so endangered
the life of the Deliverer. What think
you of this description?

"As when almighty Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of clay.

"His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven rock.

"Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring."

Longinus—quoth Upton—"would have written a whole chapter on the boldness and sublimity of the thoughts and images in this similitude." But we are not Longinus, so shall be silent. Jortin falls into the same absurd mistake with Upton respecting the image in the last stanza. The Bishop says that "bulls" is here used by a catachresis for "calves." We most positively deny that, and assert that they were full-grown bulls. The troublous bellowing of a herd of calves complaining for their milky mothers sounds to our ears as any thing but sublimely terrible, but that of a herd of bulls two years old and upwards is enough to frighten even an archbishop. All this accumulation of imagery has a wonderful effect, to our mind, on the close.

"Of that monstrous mas
Was nothing lefte, but like an emptie
bladder was."

What was that Spiritual Power but a puffed-up bladder of wind—"that man of sin who opposed and exalted himself above all that was called God?" "Vainly pufft up by his fleshly mind!" Yet Polymetis Spence quotes that close as an in-

stance of Spenser's not unfrequent absurdities—of imagination getting the better of judgment. He ought to have better read his Bible.

Duessa is seized by the Gentle Squire—while Una comes forward in all her heavenly mildness and beauty to greet the conqueror with her gratitude—and where or when was ever gratitude expressed in such lovely words?

"The roiall virgin, which beheld from
faire,

In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubt-
full warre,

Came running fast to greet his victorie
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus
bespake;

'Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of
chevalrie!

That with your worth the world amazed
make,

How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer
for my sake?

"But sith the heavens and your faire
handeling

Have made you master of the field this
day,

Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And well begonne, end all so well, I
pray,

Ne let that wicked woman scrape away;
For she it is that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord! and deepe in dongeon
lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted
all.

O heare how piteous, he to you for ayd
does call!"

The Prince, leaving Duessa in the
hands of his squire, and Una hope-
ful outside of the castle walls, enters
by himself "with greedy great de-
sire." But there is nowhere any
symptom of life.

"Then gan he lowdly through the house
to call,

But no man car'd to answere to his crye;
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was
seene, in bowre or hall."

At last appears an old man with
beard white as snow—leaning on his
staff—and blind—with a bunch of
keys on his arm all overgrown with
rust—the keys of every inner door
—but their use unknown to him—
nor can he utter but these words—
"I cannot tell." This is Ignaro—
"foster father of the gyaunt dead."
The knight honours his reverend
hairs and holy gravity; but nearly
loses his temper on receiving to all
questions the same reply—"I can-
not tell." Studying his "sencelesse
speech and doted ignorance," he
guesses the old fool's nature by his
face, and "calming his wrath with
goodly temperance," takes the keys
and opens door after door.

"There all within full rich arayd he found
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
The greatest princes presence might behold;
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

"And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny;
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great grieve were often heard to grone;
That hardest hart would bleede to heare their piteous mone.

"Through everie rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

"Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
'O! who is that which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darknesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
O! welcome thou, that dost of death bring tydings trew.'

"Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,

For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore ;
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell ;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy banefull smell.

“ But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare,
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare ;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghashly drere.

“ His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th’ unwonted sunne to view ;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum’d ; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh shrunk up like withered flowres.

“ Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, ‘ Ah ! dearest lord ! what evil starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre ?

“ ‘ But welcome now, my lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day ;
And fye on fortune, mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay,
And for those wronges shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good : good growes of evils priefe.’
The chearlesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe ;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

“ ‘ Faire lady,’ then said that victorious knight,
‘ The things that grievous were to do or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare :
But th’ only good that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.’ ”

() There is not in all the Faery Queen a more perfect passage—not in all poetry. Spenser’s style is said to be diffuse. So is the style of a river when it chooses to become a lake. But a river never chooses to become

a lake without a sufficient reason for such change of character. It keeps a look-out how the land lies, and adapts its career to circumstances—all its way down from source to sea. There you see it shooting

straight as an arrow—here you might mistake it for a mighty serpent uncoiling in the sun—there you almost wonder why it is mute—till you gaze again and are ashamed of yourself for having expected voice from one so still and deep—and here you see the old tops of trees swinging in the storm, but hear not the branches creak because of the thunder of the cataract. Just so with Spenser. One hour you see him—that is his poetry—carelessly diffused in the sunshine and enjoying the spirit of beauty, in which he lies enveloped as in a veil of dreams—another he winds away lucidly along flowery banks with a sweeter and yet sweeter song, as he nears the bowers on the borders of Paradise—now as if subdued by a sudden shadow, his brightness grows a glimmer, and the glimmer a gloom—and wondering what noise it is you hear, you catch a sight through the mist of white tumbling waves, and recoil in alarm from a monstrous sea.

But we are getting too poetical perhaps for criticism, which should always be prosaic forsooth; so we calmly ask you to tell us what you think of the inside of the dead Gyaunt's Castle? It required some little courage—did it not—to walk all alone by himself—like that Knight—one after another through so many silent rooms—all richly furnished

"With royal arras and resplendent gold;"
and at the same time all swimming in bloody filth.

"And sacred ashes over it were strewn."
What ashes? "Ashes," quoth Upton, "prostituted to impious and superstitious rites—ashes that received the blood of those victims which cried to God for vengeance." Which is scriptural—"the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground"—"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God!" Was never such voice of horror as then was heard buried in that dungeon! And the dungeon's self!

"Where entred in, his foot could find
no flore,
But all a deep descent as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull
smell!"

The voice says he has been three months in captivity! All that while "living on the vapours of a dungeon." How did the Deliverer lift up the prisoner into the light of day? "He found means" to do so—enquire thou no farther—for he was mighty to save. The Red-crosse is now lying in the open air with his face to the sky—and Una is kneeling over him—and kissing—for the first time—and many times—"his bare thin cheeks!"

"To see him made her glad,
And sad to see his visage pale and wan."

Many words she says to him—and in every word there is a kiss—and the Deliverer stands over them silent—and the Dwarf is weeping for joy, a little way apart—but the Red-Crosse has lost his speech—and is all but dead.

"The chearelesse man whom sorrow did
dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
His long endured famine needed more
reliefe."

These last three lines are like three lines of Shakspeare's. Famine has killed in the Red-Crosse all care even for Una's endearments. Her voice is not now music to his ear. In its hollow horror rings—there is a dull fire in his brain—the fever of hunger and thirst is eating his blood to the dregs. It is the last extreme of nature's misery, when the spiritual is overcome, and seems to cease in the physical, which is drying into clay, and already all but a lump of the grave! The great poet, though the most tender-hearted of God's creatures, sternly religious here, feared not to show judgment on sin verging on final doom—and yet had the sinner once been, and again was to be, resplendent with holiness as the Evening or the Morning star!

And oh! how divinely sweet, how humanly mournful, the moral of the closing strain!

"This daies ensample hath this lesson
deare,
Deepe written in my heart with yron
pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mor-
tal men"

And is the allegory here even deeper than it seems—though that may hardly be—seeing that it seems

deep as that dungeon, and that dungeon deep as hell and death? Upton thinks so, and has some sage comments on these three lines—

“For now three moones have changed
thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath
the ground,
Since I the heavens chearefull face did
vew.”

Una had told the Prince that her parents had been “four years” besieged by a monstrous dragon; according to the time mentioned in Revelations, xii. 6—viz. 1260 days; “And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore years;” or, as it is expressed in v. 14, “to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.” This Spenser, in round numbers, calls four years. The Christians likewise continued in a persecuted state till the time of Constantine—somewhat more than three hundred years after Christ. Let moones be interpreted years—the lunar and solar—and perhaps, saith Upton, we may find out Spenser’s “hidden allegory.” In Revelations, i. 11, the beast overcomes the witnesses, who, after three days and a half, rise again; and in Daniel, vii. 25, the eleventh horn of the beast not only speaks great words against the Most High, but wears out the saints, which are given into his hand until a time, and times, and half a

time. Some interpreters, continues Upton, very consistently interpret the above passages in the same sense, as months, days, and years, mean the same thing in the prophetic style; but poetry requires variety, and admits of latitude of interpretation; and ’tis very remarkable how our poet has varied the prophecy concerning the persecuted state of the Church, exemplified in Una’s parents, Una herself, and the Christian knight. Thus Upton—and none have seen deeper into the allegory of the Faery Queen.

And what have they done with Duessa? The Prince says to Una, “Now in your power to let her live or die;” and Una, like the Princess of Eden, replies,

“To doe her die were sure despight,
And shame t’avenge so weake an enemy;
But spoile her of her scarlet robe, and let
her fly.”

Even Truth knew not all the loathly ugliness of Falsehood; nor did the Red-Crosse, who in his infatuation had embraced her; so she is stripped—and unless you wish to spoil your appetite for dinner, we advise you not to look on the hag. Yes—look at her at all events—and suspect scarlet robes all the rest of your days. Spenser has indeed laid it on thick—and has been blamed for doing so; but he desired to sicken the strongest stomach—and to inspire mankind with one universal scunner. As for Una, she could look on aught on earth—however hideous or disgusting—unmoved as the moon or a star.

“So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And rob’d of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all:
Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her mishaped parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

“Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;

Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loath'd all womankind.

" Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armed to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw;
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

" Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
' Such then,' said Una, ' as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falshood; such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

" She, flying fast from Heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wilderness apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare."

And is the Red-Crosse reconciled to Una? We should not have asked the question, had not Warton—ay, even Tom Warton—said, " it is unnatural that the Red-Crosse Knight should be so suddenly reconciled to Una, after he had forsaken her, for her supposed infidelity and impurity. The poet should certainly first have brought about an *eclaircissement* between them." We cannot bring ourselves to like the word "*eclaircissement*" in serious composition. It is by no means Spenserian. " That the poet should have certainly first brought about an *eclaircissement*," we cannot agree with the critic in so dogmatically asserting; and surely Edmund Spenser knew what was natural and unnatural as well as Tom Warton. Tom—we are sorry to say it—for he was a fine spirit—is here a dunce. Did not the Dwarf narrate to Una all the witchcraft that had deluded the Red-Crosse Knight? Go back a few pages, and you will see again the whole miserable tale. And was the Dwarf wiser than his Lord? How could the Laureate—Oxonian

as he was—and Fellow of Trinity—believe that the Red-Crosse could have a doubt of Una's innocence—after he had seen Duessa turning against him—and the whore of Orgoglio? Had she not left him to rot in a dungeon? And was it possible that he could have lain three months in its hungry stench without his reason and his conscience telling him that he had been all along in the clutches of a fiend, and had forsaken an angel? His many miseries had indeed been all thrown away upon him, had he not groaned unceasingly in his imprisonment to think that his own fleshly frailties had not only laid himself low, but left that heavenly being without one to care for her in the haunted wilderness—for he knew nothing of the Lion—nor of the Sylvans—nor of Sir Satyrane—nor—till light broke into his dungeon—of Arthur the Deliverer. The sage Spenser shows us the Red-Crosse utterly mute. He is afraid—ashamed—to look in Una's face, pale as it is with unupbraiding pity. Yet he knew she had forgiven him—that her heart had not lost one drop of love—and

the silence of them both speaks—far beyond the power even of Spenser's words—perfect reconciliation—ere long to be accompanied in his repentant bosom with the blessing of peace. The pathos of all this is profound—and gives us at the same time a delightful feeling of the nobility of nature in our great poet's heart.

The Prince would have beseeched Una to forgive the Red-Crosse, had there been any need of an intercessor. For

“O! goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere

The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemd the Red-
crosse knight from bands.”

“That weak captive Knight now waxed strong,” and time was not to be lost—even in such communion—for “on a great adventure both were bound.” Yet Una could not let the Prince go, till she knew who was indeed her deliverer,

* “Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.”

So he tells her the story of his life, which you must read in the ninth canto. He tells all he knows, but says

“Both the lignage and the certein sire
From which I sprong from mee are hidden yitt;
For all so soone as life did mee admitt
Into this world, and shewed heven's light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and
martiall might.

“Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene

In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,

His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore:

There all my daies he trained me up in
virtuous lore.”

He then speaks of his tutor the great Magician Merlin, who told him he was son and heir to a king, and Una then knows who is her deliverer, and exclaims,

“But what adventure, or what high intent,

Hath brought you hether into Fary Land,
Aread, PRINCE ARTHURE, crowne of martiall band.”

Upton observes that there is a seeming inconsistency here—for that Una had no need to bid

“That straunger knight his name and nation tell,”

seeing that she shows she knew it, by exclaiming

“Aread, Prince Arthur, crowne of martiall band.”

He is so kind as to make an apology for this apparent oversight on the part of Spenser—“that Fairy Knights often concealed their real names and took feigned ones. Good manners therefore made her ask, before she addressed him. Una knew not whether Prince Arthur was his real or assumed name, nor does he in his answer resolve this doubt.” This is all sad nonsense. No doubt Una was distinguished for good manners. She asks his name for the best of all reasons, that she did not know it, and longed to know it that she might celebrate, wherever she and the Red-crosse went, the praises of their benefactor. The Prince, thinking not of his own name—as modest as illustrious—speaks of his hidden lineage—and of the great magician Merlin. Who had not heard of Merlin—and who had not heard too of the promise of his pupil? Una at once knows all she desired to know, and in delighted gratitude exclaims,

“Well worthy Impe,
And pupil fit for such a tutor's hand,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of martiall band.”

Arthur deserved well of Una, and Una knew that she could in no ways make the Red-Crosse happier than to honour the hero who had rescued

him from death. The patient was yet too weak to join much in their discourse; but no doubt he was a reverent listener, who never wearied, weak as he was, to hear the voices of his true love and of his deliverer. And their colloquy—rightly understood—is divine.

“ ‘ Full hard it is,’ quoth he, ‘ to read aright

The course of heavenly cause, or understand

The secret meaning of th’ eternall might,
That rules men’s waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.’ ”

But whether God sent him purposely to do what he had done, or that the passion of his soul brought him thither, he says to Una,

“ You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.”

And then, at her request, most tenderly breathed,

“ ‘ Ah! courteous knight,’ quoth she,
What secret wound

Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ? ’ ”

he tells her the story of his dream-kindled love for Gloriana, whom now he has been long seeking for all over Faery Lond. No tale of love was ever told more eloquently—with just enough of passion for chaste Una’s ear, and chastened by the presence of her who was pure as light. What can be more beautiful than her ejaculation on its close!

“ ‘ O happy queene of Faeries, that hast fownd,

Mongst many one, that with his prowess may

Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd!

True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.’ ”

Never till this moment—never at least in Spenser’s stanzas—has the Red-Crosse—since his rescue from captivity—uttered so much as one word. But now he cannot be silent—Una’s fervent invocation to the lady-love of his deliverer—as yet seen but in a dream—inspires him to speak. But with his prayers for the well-being of Prince Arthur and “ the Queen of Fairies bright,” is

mingled in prevalence of passion the praise of his own Una—and how that expression of the joy of love must have relieved, and vivified, and invigorated his heart! We trust you feel with us the perfection of the stanza in which he first breaks that dead-like silence in which his soul seemed swathed as a corse in its shroud.

“ ‘ Thine, O ! ’ then said the gentle Red-crosse knight,

‘ Next to that ladies love shal be the place,
O fayrest Virgin ! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,

Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the patrone of my life,

Of that greate queene may well gaine worthie grace ;

For onely worthie you, through prowes priefe,

(Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her liefe.’ ”

What silences such converse ?

“ The golden sunne his glistening head ‘ gan show ; ”

and they must part—the Prince to Gloriana’s court—the Red-crosse and Una to the land of Eden. They part not without mutual goodly gifts,

“ the signes of grateful mynde,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.”

In his own esteem the Red-crosse is low—but no longer is he ashamed to look in Una’s or in Arthur’s face. The Prince had never seen him in his emprises and achievements—but in a dungeon—weak from a dungeon—the shadow of himself and of his former might—a spectre—an hungered—encrusted with misery, and gaunt with tokens of threatening but averted death. But Una had told him what once had been her champion—and what again he would be—“ her Lion and her Lord.” They were equals—the Deliverer and the Delivered. For the silver shield the Red-crosse would bear once more—once more would he couch that poignant spear—with that sword of ethereal temper would he yet hew to pieces the Great Dragon. Therefore, ere parting, as they stood with right hands together joined, Una smiled on her champion, on him who had lain humbly on the floor in Gloriana’s court, and risen from the rushes to claim for his emprise

the deliverance of her parent's kingdom. There they stood—and

"Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,

Embowed with gold and gorgeous ornament,

Wherein were closed few drops of liquor pure,

Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,

That any wound could heale incontinent.

Which to requitte, the Red-crosse knight him gave

A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament Was writt with golden letters rich and brave;

A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

Heaven forfend we should not for ever, with all our hearts, love old Homer—and all old Homer's Heroes! Diomed and Glaucus—Hector and Ajax—and other worthies—parting on the battle field with presents of peace. Yet here we have something more solemn—something in its spirit higher far than it was possible should be conceived by the genius of the great Ionian, who nevertheless, in his blindness saw all that had then been made visible to the inward eye, of the nobility of nature. What enchanted balsam was this—and had Prince Arthur got it from the great magician Merlin? We remember that he afterwards heals with it Amoret when "almost dead and desperate with her late hurts."

"Eftsoones that precious liquor forth he drew,

Which he in store about him kept alway,

And with few drops therof did softly dew Her wounds, that unto strength restored her soone anew."

The gift of the Christian Knight to Prince Arthur, was more precious far than that gold-embowed box of diamond. The balsam could cure the wounds of the body—the book those of the soul—so sanative to life that it gave life wings wherewith to fly over the grave into everlasting rest.

Our paper darkens as we write, and we dimly see the words our pen lets drop among the shadows. For

"Now comes still Evening on, and twilight grey

Hath in her sober livery all things clad. Silence accompanies!"

The dear folk in the Castle of Indolence will be wondering where the old Wizard may be among the woods. Not one of them knows of this Cave—and with our own hands we constructed this rustic Round-table—with legs of living alder, and smooth slate-slab from the brook. No companion have we had during the many silent hours—of which canto after canto made sweet division—but that Wren. And we have not seen Kitty—she sits so close—but we know she is in her nest beneath the mossy porch. Hark! Florimel—it must be she—is ringing a bell, below the ruined tower—and the home-tinkle comes domestically up the dell—almost like an articulate voice. The sweet summons must be obeyed—lie there lovingly together in the nook where damp never comes—Spenser and Wordsworth. Thank heaven, there is still some Poetry in the world—and thus have we passed another day in the Forest, of which the remembrance will never die, and the record live, perhaps, in many a gentle heart. Thou stillest of all brown studies! farewell!

SKETCHES BY FB.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

MY DEAR NORTH,

Altrive, Christmas-day, 1834.

I SEND you your goose, as usual—that mandrake, the Glasgow Gander, is a joke till him. The hams must stand over to the New Year. You will see, too, I haven't forgotten my promise at last Noctes about the B——m Letters. My ex-friend has kindly sent me the two following as a specimen, the remmender being, as he says, in the hands of Bulwer; and adds, that now that he has a good deal of spare time on his hands, and that the Times doesn't suit, he would be happy to become a regular contributor to *Maga*, on the usual terms,—only, he is very particular about his expenses. I can't say I ever liked either his politics or his prose; but really his poetry does not seem so much amiss. Some pairs of it, I would almost say, reads not unlike my own. Yours ever,

JAMES HOGG.

P.S. The first letter, you will see from the post-mark on the back, seems to have been returned unopened. How the second got back into his hands, he does not explain. You will be glad to hear that Selkirk is safe.

J. H.

I. LORD B——M TO A GREAT PERSONAGE.

DEAR W——M, to me, on such things much reflecting,
Your Majesty's kindness is really affecting!
Sure never had servants such master! But then,
'Tis as certain no master had ever such men.
For example, myself: Where on earth could you find
A Chancellor more to your Majesty's mind?
For none can so well keep a conscience, 'tis known,
As the man who's not troubled with one of his own.

Tired of Chancery wrangling and Cabinet strife,
And heartily sick of my House of Lords' life,
I longed to take wing for some far distant shore,
Where Lyndhurst and Sugden might vex me no more:
I sighed some secluded asylum to gain,
Where the poor "panting *Times* might toil after in vain;"
Where *Spectators* come not; where no good-natured friend
Like the Chronicle damns where it meant to defend.
'Twere pleasant, methought, to revisit the scene
Where I first tuned to music my Scotch violin;
Where I learned, a young student, to vibrate my nose
To the scents which Edina's own Flora bestows!
I longed with old cronies to taste old Glenlivet,
(I've smuggled an anker, and hope you'll receive it;)
Till inspired with the feeling, my carriage I order,
Bundle up the Great Seal—and am over the Border!

Changed times these, thought I, since that critical day,
When Southward I first took my venturous way!
When a *sticket* Scotch pleader, a mere *homme de lettres*,
I scarcely had sixpence to give to the waiter;
Some professional brass—the whole sum of my riches,
Except a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
(Yes, breeches I wore—those who say 'twas a kilt, I
Of a scandalous libel pronounce to be guilty.)
Little thinking, God wot, as I sat on the Heavy,
I should e'er show my nose at your Majesty's levée;
On the wool-sack's soft cushion my person should sport,
And be quite hand and glove with the Q——n and the Court.

But, to come to my tour,—for I fear, my dear W.,
All this talk of old stories must bother and trouble you.
Yet I won't waste your patience, nor spoil this good pen,
With twaddling descriptions of mountain and glen.

I leave you to fancy the merry hobnobbing
I had with so many choice friends at Dunrobin;
My paper and powers I reserve, to express
My successful *debüt* on the banks of the Ness.

Here, what stanch *sans culottes*, of each kindred and clan,
Came, itching and fidgeting, to see the Great Man!
Every lane, wynd, and closs, sent its rabble and rout,
And all Tomnahurich Street turned inside out.
They scraped, and they bowed, and, with Ossian's best phrases,
In their own native English resounded my praises.
Their encomiums, of course, I took care to disclaim,
Made as free as I could with your Majesty's name,
And delighted their hearts, (though the joke *now* is stale,)
With a promise to write you by that evening's mail.

I swore, while the Crown and the kilt thus should back me,
Priest, printer, and peer, all in vain should attack me.
I told them how you and I meant to proceed,
That the greater the hurry the worse was the speed;
That our future Reforms should at leisure progress,
Growing fine by degrees, and still gracefully less,
Till they tapered away, imperceptibly small,
To the grand anti-climax of—nothing at all.
This bold declaration has been of such use,
That I'm told it's all over with poor Cumming Bruce.

Then eastward I hastened through Elgin and Moray,
As fast as four north-country horses could hurry.
And now let your fancy present you the scene,
As it changes to Union Street, New Aberdeen;
The ladies in windows, the mob on the causeway,
And I in my chaise, looking solemn and saucy!
Came the Provost with welcomings many and warm,
And twenty stout sons of *my* burgh reform;
Came deacons and counsellors spick and span new,
And the Clerk, large as life, though a Tory, came too.

Need I tell of the dinner they gave me at night?
What scope for a man who could play his cards right!
How much, yet how little, I managed to say!
Through how many windings I wriggled my way;
In glorious confusion, the common cant blending,
Of reforming, preserving, destroying, amending.
I ne'er said a thing without some reservation,
Then explained and retracted the qualification,
And as often retracted my own retraction;
Till what with the thimble-rig style of my lingo,
And what with the strength of "the member's" worst stingo,
If the guests in my speech any meaning could see,
They had certainly much the advantage of *me*.

On the rest of the speakers all comment I pass,
I saw them but darkly, as 'twere through a glass;
For who could sit sober, and coolly endure
The prose of Sir M—ch—I, or verse of P—nm—re?
One orator made it as plain as my nose,
That the Tories had never promoted their foes;

And I think I remember another oration,
Which connected my name with a cheap publication.
But a truce to details—I must finish my letter—
You'd have liked the whole thing—nothing could go off better—
Except the small *souper* we had at Affleck's,
Where the theme o'er our drink was still—*Ego et rex*.
I hope by to-morrow to leave Aberdeen ;
So no more just now—Best respects to the Q——n.
Say I've made Bailie M—— cut and send her a plaid off,
The very same piece that my—tartans—are made of.
Perhaps I may write when I get to Dundee—
Perhaps *not*—but believe me, yours truly, H. B.

Aberdeen, 11th Sept. 1834.

II. LORD B——M TO LORD A——TH——E.

DEAR BOS, (so old a friend may claim
To use that fond, familiar name,)
You often must have heard me say,
Since we kick'd out that twaddler Grey,
That the old Father of the Bill,
Though bearing us no great good-will,
Perhaps might be of service *still*.
And when you read what I've to write
Of the great doings of last night,
I'm sure *your* candour must admit
That we, for once, have made a *hit*.

I need not tell you of the plan,
Nor say with whom the thing began.
Some *here* would claim it—but *you* know
I wrote from town a month ago,
Touching the meeting which they call,
God help them! *their* "Grey Festival."
'Twas certainly a happy thought,
And poor old Grey of course was *caught*—
Still as incorrigibly blind
To all before, and all behind,
As, t'other day, when you—*resigned*!

You scarce would thank me to relate
The gross details of this Scotch *fête*—
Their wooden house, built on the plan
Of Wombwell's larger caravan—
Where, for your money, you might see
The northern Whig menagerie
Devouring, without salt or shame,
Their food before their keepers came!

They boast of it—and so must *we*—
But, my dear Bos, 'twixt you and me,
It was a *raffish* company.

A single pitiful Scotch Peer,

And Baronets some three or four,
With Lawyers, (*briefless* ones, I fear,)

Perhaps some fifty or three score—

These were the *Notables*—the rest

Would scarce admit of *any* test,

And few among them might be seen

To say with me, "these hands are clean."

But on all this we need not dwell,
And 'tis quite clear the thing must *tell*.

Grey, to be sure, was rather stiff—
 In point of fact he cut me dead—
 And Durham looked at me as if
 Strange thoughts possessed that addled head!
 Nay, for an hour or two, I sat
 Fearing they *would* let out the cat—
 But now, dear Bos, no fear of *that*.
 They wisely let the matter pass,
 And so you may be sure did I,
 And though "the serpent in the grass"
 Some of our friends perhaps might spy,
 'Twas clear the many-headed beast,
 Who just before had gorg'd his feast,
 Did not suspect us in the least.

As for the *speeches*—Grey was tame
 And prosy as he always is;
 And all his views were just the same
 That you've so often heard me quiz:
 The same old story of The Bill,
 And of the people's sovereign will,
 Mixed up with all those cautions sage,
 Forgotten at a *certain* stage,
 Yet *now*—how graceful at his age!
 The same old-womanish see-saw—
 "Assert your rights—yet keep the law"—
 The same attempt at *hot and cold*—
 "I fain would give, and yet withhold"—
 In short, the views at which one half
 Of every face but *his* must laugh,
 And which, of course, 'tis worse than vain
 To give in the didactic strain.

No, my dear Bos, both you and I
 Have now been too long "on the sly,"
 Such grave experiments to try.

These views, however, well demand,
 As things with us at present stand,
 Another, and a master's hand.
 And you will see from *the Report*,
 How afterwards, in my best style—
 The style in fact which is my *forte*,
 I nimbly threaded each defile;
 Leaving it doubtful at the close
 Which are my friends, and which my foes,
 Or which way I now point my nose—
 While through the room the murmur ran—
 "Amazing speech!—Amazing man!"
 I therefore must again repeat
 That *here* our triumph is complete.

You'll see, indeed, that Durham tried
 Once more "our dull delay to chide,"
 And made—I scarce can tell you *how*—
 Something approaching to—a *row*.
 This was unlucky; and it shows
 More than we wanted to disclose;
 But though it scarce can now be hush'd,
 Yet Durham may at least be crush'd—
 And if *this* has not sealed his doom,
 Your name's not Bos, and mine's not

P.S. You'll also see from *The Report*
 That I have not forgot *THE COURT*.
 Since that unfortunate affair,
 You know I've been a stranger there—
 Yet we ought never to despair.
 The proverb tells us, "Spread it thick,
 And some of it is sure to stick."
 I wrote *THE K*— from Aberdeen,
 And sent *more* tartan for *THE Q*—,
 But the result is not yet seen.
 If it *again* should be sent back,
 Of course I alter my attack—
 With compliment once more dispense,
 And try a little insolence.
 After last night we're sure to *stand*,
 Why then not take a higher hand?

Edinburgh, Tuesday Morning.

B.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

THE return of Monsieur de Talleyrand to France, has created in all political circles there—and what circles are not political?—much the same kind of sensation as the known presence of an incorporeal spirit would among a congregation of blind bodied mortals. Such a subtle and unaccountable intelligence is attributed to him, that from the King on his throne to the mere newspaper speculator, all experience a boding flutter of apprehension at his very presence. He is considered as a sort of political magician, who holds in his hands the fate of Kings and Cabinets. Louis Philippe is supposed to acknowledge his supremacy, as that of astrologers was acknowledged by monarchs of old. In fact, there is a kind of superstition attached to his name, and the mingled dread, respect, and abhorrence which it inspires in France, is well depicted in a little production which Madame Sand, better known by her former name, Madame Dudevant, has lately given to the world. We shall, therefore, in the present article, borrow largely from this little production. Its authoress is well known in France as having written several very pleasing and successful romances, and as having, we are told, been formerly enthusiastically, and perhaps platonically, in love with Lord Byron. The paper to which we now allude, is written in a strain of thoughtful and sensi-

tive morality, which pleases us much, and the opening of the dialogue, in which it consists, puts one in mind, if changed times will admit of the comparison, of the two shepherds in Virgil musing and moralizing on the manners of the great city Rome. With respect, however, to the vials of burning wrath, which the fair lady has thought proper to pour on the head of the hoary diplomatist, that, we confess, is not quite in the same spirit. Yet will we undertake to justify it also; Monsieur de Talleyrand has shrouded his real character—if a different one he have from that which is usually attributed to him—so carefully in silence and in mystery, his ways have been so subterranean—his tread so stealthy and noiseless—his agency so potent, and his means so invisible; if we have seen his hand, we have seen nothing but his hand; that what appears of his character is, to say the best of it, enigmatical, and forms a back ground from which only the darkest portrait can fittingly stand out. Acts which shun the light, we very fairly conclude belong to darkness; and so we leave intrigues, great and little, without pity, to their fate—to all the exaggerations which fancy may add to their real baseness. We, however, have formed a somewhat different appreciation of Monsieur de Talleyrand's character from Madame Sand. To us there appears in it no-

thing mysterious or unaccountable. Brought up to a calling in which forms are essentials, and in which the art of imposing stands in the place of truth, thence plunged into a revolution which professed to tear away all imposition and disguises, and to bring naked realities alone into action—and finding this also illusion, it is no matter of wonder that he should have come to the conclusion, that what men call truth and virtue are mere phantoms, and exist not, that life is a great game, and that the best player is the best man. Thinking thus of him, we think Monsieur de Talleyrand holds a high place only in a very second-rate order of mind. He has sagacity enough not to be deceived by the sanguine credulity and generous hopes which delude others. He sees through these, and sees them to be vain. And this exemption from the influences which move the multitude, gives him his superiority over them. His impassability is the secret source of his clear-sightedness and his power. But he has *not* sagacity to perceive that shows and illusions of good, the wildest and most extravagant that ever made men act like madmen or idiots, could not exist if they had not their deep sources in truths which agitate before they are apprehended. These are the indicators of truth's whereabouts, and vibrate, like the diviner's rod, over the spot where secret treasure lies buried. Thus the absurdities and horrors of superstition proved the existence of religious verity, and preceded its manifestation. To be arrested, however, by such a consideration as this, supposes in the mind an abstract love of truth; and this Monsieur de Talleyrand has not. He sees only, and that with the acutest perspicacity, that which is palpable and above ground, and denies the rest. But denies it with so perfect a faith, that he has become of old a privileged being, out of the influence of delusion, and also out of the sphere of truth, duping others, yet still more deeply duped himself, by denying the *ultimate* aim and tendency of those very delusions which enable him to dupe them. Such characters as his are the natural product of a revolution, which put all crude, but in a metaphysical sense true, ideas, rudely to a violent

test. The experiment failing, men inevitably fell into unbelief, and became cold, selfish, disenchanted beings, regarding nothing as important but their own personal interests, because believing in nothing but material existence. Of all the effects of revolution accomplished, this perhaps is the worst—that it blasts hope, and meets every moral and spiritual truth with constant negation. Out of it arises the denying fiend, "*der geist der stets verneint*." It makes Talleyrands of every grade of intellect, and calls forth such indignant invectives as follow from outraged believers in virtue.

"Wherefore then do we live," exclaimed he, seating himself, with a sudden movement, on the stone bench in front of the chateau. "What profit is there in our lives? What noble use do we make of our faculties? What then is virtue? Is it a stagnant marsh, or an impetuous river; the buried diamond, or the bursting lava, shrouding its brilliancy from the light, or shedding intolerable splendours over the world."

"In none of these things is virtue imaged," replied I: "I would rather liken it to the little rivulet proceeding from the peaceful grotto, giving moisture to verdant meadows, to plants which embalm the air, and to flowers which enamel the earth. Virtue, mind you, is not genius, it is goodness. You who are so ambitious, look at that palace, think of him who inhabits it, and tell me, are you not reconciled to your lot?"

"Hideous consolation!" responded my friend.

"Patience, patience," I resumed, "do not believe it is apathy which makes me counsel contentment. When one can prevent crime, it is mean and cowardly to wash one's hands like Pilate. But tell me, how many Messiahs are there born every century? Are you not alarmed and indignant at the number of redeemers and legislators who pretend to the throne of the moral world? Instead of seeking a guide, and listening thirstily to the inspired word, the whole human race seems rushing to the pulpit and the rostrum. All would be instructors; all know better, speak better, reason better, than those who have preceded them. Yet all this confused murmur over our

heads and around us, is nothing but the echo of vain words and sonorous declarations, in which the heart and intelligence seek in vain for any ray of warmth or light. All the elements of force and activity are abroad, and in disarray, and are only stopped and paralysed in their career by their mutual shock. How many calamities go to procure one benefit! The promised regeneration is seen only through a vista of crime, and the instruments by which it is to be worked out are men who lose all their personal virtue in the task. Let us not adventure our little stock of virtue on that raging sea, in which so many consciences have perished, so many principles have made shipwreck. Are you not seized with an invincible disgust, a secret horror, for active life, in front of that chateau, where so many unclean projects, so many compact scoundrelisms, brood and germinate in the silence of the night? Know you not that the man resides there, who, for sixty years, has been playing with nations and crowns as at a game of chess? Who knows but that this man, the first time he sat before a table in the public service, had an honest resolution in his head, and a noble sentiment in his heart?"

"Never," cried my friend; "profane not integrity by such a thought. That lip, like a cat's drawn up, and clinging to the gums, that other lip, like a satyr's, large and falling; a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness; those soft and well-rounded lineaments, marking suppleness of character; that dangerous fold on a prominent forehead, that arrogant nose, with that reptile look; so many contrasts on a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vice and little actions. Never has the heart of this man felt the warmth of a generous emotion; never has a frank idea traversed his laborious head; that man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, even in despising him, has contemplated him with a stupid admiration. I will defy you to abase yourself even to the most extraordinary of his talents!"

Here my friend stopped with an air ironically joyous, and after a few moments' silence resumed:—

"When I think of the thoughts which have engaged us in this place, almost under the windows of the greatest impostor in the universe, we, poor children of solitude, all of whose dreams, all of whose cares, are to spread virtuous sentiments and make them contagious, I feel an inclination to laugh at ourselves. Here we are almost weeping for tenderness over the human race, which knows us not, and if it did, would repulse us with contumely, should we attempt to preach to it our doctrines; whilst it bows down and prostrates itself under the intellectual power of those who detest and despise it. Contemplate a moment the pale immovable face of this old palace! Listen and look; all is sombre and silent. It seems as if we were in a burying-ground. Yet fifty persons at least inhabit that wing. There are but some few of its windows barely lighted. Not the slightest noise betrays the whereabouts of the master, his society or his suite. What order, what respect, what gloom presides over his little empire. The doors open and shut without noise. The valets come and go without awakening an echo by their tread under these mysterious arches. Their service seems to be done by enchantment. Look at that window, a little better lighted than the others, through which you may see the uncertain spectre of a white statue; that is the dining-room. There are assembled, sportsmen, artists, brilliant women, men of fashion, and all which France possesses the most exquisite in elegance and grace. But do you hear from this assembly a song, a laugh, or the raised sound of a single voice, attesting the presence of man? I would wager even that they avoid each other's looks lest a thought should circulate under ceilings which canopy silence, mystery, and secret dread. Not a valet dares sneeze, not a dog dares bark in this place. Does it not seem to you that the air around their Moorish towers is more sonorous than in any other spot of the earth? But hark! I think I hear the roll of a carriage over the fine sand of the court. It is the master returning. Eleven o'clock has just struck. It is impossible to conceive a life more regular, a diet more strictly observed, an ex-

istence more avariciously distributed than that of this octogenarian fox. Go and ask him if he believes himself so necessary to the conservation of the human race, that he so anxiously watches over his own. Go and tell him that twenty times a-day you are on the verge of despair, from the fear of remaining unprofitable to your fellow-creatures, and that you are alarmed, and care-stricken at the idea of living without virtue, and you will see him smile like a prostitute to whom a pious virgin might confess the languidness of her prayer, or her distraction during the divine service. Ask by what occupations, by what good actions, his day is filled up. His people will tell you that he rises at eleven o'clock, and gives four hours to his toilet, in the vain attempt to impart some appearance of life to his marble face, which dissimulation has petrified even more than age. At three o'clock you will be told he takes the air in his carriage, attended by his physician, driving up and down the solitary alleys of his immense park. At five o'clock the most scientific and succulent dinner which can be prepared in France, is served up to him. His cook, is, in his own sphere, a personage as rare, as profound, and as much admired as himself. After this repast, of which every course is announced by a flourish of trumpets, the prince gives a few minutes to his family and his little court. Every exquisite word, emanating in pity from his lips, has the effect of bending the person to whom it is addressed double. A canonized saint would not inspire more veneration in a community of *dévots*. As the night falls the prince again enters his carriage with his physician, for a second promenade. He has just now returned; you see the light just appearing at his window in that retired apartment, which is guarded by his lackey, in his absence, with an affectation of mystery as solemn as it is ridiculous. He will now be deeply at work till five o'clock in the morning. At work!—Oh, moon, rise not yet, hide thy timid ray behind the black horizon of the forest;—river, suspend thy course, slow and feeble as it is;—leaves, tremble not on the foreheads of the trees;—all nature,

be mute and motionless, like the stone of a sepulchre—for the genius of man awakes—the most skilful and important of the princes of the earth is about to bend over a table, and by the light of his lamp, in the depth of his cabinet, like Jupiter from the height of Olympus, to move the world by the contraction of his brows!

“But what, then, has this astonishing man produced by sixty years of assiduous vigils and unremitting labours? What has brought the representatives of all the powers of the earth into his cabinet? What important services have all the sovereigns who have possessed and lost the crown of France, for half a century, received from him? Wherefore that unaccountable terror on which he walks, as on a soft carpet, through an host of difficulties and dangers? What revolutions has he effected or paralysed? What sanguinary wars, what public calamities, what scandalous exactions, has he hindered? How has he been so necessary, this voluptuous hypocrite, to all our kings, from the haughty conqueror to the bigoted *dévo*t that they have imposed upon us the shame and the disgrace of his elevation. Napoleon, in his contempt, branded him with a soldier's metaphor, full of energetic cynicism; and Charles X., in his days of orthodoxy, said—in a whisper be it understood—*‘after all, he is a married priest!’* But has he stayed them in their terrible falls, these masters whom he has alternately flattered and betrayed? Where are his benefits? Where are his works? No one knows. No one can, will, or dare, declare what titles this inevitable statesman possesses to power and to glory: his most brilliant actions are enveloped in impenetrable clouds. His genius exists only in silence and imposture. What shameful turpitude does the diplomatic mantle cover!”

“And what do you say,” cried I, “to the imbecility of the nation which suffers this infamy, and allows its name, its honour, and its blood, to be apposed to shameful contracts, which it is completely ignorant of? Do you still desire to act a part, of the political theatre?”

“The more my fellow-men are

abased," replied my friend, "the greater desire I feel to exalt them. I am not discouraged. But let me indulge in my indignation against this impenetrable man, who has moved us all about at his will, like pawns upon his chess-board, and would not devote the great power he has possessed to our advancement. Let me curse this enemy of the human race, who has had possession of the world, only to heap up a fortune, satisfy his vices, and impose upon his despoiled dupes the debasing esteem of his iniquitous talents. The benefactors of humanity die in exile or on the cross, but thou, old vulture, bald, and gorged, will die in thy nest slowly and unwillingly; and as death crowns all men of celebrity with a mild forgiving halo, thy vices and basenesses will be quickly forgotten, and thy talents and seductions alone remembered. Oh man of impostures and spells, scourge of mankind, whom the ruler of the universe kicked into the world like a limping Vulcan, there to forge incessantly unknown arms at the bottom of inaccessible caverns, thou wilt have nothing to say at the great day of judgment. Thou wilt not even be interrogated. The Creator who has refused thee a soul, will never demand an account of thy sentiments and passions."

"But see! a window is opening. It is the Prince's."

"How!" said my friend, lowering his voice, "do corpses feel too warm? Do marbles need to respire the evening air? What are those two white heads which advance as if to regard the moon? It is the Prince and his—how shall I call him? for I will not profane the name of *friend*, on which Monsieur de M. prides himself before servants and subalterns. Besides, it is a title which he would not permit himself to assume in the presence of his master; for *he* would sneer at all expressions which represent sentiments. To make use, then, of a term of their calling, I will denominate M. de M. an *attaché* of the Prince, although his functions consist merely in admiring and writing down in an album all the *bon mots* which for forty years have issued from that incomparable mouth. I will give you one as an example.

'*Distrust always a first impulse, and never yield to it, for it is almost always good.*' But listen to that sepulchral note: which, then, of the two philosophers has spoken? But, no; I am wrong; it is the cry of the screech-owl flying from the forest. Good! 'Scream louder, bird of ill omen, proclaimer of funerals.' . . . Ah, Monseigneur, there is a voice which you cannot frighten back into the throat of the insulter. Do you hear that brutal burden of churchyards, which respects nothing, and which dares to tell such a man as you that all men die, without adding the *almost* of the court preacher?"

"Your indignation is bitter," said I, "and your anger cruel. If this man could hear us, this is the way in which I would address him—'May God prolong your days, unfortunate old man! Meteor, on the point of returning to eternal night! Light which fate has launched over the world, not to conduct men to good, but to lead them astray in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition! In impenetrable designs, heaven refused you that mysterious ray which men call the soul: that pale but pure reflection of the Divinity, that lightning which brightens at times before our eyes, and gives us intimations of immortal hopes; that soft and penetrating warmth which re-animates from time to time our flagging spirits; that vague and sublime love, that holy emotion, which melts us with delicious tears; that religious terror which makes us hate evil with all the energies of our nature. Being, without a name, thou wert furnished with an immense brain, and with senses greedy and delicate; the absence of something unknown and divine, which makes us men, made thee greater than the first among us, and more little than the lowest of us all. Infirm, thou hast trampled upon men healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the strongest organization, were before thee only as a fragile reed; thou hast domineered over beings more noble than thyself; that which failed thee of their grandeur made thine own, and thou art now upon the border of a tomb, which will be hollow and cold as thy petrified heart. Beyond this gap-

ing sepulchre there is nothing for thee, not the hope, nor perhaps the desire, of another life.

"Unhappy old man! the horror of the last moment will be such that it may perhaps expiate some of the misdeeds thou hast committed. Thine approach was fatal, thy look fascinated, it is said, like that of the viper. Thy breath was like the breeze of an April morning, which withers buds and flowers, and scatters them at the feet of the attrited trees. Thy words beshamed hope and innocence from the foreheads of the men who approached thee. How many spring promises hast thou blasted; how many holy confidences and lovely chimeras hast thou trodden under foot? How many honest men hast thou depraved? How many consciences vitiated or destroyed? Well then! If the enjoyments of thine old age are confined to the satisfactions of vanity, or to the rarest enjoyments of a palled epicurism, eat, eat, old man, and respire the incense of flattery with the odour of thy repasts! Who can envy thee thy lot, or wish thee a worse? For our parts, we pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die; and we pray that on thy bed of death, the adieus of thy family, or the tears of some faithful servant, awaken not, at the last moment, a movement of sensibility, and that no spark of affection, till then unfelt, be struck from that stone which has served thee for an heart. We pray that thine eye moisten not, nor thy pulse beat quick, that love, hope, regret, or grief, may not impart a first and last flutter to thy frame, and that thou mayst be consigned to the humid bowels of the earth, without having felt on its surface the warmth of sensibility, or the inspiration of life. May not despair show its dreadful form at the dying couch; may not thy last words reproach the God in whom thou believest not!"

We shall neither attempt to censure, nor justify, more than we have already done, the above rather bitter invectives against one who is certainly perfectly insensible to them himself. We have cited the passages chiefly because they give a faithful, though satirical description, of the person and some of the do-

mestic habits of Monsieur de Talleyrand, which cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. From the same motive, we inform them, that one of the peculiarities of this mighty potentate of diplomacy is the immense quantity of spectacles he uses. There is always about from seventy to eighty pair lying about his room, so that he may always put his hand upon them, without having to incommode his unwieldy person by referring to his pocket. Report does not say whether these supplementary organs of sight are adapted severally to the particular persons and subjects he may have to look into, but forming the *entourage* of such a being, they look rather like familiar spirits to assist the mental vision, than common glasses to aid the outward optics; and when they stride his puzzling features, fascinating and revolting,—jacobinism, priestcraft, and Voltairian refinement, and malice combined,—they certainly do give a most baffling cast to his countenance, which seems to be shrouding its own expression whilst reading intently the secret thoughts of others. Since his arrival in Paris, some pungent sayings have been recorded of him. It was recollected of Bassano, whilst he was three days minister, that when he was secretary to Napoleon, Talleyrand had said of him, on hearing that the Emperor had lost all his baggage, "*Alas, poor Maret! he is gone then at last.*" This saying revealed to the French people, both the incapacity of Bassano, and the kind of passive executor of his will which it suited Louis Philippe to appoint as his minister. Of the Duke of Wellington he has lately said, what has already been mentioned, but what will bear repetition from its justness, "*That of capable men he was the most capable.*" We will not say what he has said of the Whigs;—certainly, they have been as tersely, though not quite so flatteringly, appreciated. Of Lord Palmerston, especially, he has spoken with such caustic scorn, that we verily believe, if we should record any of his sententious sneers, they would burn a hole in the pocket (where his heart is) of that ex-"*valet de place.*"

THE EARLY CALLED.

CHAP. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
 And stars to set; but all—
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh Death!"
 MRS HEMANS.

FOUR years ago, towards the close of the last winter of my sojourn in Italy, I became acquainted at Naples with an English family, consisting of three persons, an elderly widow lady, and her orphan nephew and niece—the children of an only sister, bequeathed on the death of their parents, while still infants, to their aunt's guardianship.

Mrs Arden's childless widowhood had been fondly devoted to the trust so sacredly confided, and the orphans committed to her care became to her as her own children, and repaid her maternal tenderness with the fulness of filial love, and the promise in mind and person of a beautiful maturity. Lovely and alike they were in mind and person those youthful creatures, when I first saw them, a few weeks after their arrival at Naples; and, but for my knowledge of the cause that had brought them thither, little should I have suspected any fatal indications in the transparent complexion, and bright bloom of the sister's cheek, and in the liquid lustre of her soft blue eye. But so it was. The seal of death was there; and although on the first symptoms of disease Mrs Arden had hurried with her darling to a softer climate, little hope had been held out to her that the change would lead to permanent recovery, for the seeds of the insidious malady had been a part of the orphans' inheritance derived to them from both parents, who had fallen its victims within two years of each other. The children had also inherited the marked and peculiar character of beauty which had distinguished their deceased mother—that fearful beauty—so touching! so unearthly! and yet, like roses on a sepulchre, masking decay and death. With what unspeakable tenderness—what unremitting care, had their maternal

guardian watched over the infancy and childhood of those two beautiful creatures, so endeared tenfold by their orphan state, and by the circumstances which made their hold on life so far more precarious than is even the common tenure of mortality.

"They were such little angels!" she once said to me, when speaking of their bygone years—"when they knelt before me, side by side, with their little hands joined together, and their sweet eyes lifted up so reverently; and both young voices mingling into one silver sound, as they said their evening prayer! Oh, I have looked at them till my eyes were dim with tears, and I felt as if I *must* resign them—as if they had but to spread their wings, and finish in Heaven the last strains of their concluding hymn!"

Poor Mrs Arden! It was thus she poured out to me the fulness of her heart but a few evenings before the partial fulfilment of that sad and tender foreboding in the death of her sweet niece. Unavailing was the balmy breath of the sweet south—unavailing the physician's skill, and the solicitude of devoted affection! The youngest of the orphan pair—the fair Ann Ross—died, and was buried in the land of the stranger; and when I looked at the young Herbert, in his deep mourning for her to whom his heart had clung with more than a brother's love, with whose life his life had been bound up by such ties as the peculiar circumstances of their orphan state could only have entwined—when I gazed on the youthful mourner's tall and slender form—the feminine delicacy of his complexion—the varying colour of his cheek—and the sickly whiteness of his long thin fingers, so strongly contrasted by the black sleeve, my heart was wrung by a painful conviction that on him

also the Death Angel had set the awful seal—that he too was doomed to pass away in the first flower of his youth, and to be laid in his sister's grave, before the young cypresses that he had planted with his own hand, round the marble urn on which her name was inscribed, should spread their tender fibres in the consecrated mould, and put forth their earliest shoots.

I was mistaken, however. The young man's days were not so nearly numbered. Life was strong within him, and disease had made as yet no serious progress in a constitution, the delicate organisation of which had but evinced its sympathy with the acute sensibilities of a moral frame of still finer workmanship. Herbert Ross felt and believed, when he laid his only sister in that untimely grave, that his young life, henceforth companionless and joyless, was a boon, the continuance of which was little to be desired at the hands of that mysterious Providence, whose decree had then apparently gone forth against himself, the lonely one and last of his doomed race. But the grief of youth, poignant, and passionate, and bitter as it is, eats not into the heart like the sorrows of later life, and the yet unbroken spirit will struggle into light and gladness, in spite of the remorseful tenderness, which deems it even sinful to take comfort. And life, prolonged life, was still a precious boon to Herbert Ross, for the youth's mind was full of ardent and aspiring day-dreams—the sunny brightness of which had been overshadowed for a time only by the calamity which had befallen him. Not towards worldly honours, or worldly wealth, or any of the vain glories of this world were directed the aspirations of that young fervent mind—not more deeply imbued with sensibility, than with the religious feeling which controls and sanctifies what is otherwise too apt to degenerate into amiable weakness.

By the desire of his maternal guardian, more than seconded by his own free will and choice, Herbert had been early destined for the ministry of the gospel; and though Mrs Arden had been deterred from sending him to a public school, by the early delicacy of his constitution, he had been carefully prepared by private tuition for the great duties he was at

a proper age to take upon himself; and the time was now come when (if his return to England was permitted) he was to enter on the course of university studies.

Yet a few months the aunt and the nephew lingered on in the land of “the olive and the myrtle,” till the apparently complete re-establishment of the young man's health warranted their return to England. Then taking their last farewell of the dear kindred dust left to moulder among that of strangers—(who but those who have felt can appreciate the bitterness of that final parting?)—they embarked, and sailed away for ever from the classic shores of Italy, about the time that I also quitted Naples, in pursuance of a long projected plan of continued travel, over far distant countries.

At Constantinople, where I made some stay, and received letters from England, one among them (not the least welcome of the many) conveyed to me the gratifying intelligence, that after a prosperous voyage, during which the health of her nephew had continued to improve, Mrs Arden had arrived with him at their country residence in Warwickshire, and shortly afterwards had had the satisfaction of seeing him comfortably installed, under the most advantageous circumstances, in his college rooms, at Cambridge.

No stipulation of regular correspondence had been entered into between Mrs Arden and myself, and any such would indeed have been of impossible observance, during the continued wanderings of my next three years, so that I wholly lost sight of my lately acquired friends, and though for a time the remembrance of them often presented itself to my mind, I confess with shame, that it recurred less and less frequently, as perpetual change of place and scene, crowded on my mind successive objects of interest and attention; and when at the conclusion of my third year of vagrancy, I turned my face homewards, and found myself again on English ground, and in the English home, which had never been forgotten, or less loved, among the fairest of foreign scenes, my thoughts—my mind—my heart—were for a time so engrossed by that dear home, and all it contained and was associated with, that still no flash

of recollection brought before me the images of those two persons from whom I had parted at Naples but three years back, with feelings of most affectionate interest.

Summer was drawing towards a close when I reached my native country, and after a few weeks continuance at my paternal home, where the return of the long absent son and brother had made a festival of family rejoicing, I left it with regret to prove the virtues of the mineral baths of Buxton, for a rheumatic complaint contracted during my travels, for which they had been strongly recommended to me.

There was little company at the watering place when I arrived there, and but few persons located in the hotel where I took up my abode—and when the dinner hour assembled us at the public table, I glanced round it in some dismay, at the unpromising aspect of the half dozen individuals, who with myself composed the party;—a pair of lean, long visaged, upright gentlewomen, of a *very certain* age, whom I set down for maiden sisters—and for their niece, a high shouldered girl with a mop head, and red elbows, who was carefully flanked on either side, as we took our seats by the aforesaid grim duennas; a quizzzy couple, self-proclaimed as man and wife by their tender interchange of “Mr P., my dear,” and “Mrs P., my love!” and a long, emaciated, fretful looking elderly gentleman, stuffed out with half a dozen showy waistcoats, with a face as yellow as a daffodil, a turquoise brooch, and an emerald ring—and addressed as “Sahib!” by the Asiatic servant who stood behind his chair with downcast eyes and folded arms.

I looked round me with a despairing gaze; and my anticipations by no means brightened as the meal proceeded in unsocial—English silence—or cold and formal interchange, of the most indispensable courtesies. The maiden sisters spoke only in admonitory whispers to their awkward charge—with an occasional nudge on either side, as she intruded her red peaked elbows into their balloon sleeves. The married pair seriously addressed themselves to the business of eating and recommending various dishes to each other, and the East India Colonel (he could

be no less) rated his Asiatic attendant all dinner time, in half English, half Hindostanee, for having left behind a certain indispensable bottle of Cayenne. I was already debating with myself how long it was possible for mortal endurance to hold out, condemned to such association—when just as the cloth had been removed, the sound of wheels was heard rapidly approaching, and in another minute the running of waiters and a bustle at the door of the hotel, denoted the blest certainty of a fresh arrival.

All eyes were attracted to the open door of the eating-room, by which the new comer must necessarily pass—as marshalled by the obsequious master of the hotel towards the upper apartments. And mine, alas! fell in blank disappointment, after resting for a second on the figure of a lady dressed in deep mourning, apparently elderly and infirm, for she leant on the arm of her attendant, and slowly followed the bustling landlord. “But after all she looks like a lady,” thought I to myself, glancing round at the present company—and I was not among the least curious to learn the name of the new comer—when at the tea table (at which she did not make her appearance) the book of arrivals was requested, and handed round for general information. It circulated in silence, and last came my turn of inspection, but “the party in the parlour” were soon electrified by my sudden start and exclamation at sight of the newly inscribed name. It was that of Mrs Arden.

Throughout the range of mental phenomena, there are few more assimilating to the marvellous than the sudden and perfect distinctness with which scenes and circumstances, long past and long forgotten, are often recalled in their most minute details, and crowded as it were into a moment’s memory,—though having perhaps occupied successive weeks or months in their actual occurrence, by some chance-word or name unexpectedly pronounced, some flower, or perfume, or a few notes of music, connected with the buried past by links of association that, like those of an electric chain, communicate the vivifying spark with inconceivable rapidity.

In a moment I was transported to sunny Italy, to the pleasant villa at Castel-a-Mare, which had been occupied by my English friends. I sat with them on its seaward terrace in the cool of evening, gathering up the fallen orange flowers, to lay on the lap of a fair dying girl, who thanked me with a sad sweet smile as her head dropt languidly on the shoulder of her young brother, whose arm, as he sat beside her, encircled her slight form. And there was the guardian aunt sorrowfully gazing on her adopted orphans—and then—a bell tolled!—the vesper bell of a neighbouring convent—and the scene changed—and I stood by a lonely grave, in the English burying-ground—a lonely grave, distinguished by an urn of white marble and a few young cypresses—and again—my friends were with me—*two* only of the *three*—and of those two, *one*—sinking fast into his sister's grave. The beautiful boy!—scarce youth. But from him the death-shadow passed away—and health restrung his frame—and then, again, the scene shifted—and lo! the surviving *two* stood, wafting their farewell from a ship's deck. The white canvass swelled and filled in the favouring breeze—and the good ship sailed away, and I watched her course till she lessened to a speck in the offing—and when that also disappeared, I found myself standing with the arrival-book in my hand, and my eyes riveted on the newly written name, the sound of which was but dying on my lips as I returned to actual perception of the external world.

Hastily I rang for the waiter, and despatched him with my card to Mrs Arden's apartments, having scribbled on it with a pencil a petition to be admitted to take my coffee with her. "But where," I added, in my unreflective gladness, "where is my friend Herbert?"—"Fagging hard at college," I replied as inconsiderately to my own query as the waiter departed on his mission; but he had scarcely disappeared, when a thought suggested itself—a fearful thought! It was vacation time—Mrs Arden was alone—ill—in deep mourning—*where was Herbert?*

My first glance at the face of my respected friend as I entered her apartment, changed conjecture into

certainty—into fatal certainty. She held out her hand to me in silence, (all eloquent silence,) and her lip quivered as she turned away from my enquiring look, and, leaning upon the mantelpiece, gave way for a few moments to the relief of tears.

"God comfort you, my dear madam!" was the only greeting I had power to speak, when, with glistening eyes, but a composed and placid countenance, she again turned towards me, with a kind pressure of the hand, that still held hers, and full well she knew that I needed not to be told the cause of her affliction, or to what event she alluded, when, with an upward glance of meek resignation, she softly said—"Yes, my good friend! they are now *both* angels in Heaven."

From that evening of our first sad meeting to the conclusion of my three weeks' stay at Buxton, there were few days of which I did not spend the greater part in the society of my valued friend; and, in the course of those quiet, confidential hours, it was her chief solace to talk with me of her departed dear ones, and especially, with the fond minuteness of grief in its first freshness, of him so recently committed to the grave.

My interest for the beautiful boy I had known at Naples under such affecting circumstances was vividly reawakened by those details of his short life, and its concluding scene, so deeply imprinted on the heart's memory of her, who, in full confidence of my affectionate sympathy, was wont to pour out to me her treasured recollections, with that careless effusion of feeling, in the indulgence of which the real mourner finds more relief than in a connected and formal narrative.

To me, however, it has been a pleasing occupation to build up, as it were, from those unarranged fragments, a simple monument to the memory of Herbert Ross—a short record of the uneventful but pathetic passages of his brief earthly career. Turn from it, worldly, fashionable reader! It would be to you tasteless and insipid, as simple cottage fare to the palate of an experienced epicure—as a quiet country life, compared with your artificial system of society. Kind and gentle

reader!—you whose sensibility to the common pains and common pleasures of your fellow-creatures, to their real joys and sorrows, is not yet vitiated by false excitement, or rendered callous by worldly selfishness—look with an indulgent eye over “the short and simple annals” of a life which has left no trace on earth beside this humble record, and the tender recollections of a few unforgetting hearts. It is, indeed, “an owre true tale,” and I tell it you as “’twas told to me,” (though not in regular sequence,) as nearly as possible in *her* words, whose language was that of the heart, and can hardly fail, therefore, of touching some sympathetic chord in yours.

“My dear Herbert,” said Mrs Arden, “entered upon the course of university studies, which was to complete his preparation for holy orders, with the fairest prospects—the happiest and purest views. His health, as you may remember, Mr Lindsay, had so materially improved, during the latter part of our stay in Italy, and (as I wrote you) on our homeward voyage, as to afford reasonable ground for hope, that, when the tall and slender frame had attained its full stature, his constitution would have power to throw off any lurking taint of hereditary malady, and settle into permanent vigour.

“‘Fear not for me, my dear aunt,’ was his cheerful reply on the eve of his departure for Cambridge, to my reiterated charges about his health, and fond entreaties that he would not endanger it by too intense and unremitting application—‘Fear not for me, my dear aunt, that I shall overtask myself; with the end for which I labour full in view, I shall find the path pleasant and the progress easy; and for this frail frame of mine, already so wonderfully reinvigorated, if the master to whose service I devote myself has work for me to do, will he not supply “strength sufficient” for me?’

“My heart sank within me as he spoke thus, for the deep flush that suffused his cheek, and the kindling lustre of his eye, were tokens fatally familiar to me. But if indeed the fiat had gone forth, what human power could prevail against it? I committed him to God, and he departed.

“During the early part of his first term, he continued to write me the most regular and comforting accounts of his perfect health—his moderation in study—(I feared no other excess on his part)—and of his allowing himself (in observance of the promise I had exacted) an ample portion of time for sleep and exercise. ‘And yet, indeed, my dear aunt,’ he sometimes added, ‘you make me too slothful, too self-indulgent, and I believe unnecessarily so, for my serious occupations are those most delightful to me, and could not therefore be physically injurious, though permitted to encroach a little upon those hours of sleep and idleness, which abstract such precious portions from the irredeemable account of time. But you have my promise, and I adhere to it faithfully.’

“Alas! that he had continued to do so; but gradually, though he never relaxed in the frequency of writing, his letters became shorter and less satisfactory—rarely touching on, and at last wholly omitting, those minute personal details so deeply interesting to me; and when I questioned and even urged him on the subject, he briefly assured me he was ‘Well, quite well;’ but no longer reiterated the pledge I had so fondly exacted. The inference was obvious. His ardent and enthusiastic nature had thrown off those shackles of prudential restraint, to which, for my sake only, he had submitted for a season, and from the acknowledgment of his tutor and other college friends I learnt, in confirmation of my fears, that his days and nights were devoted to the most intense application, with scarcely the intermission of a few hours grudgingly yielded to the demands of nature. ‘But his health continues, to all appearance, uninjured,’ was the assurance added to these alarming reports. ‘There are no indications of debility about him, of an overtasked mind, or a failing body—depend upon it, you are distressing yourself without cause. He will live to rank high among the most distinguished for knowledge and usefulness.’

“I endeavoured to take comfort in these assurances and anticipations of my dear Herbert’s friends; but oh! how hollow are such comforts to the heart of a mother who trembles for the life of a dear and

only child!—and was not Herbert as a son to me?

“I was, however, sensible that farther opportunity would but distress, without restraining him in his now determined career. ‘I kept silence,’ therefore, ‘though it was pain and grief to me,’ on the unprofitable subject, and awaited with what composure I could assume the approaching vacation, which would at least enable me to form my own judgment of the truth of those flattering assurances I had received from himself and others.

“He came, and the first day of his return relieved me from a load of apprehension. He looked almost as I could have desired, far better than I had hoped to see him. In person, indeed, still slender and flexile as a young cypress; but then his tall form had shot up some inches since our last parting; and if his complexion was still that of almost feminine delicacy, it could have acquired no healthful bronze during the course of his sedentary labours, and it augured well for the future, that at least his constitution did not appear to have lost ground in the severe ordeal to which it had been subjected. In mind and heart I found him as he had ever been—even as you remember him, Mr Lindsay, in the days of his beautiful boyhood. The purest, the most affectionate, the most endearing and interesting of created beings. And his intellectual powers, which were, I believe, of the first order, had expanded to a degree that surpassed even the sanguine expectations of his first tutor, our worthy rector, Mr Wilmot.

“The first few days of his return were devoted almost entirely to me, and to revisiting every spot of ‘dear Merivale,’ as he was ever wont to term the house I so fondly hoped he would inherit, which had been more particularly the scene of his boyish and youthful pleasures. But among them, his most cherished haunts were those associated with the memory of his lost sister—and often, during his stay at Merivale, would he steal away with his book to an arbour they had built together, from whence, over the sweetbrier-hedge which divided it from a small paddock, he could fondle and feed her

old white pony, who had his run for life in luxurious idleness.

“You have often smiled, Mr Lindsay, at the romantic fancies of ‘the young dreamer,’ as you used to call my poor Herbert. You read him well; and the natural enthusiasm of his character, acquiring strength with years, and becoming more concentrated as it was more carefully repressed, gained at last a morbid ascendancy in the moral system. From his very infancy my Herbert, though at all times sweet-tempered, and often innocently gay and playful, was of a serious and thoughtful nature—loving to steal away by himself, and spent whole hours in the woods surrounding our house, or by the brook side, under pretence of angling. But his fishing-basket was brought home for the most part empty, and his tackle in a state little creditable to the young disciple of Isaac Walton, whose ‘Complete Angler’ was his darling companion; and contained evidence, on its fly-leaves and on every spot of blank paper, that the youthful fisherman was more emulous of his master’s poetic vein, than of proficiency in his favourite sport.

“But we seldom ventured to jest with him on the subject of his unsuccessful wanderings, or to pry into the innocent mystery of his poetic secrets—his heightened colour and often glistening eye evincing on such occasions that painful shyness so generally characteristic of deep and acute sensibility. Time and thought, and solitary studies, had but fed and concentrated the secret flame, feeding it with high hopes and lofty aspirations, and glorious visions, but not of *this world’s* glories.

“We had not been long together before I began to perceive, that if no unfavourable change had taken place in Herbert’s bodily health, the tone of his mind had undergone alteration (and that of a disquieting nature) during his college residence. There was an increased degree of excitability about him: He fell more frequently, even in the social circle, into fits of long and deep abstraction; and if an opportunity occurred, seldom failed to steal away to his books or solitary musings, and I was not long in discovering that some change had taken place in his reli-

gious views, and in the sober and rational purpose with which he had hitherto looked forward to his sacred destination.

"I found that his few college associates had been selected among a set of persons assuming to themselves the designation of 'serious young men;' and that with a little knot of these—highly gifted and of unquestionable moral character, though far gone in Calvinistic error—Herbert had associated himself, not only during his short intervals of relaxation, but in theological studies and religious exercises, the fruit of which intercourse had been to unsettle and perplex his mind, exciting in it doubts and scruples, not only on doctrinal points, but respecting the justifiableness of entering upon the ministry with *any* contingent views of temporal advantage—the presentation to the small living of Merivale having been promised to Herbert by the relation in whose gift it was, *after* his decision on taking holy orders, and it was in fact held for him by our friend Mr Wilmot until such time as he should be qualified to take upon himself the sacred responsibility. Except the small estate of Merivale, I had little in my power to bequeath to my adopted son—whose trifling patrimonial inheritance would have been insufficient to enable him to reside in that endeared home, without the additional income of the living in question. The unsolicited and unexpected promise had been accepted by my dear Herbert with ardent gratitude, for on the prospect so extended to him, how many and how delightful were the paths of spiritual and temporal usefulness that would lay before him. With a heart and head full of these pure hopes and pious views, he went to college. Alas! that the intervention of mistaken zeal should have disturbed the moral calm based on so irreproachable a purpose.

"It was with considerable uneasiness that I became gradually aware of the mischief fermenting in his ardent and enthusiastic mind, and I lost no time in communicating to Mr Wilmot the result of my observations. He entered warmly into my fears and feelings, and from that time lost no opportunity of being

alone with his late pupil, and of engaging him in confidential discussion of his newly conceived doubts and conscientious scruples. Herbert had always felt great attachment, and entertained high respect for his venerable instructor, knowing him to be indeed the faithful and zealous servant of his Heavenly Master. This renewed intercourse between tutor and pupil was therefore not uninfluential with the latter, and I parted with him, on his return to Cambridge, with sanguine hope that the happier frame of mind and fixedness of purpose he had latterly regained, would not again be disturbed or shaken by the wild and speculative theories of that 'zeal without experience' so generally tending towards dangerous error—fanaticism, or infidelity.

"Too soon, however, the constrained and ambiguous style of his letters gave me reason to fear that he was relapsing into his former state of disquietude, and my reawakened anxiety was cruelly aggravated by the report of two young cantabs, with whom I found myself in company at the house of a neighbouring gentleman. They spoke in terms of high respect and encomium of the moral and intellectual qualities of my dear Herbert, but lamented that, at his first entrance in the university, he had been thrown into the society of a set of men, who, however distinguished by their abilities, and sincere in their religious profession, were far gone in sectarian errors, and justly amenable to the charge of pharasaical presumption in their outward assumption of peculiar sanctity and seriousness, and of a conventional language, by which, as by a sort of freemasonry, they distinguished the individuals of their party.

"With the most talented and distinguished of these young aspirants, a Mr Melcomb, Herbert had linked himself in intimate friendship; and I heard with dismay, that the former, having in his own case given up high expectations in the church, with the purpose of devoting himself to missionary labours in far distant lands, was using his powerful influence with my nephew to detach him from the rationally pious views with which he had hitherto

looked forward to ordination, and associate him in his own projected wanderings.

"In aggravation of this disquieting intelligence, I gathered from the reluctant avowals of my young informants, that many persons of Herbert's general acquaintance, themselves included, had been of late struck by his personal alteration, and the strong indications of over excitement and feverish illness which had been for some time past apparent in him.

"You may better imagine than I can describe the thoughts and feelings with which I returned to my home that night; and penned before I slept (or rather before I sought my sleepless bed) a note to the good man, so affectionately interested for Herbert, to whom I had resorted in my former perplexity, requesting the favour of an early visit from him the day ensuing. He found me almost incapable, from agitation, of explaining to him my renewed cause for anxiety, so fearfully had it been increased by the contents of a letter, brought by that morning's post. A few straggling lines in an unsteady hand, which I could scarcely recognise as that of my poor Herbert, informed me, with affectionate precaution, that he was ill—'very ill, certainly—but he hoped not dangerously—and that—at all events—if—even—' And then broke off abruptly the almost illegible scrawl, to which Mr L., his friendly tutor, had subjoined the distressing information that my poor nephew's affectionate endeavour to communicate the tidings of his illness to me in his own handwriting, had been arrested, by a violent paroxysm of the disease, which had assumed the formidable character of brain fever. Under such circumstances, there needed not the cautiously worded intimation with which Mr L.'s postscript concluded to make me fully aware of my poor Herbert's imminent danger, or to decide me on setting out for Cambridge within two hours from the receipt of that terrible letter, accompanied by Mr Wilmot, who hastily made his arrangements for the journey.

"I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I drew near the place and moment which were to

end my dread uncertainty as to the one great question 'life or death?'

That answered by the blessed words—'He still lives'—I could gather little more to cheer or to encourage me in the after report of the medical men who were in attendance on my poor sufferer. For more than ten agonizing days he struggled on through alternate stages of fierce delirium and death-like stupor. But the crisis was favourable. The fever was at length subdued, and though reduced to a state of more than infant weakness, my Herbert was pronounced out of actual danger, and his ultimate restoration to be mainly dependent on the care which should be taken, during a tedious convalescence, to keep him in a state of perfect tranquillity of mind and body. Immediately on our arrival at Cambridge, he had been removed, by consent of his physician, to a private lodging, and I was the more thankful for this arrangement, when it became a point of the first importance to guard him from the slightest agitation—and from every sight or sound, object or person, in the remotest degree likely to produce it. Among the many and frequent enquiries for my poor Herbert, his friend Mr Melcomb was the most constant, and certainly not the least anxiously interested. During the season of pressing and imminent danger, I had had neither thought nor moment to spare from the one engrossing object; but when the dread crisis had terminated in a favourable change, I saw Mr Melcomb, and though in several subsequent interviews with him I found myself, in spite of preconceived opinion, irresistibly charmed by his amiable and engaging manners, characterised though they were by the conventional language of his party; and though I did full justice to his purity of intention, intellectual powers, and sincere affection for my nephew, I felt but the more confirmed in my determination to prevent if possible all intercourse between him and Herbert, during the interval that must still elapse before the latter should have regained sufficient strength to warrant his removal to Merivale.

"As my nephew slowly revived to consciousness of his late danger and his actual state, and began to

make faint enquiries for those who he was well assured had been kindly concerned about him, I did not feel myself justified in withholding from him the knowledge, that his friend Mr Melcomb had been among the most anxious of the daily enquirers. Reluctantly I pronounced the name—and fearfully awaited the remark or request it might call forth. But it was heard in silence—only with a deep sigh, and an almost imperceptible motion of the lips—and after a moment, the invalid half turned round upon his pillow, softly murmuring to himself, ‘Poor Melcomb! it is all over now;’ and then, as if exhausted by this feeble effort, he closed his eyes, and spoke no more for hours.

“Neither, for many days, did he renew the subject, which I by no means felt it incumbent on me to remind him of, though Mr Melcomb began to plead with increased urgency for admittance to his friend’s sick chamber.

“Our medical advisers, however, (having necessarily been made aware of Herbert’s peculiar circumstances,) declared unhesitatingly, their opinion that strong and long continued over-excitement and agitation of mind, acting on a most excitable constitution, had brought on the so nearly fatal crisis; and that his life and reason still hung in such uneven balance, that the slightest jar might be partially or wholly fatal. ‘Let him,’ they said, ‘see no one but yourself, and his worthy old tutor who has shared your anxious task, during the short remainder of his present stay at Cambridge—and the moment he can be moved with safety, take him back with you to the home of his youth, and keep him there—far from this place and from his late associates—until he shall at least have recovered as much physical health as may be accompanied, we will hope, by a moral tone less morbidly liable than at present to injurious influence.’

“The first part of this friendly advice I cautiously communicated to the dear patient, and unspeakably was my mind relieved when he calmly replied, after a pause of deep reflection—‘Be it so, my dear aunt. Tell this to Melcomb. Tell him it *may be better* we should NOT MEET NOW. Hereafter—if my life should

be prolonged—but *not now—not yet*.—Tell him he shall hear from me when I can guide a pen firmly, and write calmly—and till then, and for ever—God bless him!’

“We were at length permitted to depart, and by short and slow stages our dear charge was safely conveyed to Merivale, and I had the comfort of seeing him once more established in our pleasant home. Still so languid and enfeebled as to require support in his few steps from the carriage to the hall door, he stopt on the familiar threshold, and looked about him with an expression so peculiar, so made up of quiet gladness and gratitude, and other thoughts, not of this world surely, that it struck to my heart a shuddering consciousness of the feelings and forebodings then passing in his, and the words with which I would have welcomed him home again, died inaudible on my lips.

“So tedious and almost imperceptible was his progress towards recovery, that I should scarcely have ascertained it, but by comparison of its weekly stages; from his first removal from the couch in his own dressing room to that in my boudoir for a few afternoon hours, to his re-establishment at his favourite bay window in the library and general resumption of all his in-door habits. The regaining of farther liberty was still, we saw, to be a work of time, and the patient invalid murmured not that his enjoyment of out-door exercise was long restricted to carriage airings and a few turns at intervals on the broad gravel walk under our south windows.

“As the summer advanced, however—the last year’s summer—his amendment more visibly progressed, and I should have looked forward with sanguine expectation to his perfect restoration, but for a mysterious something—an indefinable change in his general manner—in the expression of his countenance, and even in the tone of his voice—which filled me with vague uneasiness, and fears I scarcely dared to analyze.

“Mild and thoughtful had been at all times my Herbert’s character, but innocently cheerful too, and enthusiastically ardent in all his favourite pursuits—and it had been his delight especially to talk over with

me (his confidant from childhood) all his hopes of happiness and usefulness in that station of life which had been so entirely the selection of his heart and judgment. From the period of our return home he never on any occasion reverted to the subject, or made allusion to his earthly future; and if any observation in reference to it was made by myself or others, he either eluded it by some slight vague answer, or let it pass unnoticed, but by the shade of deeper seriousness which at such times fell on his thoughtful brow, and by a faint and sickly smile I now and then detected on his pale lips—perceptible perhaps to myself only, but how keen is the eye of anxious tenderness! Neither did he voluntarily take part in any general conversational topics or discussion of passing events, whether of local or national interest. He seemed like one who, having no part to play on life's busy stage, desired as much as possible to shut out even its distant murmurs, and to take no cognisance of 'chance or change,' beyond the circle of his own home and the world of his own heart. Within that small circle he had become more and more endeared to every living being during the season of his protracted feebleness and dependence; so beautiful and touching was his heavenly sweetness of temper, his unalterable patience and his affectionate gratitude for every little attention or required service rendered to him by myself, his kind old tutor, or the faithful servants who had lived with me before his birth, and had taken their part in the care of himself and his little sister, when the infant orphans were brought from the house of mourning and death to the shelter of my roof, in prattling unconsciousness of their irreparable loss.

"For each and every one of those humble friends Herbert had ever a kind word or smile, a grateful expression, or some familiar question when they approached him, even with that officiousness of over-anxiety so trying to irritable invalids; and for my sake, he would at all times throw aside his book, or rouse himself from his deepest abstractions—but it was evident he made the effort for my sake only, and that the solitary musings to which he had

been ever addicted were become the cherished and abiding habit of his mind.

"Often have I sat for hours, ostensibly occupied with my book or needlework, but in reality watching the varying expression of his countenance, as he lay back in his large reading-chair in the library window—an open volume in his hands, but his eyes seldom directed to its pages, or apparently fixed on any external object, except that, when they sometimes wandered to the scene without, a moist film would gather over the dark blue orbs, and, after closing them for a few moments, their long black lashes would be fringed with tears—ah! with what feelings have I watched that eloquent silence—how fearfully have I conjectured the thoughts with which he had been contemplating the scene of his earliest pleasures. Had they been occupied solely with associations of the past? the memory of his sweet sister and her foreign grave? or mingled with such feelings as cause the eye to linger fondly on objects it shall not long behold? I shrank from my *own thoughts*; and, after all, I believed, I hoped, he was doing well, and no dreaded, well-known symptom had yet warned me of his real danger. But this poor hope, this almost wilful delusion, was soon to be withdrawn, and for ever. As yet, I had not acquired courage closely to question Herbert's skilful and attentive medical adviser. But his visits, I observed, were longer and more frequent; and methought there was a shade of deeper seriousness upon his countenance after those lengthened conferences. 'I *will* speak to him—I will question him to-morrow' was, day after day, my self-engagement; 'but, after all, there can be no serious alteration for the worse. He does not lose strength—he has no cough,' was the miserable sophistry with which, from day to day, I still protracted my enquiry.

"Since our return home from Cambridge, Herbert had received two letters from his friend Mr Melcomb. He had read, and re-read them, with evidently deep interest; for during the perusal the faint colour of his cheek would come and go, and he would sigh and shake his head, murmuring to himself inau-

dible words. I observed this emotion with no little anxiety, but was scarcely more relieved than surprised when it became evident that he was in no haste at least to answer these agitating communications. At last, on my return from a round of country visits, I found him one morning in the act of sealing letters, one of which was directed to his friend.

"He seemed exhausted, as if by an unusual effort, and said faintly, as he pushed the letters from him—'Thank God, it is written! My poor Melcomb!'—There had always been a sort of restraint between us on the subject of this friendship, and Herbert had never, since his return, named Melcomb to me; but now, raising his eyes to mine, after that short soliloquy, he said, as if inviting my attention—'You could not but like Melcomb, my dear aunt, even for the little you saw of him at Cambridge. You must have loved him, had you known him as I do.' I freely acknowledged the favourable impression made on me by his friend's engaging manners and evident powers of mind, at the same time cautiously adverted to those characteristic peculiarities of style and expression which, even in the short time we were together, afforded me sufficient corroboration of the reports which had represented him to be a dangerous intimate for one so inexperienced—so enthusiastic and warm-hearted as my dear Herbert.

"He sighed, and for a moment seemed lost in thought. Then again, looking up at me, he rejoined, 'Perhaps you was right, my dear aunt—my more than mother! You have known your poor Herbert long and well—the idle dreamer—the fond visionary! And yet before I went to Cambridge, and for some time afterwards, I believe I was for a time in the safe and straight path. My poor Melcomb! he loved me sincerely, and yet I was so much his inferior in every thing. His views were so beautiful—so holy—so single—so self-sacrificing! all I had previously entertained appeared to me so poor, and cold, and selfish on comparison—and yet, on some points, his were awful tenets! I could neither entirely embrace, nor satisfy myself they were altogether erroneous. The struggle was too hard for this poor head and this weak

frame of mine, and both gave way.—But, thank God,' he continued, after a pause of deep emotion, 'all is well with me now—all is peace! In that first portion of my tedious convalescence, during which the mental powers as well as the physical were, to all appearance, reduced to a state of perfect inanition, while I lay in seeming unconsciousness of all external things, my mind was dealing with itself, or rather the spirit of truth and love was at work within me, rebuking, chastening, composing, healing, and I awoke from that blessed trance with a determination to shun for the future all unprofitable enquiries into mysteries too deep and high for human comprehension—to lay aside (at least for a long season) all works of controversial divinity, and to turn in all my doubts and difficulties to this book only—this blessed Book!' and, with an upward glance of adoring gratitude, he let fall his outspread hand on the Bible which lay beside his writing-desk.

"There was that in the solemn fervour of his looks and language which awed and calmed, while it affected me profoundly, and I could only lean forward in silence, and press my lips to the thin pale hand that rested on the sacred volume; but my dear Herbert saw, as I lifted up my face, that it was wet with tears. Then it was that, drawing his chair close to mine and taking my hand in both his, he began his task of tender preparation. For what! Oh, Heavens! the agony of that moment! What words, however cautious, could communicate, without piercing my very heart, the knowledge that his days were numbered—that for many weeks the dreaded disease had declared itself by such symptoms as, being made known to our anxious medical friend, had caused that ominous shade of increased seriousness in his kind face, which I had read so fearfully, but shrank from interpreting.

"'It is even so, my aunt,' said the beloved one, when I regained sufficient self-command to control the outward token of anguish. 'It is even so; and already, as you may have observed, I have bid farewell to the world: and now, but for the pain of leaving you, I could rejoice that my hour is nigh. And yet—dreamer that I am!—I had looked forward to many sweet and pleasant

passages in this life! To many days of faithful ministration and varied usefulness in my appointed station. To some dear future home among those I was leading heavenward, shared perhaps by - - - but *his* will be done. *Earthly* love might have more than divided this weak heart with him, whose right is all: Or again, the infirm mind might have wandered into dangerous paths, and the excitable spirit have been deluded by "vain imaginings." It is in mercy that I am called thus early to rejoin my sweet sister.' And his voice faltered as he uttered the last words, and sank into a low inward articulation, as if replying to his own thoughts, when he continued, after a moment's pause—'And what matters it that our dust may not mingle in the same grave, when the spirit shall be reunited in eternity?'

"He had let fall my hand while uttering the last sentence, and sank back in his chair with closed eyes—as if for the moment abstracted from all consciousness of my presence and of the painful task he had undertaken. But recalled to a sense of my distress by the sound of a half suppressed sob, he started from his reclining posture, and with a tender and almost a cheerful smile, again took my hand, and affectionately kissing it, said—'But, beloved aunt! though I thought it best to acquaint you myself with what you could not have remained in ignorance of much longer, I have *not* told you that the time of our separation is *immediately* at hand: Many, many months—nay longer still—you may have to watch over the charge you will never feel to be a burden. Let us pass together my remaining portion of time like friends who are preparing to part but for a season; the one for another hemisphere to make ready for the joyful coming of her who was left behind. *You* will take comfort and support yourself for my sake, and God will support us both.'

"I felt that he was right—that for his sake I must not yield myself up to selfish sorrow: there would be much to do and to suffer, and I must brace myself for the appointed trial. I sought the solitude of my chamber and was '*still*' but not *alone*:—and when my dear Herbert and I

met again in the drawing-room before dinner, I was able to meet his look of kind solicitude with one which assured him of my regained composure.

"My next day's conference with Kendrick (our medical friend) too fully confirmed Herbert's communication. But on my pressing him on the subject—alas! the heart-sicken- ing forlorn hope—of change of air—of climate—he gave his ready acquiescence to our removal for the approaching winter to some warm sheltered station on our own sea coast—Herbert having premised his unconquerable repugnance to leave England.

"I fear that if the dear being had been left to the guidance of his own wishes, he would thankfully have chosen to remain at Merivale—to dwell with his last looks on familiar objects and endeared scenes, and enjoying that sacredness of repose, inviolate only in the sanctuary of Home. But not for a moment did he contest the point on which he saw my trembling anxiety. He faintly smiled indeed when I ventured to hint at hopes beyond the mere procrastination of the dreaded event; but *that* he admitted might (God willing) be effected by the proposed plan, and he gave his cheerful assent for our immediate departure, the autumn being already far advanced, for Torquay, which was the place fixed on for our winter sojourn.

"My old butler, Johnson, preceded us, to engage a habitation, and make suitable arrangements for the particular accommodation and comfort of my dear invalid, and we had every reason, on our arrival, to be satisfied with the result of his mission.

"He had taken for us one of two houses, built under the shelter of a wall of living rock, which by its gentle curvature completely protected them from the north and east, and partly from even the western breezes, while its whole front lay open to the sunny south; the silver sands, to which a grass slope descended from the broad terrace-walk which ran along the verandah, and the deep blue sea, glancing with innumerable sails.

"We reached our marine villa towards the close of a beautiful September afternoon; and Herbert, who

had borne the journey wonderfully well, looked round him, as we took possession, with such sweet contentment in his face, as communicated to my heart a sense of gladness that would have been *almost* hope, if I had dared to encourage the fond whisperer.

"Very soon my dear invalid was seated at one of the French windows, which opened into the broad veranda throughout the length of two adjoining rooms.

"The late autumn noon was still and warm as a bright summer evening; and the measured plash of the long ridgy waves, as they stole softly over the glittering sands, and sluggishly retired, came pleasantly upon the traveller's ear, still ringing with the sound of grinding wheels and clattering hoofs.

"The house taken for us was only let occasionally by the gentleman whose property it was, and the veranda was tastefully decorated with fine vases and beautiful exotics. Close to the open window, at which Herbert had seated himself, stood a noble orange tree, gorgeous with golden fruit and snowy blossoms. Of these, a few petals were wafted towards him by a wandering breeze, and as their odour stole over his senses, I saw his countenance change, and his eyes fill with tears. I drew near, and kissed his forehead in silence, but our eyes met, and we needed not to tell each other to what far distant land our thoughts had wandered.

"Looking earnestly for a moment on a small gold hoop which encircled the little finger of his left hand, he pressed his lips to it, and said, 'I took this ring from her dead finger—our mother's wedding ring—let it not be withdrawn from mine, for I am the last of my race. Living, I would never have parted with it, but for one purpose ————— Do you know, my dear aunt,' he continued, with a quick inflexion of voice, as he looked up half-smiling in my face, 'I had the strangest dream about this ring the night before we left Merivale. One of my "poetic visions" you would call it, and truth to tell, I had been recreating that evening with my favourite Thalaba. Well, you shall hear as how in this my dream I found myself (how

brought thither I know not) in the chancel of a strange church, all hung with black, and so dimly lighted, that nothing was distinctly visible but the altar, on which flamed two of those immense wax tapers which are used in the pageant of a corpse lying in state. The table was spread as for a solemn ceremony, and before it, fronting the rails, stood a tall figure, attired rather as a monk than as a Protestant clergyman, for he wore a loose black robe, with a hood or cowl, which was drawn over his head and face. But, open in his hands, was our book of Common Prayer, from which, in a voice so deep and hollow, that it sounded as if ascending from the vaults beneath, he was reading, what I knew by some mysterious perception not connected with the sense of hearing, to be the marriage ceremony, and though unconscious how all had come to pass, I felt neither surprise nor perplexity at the circumstances in which I found myself, kneeling on the altar steps beside a female figure, covered from head to foot with a thick white veil. I was sensible that the relation in which we thus knelt together was that of bridegroom and bride, but when I stretched forth my hand, by a sort of mechanical impulse, to take hers as the rite proceeded, I felt no horror at the contact, though the hand which met mine from beneath the folds of the thick veil was cold and clammy like that of a corpse, and the nails of the small taper fingers were purpled and shrunken. Well, dear aunt, *you* shudder, but I did not, nor shrank from my veiled bride. There were shadowy forms near us—behind and on either side—but I knew not by whom that chilly hand was placed in mine, nor do I remember hearing distinctly the solemn question, nor articulating the affirmative, "I will." But somehow the assent was asked and given on either part, and when the time came for placing the ring on the bride's finger, I transferred to it *this very* ring drawn from my own—my mother's wedding-ring—and no sooner was the pledge given, than a bell tolled, (a funeral bell,) the tapers flared up to the vaulted roof, and the officiating priest stood before us disrobed of his sable vestments. It was Azrael, the Angel of Death."

A SUMMARY OF THE TIMES
IN NURSERY RHYMES.

SCENE—*A half finished Wall, behind which is seen the Church Tower standing.*

THIS is the wall the Whigs built—
These the block-heads
That were batter'd to shreds
Against the wall the Whigs built.

THIS is Earl Grey, who began the wall,
But dropp'd down his trowel for fear of a fall,
When his 'prentice lads, with sneering and scoff,
Push'd down the ladder and kick'd him off—
That all the block-heads
Might be batter'd to shreds
Against the wall the Whigs built.

THIS is little John, who carried the hod,
And feared for his life the School-master's rod,
And with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
Was spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
But dropp'd down his trowel for fear of a fall,
When the 'prentice lads, with scorn and scoff,
Push'd down the ladder and kick'd him off—
That all the block-heads
Might be batter'd to shreds
Against the wall the Whigs built.

THIS is the "Schoolmaster" "*all abroad*,"
That plotted, and raved, and bullied, and jaw'd,
And so thought the King might be overaw'd
When he flung down his bags,
And ordered his nags—
And anew begg'd for place, but was voted *outlaw'd*,
That made little John laugh, who carried the hod,
And fear'd for his life the Schoolmaster's rod,
And with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
Was spokesman to Grey, who began the wall,
But left off his work, for fear of a fall,
When the 'prentice lads, with a bitter scoff,
Kick'd down the ladder, and tumbled him off—
That all the block-heads
Might be batter'd to shreds
Against the wall the Whigs built.

THIS is Lord Palmerston, Talleyrand's pet,
His monkey, his Cupid, he kept in his net,
And clipp'd his wings,
That in leading strings
He should only dance the French minuet,
That made the pedantics
Be turned into antics,
Of the silly old Schoolmaster all abroad,
That plotted and raved, and bullied and jaw'd,
And thought the good King would be overaw'd—
When he flung down his bags,
And order'd his nags—
And anew begg'd for place, but was voted *outlaw'd*,
That made little John laugh, who carried the hod,
And ate his own words, at the Schoolmaster's rod,
And with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,

Was spokesman to Grey, who began the wall,
 But would not go on, for he fear'd a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, with a hem and a cough,
 Wink'd at each other and kick'd him off—

That all the block-heads
 Might be batter'd to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 Who took from the poor potato and pig,
 Who said, six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house, or dropp'd down from the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known,
 There are forty alone,
 And that he is the chief, they all men of his own,
 That now bullied the Whigs, now kept them in play,
 And all nothing loath
 To take davy and oath,
 Though they care not a straw for either or both,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 His country's sad curse,
 With Papists and Priests

That deem a man's life of less worth than a beast's—
 Little thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading strings,
 He might make him dance his own minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Be turn'd into antics,
 Of the crazy Ex-Chancellor, really "*abroad*,"
 Who plotted, and raved, and with sarcasm jaw'd,
 And thought the king would be overaw'd—
 So he flung down his bags,
 And order'd his nags,

Then petition'd for place, but was voted out-law'd,
 That made little John laugh, who carried the hod,
 And ate his own words, at the Schoolmaster's rod,
 And with pee-wit voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Was spokesman to Grey who began the wall,
 But would not go on for fear of a fall ;
 When his 'prentice lads, with scorn and scoff,
 Upset the ladder and kick'd him off,
 That all the block-heads,
 Might be batter'd to shreds,
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is poor Littleton "indiscreet,"
 That, with hatching strange eggs, on his go-between legs
 Could not stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 Who took the poor man's potato and pig,
 And said, six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house, and then laugh'd in their sleeves,
 Though 'tis very well known,
 There were forty alone,
 And all of them rascally men of his own,
 And all nothing loath
 To take davy and oath,
 Though they cared not a straw for one or both,

That bullied the Whigs with absolute sway,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 The country's dire curse,
 With Papists and Priests,
 That look on man's life as less worth than a beast's,
 Little heeded by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 That had clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might teach him to dance the minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Fantastical antics,
 Of the singular Chancellor, gone abroad,
 Who plotted his under-plots, bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd,
 When he flung down the bags,
 And ordered his nags,
 But turn'd back for place, though really outlaw'd,
 That made little John laugh, who carried the hod,
 And terribly fear'd the Schoolmaster's rod,
 When with feeble voice, like a pea in a pod,
 He was spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 But left off the work for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, with scorn and scoff,
 Kick'd down the ladder, and push'd him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be batter'd to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is Lord Durham, with mustard jole,
 Half yellow with bile, half black with coal,
 That the Rads really think,
 In his pride and his ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, all ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make e'en poor Littleton seem discreet,
 That hatch'd such strange eggs—till his go-between legs
 Couldn't keep him upright, so he fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, when both cried, Cheat—
 Well scourg'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 Who took the poor Papists' potato and pig,
 And said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the House, or dropp'd in through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known,
 There were forty alone,
 And that he was their chief, they men of his own,
 And all nothing loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Tho' they cared not one straw for either or both,
 That bullied the Whigs, and kept them in play,
 And made 'em compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And raise up the sad curse,
 The Papistical Priests,
 That deem a man's life of less worth than a beast's,
 Not thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 That clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might make him dance the French minuet,

That made the pedantics
 Fantastical antics,
 Of the Chancellor Schoolmaster all abroad,
 Who plotted and fail'd, and so bullied and jaw'd,
 When he thought the King would be overaw'd,
 When he bang'd the bags,
 And ordered his nags—
 But petitioned for place—and was voted outlaw'd—
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod—
 For he didn't now fear the Schoolmaster's rod—
 That with feeblest voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman to Grey, who began the wall,
 But wouldn't go on for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, with a bitter scoff,
 Push'd down the ladder, and slid him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be batter'd to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is the Member what crows like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever should sound, though Tories said no,
 Till all that is noble and great be brought low
 To the dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 The Rads of Lord Durham, with mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and his ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, some roar and yet blink
 At the brimstone, all ready to plunge from the brink—
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, on his go-between legs,
 Could no longer stand upright, but fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, who cried out, Cheat—
 Scourged sore by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 Who took the poor Papists' potato and pig—
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house, or dropped in from the eaves,
 Tho' 'tis very well known,
 There were forty alone,
 And all of them well chosen men of his own,
 And all nothing loath
 To take davy and oath,
 Tho' they cared not one straw for either or both—
 That bullied the Whigs, and kept them in play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And what is much worse,
 Raise Romanist Priests,
 Who value the life of a man as a beast's,
 Not dream'd of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 And in leading-strings
 Taught him to dance his French minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Fantastical antics,
 Of the very odd Chancellor, really abroad,
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied and jaw'd,
 And thought the King would be overaw'd—
 When he beat the bags,
 Then ordered his nags,

But turn'd back to say—am I really out-law'd?
 That made little John laugh, that had carried the hod,
 Relieved from the fear of the Schoolmaster's rod,
 That with very thin voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 But left it off for fear of a fall—
 When his 'prentice Whigs, with secret scoff,
 Kick'd down the ladder and push'd him off,
 That all the block-heads
 Might be batter'd to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is Frank Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years set the world by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger folk's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery
 That he'd ridiculed oft in his yellows and blues,
 When Maga the Queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up the Whigs with her strong Magazine,
 And demolish'd Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made "a Movement" not fit to be seen,
 Among whom was the member *what* crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That never would cease—though Tories said no,
 Till both church and state were levell'd down low
 To the dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with mustard jole,
 Half yellow with bile, half black with coal—

 Who the Radicals think,
 In his pride and ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,

While some of them roar, and few of them shrink
 From their natural brimstone, but stand on the brink,
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That hatch'd such strange eggs, till his go-between legs
 Wouldn't hold him upright, so he fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that cried out, Cheat—
 By O'Connell well pommell'd, the Beggarman big,
 Who took the poor Papists' potato and pig,

 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,

Had broke into the house and dropped in from the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known

 There were forty alone,

And most of them well-chosen rogues of his own,
 And none of them loath

 To take day or oath,

Tho' they care not one straw for either or both,
 That bullied the Whigs, and kept them in play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,

 To fill Beggarman's purse,

 And, what is much worse,

 Raise Romanist Priests,

Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,

Little heeded by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,

So pleased to be caught in Talleyrand's net,

 Who clipp'd his wings,

 And in leading-strings

Taught him to dance the French minuet,

 That made the pedantics

 Become horrid antics,

Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, all abroad,

That plotted and fail'd, and travell'd and jaw'd

And thought that the King he had overaw'd,

When he bang'd the bags,
 And order'd his nags,
 And petition'd for place, but was voted out-law'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 Relieved from the fear of the Schoolmaster's rod;
 That with very thin voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman to Grey, who began the wall,
 But left it off, for fear of a fall;
 When his 'prentice lads, with sneer and scoff,
 Kick'd down the ladder, and shoved him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be batter'd to shreds
 Against the walls the Whigs built.

This is Lord Stanley, who acted so manly,
 When he saw the tricks of the knavish Whigs,
 And denounced them as playing their thimble-rigs,
 When he talk'd to Sir James, who, like all other Grahams,
 Wouldn't do dirty work for other folk's aims—
 So they coolly took leave, to the ministers' shames;
 But so didn't Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years had set folk by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger men's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery,
 That he'd ridiculed oft in his yellows and blues,
 When Maga, bright queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up all the Whigs with her stored Magazine,
 And demolished Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made the "Movement" not fit to be seen;
 Among whom was the member *what* crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever would sound, though the Tories said no,
 Till the Church was reform'd, and the mighty laid low
 To a dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with the mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and half black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and red ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, tho' ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, with his go-between legs
 Couldn't stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 That took the poor Papists' potato and pig,
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house or dropped down through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known
 There were forty alone,
 All flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone,
 And none of them loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Though they care not one straw for either or both;
 That bullied the Ministry, kept them at play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And a desperate curse,
 Mad Papists, mad Priests,
 Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,
 Nor thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,

Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might gracefully dance his minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Become such strange antics,
 Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, *now* abroad;
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd—
 When bang went the bags!
 And he order'd his nags,
 But wrote for a place, and was voted out-law'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 To be free at last from the Schoolmaster's rod;
 That with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 And who stayed his hand for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, in scorn and in scoff,
 Kicked down the ladder and shoved him off,
 That all the block-heads
 Might be battered to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is Lord Melbourne, Premier and Peer,
 Who travell'd to Brighton,
 The King to enlighten,
 And came back again with a flea in his ear,
 A good joke to Stanley, who acted so manly,
 When he saw the tricks of the knavish Whigs,
 And denounced them for playing at thimble-rigs,
 When he talk'd to Sir James, who, like all other Grahams,
 Wouldn't do dirty work for other folk's aims—
 So they coolly took leave, to the ministers' shames;
 But so didn't Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years had set folk by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger men's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery,
 That he'd ridiculed oft in his yellows and blues;
 When Maga, bright queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up all the Whigs with her stored Magazine,
 And demolish'd Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made the "Movement" not fit to be seen;
 Among whom was the member what crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever would sound, though the Tories said no,
 Till the Church was reform'd, and the mighty laid low
 To a dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with the mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and half black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and red ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, tho' ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, with his go-between legs
 Couldn't stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 That took the poor Papist's potato and pig,
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house, or dropped down through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known
 There were forty alone,

All flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone,
 And none of them loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Though they care not a straw for either or both,
 That bullied the Ministry, kept them at play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And a desperate curse,
 Mad Papists, mad priests,
 Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,
 Nor thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might gracefully dance his minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Become such strange antics,
 Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, *now* abroad,
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd,—
 When bang went the bags!
 And he order'd his nags,
 But wrote for a place, and was voted outlaw'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 To be free at last from the Schoolmaster's rod,
 That with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 And who stayed his hand for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, in scorn and in scoff,
 Kicked down the ladder and shoved him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be battered to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is Duke Arthur of Waterloo,
 Who did the work the Whigs couldn't do,
 Though he told them that work they would surely rue,
 When the Papists came in,
 And Reform, that sin,
 That made ministry men out of barbers' blocks,
 And Parliament men what crow'd like cocks,
 That made Melbourne blush, the Premier and Peer,
 Who travell'd to Brighton,
 The King to enlighten,
 And came back again with a flea in his ear,
 A good joke to Stanley, who acted so manly,
 When he saw the tricks of the knavish Whigs,
 And denounced them for playing at thimble-rigs,
 When he talk'd to Sir James, who, like all other Grahams,
 Wouldn't do dirty work for other folk's aims—
 So they coolly took leave to the ministers' shames;
 But so didn't Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years had set folk by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger men's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery,
 That he'd ridiculed oft in his yellows and blues,
 When Maga, bright queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up all the Whigs with her stored Magazine,
 And demolish'd Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made the "Movement" not fit to be seen;
 Among whom was the member what crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever would sound, though the Tories said no,
 Till the Church was reform'd, and the mighty laid low,

To a dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with the mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and half black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and red ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, tho' ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, with his go-between legs
 Couldn't stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell the Beggarman big,
 That took the poor Papists' potato and pig,
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house or dropped down through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known
 There were forty alone,
 All flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone,
 And none of them loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Though they care not a straw for either or both,
 That bullied the Ministry, kept them at play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And a desperate curse,
 Mad Papists, mad Priests,
 Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,
 Nor thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might gracefully dance his minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Become such strange antics,
 Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, *now* abroad;
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd,—
 When bang went the bags!
 And he order'd his nags;
 But wrote for a place, and was voted outlaw'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 To be free at last from the Schoolmaster's rod,
 That with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 And who stayed his hand for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, in scorn and in scoff,
 Kicked down the ladder and shoved him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be battered to shreds,
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

This is the King, God him bless! who laugh'd,
 That the Whigs so little should know of their craft,
 Though crafty enough,
 And answer'd them bluff,
 Get out of my sight for ye're all of ye daft.
 What, down Church and steeple!!!
 I know well my people,
 Aye, ten-pound renters,
 Except a few sneaking seditious Dissenters,
 Will stand up to a man, and first beat out your brains
 'Gainst the wall that you've built with such infinite pains.

So he sent for Duke Arthur of Waterloo,
 Who did the work the Whigs couldn't do,
 Though he told them that work they would surely rue,
 When the Papists came in,
 And Reform, that sin,
 That made ministry men out of barbers' blocks,
 And Parliament men what crow'd like cocks;
 That made Melbourne blush, the Premier and Peer,
 Who travell'd to Brighton,
 The King to enlighten,
 And came back again with a flea in his ear—
 A good joke to Stanley, who acted so manly,
 When he saw the tricks of the knavish Whigs,
 And denounced them for playing at thimble-rigs,
 When he talk'd to Sir James, who, like all other Grahams,
 Wouldn't do dirty work for other folk's aims—
 So they coolly took leave, to the ministers' shames;
 But so didn't Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years had set folk by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger men's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery,
 That he'd ridiculed so oft in his yellows and blues;
 When Maga, bright queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up all the Whigs with her stored Magazine,
 And demolish'd Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made the "Movement" not fit to be seen;
 Among whom was the member what crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever would sound, though the Tories said no,
 Till the Church was reform'd, and the mighty laid low
 To a dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with the mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and half black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and red ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, tho' ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make even Lyttleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, with his go-between legs
 Couldn't stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Gray and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 That took the poor Papists' potato and pig,
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house or dropped down through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known
 There were forty alone,
 All flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone,
 And none of them loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Though they care not a straw for either or both;
 That bullied the Ministry, kept them at play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And a desperate curse,
 Mad Papists, mad Priests,
 Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,
 Nor thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading-strings
 He might gracefully dance his minuet,

That made the pedantics
 Become such strange antics,
 Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, *now* abroad,
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd,—
 When bang went the bags!
 And he order'd his nags;
 But wrote for a place, and was voted outlaw'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 To be free at last from the Scholmaster's rod,
 That with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 And who stayed his hand for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, in scorn and in scoff,
 Kicked down the ladder and shoved him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be battered to shreds,
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

And this is Sir Robert, who came at a call,
 When he heard from the Duke
 Of the royal rebuke,
 That had floor'd all the Whigs, and their terrible fall;
 So he came to save Church, King, and People, and all.
 And 'twas done by the King, God bless him! who laugh'd
 That the Whigs were such sorry adepts in their craft,
 Though crafty enough,
 And answer'd them bluff,
 Get out of my sight, for ye're all of ye daft.
 What, down Church and steeple!!!
 I know well my people,
 Aye, ten-pound renters,
 Except a few sneaking seditious Dissenters,
 Will stand up to a man, and first beat out your brains
 'Gainst the wall that you've built with such infinite pains—
 So he sent for Duke Arthur of Waterloo,
 Who did the work the Whigs couldn't do,
 Though he told them that work they would surely rue,
 When the Papists came in,
 And Reform, that sin,
 That made ministry men out of barbers' blocks,
 And Parliament men what crow'd like cocks,
 That made Melbourne blush, the Premier and Peer,
 Who travell'd to Brighton,
 The King to enlighten,
 And came back again with a flea in his ear—
 A good joke to Stanley, who acted so manly,
 When he saw the tricks of the knavish Whigs,
 When he talked to Sir James, who, like all other Grahams,
 Wouldn't do dirty work for other folk's aims—
 So they coolly took leave, to the ministers' shames,
 But so didn't Jeffrey, expert in reviews,
 Who for forty years had set folk by the ears,
 For he wanted to stand in bigger men's shoes,
 Till all in a shiver he—took the King's livery,
 That he'd ridiculed so oft in his yellows and blues;
 When Maga, bright queen, true and loyal, I ween,
 Blew up all the Whigs with her stored Magazine,
 And demolish'd Lord Jeffrey and all his riff-raffery,
 That all made the "Movement" not fit to be seen;
 Among whom was the member what crow'd like cocks,
 That the Whigs declared was the *populi vox*,
 That ever would sound, though the Tories said no,
 Till the Church was reform'd, and the mighty laid low

To a dunghill, where radical bantams might crow—
 All men of the man with the mustard jole,
 Yellow with bile, and half black with coal,
 That the vagabonds think,
 In his pride and red ire,
 Spits Beelzebub's fire,
 And some of them tremble, and some of them blink,
 At the brimstone, tho' ready to plunge from the brink,
 That would make even Littleton seem discreet,
 That with hatching strange eggs, with his go-between legs
 Couldn't stand upright, so fell at the feet
 Of Grey and O'Connell, that both cried, Cheat—
 Well whipp'd by O'Connell, the Beggarman big,
 That took the poor Papists' potato and pig,
 Who said six hundred thieves,
 With nobody's leaves,
 Had broke into the house, or dropped down through the eaves,
 Though 'tis very well known
 There were forty alone,
 All flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone,
 And none of them loath
 To take davy or oath,
 Though they care not a straw for either or both,
 That bullied the Ministry, kept them at play,
 And made them compound for two murders a-day,
 To fill Beggarman's purse,
 And a desperate curse,
 Mad Papists, mad Priests,
 Who look on the life of a man as a beast's,
 Nor thought of by Palmerston, Cupid, pet,
 So pleased to be dangled in Talleyrand's net,
 Who clipp'd his wings,
 That in leading strings
 He might gracefully dance his minuet,
 That made the pedantics
 Become such strange antics,
 Of the boozey old Schoolmaster, *now* abroad,
 Who plotted in vain, and bullied, and jaw'd,
 And thought the King he had overaw'd,—
 When bang went the bags!
 And he order'd his nags,
 But wrote for a place, and was voted outlaw'd,
 That made little John laugh, who had carried the hod,
 To be free at last from the Schoolmaster's rod,
 That with very weak voice, like a pea in a pod,
 Had been spokesman for Grey, who began the wall,
 And who stayed his hand for fear of a fall,
 When his 'prentice lads, in scorn and in scoff,
 Kicked down the ladder and shoved him off—
 That all the block-heads
 Might be battered to shreds
 Against the wall the Whigs built.

AUDUBON'S ORNITHOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHY.*

WE were sitting, one night lately, all alone by ourselves, almost unconsciously eyeing the embers, fire without flame, in the many-visioned grate, but at times aware of the symbols and emblems there beautifully built up, of the ongoings of human life, when a knocking, not loud but resolute, came to the front door, followed by the rustling thrill of the bell-wire, and then by a tinkling far below, too gentle to waken the house that continued to enjoy the undisturbed dream of its repose. At first we supposed it might be but some late-home-going knight-errant from a feast of shells, in a mood, "between malice and true-love," seeking to disquiet the slumbers of Old Christopher, in expectation of seeing his night-cap (which he never wears) popped out of the window, and of hearing his voice (of which he is chary in the open air) simulating a scold upon the audacious sleep-breaker. So we benevolently laid back our head on our easy-chair, and pursued our speculations on the state of affairs in general—and more particularly on the floundering fall of that inexplicable people—the Whigs. We had been wondering, and of our wondering found no end, what could have been their chief reasons for committing suicide. It appeared a case of very singular *felo-de-se*—for they had so timed the "rash act," as to excite strong suspicions in the public mind that his Majesty had committed murder. Circumstances, however, had soon come to light, that proved to demonstration, that the wretched Ministry had laid violent hands on itself, and effected its purpose by strangulation. There—was the fatal black ring visible round the neck—though a mere thread; there—were the blood-shot eyes protruding from the sockets; there—the lip-biting teeth clenched in the last convulsions; and there—sorriest sight of all—was the ghastly suicidal smile, last relic of the laughter of despair. But the

knocking would not leave the door—and listening to its character, we were assured that it came from the fist of a friend, who saw light through the chinks of the shutter, and knew, moreover, that we never put on the shroud of death's pleasant brother sleep, till "ae wee short hour ayont the twal," and often not till earliest cock-crow, which chancicleer utters somewhat drowsily, and then replaces his head beneath his wing, supported on one side by a parlet, on the other by a hen. So we gathered up our slippered feet from the rug, lamp in hand stalked along the lobbies, unchained and unlocked the oak which our faithful night porter Somnus had sported—and lo! a figure muffled up in a cloak, and furred like a Russ, who advanced familiarly into the hall, extended both hands, and then embracing us, bade God bless us, and pronounced, with somewhat of a foreign accent, the name in which we and the world rejoice—"Christopher North!" We were not slow in returning the hug fraternal—for who was it but the "American Woodsman?"—even AUDUBON himself—fresh from the Floridas—and breathing of the pure air of far-off Labrador!

Three years and upwards had fled since we had taken farewell of the illustrious Ornithologist—on the same spot—at the same hour; and there was something ghostlike in such return of a dear friend from a distant region—almost as if from the land of spirits. It seemed as if the same moon again looked at us—but then she was wan and somewhat sad—now clear as a diamond, and all the starry heavens wore a smile. "Our words they were na mony feck"—but in less time than we have taken to write it—we two were sitting cheek by jowl, and hand in hand, by that essential fire—while we showed by our looks that we both felt, now they were over, that three years were but as one day! The cane coal-scuttle, instinct with spirit, beet-

* Volume II. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. London: Longman and Co. 1834.

ed the fire of its own accord, without word or beck of ours, as if placed there by the hands of one of our wakeful Lares; in globe of purest crystal the Glenlivet shone; unasked the bright brass kettle began "to whisper its sweet under song;" and a centenary of the fairest oysters native to our isle turned towards us their languishing eyes, unseen the Nereid that had on the instant wafted them from the procreant cradlebeds of Prestonpans. Grace said, we drew in to supper, and hobnobbing, from elegant long-shank, down each Naturalist's gullet graciously descended, with a gurgle, the mildest, the meekest, the very Moses of Ales.

Audubon, ere half an hour had elapsed, found an opportunity of telling us that he had never seen us in a higher state of preservation—and in a low voice whispered something about the eagle renewing his youth. We acknowledged the kindness by a remark on bold bright birds of passage that find the seasons obedient to their will, and wing their way through worlds still rejoicing in the perfect year. But too true friends were we not to be sincere in all we seriously said; and while Audubon confessed that he saw rather more plainly than when we parted the crowfeet in the corners of our eyes, we did not deny that we saw in him an image of the Falco Leucocephalus, for that, looking on his "carum caput," it answered his own description of that "handsome and powerful bird," viz. "the general colour of the plumage above is dull hair-brown, the lower parts being deeply brown, broadly margined with greyish white." But here he corrected us; for "surely, my dear friend," quoth he, "you must admit I am a living specimen of the Adult Bird, and you remember my description of him in my First Volume." And thus blending our gravities and our gaieties, we sat facing one another, each with his last oyster on the prong of his trident, which disappeared, like all mortal joys, between a smile and a sigh.

How similar—in much—our dispositions—yet in almost all how dissimilar our lives! Since last we parted, "we scarcely heard of half a mile from home"—he tanned by the suns

and beaten by the storms of many latitudes—we like a ship laid up in ordinary, or anchored close in shore within the same sheltering bay—with sails unfurled and flags flying but for sake of show on some holyday—he like a ship that every morning had been dashing through a new world of waves—often close-reefed—or under bare poles—but oftener affronting the heavens with a whiter and swifter cloud than any hoisted by the combined fleets in the sky. And now, with canvass unrent, and masts unsprung, returned to the very buoy she left. Somewhat faded, indeed, in her apparelling—but her hull sound as ever—not a speck of dry-rot in her timbers—her keel unscathed by rock—her cut-water yet sharp as new-whetted scythe ere the mower renews his toil—her figure-head, that had so often looked out for squalls, now "patient as the brooding dove"—and her bowsprit—but let us man the main-brace; nor is there purer spirit—my trusty frere—in the Old World or the New.

It was quite a Noctes. Audubon told us—by snatches—all his travels' history, with many an anecdote interspersed of the dwellers among the woods—bird, beast, and man. It was on the 1st of August, 1831, that he landed at New York, where he spent a few days only, and proceeded to Philadelphia. There he found his kind and firm friends, Harlan, (whom we lately had among us, and whom we knew how to honour,) Wetherell, Pickering, Sully, Norris, Walsh, and other worthies, "a few subscribers, and some diplomas." He had now two assistants, Mr Ward from London, and a highly talented Swiss, Mr Leman. At Washington he received from the heads of the Government letters of assistance and protection along the frontiers, without which his researches would have been more arduous and less efficient; and all facilities were afforded to him by the President, and many members of the civil, military, and naval departments, who accorded to him whatever he desired at their hands. His fame in Britain had reached all ears in America; and it is our proud happiness to know, that the articles in *Maga* on his unequalled drawings and manifold merits contributed not a little

to the spread of his reputation, having been republished there, and circulated in thousands and tens of thousands. "How pleasing was it," quoth he to us—and the words are now to be found in the introduction to his *Second Volume*, published this very day—"to me to find in our republic, young as she is, the promptitude to encourage science occasionally met with in other countries! Methinks I am now bidding adieu to the excellent men who so kindly received me, and am still feeling the pressure of their hands, indicative of a cordial wish for the success of my undertaking. May He who gave me being, and inspired me with a desire to study his wondrous works, grant me the means of proving to my country the devotedness with which I strive to render myself not unworthy of her." Down the broad Chesapeake Bay he proceeded to Norfolk, and thence, in another steamer, to Richmond in Virginia, and thence to Charleston in South Carolina. He thus speaks, in his amiable Introduction, of his reception there by a brother zoologist of high reputation, the Rev. John Bachman:—

"It was late in the afternoon when we took our lodgings in Charleston. Being fatigued, and having written the substance of my journey to my family, and delivered a letter to the Rev. Mr Gilman, I retired to rest. At the first glimpse of day the following morning, my assistants and myself were already several miles from the city, commencing our search in the fields and woods, and having procured abundance of subjects both for the pencil and the scalpel, we returned home, covered with mud, and so accoutred as to draw towards us the attention of every person in the streets. As we approached the boarding-house, I observed a gentleman on horseback close to our door. He looked at me, came up, enquired if my name was Audubon, and on being answered in the affirmative, instantly leaped from his saddle, shook me most cordially by the hand—there is much to be expressed and understood by a shake of the hand—and questioned me in so kind a manner, that I for a while felt doubtful how to reply. At his urgent desire, I removed to his house, as did

my assistants. Suitable apartments were assigned to us; and once introduced to the lovely and interesting group that composed his family, I seldom passed a day without enjoying their society. Servants, carriages, horses, and dogs were all at our command, and friends accompanied us to the woods and plantations, and formed parties for water excursions. Before I left Charleston, I was truly sensible of the noble and generous spirit of the hospitable Carolinians."

Having sailed for the Floridas, he was driven by adverse winds into a harbour near St Simon's Island, where "he was so fortunate as to meet with Thomas Butler King, Esq., who, after replenishing his provision stores, subscribed to the '*Birds of America*.'" In Florida he sojourned—not idle you may believe—during the winter of 1831-2, and on his return to Charleston passed through Savannah. At Charleston he lived with his friend Bachman, studying and scrutinizing along with that enlightened man; and in April, 1832, went on board the revenue cutter "*Marion*," commanded by Robert Day, "to whose friendly attention I am greatly indebted for the success which I met with in my pursuits, during his cruise along the dangerous coast of East Florida, and amongst the islets that every where rise from the surface of the ocean, like gigantic water-lilies." At that "singular inland Indian Key" he met with every kind of assistance from the authorities; and having examined every part of the coast which it was the duty of the commander of the *Marion* to approach, "I returned to Charleston with my numerous prizes; and shortly afterwards I bent my course eastward, anxious to keep pace with the birds during their migrations." At Philadelphia (desolated by cholera) he was met by his family, and with them again proceeded to Boston.

"Boston! Ah! reader, my heart fails me when I think of the estimable friends whose society afforded me so much pleasure in that beautiful city, the Athens of our Western World. Never, I fear, shall I have it in my power to return a tithe of the hospitality which was

there shown towards us, or of the benevolence and generosity which we experienced, and which evidently came from the heart, without the slightest mixture of ostentation. Indeed, I must acknowledge that although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me, the outpouring of kindness which I experienced at Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with.

"Who that has visited that fair city, has not admired her site, her universities, her churches, her harbours, the pure morals of her people, the beautiful country around her, gladdened by glimpses of villas, each vying with another in neatness and elegance? Who that has made his pilgrimage to her far-famed Bunker's Hill, entered her not less celebrated Fanneuil Hall, studied the history of her infancy, her progress, her indignant patriotism, her bloody strife, and her peaceful prosperity—that has moreover experienced as I have done, the beneficence of her warm-hearted and amiable sons—and not felt his bosom glow with admiration and love? Think of her Adamses, her Perkins, her Everetts, her Peabodys, Cushings, Quinceys, Storeys, Paines, Greens, Tudors, and Davieses, whose public and private life presents all that we deem estimable, and let them be bright examples of what the citizens of a free land ought to be. But besides these honourable individuals whom I have taken the liberty of mentioning, many others I could speak of with delight, and one I would point out in particular, as he to whom my deepest gratitude is due, one whom I cannot omit mentioning, because, of all the good and the estimable, he it is whose remembrance is most dear to me:—that generous friend is George Parkman."

Leaving Boston he paid a visit to Moose Island, on which stands the last frontier town, boldly facing one of the entrances of the Bay of Fundy—"the climate was cold, but the hearts of the inhabitants of Eastport were warm"—and among them he found many friends. Having resolved to explore the British Provinces of New Brunswick, he proceeded to

St John's, and ascending the river of that name, a most beautiful stream, passed a week at Frederickton, and thence higher up the river, below the "Great Falls," reentered the territory of the United States. At length the day of his departure for Labrador arrived, "the wharf was crowded with all our friends and acquaintances, and as the 'star-spangled banner' swiftly glided to the masthead of our buoyant bark, we were surprised and gratified with a salute from the port that towers over the bay. As we passed the revenue cutter at anchor, her brave commander paid us the same honour." Through the Gut of Consso he launched into the broad waters of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and visited the Magdalene Islands. Having passed the summer in the country of Labrador, on his return to the United States he touched at Newfoundland, explored some of its woods and rivers, and landed at Pictou, in Nova Scotia. Once again at Boston, "the husband was in the arms of the wife"—they proceeded to New York—and then to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and then visited Baltimore. And after nearly three years of travel and research, behold Audubon again in Britain—with collections innumerable—"and an accession of sixty-three subscribers"—a list most honourable to the United States.

All this and more he told us, with a cheerful voice and animated eyes, while the dusky hours were noiselessly wheeling the chariot of Night along the star-losing sky; and we too had something to tell him of our own home-loving obscurity, not ungladdened by studies sweet in the Forest—till Dawn yoked her dappled coursers for one single slow stage—and then jocund Morn leaping up on the box, took the ribbons in her rosy fingers, and, after a dram of dew, blew her bugle, and drove like blazes right on towards the gates of Day.

There is a flash of poetry for you—now for a bit of prose.

Before his departure from our shores, Audubon had carefully examined all his unpublished drawings, and since then has made fresh representations of more than a hundred objects which had been painted twenty years before. On his last

rambles he has succeeded in obtaining species not known before, and some of those of which Charles Bonaparte and Alexander Wilson had only met with single specimens. In the Floridas and Carolinas, he had ample opportunities of determining the numerous species of Herons, Ibises, Pigeons, &c.; and one motive of his Journey to Labrador, was to ascertain the summer plumage and mode of breeding of the Water-birds, which in spring retire thither for the purpose of rearing their young in security, far from the haunts of man. Besides accomplishing that object, he met there with a few species hitherto undiscovered. Audubon wishes to do away with an erroneous impression received in some quarters, that his Work on "The Birds of America" will not terminate till he has added to those of the United States the numerous species of the southern portion of the American continent. But it is stated truly in his prospectus, that his book will be completed in Four Volumes. He has, however, deviated from his original intention of first publishing *all* the Land Birds—and therefore Volume Third will contain the Water Birds—and in Volume Fourth he will return to the Land Birds—"all that remain unpublished, or that may in the mean time be discovered." In the First Volume of his Illustrations, there are 100 plates, and 240 figures of birds; in the Second, the same number of plates, and 244 figures—the number of species in the two together, not described by Wilson, being 46. There are as great or greater blockheads, we are happy to know, in the Old World, as in the New. Audubon tells us, that shortly after the death of Wilson, one of the wise men of a certain city in the United States (he ought to have given us his name) assured the members of a Natural History Society there, that no more birds could be found in the country than had been described by that celebrated writer. "No more finches," said the orator; "no more hawks, no more owls, no more herons, and certainly no more pigeons; and as to water birds, let the list given by Wilson, of such as he has not described, be filled, and again I say,

there will end the American ornithology." We have no blockhead equal in magnitude to this—by many feet. He is the Gog and Magog of mundane blockheads—a giant in these days that dwindles the Old Terrene. If his bulk yet burden the land,

"That sees th' Atlantic wave its morrow restore,"

will he please to puzzle his pate with this poser—which we find puzzles even Audubon, and eke Wilson. How happens it that there are now in the United States so many birds which, not more than twenty years ago, were nowhere to be found in these countries? That birds should thus suddenly make their appearance, and at once diffuse themselves over almost the whole of the country, is a fact that must bother the brains of Gog and Magog. "Were similar changes," adds Audubon, "to take place in the other tribes of animals, and in other countries, the arrangements of systematic writers would have to undergo similar revolutions, a circumstance which would tend to add to the confusion arising from the continual shiftings, combinations, dis severings, abrasions of names, and alterations of method, *which the interpreters of nature are pleased to dignify with the name of science.*"

We like the lines in italics. But to return to Gog and Magog. "He afterwards travelled much," quoth Audubon, slyly, "having gone a few miles to the eastward of his city, and even crossed the Mississippi; but, as he had predicted, not even *he* discovered a bird in all his wanderings." But, following in the track of Wilson, other industrious students of nature ransacked the recesses of the forests, and the great western plains, the shores of the Atlantic, all the rivers and lakes that glorify America, and "they have found more new birds than the learned academician probably knew of old ones." Audubon rejoices to mention the names of those who have augmented the Fauna of the United States—the Bonapartes, the Nuttals, the Bachmans, the Coopers, the Pickerings, the Townsends, and the Peals; and to that list he adds the names of learned and enterprising Euro-

peans, Parry, Franklin, Richardson, Ross, and Drummond, who, with a zeal equalled only by that of Wilson himself, have crossed the broad Atlantic, and made discoveries in ornithology in portions of North America never before visited, in which they have met with species, that, although previously unknown to us, have since been found to traverse the whole extent of our wild territories. Then, reader, will you not agree with me in believing, that, even now, discoveries remain to be made in a region so vast, that no individual, whatever might have been his exertions, could truly say of it, that he had explored it all?" Audubon follows the nomenclature of Charles Lucien Bonaparte; he intends, at the close, to present a general table, exhibiting the geographical distribution of the different species—and to offer his ideas on the subject of grouping and affinities. The numbers of the "Birds of America"—for sometime back engraved—excellently well—by Havel—have appeared with a regularity seldom observed in so large a publication, and no doubt will continue to do so; but the magnificent Work will not be brought to a close for two or three years—not till Audubon—now in London—has returned from his projected visit to the shores of the Pacific—which having been, under Providence, successfully achieved—we devoutly hope that a long life lies before him—and that he will peacefully enjoy, in whatever land he makes his home, the happiness and the honour which are usually, even in this uncertain world, the rewards of so much enterprise, genius, and virtue.

When he first came among us, a few years ago, he was but little known in his own country, not at all in ours; now his name is known all over the world. His great work was indeed a perilous undertaking for a stranger in Britain, without the patronage of powerful friends, and with no very great means of his own—all of which he embarked in the enterprise dearest to his heart. Had it failed, Audubon would have been a ruined man—and that fear must have sometimes dismally disturbed him, for he is not alone in life, and is a man of strong family affections.

But happily those nearest his breast are as enthusiastic in the love of natural science as himself—and were all willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and venerated father. He has derived all along much assistance from their talents and accomplishments—and now that one-half of the illustrations is published, the list of subscribers already gives assurance of success. America may well be proud of him—and he gratefully records the kindness he has experienced from so many of her most distinguished sons. In his own fame he is just and generous to all who excel in the same studies; not a particle of jealousy is in his composition; as in, that, alas! seems too easily to beset too many of the most gifted spirits in literature and in science; nor is the happiest genius—imaginative or intellectual—such is the frailty of poor human nature at the best—safe from the access of that dishonouring passion.

Zoology, with us, has long been in a flourishing state. Yet there are still a few wretched quacks among us whom we may some day perhaps drive down into the dirt. There are idiots who will not even suffer sheep, cows, horses, and dogs to escape the disgusting perversions of their anile anecdotage—who, by all manner of drivelling lies libel even the "common domestic fowl," and impair the reputation of the bantam. Newspapers are sometimes so infested by the trivial trash, that in the nostrils of a naturalist, they stink on the breakfast-table like rotten eggs; and there are absolutely volumes of the slaver bound in linen, and lettered with the name of the expectorator on the outside, resembling annuals. We almost fear with prints. In such hands, the ass loses his natural attributes, and takes the character of his owner; and as the anecdote-monger is seen astride on his cuddy, you wonder what may be the meaning of the apparition, for we defy you to distinguish the one donk from the other, the rider from the ridden, except by the more inexpressive countenance of the one, and the ears of the other, in uncomputed longitude dangling or erect.

We can bear this beastification—least patiently of all—with birds. If a blockhead have some stories about

a wonderful goose, let him out with them, and then waddle away with his fat friend into the stackyard—where they may take sweet counsel together in the “fause-house.” Let him, with open mouth and grozet eyes, say what he chooses of “Pretty Poll,” as she clings in her cage, by beak or claws, to stick or wire, and, in her naughty vocabulary, let him hear the impassioned eloquence of an Aspasia inspiring a Pericles. But, unless his crown itch for the crutch, let him spare the linnet on the briery bush among the broom—the laver-rock on the dewy braird or in the rosy cloud—the swan when she,

“On still St Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow”—
the eagle in his eyrie, in the sun, or at sea.

The great ornithologists and the true are the authorities that are constantly correcting those errors of popular opinion about the fowls of the air, which, in every country, contrary to the evidence of the senses, and in spite of observations that may be familiar to all, gain credence with the weak and ignorant, and in process of time compose even a sort of system of the vilest superstition. It would be a very curious enquiry to trace the operation of the causes that, in different lands, have produced, with respect to birds, national prejudices of admiration or contempt, love or even hatred; and in doing so, we should have to open up some strange views of the influence of imagination on the head and heart. We may make the attempt another time, but at present content ourselves with remarking that an excuse will be generally found for such fallacies in the very sources from which they spring; but that no excuse can be found—on the contrary, in every sentence the fool scribbles, a glaring argument in favour of his being put to a lingering and cruel death—for the fool who keeps gossiping every week in the year, penny-a-line-wise, with a gawky face and a mawkish mind, about God's creatures to whom reason has been denied, but instinct given, in order that they may be happy on moor and mountain, in the hedge-roots, and on the tops of heaven-kissing trees—by the side of rills whose sweet low voice gives no echo

in the wild, and on the hollow thunder of seas on which they sit in safety around the sinking ship, or from all her shrieks flee away to some island and are at rest!

From such hornythologists turn to Audubon, and how beautiful, each in the adaptation of its own structure to its own life, every bird that skims the air! In his pages, pictured by pen or pencil, all is wondrous—as nature ever is to

“The quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,”
even while gazing on the inferior creatures of that creation to which we belong—and are linked in being's mysterious chain—till our breath, like theirs, expire! All is wondrous—but nothing monstrous in his delineations—for the more we know of nature in her infinite varieties, her laws reveal themselves to us in more majestic simplicity, and our souls are inspired with awe, solemn but sweet, by the incomprehensible, yet in part comprehended, magnificence of Truth. The writings of such men are the gospel of nature—and if the Apocrypha be bound up along with it—'tis well; for in it, too, there is felt to be inspiration—and when, in good time, purified from error, the leaves will all make but one Bible.

It is hardly possible in one Article (we must have another) to give any thing like a general view of the contents of the delightful Volume (accompanying Second Volume of the “Illustrations,” but sold separately) now lying before us, containing 600 large and closely printed pages—and which will, of course, be soon placed in the library of every true ornithologist. But you are not required to be a good ornithologist—or, indeed, an ornithologist at all—to understand and enjoy the greater part of its contents; you need but to be a lover of nature, and of nature's works. And “breathes there a man with soul so dead” as not to feel wonder and delight in the character and habits of Birds, delineated by one who, better perhaps than any one else alive, understands their wondrous and delightful ways, and with affectionate enthusiasm altogether unparalleled—except in the case of that kindred spirit—Alexander Wilson—has kept a record of their sayings and doings (for they

can all speak) in the heart of forests—on the bosom of prairies—and on the shores of seas? We know not which of the two is the greater observer of those beautiful mysteries—and as far as it is given us to understand them—the better expounder of the many meanings therein enveloped—the “American Woodsman”—or the “Paisley Weaver.” Alike happy in their genius—but Audubon—though he, too, has had his trials—the happier—the far happier in his blameless and regulated life.

It is dismal to see Science—as it is sometimes seen—in the service of Irreligion—nay, even of Atheism. It is delightful to see it—as it is always seen in Audubon and his compeers—enlightened and elevated by piety—by the felt presence, in all his works, of the Great Spirit of the Universe. He feels his vocation to be a high one, and says, “let me proceed towards the completion of a task which, with reverence be it spoken, seems to have been imposed upon me by Him who called me into existence.” For the acquisition of the knowledge he so passionately and devoutly loves, he tells us, with truth, that he has braved the enervating heats of the South, and the cramping colds of the North, penetrated the tangled cane-swamp, thrud the dubious trail of the silent forest, paddled his frail canoe in the creeks of the marshy shore, and swept in his gallant bark over the swelling waves of the ocean. For sake of the living treasures, there inexhaustible, and the sweet study of their unwitnessed wonders, he loves the primeval woods of his country—the vast bays of her Atlantic coasts—her sea-gulls and her inland lakes—and all “our mighty rivers—our thundering cataracts—our majestic mountains, rearing their snowy heads into the calm regions of the cold clear sky.” He is at home in the wilderness—wherever foot of bird can wade or wing can fly. Dear to him every branch on which bird can perch—every leaf, every flower, that ever felt feeding bill—or concealed warbling throat; and Audubon is a botanist too—and a practical one—as a hundred passages show.

“What a beautiful object, in the delightful season of spring, is our Great

Laurel, covered with its tufts of richly, yet delicately, coloured flowers! In imagination I am at this moment rambling along the banks of some murmuring streamlet, overshadowed by the thick foliage of this gorgeous ornament of our mountainous districts. Methinks I see the timid trout eyeing my movements from beneath his rocky covert, while the warblers and other silvan choristers, equally fond of their wild retreats, are skipping in all the freedom of nature around me. Delightful moments have been to me those when, seated in such a place, with senses all intent, I gazed on the rosy tints of the flowers that seemed to acquire additional colouring from the golden rays of the sun, as he rode proudly over the towering mountains, drawing aside as it were the sable curtain that till now hung over the landscape, and drying up, with the gentleness of a parent towards his cherished offspring, the dewy tears that glittered on each drooping plant. Would that I could describe to you the thoughts that on such a morning have filled my whole soul; but, alas, I have not words wherewith to express the feelings of gratitude, love, and wonder that thrilled and glowed in my bosom! I must therefore content myself with requesting you to look at the blossoms of the laurel as depicted in the plate, together with two of the birds, which, in pairs, side by side, are fond of residing among its glossy and verdant foliage.”

That is very beautiful—yet are there many passages even more so—because of their being imbued with a still deeper spirit of delight and gratitude.

“It is to the wild regions of Labrador that you must go, kind reader, if you wish to form a personal acquaintance with the White-crowned Sparrow. There in every secluded glen opening upon the boisterous Gulf of St Lawrence, while amazed you glance over the wilderness that extends around you, so dreary and desolate that the blood almost congeals in your veins, you meet with this interesting bird. Your body is sinking under the fatigue occasioned by your wading through beds of moss, as extraordinary for their depth, as for the brilliancy of their tints, and by the difficulties which you have encountered in forcing your way through the tangled creeping pines, so dwarfish and so stubborn, that you often find it easier to trample down their branches than to separate them so as to allow you a passage. In such a place, when you are far away from all that is dear to you, how cheering is it to hear the mellow

notes of a bird, that seems as if it had been sent expressly for the purpose of relieving your mind from the heavy melancholy that bears it down! The sounds are so sweet, so refreshing, so soothing, so hope inspiring, that as they come upon the soul in all their gentleness and joy, the tears begin to flow from your eyes, the burden on your mind becomes lighter, your heart expands, and you experience a pure delight, produced by the invitation thus made to offer your humblest and most sincere thanks to that all-wondrous Being, who has caused you to be there no doubt for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the operations of his mighty power.

"Thus it was with me, when, some time after I had been landed on the dreary coast of Labrador, I for the first time heard the song of the White-crowned Sparrow. I could not refrain from indulging in the thought that, notwithstanding the many difficulties attending my attempts—my mission I must call it—to study God's works in this wild region, I was highly favoured. At every step, new objects presented themselves, and whenever I rested, I enjoyed a delight never before experienced. Humbly and fervently did I pray for a continuation of those blessings, through which I now hoped to see my undertaking completed, and again to join my ever-dear family."

"We cannot deny ourselves the delight of delighting you by one other passage of the same sweet kind—so full of all right affections—human and divine.

"One year, in the month of August, I was trudging along the shores of the Mohawk River, when night overtook me. Being little acquainted with that part of the country, I resolved to camp where I was. The evening was calm and beautiful, the sky sparkled with stars, which were reflected by the smooth waters, and the deep shade of the rocks and trees of the opposite shore fell on the bosom of the stream, while gently from afar came on the ear the muttering sound of the cataract. My little fire was soon lighted under a rock, and, spreading out my scanty stock of provisions, I reclined on my grassy couch. As I looked around on the fading features of the beautiful landscape, my heart turned towards my distant home, where my friends were doubtless wishing me, as I wished them, a happy night and peaceful slumbers. Then were heard the barkings of the watch-dog, and I tapped my faithful companion to prevent his answering

them. The thoughts of my worldly mission then came over my mind, and having thanked the Creator of all for his never failing mercy, I closed my eyes, and was passing away into the world of dreaming existence, when suddenly there burst on my soul the serenade of the Rose-breasted bird, so rich, so mellow, so loud in the stillness of the night, that sleep fled from my eyelids. Never did I enjoy music more; it thrilled through my heart, and surrounded me with an atmosphere of bliss. One might easily have imagined that even the Owl, charmed by such delightful music, remained reverently silent. Long after the sounds ceased did I enjoy them, and when all had again become still, I stretched out my wearied limbs, and gave myself up to the luxury of repose. In the morning I awoke vigorous as ever, and prepared to continue my journey."

From every sight he sees the ornithologist learns a lesson of humility—for there is a mystery in the wisdom that is for ever at work around him—a mystery that remains unsolvable for ever to the genius of man. Often, while gazing on the nest of a bird, has Audubon been led to question himself, why there is often so much difference in the conformation and materials of those even of the same species, in different latitudes or localities? Often, while admiring the birds themselves, has he in vain tried to discover why they should be so distinguished by peculiar characters? Why, for example, to some small and seemingly more delicate than others, greater mental and corporeal hardihood should have been assigned, so that they are wont to force their way, and that at an early season, quite across the whole extent of the United States; while others of greater bodily magnitude, equal powers of flight, and similar courage, confine their journeys within narrow limits? Why the diminutive ruby-headed Humming-Bird, the delicate winter Wren, and many warblers, all birds of comparatively short flight, are seen to push their way from the West Indian Islands, or the table lands of Mexico and South America, farther north than the boundary lines, before they reach certain localities, which cannot be looked on but as the favourite places of rendezvous allotted to these beings for their summer abode?

How wonderful to him that all birds which migrate are not equally privileged! Why do not the Turkey Buzzard, the Fork-tail'd Hawk, and many others possessing remarkable power and ease of flight, visit the same places? There the Vulture would find its favourite carrion during the heat of the dog-days, and the Hawk abundance of insects. Why do not the Pigeons found in the south ever visit the state of Maine, when one species, the *Columba Migratoria*, is permitted to ramble over the whole extent of that vast country? Why does the small Pewee go so far north, accompanied by the Tyrant Fly-Catcher; while the Titirít, larger and stronger than either, remains in the Floridas and Carolinas; and the great Crested Fly-Catcher seldom travels farther east than Connecticut? "Reader," quoth Audubon, "can you assist me?" How deeply enshrouded are felt to be the mysteries of nature—when thousands of years after Aristotle we hear Audubon confess his utter ignorance of what such migrations and non-migrations mean—that 'tis hard to understand why such general laws as these should be—though their benign operation is beautifully seen in the happiness provided alike for all—whether they reside in their own comparatively small localities, nor ever wish to leave them—or at stated seasons instinctively fly away over thousands of miles, to drop down and settle for a while on some spot adapted to their necessities, of which they had prescience afar off, though seemingly wafted thither like leaves upon the wind! Verily as great a mystery is that natural religion, by the Theist studied in woods and on mountains and by sea-shores, as that revelation which philosophers will not believe, because they do not understand—the blinded bigot's scorn—deriding such a state of the soul as Faith!

A delightful volume—or volumes—perhaps many—might be formed of all that has ever been said or sung of the Lark. To our own Sky-Lark how many odes and hymns have been addressed—himself the noblest lyrical poet of all—"wakening by the daisy's side"—and ascending in music towards the Morning Star!

Wordsworth, Shelly, and the Shepherd have all been inspired by the warbling; mellowed at once and louder as the creature soars, till the sound seems to be itself alive within the rosy cloud, as if it were the spirit of the dawn that sang! The Meadow Lark, or American Starling, is another lark than our Sky-Lark—and though we never either saw or heard it, we can love it, not only for its own but for Audubon's sake.

"How could I give the history of this beautiful bird, were I not to return for a while to the spot where I have found it most abundant, and where the most frequent opportunities occurred of observing it? Then, reader, to those rich grass fields let us stray. We are not far from the sandy sea-shores of the Jerseys; the full beauties of an early spring are profusely spread around us; the glorious sun illumines the creation with a flood of golden light, as he yet lies beneath the deep; the industrious bee is yet asleep, as are the birds in bush and tree; the small wavelets break on the beach with a gentle murmur; the sky is so beautifully blue, that, on seeing it, one fancies himself near heaven; the moon is about to disappear in the distant west; the limpid dewdrops hang on every leaf, bud, and blossom, each tall blade of grass bending under the weight. Anxious to view Nature at her best, I lie waiting in pleasure for the next moment:—it has come; all is life and energy; the bee, the bird, the quadruped, all nature awakes into life, and every being seems moving in the light of the Divine countenance. Fervently do I praise the God who has called me into existence, and devotedly do I pursue my avocations; carefully treading on the tender grass, until I reach a seat by nature's own hand prepared, when I pause, survey, admire, and essay to apprehend all—yes, *all* around me! Delightful days of my youth, when full of strength, health, and gladness, I so often enjoyed the bliss of contemplating the beauties of creation! they are gone, never to return; but memory fondly cherishes the thoughts which they called into being, and while life remains will their memory be pleasing.

"See the Lark that arrived last evening! fully refreshed, and with a bosom overflowing with love towards her who had led him thus far, he rises from his grassy couch, and on gently whirling pinions launches into the air, in the glad hope of finding the notes of his beloved fall on his ear. Females are usually tardy at this early season. I shall not

pretend to tell you why, reader; but that such is the fact, I have been fully convinced, since the very first feeling of their value was impressed on my mind. The male is still on the wing; his notes sound loud and clear as he impatiently surveys the grassy plain beneath him. His beloved is not there. His heart almost fails him, and, disappointed, he rises towards the black walnut-tree, under which, during many a summer's heat, the mowers have enjoyed both their repast and their mid-day rest. I now see him, not desponding as you might suppose, but vexed and irritated. See how he spreads his tail, how often he raises his body, how he ejaculates his surprise, and loudly calls for her whom of all things he best loves—Ah!—there comes the dear creature; her timorous, tender notes announce her arrival. Her mate, her beloved, has felt the charm of her voice. His wings are spread, and buoyant with gladness, he flies to meet; to welcome her, anticipating all the bliss prepared for him. Would that I could interpret to you, reader, as I feel them, the many assurances of friendship, fidelity and love that at this precious moment pass from the one to the other, as they place their bills together and chatter their mutual loves!—the gentle chidings of the male for the sorrow her delay has caused him, and the sweet words she uses to calm his ardour. Alas! if we were vain to attempt it, I have listened to the talk; it is true; I have witnessed all their happiness; but I cannot describe it to you. You, reader, must watch them, as I have done, if you wish to understand their language.

It is not in nature that an ornithologist should be cruel—he is most humane. Mere skin-stuffers are not ornithologists—and we have known more than one of that tribe who would have had no scruple in strangling their own mothers, or reputed fathers. Yet if your true ornithologist cannot catch a poor dear bird alive, he must kill it—and leave you to weep for its death. There must be a few victims out of myriads of millions—and thousands and tens of thousands are few—but the ornithologist knows the seasons when death is least afflictive—he is merciful in his wisdom—for the spirit of knowledge is gentle—and “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears” reconcile him to the fluttering and ruffled plumage blood-stained by death. 'Tis hard, for example, to be obliged to shoot a Zenaida dove!

Yet a Zenaida dove must die for Audubon's Illustrations. How many has he loved in life and tenderly preserved! And how many more pigeons of all sorts, cooked in all styles, have you devoured—aye twenty for his one—you being a glutton and epicure in the same inhuman form—and he being contented at all times with the plainest fare—a salad perhaps of water-cresses, plucked from a spring in the forest-glade—or a bit of pemmican, or a wafer of portable soup melted in the pot of some squatter—and shared with the admiring children, before a drop has been permitted to touch his own abstemious lips. Hear him on the Zenaida dove.

“The impressions made on the mind in youth, are frequently stronger than those at a more advanced period of life, and are generally retained. My father often told me, that when yet a child, my first attempt at drawing was from a preserved specimen of a dove, and many times repeated to me that birds of this kind are usually remarkable for the gentleness of their disposition, and that the manner in which they prove their mutual affection, and feed their offspring, was undoubtedly intended in part to teach other beings a lesson of connubial and parental attachment. Be this as it may, hypothesis or not, I have always been especially fond of doves. The timidity and anxiety which they all manifest, on being disturbed during incubation, and the continuance of their mutual attachment for years, are distinguishing traits in their character. Who can approach a sitting dove, hear its notes of remonstrance, or feel the feeble strokes of its wings, without being sensible that he is committing a wrong act?

“The cooing of the Zenaida dove is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, ‘What bird is that?’ A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands of a well-known key, which must here be nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navi-

gation of the Florida coasts. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers, but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws, and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

"The Zenaida dove always places her nest on the ground, sometimes artlessly at the foot of a low bush, and so exposed that it is easily discovered by any one searching for it. Sometimes, however, it uses great discrimination, placing it between two or more tufts of grass, the tops of which it manages to bend over, so as completely to conceal it. The sand is slightly scooped out, and the nest is composed of slender dried blades of grass, matted in a circular form, and imbedded amid dry leaves and twigs. The fabric is more compact than the nest of any other pigeon with which I am acquainted, it being sufficiently solid to enable a person to carry the eggs or young in it with security. The eggs are two, pure white, and translucent. When sitting on them, or when her young are still small, this bird rarely removes from them, unless an attempt be made to catch her, which she however evades with great dexterity. On several occasions of this kind, I have thought that the next moment would render me the possessor of one of those doves alive. Her beautiful eye was steadily bent on mine, in which she must have discovered my intention, her body was gently made to retire sidewise to the farther edge of her nest, as my hand drew nearer to her, and just as I thought I had hold of her, off she glided with the quickness of thought, taking to wing at once. She would then alight within a few yards of me, and watch my motions with so much sorrow, that her wings drooped, and her whole frame trembled as if suffering from intense cold. Who could stand such a scene of despair? I left the mother to her eggs or offspring.

"On one occasion, however, I found two young birds of this species about half grown, which I carried off, and

afterwards took to Charleston, in South Carolina, and presented to my worthy friend the Rev. JOHN BACHMAN. When I robbed this nest no parent bird was near. The little ones uttered the usual lisping notes of the tribe at this age, and as I put their bills in my mouth, I discovered that they might be easily raised. They were afterwards fed from the mouth with Indian corn meal, which they received with avidity, until placed under the care of a pair of common tame pigeons, which at once fostered them."

We need not go to America for pigeons and doves, for there are fanciers in London—some of them publicans and sinners—and one whom we know well and esteem—a retired pugilist, now a schoolmaster—who can show you such a various shower of them in the sunshine, as you could in vain seek to see in the islands, that, like so many bastions, protect the shores of South Carolina, Georgia, and the Floridas. "Those spots," says Audubon, with that kindled imagination that ever attests his love of the Transatlantic regions, "where, in the calm of every spring morn, the air is rendered balmy by the effluvia of thousands of flowers, each of which rivals its neighbour in the brilliancy of its hues. Stop there, kind reader, and seat yourself beneath the broadly-extended arms of the thickly-leaved evergreen oak, and at that joyous moment, when the first beams of the sun reach your eye, see the owl passing low and swiftly over the ground, in haste to reach his diurnal retreat before the increasing light render all things dim to his sight; observe the leathern-winged bat, pursuing his undulating course through the dewy air, now deflecting downwards to seize the retiring nocturnal insect, now upwards to pursue another species, as it rises to meet the genial warmth emitted by the orb of day. Listen!—for at such a moment your soul will be touched by sounds—to the soft, the mellow, the melting accents, which one might suppose inspired by Nature's self, and which she has taught the ground dove to employ in conveying the expression of his love to his mate, who is listening to them with delight." We can do all this in a field behind a public-house not far from Kensington gardens. And oh! in how many "a secret place have we leant our

ear" to the cushat—in the centre of this earth's solitariness—so it seemed—though the thousand-year old yew—in which the creature coo'd its whole heart into another heart—was visible, in its blackness, among the green oak-wood, to the traveller on the other side of the glen—on the other side of Borrodale, as with his face towards the Serene Seatore, embosomed in shadows, he left Rostwaite the Lovely, unforgotten behind him, or carried its image along with him, like a dream that blends with fair realities, till all the earth becomes visionary—and in an hour was looking down on Wastwater—between the side-screens of the Great Gable and Scawfell!

Ah! Audubon, thou knowest well the feathers and the flight of them all—of the passenger pigeon, that ranges over the whole of the United States, excepting perhaps the southernmost portion of the Floridas, and as far as Newfoundland, where it is a familiar guest—of the Carolina dove, that flies "at its own sweet will" from Louisiana to the interior of Massachusetts, but is never seen on Maine, while it sails up the Mississippi, as far as Prairie du Chien, and to the borders of Upper Canada—of the ground dove, which one meets on the lower parts of Louisiana to Cape Hatteras, and all round the coast of the Floridas, but never in the interior, as if it would not forsake the sound of the sea—of the white-headed pigeon, confined to a small domicile of some three hundred miles of the Florida Keys, and seldom, if ever, seen on the mainland, an insular bird of passage, pleased with that habitation for seven months of the year, for the other five billing and cooing in some paradise unknown—but ah! what are we to think of thee on reading that account of the murder, in which thou wast engaged as accessory before the act, of the Keywest pigeon, the brightest and most beautiful of all the tribe, and which but on one island of all ocean was ever heard to murmur pensively in the calm, or give to the wind the gladsome music of its wings?

"May 6, 1832.—When I reached the garrison, I found the sergeant waiting for me. I gave him some small shot, and we set off, not in full run, nor even at a dog-trot, but with the slowness

and carefulness usually employed by a lynx or a cougar when searching for prey. We soon reached the thickets, and found it necessary to move in truth very slowly, one foot warily advanced before the other, one hand engaged in opening a passage, and presently after occupied in securing the cap on the head, in smashing some dozens of hungry mosquitoes, or in drawing the sharp thorn of a cactus from a leg or foot, in securing our gunlocks, or in assisting ourselves to rise after a fall occasioned by stumbling against the projecting angle of a rock. But we pushed on, squeezed ourselves between the stubborn branches, and forced our way as well as we could, my guide of course having the lead. Suddenly I saw him stoop, and observing the motion of his hand, immediately followed his example. Reduced by his position to one half of his natural height, he moved more briskly, inclined to the right, then to the left, then pushed forward, and raising his piece as he stopped, immediately fired. 'I have it,' cried he. 'What?' cried I. 'The pigeon'—and he disappeared. The heat was excessive, and the brushwood here was so thick and tangled, that had not Mr Sykes been a United States soldier, I should have looked upon him as bent on retaliating on behalf of 'the eccentric naturalist'; for, although not more than ten paces distant from me, not a glimpse of him could I obtain. After crawling to the spot I found him smoothing the feathers of a pigeon which I had never seen, nay the most beautiful yet found in the United States. How I gazed on its resplendent plumage!—how I marked the expression of its rich-coloured, large and timid eye, as the poor creature was gasping its last breath!—Ah, how I looked on this lovely bird! I handled it, turned it, examined its feathers and form, its bill, its legs and claws, weighed it by estimate, and after a while formed a winding sheet for it of a piece of paper. Did ever an Egyptian pharmacopolist employ more care in embalming the most illustrious of the Pharaohs, than I did in trying to preserve from injury this most beautiful of the woodland cooers!

"I never felt, nor did my companion, that our faces and hands were covered with mosquitoes; and although the perspiration made my eyes smart, I was as much delighted as ever I had been on such an occasion. We travelled onward, much in the same manner, until we reached the opposite end of the island; but not another bird did we meet this day.

"As we sat near the shore gazing on the curious light pea-green colour of the

sen, I unfolded my prize, and as I now more quietly observed the brilliant changing metallic tines of its plumage, I could not refrain from exclaiming—'But who will draw it?' for the obvious difficulties of copying nature struck me as powerfully as they ever had done, and brought to my memory the following passage:—'*La nature se joue du pincean des hommes; lorsqu'on croit qu'il a atteint sa plus grande beauté, elle sourit et s'embellit encore!*'"

But let us turn to take a look at some bird of prey or other, for we are getting too amiable among the sucking doves, and beginning to roar it you, as if we were one of themselves engaged in the same agreeable occupation. We should like to see a bird who was not a bird of prey. A swallow eats a fly and a hawk eats a swallow—the swallow with his last breath cursing the hawk for a bird of prey, and the fly buzzing similar execrations as heartily against the eavesdropper. Few or none confine themselves rigidly to a vegetable diet. In fact 'tis out of their power; for in eating a raspberry they cannot pause to eject the maggot every ripe raspberry includes, whether white, yellow, or purple; and the bird that makes no bones of the stone in a plum or a cherry, never dreams of spitting out the wasp. Our belief is, that these animals are the most ferocious that feed most on vegetable vivres. Witness, among men, the seven million of the finest pisantry on earth, the late Anacharsis Clootz and Isaac Ritson—and the present Sir Richard Phillips—among beasts, the late Chumney, and bulls and bears in general, whether on or in Exchange—among birds the clocking-hen, "fierce as ten furies," and that outrageous little fellow, especially if you try to tame him by putting a scarlet-cloth comb on his head with corresponding wattles, the cock sparrow. Lions and Tigers, Jer-falcons and Eagles, who live on flesh, fish, and fowl, in comparison are quakers. People are wrong in disliking, simply on the score of diet, what they choose to call birds and beasts of prey. Audubon and North know better, and are just to the very Vulture, who, take our word for it, never eats carrion when he can get fresh meat, and is a much quieter character than the game-cock, who against the day of

battle is fed in his pen on what the initiated call cock-bread, composed of finest wheat flour, mixed with sugar candy, and other ingredients, which for manifest reasons shall be anonymous.

Audubon is unwilling to think ill of any bird—and says a good word for him who is popularly conceived to be the devil incarnate—the Raven. Nobody, indeed, ventures to despise either of the two gentlemen in black—but Audubon and North have a positive liking to the latter—which, under favourable circumstances, might relax into friendship. We like him for the sake of his birth-places and his places of resort. "These are," says Audubon, "the mountains—the abrupt banks of rivers—the rocky shores of lakes, and the cliffs of thinly-peopled or deserted islands. It is in such places that these birds must be watched and examined before one can judge of their natural habits as manifested amid their freedom from the dread of their most dangerous enemy, the lord of creation. There, through the clear and rarified atmosphere, the raven spreads his glossy wings and tail, and as he onward sails, rises higher and higher each bold sweep that he makes, as if conscious that the nearer he approaches the sun, the more resplendent will become the tints of his plumage." He speaks with enthusiasm of "the musical inflections," (*vulgo vocatæ*—croaks) by means of which they hold converse together in their aerial amatory excursions. These musical inflections—he says—doubtless express their "pure conjugal feelings, confirmed and rendered more intense by long years of happiness in each other's society." More faithful monogamists never sailed the sky. "Till death do us part," is the close of their nuptial oath—nor were they ever known to break it. No case of crim.con ever occurred on their cliffs. Audubon is not only inclined to believe that high up in heaven they can recall the pleasing remembrance of their youthful days, and recount the events of their life, and express the pleasure they have enjoyed (and thus far we can go along with him) but that (and there, we fear, he lays himself open to a charge of heterodoxy) "they perhaps con-

clude with humble prayer to the author of their being for a continuation of it." However that may be, Wordsworth has not scrupled to speak "of the *pious* bird with the scarlet breast;" and why may not the raven have as deep a sense of natural religion—though he may not show it in the same way—as the robin? But hear Audubon.

"Now, their matins are over; the happy pair are seen to glide towards the earth in spiral lines; they alight on the boldest summit of a rock, so high that you can scarcely judge of their actual size; they approach each other, their bills meet, and caresses are exchanged as tender as those of the gentle Turtle Dove. Far beneath, wave after wave dashes in foam against the impregnable sides of the rocky tower, the very aspect of which would be terrific to almost any other creatures than the sable pair, which for years have resorted to it, to rear the dearly-cherished fruits of their connubial love. Midway between them and the boiling waters, some shelving ledge conceals their eyry. To it they now betake themselves, to see what damage it has sustained from the peltings of the winter tempests. Off they fly to the distant woods for fresh materials with which to repair the breach; or on the plain they collect the hair and fur of quadrupeds; or from the sandy beach pick up the weeds that have been washed there. By degrees, the nest is enlarged and trimmed, and when every thing has been rendered clean and comfortable, the female deposits her eggs, and begins to sit upon them, while her brave and affectionate mate protects and feeds her, and at intervals takes her place.

"All around is now silent, save the hoarse murmur of the waves, or the whistling sounds produced by the flight of the waterfowl travelling towards the northern regions. At length the young burst the shell, when the careful parents, after congratulating each other on the happy event, disgorge some half-macerated food, which they deposit in their tender mouths. Should the most daring adventurer of the air approach, he is attacked with fury and repelled. As the young grow up, they are urged to be careful and silent:—a single false movement might precipitate them into the abyss below; a single cry during the absence of their parents might bring upon them the remorseless claws of the swift Peregrine or Jer-falcon. The old birds themselves seem to improve in care,

diligence, and activity, varying their course when returning to their home, and often entering it when unexpected. The young are now seen to stand on the edge of the nest; they flap their wings, and at length take courage and fly to some more commodious and not distant lodgment. Gradually they become able to follow their parents abroad, and at length search for maintenance in their company, and that of others, until the period of breeding arrives, when they separate in pairs, and disperse.

"Notwithstanding all the care of the Raven, his nest is invaded wherever it is found. His usefulness is forgotten, his faults are remembered and multiplied by imagination; and whenever he presents himself he is shot at, because from time immemorial ignorance, prejudice, and destructiveness have operated on the mind of man to his detriment. Men will peril their lives to reach his nest, assisted by ropes and poles, alleging merely that he has killed one of their numerous sheep or lambs. Some say they destroy the Raven because he is black; others, because his croaking is unpleasant and ominous! Unfortunate truly are the young ones that are carried home to become the wretched pets of some ill-brought-up child! For my part, I admire the Raven, because I see much in him calculated to excite our wonder. It is true that he may sometimes hasten the death of a half-starved sheep, or destroy a weakly lamb; he may eat the eggs of other birds, or occasionally steal from the farmer some of those which he calls his own; young fowls also afford precious morsels to himself and his progeny;—but how many sheep, lambs, and fowls, are saved through his agency! The more intelligent of our farmers are well aware that the Raven destroys numberless insects, grubs, and worms; that he kills mice, moles, and rats, whenever he can find them; that he will seize the weasel, the young opossum, and the skunk; that, with the perseverance of a cat, he will watch the burrows of foxes, and pounce on the cubs; our farmers also are fully aware that he apprises them of the wolf's prowlings around their yard, and that he never intrudes on their corn fields except to benefit them. —yes, good reader, the farmer knows all this well, but he also knows his power, and interfere as you may, with tale of pity or of truth, the bird is a Raven, and, as La Fontaine has aptly and most truly said, 'La loi du plus fort est toujours la meilleure!'"

Our admirable friend would find

it more difficult, with all his eloquence, to justify the Blue Jay. Indeed, he knows the villain too well, to attempt it; yet he speaks without asperity, and with humane hesitation—at once philosophical and religious—saying “Reader! look at the plate in which are represented three individuals of this beautiful species—rogues though they be, and thieves, as I would call them—were it fit for me to pass judgment on their actions. See! how each is enjoying the fruits of his knavery, sucking the eggs which he has pilfered from the nest of some innocent dove or harmless pigeon. Who could imagine that a form so graceful, arrayed by nature in a garb so resplendent, could harbour so much mischief—that selfishness, duplicity, and malice, should form the moral accompaniments of so much physical perfection? Yet so it is; and how like beings of a much higher order, are these gay deceivers!” The Blue Jay is a Williams—we mean the murderer of the Marrs and Williamses and other families in the metropolis—who escaped hanging by suicide. Yet the Blue Jay was never known to have committed this latter crime. In an aviary at Charleston, he destroyed all the birds. One after another had been killed, and the rats were supposed to have been the culprits, but no crevice could be seen large enough to admit one. Then the mice were accused, and war waged against them, but still the birds continued to be killed, first the smaller then the larger, until at length the Keywest pigeons; when it was discovered that Jay, who had been raised in the aviary, was the murderer. He was taken out, and placed in a cage, with a quantity of flour, corn, and several small birds, which he had just killed; the birds he soon devoured, but the flour or corn he would not condescend to eat, and refusing every other kind of food, soon died. The wretch had manifestly been suffering under inflammation of the organ of destructiveness; and had his head been kept for five or ten minutes under water, he would have been cured of his propensity for smaller and larger birds and Keywest pigeons, though we shall not say that after immersion he would have shown

such condescension as to eat corn. While at Louisville, in Kentucky, Audubon purchased a couple of dozens of Blue Jays at the rate of 6½ cents each, which he shipped to New Orleans, and afterwards to Liverpool, “with the view of turning them out in the English woods”—an attempt unhappily frustrated—but for which, had it proved successful, the smaller and larger birds of the English woods would have had good reason to be everlastingly grateful to their benefactor.

“They were caught in common traps, baited with maize, and were brought to me one after another as soon as secured. In placing them in the large cage which I had ordered for the purpose of sending them abroad, I was surprised to see how cowardly each newly-caught bird was when introduced to his brethren, who, on being in the cage a day or two, were as gay and frolicsome as if at liberty in the woods. The new comer, on the contrary, would run into a corner, place his head almost in a perpendicular position, and remain silent and sulky, with an appearance of stupidity quite foreign to his nature. He would suffer all the rest to walk over him and trample him down, without ever changing his position. If corn or fruit was presented to him, or even placed close to his bill, he would not so much as look at it. If touched with the hand, he would cower, lie down on his side, and remain motionless. The next day, however, things were altered: he was again a Jay, taking up corn, placing it between his feet, hammering it with his bill, splitting the grain, picking out the kernel, and dropping the divided husks. When the cage was filled, it was amusing to listen to their hammering; all mounted on their perch side by side, each pecking at a grain of maize, like so many blacksmiths paid by the piece. They drank a great deal, eat broken pacan nuts, grapes, dried fruits of all sorts, and especially fresh beef, of which they were extremely fond, roosted very peaceably close together, and were very pleasing pets. Now and then one would utter a cry of alarm, when instantly all would leap and fly about as if greatly concerned, making as much ado as if their most inveterate enemy had been in the midst of them. They bore the passage to Europe pretty well, and most of them reached Liverpool in good health; but a few days after their arrival, a disease, occasioned by insects adhering to every part of their body, made such progress, that some died every day. Many remedies were tried in vain,

and only one individual reached London. The insects had so multiplied on it, that I immersed it in an infusion of tobacco, which, however, killed it in a few hours."

Had Mr Jay outlived the lice, and conquered the tobacco juice, he might have met his match in the English woods. For though "truly omnivorous," he is more tyrannical than brave; and in many cases "a downright coward." The Cardinal Grosbeak, the Red Thrush, and the Mocking Bird, and many others of inferior strength, lick him in an open ring; but to be equal with them, he creeps silently to their nests, in their absence, and acts the egg-sucker. "I have seen one go its rounds from one nest to another every day, and suck the newly-laid eggs of the different birds in the neighbourhood, *with as much regularity and composure as a physician would call on his patients.*" But Audubon has also witnessed fearful retribution for its crime—"when on returning to its own home, it found its mate in the jaws of a snake, the nest upset, and the eggs all gone. I have thought more than once on such occasions that, *like all great culprits, when brought to a sense of their enormities, it evinced a strong feeling of remorse.*" More remorse, we fear, than repentance. Alas! in the woods such rueful fate often befalls the innocent! One of the finest of all the Illustrations exhibits an attack made by a Black Snake on the nest of the Ferruginous Thrush. The female bird is seemingly expiring in its coils, while her mate, and another male of the same species that has come to their assistance, are giving battle to the reptile. "Should this alliance," says Audubon, speaking of the Illustration, "of noble spirits prove victorious, will it not remind you that innocence, although beset with difficulties, may, with the aid of friendship, extricate herself with honour?" The Illustration is of a scene he witnessed with his own eyes; and he tells us "that the snake was finally conquered, and a jubilee held over its carcass by a crowd of thrushes and other birds, until the woods resounded with their notes of exultation. I was happy in contributing my share to the general joy, for on taking the almost expiring bird into

my hand for a few minutes, she recovered in some degree, and I restored her to her anxious mate." The mocking-bird alone, "that unrivalled vocalist," surpasses the Ferruginous Thrush in song. This thrush possesses scarcely any faculty of imitation; but is—we are told—a steady performer; and though it sings for hours at a time, seldom, if ever, commits errors; while repeating the beautiful lessons set to it by nature, all of which it studies for months during spring and summer. "Ah! reader," continues the gentle-hearted ornithologist, "that I could repeat to you its several cadences, all so full of sweetness and melody, that one might imagine each last trill, as it dies on the ear, the careful lullaby of some blessed mother chanting her babe to repose."

We fear that the Ferruginous Thrush himself has been known to murder an occasional small bird—but mum shall be the word for sake of his song. The Canada Jay is almost as bad as the Blue—and on account of his carnivorous propensities is known in Spain by the name of the Carrion Bird. The lumberers or woodcutters of that state amuse themselves in their camp during eating hours with what they call "transporting the Carrion-Bird." This is done by cutting a pole eight or ten feet in length, and balancing it on the sill of their hut, the end outside the entrance being baited with a piece of flesh of any kind. Immediately on seeing the tempting morsel, the Jays alight on it, and while they are busily engaged in devouring it, a woodcutter gives a smart blow to the end of the pole within the hut, which seldom fails to drive the birds high in the air, and not unfrequently kills them. This seems cruel—but is not so. For the Jays rob the lumberers' traps of their baits; and robbery in the woods of Maine is rightly a capital crime.

But would you believe it—the Mocking-Bird is as much of a murderer as the Blue Jay! "My dear Mr Audubon," said Dr Wilson of Charleston, in the house of Bachman, "I have several beautiful fox-coloured sparrows in my aviary, but of late some of them have been killed, and I wish you would tell me by what other birds the murders have

been committed." Audubon laid the charge first on the Blue Jay, (see what it is to have a bad character,) but the doctor replied, that even they seemed too much molested by some other species. Audubon was dumb. Next day the doctor returned, and astonished him not a little by informing him that the culprit was a Mocking-Bird—ay "the unrivalled vocalist!" They went together to the doctor's aviary—and with all their four eyes saw the Mocking-Bird alight on one of the fox-coloured sparrows, in the manner of a small hawk, and attempt to murder him! The poor finch was rescued, but it was reduced to its last gasp, and expired. "This very Mocking-Bird we strongly suspected of being the individual that had killed a Blue Jay of exceedingly meek disposition a few weeks before. It was ultimately removed into a lonely cage; where

it is yet passing its days, perhaps in unavailing penitence."

We must bring our article to a close—but shall probably next month return to this volume, which teems, as our readers now know, with interest and amusement. We conclude with a little anecdote most characteristic of the enthusiasm of the great ornithologist. The Black Poll Warbler builds in Labrador. And thus Audubon tells us of his having found its nest. "One fair morning, while several of us were scrambling through one of the thickets of trees, scarcely waist-high, my youngest son chanced to scare from her nest a female of the Black Poll warbler. Reader! just fancy how this raised my spirits. I felt as if the enormous expense of my voyage had been refunded! "There," said I, "we are the first white men that have seen such a bird."

LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

SIR,—When I last addressed you in the character which you were yourself pleased to assign to me, of a “Liberal Whig,” it was with something like a promise of shortly recurring to the subject which I felt had been then but imperfectly treated. The very important, if not vital, question as to the claim of Dissenters to be admitted to degrees at the Universities, had been newly agitated, and its fate was still in suspense, when all hope of a fair and temperate discussion of it was suddenly checked by proceedings on the part of the great body of Dissenters themselves—disavowed indeed by some of its individual members, but never distinctly repudiated by any class of Seceders—having for their direct object nothing less than the total destruction of the Church Establishment. All consideration as to the more remote tendency of the minor proposition became at once, as it were, swallowed up in the startling magnitude of that which succeeded it. The indignation of that great majority of the nation which, as is now at least unquestionably demonstrated, is firm in its attachment to the established religion, became excited to such a degree as to render it impossible to persevere in the less direct, but more insidious scheme of hostility. All farther operations in that quarter were suspended for the remainder of the Session of Parliament; and with that suspension my design of resuming the discussion was for the present also abandoned. The great political changes which have since taken place have produced the effect of putting off the consideration of the case to a still greater distance. If destined to be hereafter renewed, it will probably be in a shape and under circumstances very different from the past, and such as to require an altered mode of defence, if not to deserve concession. At all events, there is no such pleasure or profit in matters of religious controversy as to challenge defence by anticipation; and accordingly the few lines which I now send you are intended not only to contain no farther allusion to the subject of my last com-

munication, but to announce the termination, according to my conception, of those party distinctions on which alone you appear to have hitherto recognised my claim for admission into your columns.

This great and salutary change, long foreseen and impending, has no doubt been much accelerated by the late sudden subversion of the feeble remnant of that which styled itself the Whig Ministry, and by the subsequent exposition made by Sir Robert Peel of the principles upon which he has undertaken to assume the reins of Government. In neither of these events, indeed, could such a consequence be fairly said to be involved, if, as has been pretended, the former could be construed as an act of mere royal caprice, or the latter as a mere vague profession, never meant to be followed up by performance. But these are pretences which, in both cases, are too shallow to deceive any but the inventors. The more immediate adherents of the Ex-Ministry—some, at least, among them—together with a few disappointed expectants—may flatter themselves into the temporary belief of a tale upon the reality of which depends their only chance of restoration to power; but all the world besides had long beheld the crisis of their fate as inevitable—the precise time and manner alone being left in uncertainty, or the subject of speculation. The ultimate cause of their dissolution may be traced, without any affectation of superior sanctity, to the apparent absence of a fixed moral principle of action, as evidenced by their total indifference in the choice of means and instruments towards the accomplishment of their purposes, their almost open avowal of the doctrine of expediency as the only rule of political conduct, their alternate employment of intimidation and concession as the method of dealing with those whose acts amounted to nothing short of rebellion or treason, and their well-known disunion among themselves upon points of such vital and fundamental importance as to render any government formed on a basis from which

they were excluded, an object not merely of distrust, but of actual ridicule. This was, indeed, felt and acknowledged to be the case by that honest and independent portion of Earl Grey's ministry which seceded with Mr Stanley. It was as strongly felt, if not as openly avowed, by Earl Grey himself, when he abdicated the helm of Government. The later acts of Lord Brougham, whatever may be said of them on the score of discretion and attention to public decorum, cannot be viewed in any other light than that of a similar recognition; and nobody who has watched the course of Lord Melbourne, or given him credit for the sincerity of the opinions avowed by him, can do otherwise than believe that that nobleman, whatever he may feel or express as to the immediate manner or motive of his dismissal, must secretly rejoice in his release, without personal dishonour, from a situation in which it was manifestly impossible for him to remain for a single month after the next meeting of Parliament, without compromises alike disparaging to himself and fraught with the most alarming consequences to the country.

Let us now turn to the declaration made by Sir Robert Peel, in his address to the electors of Tamworth, of the principles of the new ministry. The first thing which must strike every impartial reader, is the impossibility of finding in it a single proposition, with the exception of that which expresses a resolution to devote the surplus (if any) of the Irish Church revenue to none but "strictly ecclesiastical purposes," which we should not equally have expected to find in a manifesto of either Lord Grey or Lord Melbourne, at any period subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill. And, even in that single exception, it will be noticed that Sir Robert Peel would have met with the cordial concurrence of the seceding portion of the Reform Ministry. But it will be answered, that it is not in what Sir Robert Peel has declared, but in what he has omitted to make any declaration about, that we are to detect the cloven foot of the anti-reform principle—that new incarnation of the ancient demon of Toryism; and upon this there is nothing more to be said

than that, whatever is the extent of Sir Robert Peel's explicitness, it is that beyond which no minister of the crown, be he called Whig or Tory, ought to commit himself—beyond which we may feel certain that neither Lord Grey nor Lord Melbourne would have committed himself—in an exposition of the principles on which he intends to conduct the government of the country. For a minister to pledge himself—that is, in other words, to pledge his Sovereign—*before hand*, to the support of any given *measure* until it shall have received the full sanction of legislative approval, implies so manifest, not to say treasonable, a dereliction of duty, that those who clamour so loudly for want of it, must be strangely bewildered in the pursuit of that new-fangled notion about "*following out the principle of the Reform Bill*," which it is impossible to say whether it is more vague and unmeaning in expression, or false and unphilosophical in theory. That great and extensive enactment, upon which all parties (except that of the *movement*) are now agreed to *rest*, as an integral part of the British constitution, was, as we were repeatedly assured by its first promoters, both in and out of Parliament, to be regarded as complete in itself, being founded on one broad and distinct principle—namely, the Representative. It was announced, and it was accepted, in one and the same spirit—as the first settlement of that one great national question. Nobody ever doubted that there were then, or that there are now, grievances to be redressed, abuses to be put an end to, improvements to be adopted, wholly independent of, and unconnected with, Reform in Parliament, or that it is the duty of Government now, as it was at all times, to redress, abate, and ameliorate, whenever the voice of the people, constitutionally uttered, shall have clearly indicated either the evil or the remedy. The complaint was, that the composition of the Commons' House of Parliament was not such as faithfully to report the voice of the people. This source of complaint, which was just in proportion as it was well founded, is now removed. The people, in the estimation of all but some ultra-reformers who constitute at present

a small minority, is now sufficiently represented. It can make known its wants and its grievances through the legitimate channel, and may freely pursue all legitimate courses for their attainment and reformation. This is the only true end of the *Reform Bill* already accomplished; and what more is meant by "*following out its principle*." I am at a loss to imagine, unless that every succeeding ministry is to be bound neck and foot, like Mazeppa, to the wild Horse, Innovation, and to perform no other act than that of implicitly registering the decrees of that which, for the moment, may be the uppermost faction.

If, then, it may be said, Sir Robert Peel has professed neither more nor less than might be expected to have been professed by either Lord Grey or Lord Melbourne, were he now to take office, where was the necessity for any change of Ministers, and why dismiss the Ministry, of which Lord Melbourne was the nominal head, before it had even been tried whether it would, or could, act up to the principles by which it is assumed that Lord Melbourne himself would profess to be guided? The answer is short and plain. Because, giving to Lord Melbourne all possible credit for moderation in principle, and excellence of intention, it is well known that Lord Melbourne's individual sentiments were *not* those of the majority of his Cabinet; and, farther, because, even allowing to that majority the utmost merit in *meaning*, not the *distraction*, but the *conservation*, of the commonwealth, it is superabundantly manifest that they could not be trusted in respect of the capability of resistance to the tide of popular encroachment. They—that is, such of them as were members of the two former Cabinets, and from whom their new associates differed only as being supposed to descend yet lower in the scale of concession—had already, on too many occasions, displayed their readiness to embrace measures of real destructiveness; and whether to withdraw our confidence in them in anticipation of those measures, or to wait for the season of their being actually proposed and adopted, is no longer left to our choice, in consequence of the King's unexpect-

ed, but possibly not unwise or ill-considered decision. To attempt, *now*, the reversal of that decision, would be, not to return to the principles of the former Government, but blindly to rush upon changes of indefinite magnitude and unimaginable consequences. That the good vessel of the state might not, even in such case, still ride triumphantly through the tempest, and in the end reach some safe and quiet harbour, I am the last man to predict; but fearful would be the experiment, and not to be ventured upon, unless under circumstances to render the enterprise compulsory. Until then, the plain duty of every *true Conservative* is to avert, by every possible exertion, so dangerous an extremity. The professions of the new Ministry are such as clearly to justify *all such men*, whatever may be the shades of difference in their former opinions, or whatever the party under whose banners they have hitherto ranked themselves, in recording their frank and confiding adherence to the government of their Sovereign's choice, so long as it acts up to the spirit of its declaration, in which I conceive to be clearly embraced—the recognition of the new system of representation as the established law of the land—the removal of all proved and convicted abuses—the adoption of all well-ascertained and unquestionable improvements—and a spirit of concession to popular opinion, when clearly and unequivocally demonstrated, and as contradistinguished from mob clamour and the turbulence engendered by every sudden cause of excitement.

It is on principles such as these that I can conceive of no just ground of distinction at present existing which ought to prevent the cordial coalition of Whig and Tory, even to the final extinction of the names, for the preservation of the commonwealth, against those whose evident, if not avowed object, is its destruction; and that, least of all, I can admit of any apology for such members or supporters of the *late* Ministry, as professed conservative tenets, in refusing (if they do refuse) the like benefits of support and concurrence to the *present*. I am, sir, &c.

Yours,

METRODORUS.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXX.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

SCENE—*Old Blue Parlour, Ambrose's, Gabriel's Road.—Time, Eight—Present, NORTH, TICKLER, and the SHEPHERD.*

NORTH.

Yes, James ! I do indeed love my country with a passionate devotion—of all my heart, all my soul, and all my mind—far beyond the imagination of your citizen of the world, or your—

SHEPHERD.

Imagination ! Your citizen o' the warld hasna abune an inch thick o' soil on his sowle ; and the substratum is a cauld till, that keeps the vegetation shiverin' on the surface in a perpetual ague.

TICKLER.

Good.

SHEPHERD.

Yet vegetation's owre strang a name for the meagre mixtur o' weeds and moss mopin' aloof frae the happy gerss an' floueres—aye wat wi' a sickly sweat—unvisited by bee or butterfly—and only at times travelled in haste by the lang-legged speeder, or the ask that has lost his way—

TICKLER.

The ask ?

NORTH.

Or lizard.

SHEPHERD.

They say they're harmless ; but I never liked them, sin' we used to bash them wi' stanes, whan we were callants.

TICKLER.

A most poetical and Christian prejudice.

SHEPHERD.

Is't ? I'm thinkin' you're about an equal judge o' poetry and o' Christianity, sir. But what for spoil a feegurative expression ? Never be critical in conversation, but accept what's said—be't the sma'est trifle—frae a man o' genius—and be thankfu'. Noo, you've interruptit the flaw o' my ideas, and lost an illustration that you micht hae committed to memory, and passed it aff as an original ane o' your ain at the card-club.

NORTH.

The climate of Scotland is the best in the whole circle of the sky.

SHEPHERD.

And the maist beautifu'. Wha daured to say that the gerss o' Scotland's no green ? Is the cheese o' the moon green ? Is a grossert green ? Is a guse

green? Is a fairy's mantle green? Are the een o' an angry cat green? Is a mermaid's hair green? Are the edges o' the Orange islands green, that lie in a sea o' purple and vermilion around the setting sun?

TICKLER.

There he goes, North.

SHEPHERD.

But no sae green as the gerss o' the Forest, when June makes his bed on the embodied dews o' May, and haps himsell up in a coverlet "o' wee modest crimson-tipped floures"—

NORTH.

Daisies.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae—daisies, and their kith and kin—that by their bauld beauty repel the frosts, and gar them melt awa' in tears o' very shame, pity, and repentance, for havin' thocht o' withrin' the earliest gifts o' Flora, profusely scattered owre bank and brae—the sweet-scented, bright-hued embroidery o' nature—

"The simmer to nature, my Willie to me!"

Oh sirs! What a line! I could ban Burns for hae'n said it—instead o' me! But ban I will not—I will bless him—for by it he has made a' Scotland, and a' the daughters o' Scotland, lovelier and mair delightfu' to every Scottish heart.

NORTH.

There he goes, Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

Green indeed! Put on a pair o' green specs, and you'll ken whether or no the gerss o' Scotland be green. The optician embues them wi' as intense a glower o' green as science can impart to the assisted human ee—but though they change the snaw into verdure without dissolvin't—they add nae deeper hue to the sward, sir—ma' fath, that's ayont the force o' ony artificial focus—for a green licht is native in every blade on which balances the dewdrap—green licht sae saft, sae tender, sae delicate, that you wonder hoo at the same time it should be sae vivid—sae dazzlin' I had amaist said—and I will say't—sae dazzlin'—for when the sun, seein' some sicht o' mair especial sweetness far doon below on the happy earth, canna help breakin' oot into a shinier smile, aimed frae his throne on high at the heart o' the verra spat where that sweetness lies—oh! but that spat grows insupportably beautifu'! a paradise within a paradise—like—like—like——

TICKLER.

Like what, James? Don't stutter.

SHEPHERD.

Like a bonnie Sabbath among the bonnie week-days—when they are lovely as the earthly on-goings o' time can ever be—but it's a heavenly floatin' by, wi' something mair sacred in the blue skies, and something mair holy in the whiter clouds.

NORTH.

God bless you, my dear James.

TICKLER.

Ditto.

SHEPHERD.

Your hauns, chiels. The English are severe on our cleemat—and our cleemat, when it catches a Cockney in't, is still severer on them—lauchin' a' the while at the cretur's astonishment, when a blash o' sleet suddenly blin's his face, or a hail-dance peppers him—a wee bit malicious whirl-wund havin' first reversed his umbrella, and then whuppen it oot o' his haun', carried it to the back o' beyond—to be picked up as a curiosity frae Lunnun by some shepherd in anither glen—in anither glen where a' is loun as faery-lawn, and the willow leaves, wi' untwinkling shadows, are imaged in the burnie that has subsided into sleep, and is scarcely seen, no heard ava', to wimple in its dream.

NORTH.

I do not remember, James, ever to have seen you under an umbrella.

TICKLER.

Nor I, James, with even so much as one under your arm—or used as a walking-stick.

SHEPHERD.

A daft-like walkin'-stick indeed is an umbrella! gie me a gude black thorn, wi' a spike in't. As for carryin' an umbrella aneath ma oter—I hae a' my life preferred the arm o' a bit lassie cleikin' mine—and whenever the day comes that I'm seen unfurlin' an imbrella, as I'm walkin' or sittin' by myself, may that day be my last, for it'll be a proof that the pith's a' oot o' me, and that I'm a puir fusionless body, ready for the kirkyard, and my corp no worth the trouble o' howkin' up. Nae weather-fender for the Shepherd but the plaid! I look out intil the lift, and as Tamson shooblimely says—

“ See the deep fermenting tempest brewed

In the grim evening sky.”

But what care I for the grim brewer? What's his browst? Rain or snaw—or thunner and lichtenin'—or a' fowre thegither, or what's ca'd elemental war? Thunner and lichtening's gae awsome in winter, I confess; and it's an eerie thing, sirs, to see a whurilwund heepin' up a snaw-drift, by the glare o' heaven's angry ee, that for a moment alloos you a look intil the nicht! And nae man kens what thunner is, wha hasna heard it deadened intil sullen, wrathfu' groans—for they're no peals—they're no peals yon—again' the sides o' hills, snaw-shrooded—that groan in their turns—but in fear, no in anger—as if some strange judgment had found oot the damned in their hour of respite, and were ordering them to rise up again to dree the trouble of the guilty dead. It's nae exaggeration, sir. Lord safe us, what'n a howl!

TICKLER.

James, send round the jug.

SHEPHERD.

I'll dae nae sic thing, Timothy. The jug's mine ain—but I'll gie you a glass frae my jug if yours is dune, or gotten cauld—

TICKLER.

That's unconscionable. Pray, when did you discover that the jug was your own? Till now it has been common property during the evening.

NORTH.

It has, indeed, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Then why didna you mention that sooner? for I've been treatin't as individual property this last half hour—

NORTH.

And I, seeing with what a resolute grasp you held the handle, have been taking an occasional taste of the Glenlivet, in a succession of small drams such as King Oberon might turn up his little finger to, as he raised to his lips the rose-chalice, trembling to the brink with dewdrops brightening in the lustre of Titania's eyes, as she longed for the genial hour of love, soon about to be ushered in by the moonshine already beginning to smooth their nuptial bed on that bank of violets.

SHEPHERD.

Eh? Say you the Glenlivet smells like violets? (*puts the Tower of Babel to his nose.*) It does that—a perfect nosegay.

NORTH.

No land on earth like Scotland for the landscape painter. Skies! I have lived for years in Italy—and—

SHEPHERD.

And speak the language like a native, I'll answer for that—for I never understood Dante, till I heard you read up the greatest part o' Hell ae nicht in your ain study. Yon's fearsome. The *terzza rima*'s an infernal measure—and you let the lines rin intil ane anither wi' the skill o' a Lucifer. When every noo and then you laid doon the vollumm on your knees—mercy on us! a great big vollumm wi' clasps just like the Bible—and receeted a screed that you had gotten by heart—I coud hae thoct that you was Dante himsell—the great Florentine—for your vice kept tollin' like a bell

—as if some dark spirit within your brier were pu'in' the rope—some demon o' which you was possessed; till a' at ance it grew saft and sweet in the soun' as the far-aff tinkling o' the siller bells on the bridle-reins o' the snaw-white palfrey o' the Queen o' the Fairies—as I hae heard them i' the Forest—but that was lang, lang syne—for my ears, in comparison wi' what they were when I was a mere child, are as if they were stuffed wi' cotton—then they could hear the gerss growin' by moonlicht—or a drap o' dew slipping awa' into naething frae the primrose-leaf.

NORTH.

Most episodical of Shepherds! Much nonsense has been written about Italian skies—true that they are more translucent than ours—and that one sometimes feels as if he not only saw higher up into heaven, but as if he were delightfully received into it, along with the earth, so perfectly pure the ether that it spiritualizes all the imagery, as well as the being of him who gazes on it, and all are united together in the beautiful repose of joy, as if the dewy prime of nature were all one with the morning of life!

SHEPHERD.

Haena I felt a' that and mair in the Forest?

NORTH.

You may, James—but, then, James, you are a poet—and I am not—

SHEPHERD.

That's true.

NORTH.

To feel so I had to go to Italy. That clime worked so even upon me, who am no poet. What then would be its effect on the Ettrick Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

I should grow licht in the head—as I did the first time I blew saip-bubbles frae a pipe.

TICKLER.

How was that James? I never heard that tale.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae tale to tell; but it sae happened that I had never heard tell o' blawin' saip-bubbles frae a pipe till I was aught year auld—the maist poetical æpok perhaps in the life o' a great untaucht original genius.

TICKLER.

Millions of poets are cut off ere they reach that epoch!

SHEPHERD.

And mony million mair by teethin'—

TICKLER.

And the gripes.

SHEPHERD.

That's tautology—teethin' includes the gripes—though you may hae forgotten it—but great wits hae short memories—that's proverbial—sae let me proceed.

TICKLER.

Wet your whistle.

SHEPHERD.

My whistle's never dry. I had seen a lassie doin't, and though she could na do't weel, yet even sic bubbles as she blew—she was a verra bonnie bit lassie—appeared to my imagination mair beautifu' than ony ither sicht my een had ever beheld—no excepting the blab o' hinny that I used to haud up atween me and the licht, afore I soaked it, after I had flung awa', in twa halves, the bum-bee that had gathered it partly frae the clover and partly frae the heather-floures.

TICKLER.

How amiable is infant cruelty!

SHEPHERD.

And how detestable the cruelty o' auld age! That verra day I took up the saip—I remember the shape and size o' the cut at this moment—and bat a bit aff—makin' it appear by the nibblin' o' my teeth, as if the thief had been a mouse.

TICKLER.

How amiable is infant hypocrisy!

SHEPHERD.

Whare was ye last nicht, you auld Archimawgo? I then laid hauns on a new pipe my father had brocht frae Selkirk in a present for my mother—for the cutty was worn doon to an inch, and had owre strong a smell even for the auld wives; but as for my mother, she was then in the prime o' life, and reckoned verra like the duchess; and havin' provided mysell wi' a tea-cup and a drap water, I stole out intil what ance had been the garden o' Ettrick ha', and sat down aneath ane o' the elm-trees, as big then as they are noo—and in solitude, wi' a beatin' heart, prepared my suds. I quaked a' the same as if I had been gaun to do something wicked—

NORTH.

Shakspearean.

TICKLER.

Nothing equal to it in Massinger.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a trummlin' heart—indeed a' in a trummel—I put the mouth o' the pipe as gently's I cou'd on the precious saip and water, and it sooked in the wee bells till they a' made but ae muckle bell, on which depended a' my happiness for that day at least, for in my agitation I let the tea cup fa'—though thank God it didna break—and a' my hopes were in the bole o' that pipe, and it was limited to that ae single charge! I drew in my breath—and I held in my breath—wi' the same sort o' shiver that a wean gies afore gaen into the dookin'—and then I let out ae sigh after anither sigh—hainin' my breath—when oh! ineffable and inconceivable happiness! the bells grew intil bubbles! and the bubbles intil baloons! and the baloons intil meteors! and the meteors intil moons! a' irradiated wi' lustre, a thousand times mair mony-coloured than the rainbow—each in itsell a wee glorious globe o' a wairld—and the beautifu' series followin' ane anither up the air, as if they were sailing awa' to heaven. I forgot utterly that they were saip-suds, and thoct them what they seemed to be—creturs o' the element! Till first ane and then anither—ah waes me! gaed oot—and left me staunin' forlorn wi' my pipe in my haun' aneath the auld elm-tree, as if the wairld I breathed in was altered back intil what it was before—and I, Jamie Hogg, again at ance a school boy and a herd—likely to get his licks baith frae Mr Beattie the dominie, and auld Mr Laidlaw—instead o' muntin' up to heaven as the bubbles munted up to heaven—to find our hame in the sky! I looked sideways to the houses—and there was my mother fleein' towards me—shaking her neive, and callin' me “Sorrow”—and demandin' hoo I daured to meddle wi' that pipe? The stalk, at that moment, broke into ten pieces in my hand! and the head o' the pipe, pale as death, trundled at my feet. I felt my crime to be murder—and without a struggle submitted to my mother, who gave me my paiks, which I took as silent as a fox. Severe disenchantment! Yet though my ears tingled, when I touched them, till bed-time, I was an unreformed sinner in sleep—and blew dream-saip-bubbles frae a visionary pipe up the ether of imagination, uninterrupted, unterrified, and unpunished by any mortal mother—dream-saip-bubbles far transcending in purest loveliness even them for which I had wept—and is na't a strange thoct, sirs, to think that the sowle in sleep's capable o' conceivin' what's even mair beautifu' and mair evanescent than the first perfect heavenly joy that a puir wee bit poetic laddie like me ever experienced in the waukin' wairld?

NORTH.

What better have we been pursuing all our lives!

SHEPHERD.

Said ye pursuin'? I did na pursue them—I stood rooted to the grund—I gazed on them as glories that I knew a breath would destroy—I feared to breathe for fear the air would break their pictured sides—for ilka ane as it arose glistened wi' changefu' pictures—painted a' roun' and roun' wi' wee clouds, and as I thought wee trees—the globes seemin' rather to contain the scenery within them like sae many floatin' lookin'-glasses—and some

o' them shinin' wi' a tiny sun o' its ain—the image it micht be—the reflected image—o' the great sun that illumines not only this world but the planetary system.

NORTH.

Well, James! what better have we been gazing at all our lives!

TICKLER.

That ROUND OF BEEF, Kit.

SHEPHERD.

Timothy's speakin' sense, and we twa hae been speakin' nonsense—and yet that Round of Beef, though there's nae fear, I houp, o' his floatin' awa' up the air and meltin' in a drap o' saip and water, is but a bubble in his way too, and corned though he be, look for him to-morrow, and you will find him not.

TICKLER.

Yet is he a prize buttock.

NORTH.

Transitory as a prize poem.

SHEPHERD.

In Eternity as short will be the date of that still larger round—the Earth.

NORTH.

Not any more mustard, Timothy.

(TICKLER hands a substantial sandwich across the table to NORTH.)

Thank ye, Tim. Depth three half inches—the middle layer in a pepper and salt coat, rather the thinnest of the three—no fat but round the edges—and confound crust. There's a recipe for a beef sandwich; and if you ask to take a lesson how to eat one, pray observe the mode of opening a mouth like a gentleman—wide, without gaping—and, having fixed that in your memory, attend to the difference between a civilized swallow and a barbarous bolt.—There! that was a civilized swallow; and, by the law of contrast, you have already, in fair imagination, a barbarous bolt. But we are rambling; and I remember we were discussing the skies of Italy in comparison with those of Scotland. Saw ever Italy such storms as Scotland sees?

SHEPHERD.

In some spat or ither amaist every day o' her life.

TICKLER.

Yes, she does; and such storms, too, as Scotland never sees. For all our volcanoes are dead; and, except now and then a slight shiver about Comrie, she never had an earthquake.

NORTH.

Shelly says grandly,

“as when some greater painter dips

His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.”

I forget whether the word is earthquake or thunder.

SHEPHERD.

An' its nae great maitter.

NORTH.

Is there any great picture of an earthquake? or of an eclipse?

SHEPHERD.

Ye mean in iles or canvass?

NORTH.

I do. I know of none—but, were there fifty, I stake my credit on the assertion, that all of them together would not do the business to imagination so perfectly as one line and a half in Milton—

“Disastrous twilight sheds, with fear of change

Perplexing monarchs.”

SHEPHERD.

I've written as gude a line and a half as thae—but I've forgotten a' my poetry, except some sangs. But keep to the pint.

NORTH.

Great painters will rarely seize, I think, on the throes of mother Earth, or on the agonies of father Uranus. In earthquake, she seems to be too

ruefully rent—in eclipse, he seems to be too disastrously darkened—for us, their children, to desire to see one or other so painted; but poetry can sublime them both by some mighty moral, gathering up the supernatural trouble into a few words, and then by applying it illustratively to human life, magnifying both images—making them both more portentous and prodigious by their natural reaction on the imagination.

SHEPHERD.

I suspect, sir, that's verra gude. After a', there's naething like poetry.

NORTH.

And no poets like the poets of Britain. But the truth is, James, that there is no country like Britain; and that her children far excel all the rest of mankind equally in imagination and in intellect.

SHEPHERD.

Are you sure o' that, sir, and can you pruv't?

NORTH.

I am sure of it, and I can prove it in one sentence, to the dissatisfaction of all the rest of mankind. What mortal man, in universality of genius, ever equalled Shakspeare?

SHEPHERD.

That's a poser. I defy the rest o' mankind, leevin' or dead, to parry that thump. You've knocked them a' doon, sir, wi' ae hit on the universal jugular.

NORTH.

What mortal man ever equalled Newton?

"God said, Let Newton be—and all was light!"

SHEPHERD.

Nane. That's a sickener on the stomach.

NORTH.

What mortal man ever equalled Bacon?

SHEPHERD.

What, auld Roger?

NORTH.

No, James,—Francis.

SHEPHERD.

Oo ay,—Francie!—In whatt? Howsomever that's a settler on the kidneys.

NORTH.

What mortal man in majestic wisdom of moral imagination—that is, "in the vision and the faculty *divine*," ever equalled Milton?

SHEPHERD.

The shooblimest o' a' poems, though a silly shepherd says sae, assuredly is *Paradise Lost*. The blin' bard was a seraph.

NORTH.

I have done; and merely ask, where we are to look for the equals of Spenser and Wordsworth?

SHEPHERD.

Dinna weaken your argument, sir; nor shall I, or I micht ask where we are to find a Scott and a Byron—or a Burns—or——

TICKLER.

An Ettrick Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna indulge in personalities, Mr Tickler. I'm satisfied to be the Scottish Theocritus.

(Enter, in two columns, the Ambrosial brethren, with their tails, and the usual supplies.)

NORTH.

How are you, gentlemen?

OMNES, in all kinds of voices.

Pretty bobbish.

SHEPHERD.

What kind o' an answer's that to make Mr North, ye neerdoweels? And it maun be preconcerted—for wha ever heard tell o' twa columns o'

waiters, each wi' its ain maister at its head, without preconcert, and in perfect unison, cryin' out in tenor, treble, and base, "Pretty bobbish?" For shame o' yoursell! answer me wiselike—Hoo's a' wi' ye, lads?

OMNES, in all kinds of voices.

All alive and kicking.

(They deposit the dishes, and deploy out of the room in gallopade, Tap-pitourie, to the great delight of the family, hitting his hurdies with his heels, and disappearing in a somerset.)

SHEPHERD.

I've lang gien up wonderin' at ony thing; but there coudna weel be fewer than twa score. Mony faces glowered on me, as the columnus deployed, some wi' goggle and some wi' pig een—some wi' snouts and some wi' snubs—and think you yon black-a-vised man wi' the white teeth could be a blackamoor?

NORTH.

The truth is, my dear James, that thousands of strangers in Edinburgh—many of them from foreign countries—are perennally dying to see the Ettrick Shepherd in all his glory at a Noctes—and I lately discovered, by the merest accident, that Ambrose, out of the purest humanity—for you know he is above all selfish motives—has been in the practice—since we resumed our sittings—to admit as many of the more distinguished as the parlour can prudently hold, on account of the flooring, into his Tail, and into the Tail, too, of Mon. Cadet. The black-a-vised gentleman is, as you conjectured, a blackamoor. The Duke of Lemonade—fresh from St Domingo.

SHEPHERD.

And the Tawney?

NORTH.

That was the Marquis of Marmalade, the duke's eldest son, by a French countess, who survived the Great Massacre, and was the beauty of Port-au-Prince.

SHEPHERD.

I houp Mr Awmrose 'll be kind to the duke and marquis in the bar, and no let them want for ony thing reasonable in the way o' drink. Noo, sirs, dinna distract my attention frae the boord, for it requires as meikle thocht to play a supper o' this complicated character as a game at chess. You twa are at liberty to speak to ane anither, but no to me, and mind that ye converse in a laigh, or at least moderate key, that ye dinna wax warm and smite the table or your thees, and abune a' things else that ye flee na up in ane anither's faces in a rage, and gie ane anither the lee. Be temperate, for I canna help fearin' the kintra's in a predicament. Thir are prime.

NORTH.

You may perhaps remember, Mr Hogg, that at last Noctes, in reply to a question of yours, If I thought there would be any serious disturbance in the country on account of the dissolution of the Ministry? I said, that I thought there would be a great deal of ludicrous disturbance, and that the people would experience so many difficulties in preserving a grave countenance, that they would very soon desist from the attempt, and find relief in general laughter.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no hearkenin', and your words in my lugs seem to follow ane anither wi' that kind o' connexion that might be expected amang written slips o' paper read, as they cam to haun, out o' a hat.

NORTH.

Has it not been even so, Tickler? I see "in the *Sun* a mighty angel stand," waving a broadsword all over Scotland.

TICKLER.

On such occasions the London papers, in the adverse faction, always tell the people of England to look at Us: We are always in a flame of patriotism—the conflagration spreads over the country like a thousand fires in the season of heather burning, when every hill has its beacon.

NORTH.

And in the smoke the stars are stifled like bees in brimstone, and fall hissing into the lochs.

TICKLER.

I contemplated the meeting in the Grassmarket from one of the eyes of the White Hart, and felt ashamed of Auld Reekie. In that vast area I have seen fifty thousand people, all gazing intently on one man, who was making them a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the orator, with hands impressively folded across his breast, "on rising to address you on this occasion, I feel it to be a duty incumbent on me to deviate from the usual practice of my predecessors in the chair, and to declare, with a voice that will be heard all over Scotland, that so far from charging the fair sex with having been the cause of my downfall—which is now near at hand—for I am about to relinquish the situation which I have for a good many years held in this city—I have ever found them the best of friends—and that had I taken their advice earlier in my career, although my life might not have been one of such adventure—and, without presumption, I may even say, achievement—nor my death witnessed by so numerous and highly respectable an assemblage of my fellow-citizens—(and here he bowed all round)—I might on the whole have been a happier man. With my last words, therefore, I beg the ladies to accept the assurance of my sincerest gratitude, highest respect, and warmest affection." And so saying, he dropped the handkerchief, and in air danced the usual solo.

SHEPHERD.

Was na the rubber a sodger?

TICKLER.

When I thoct of that orator and that audience, and the sublime sympathy that stilled the vast assemblage while he spoke—and then looked at the pitiful crew standing on the shabby scaffold, all of them like criminals guilty of no particular crime, but somehow or other invested with the mean air of servants out of livery and out of place—I could not but very painfully feel the disheartening and humiliating contrast; nor was my shame for the degeneracy of my countrymen not exacerbated by the miserable and wretched speeches emitted in voices that alternately played cheep! and peep! or sputtered out in syllables that seemed composed of slaver, and left most of their fluency on the waistcoats of the delirious idiot drivelling about Claverhouse and Bothwell-bridge.

NORTH.

Why he is their crack orator.

TICKLER.

The mob near the scaffold was very far indeed from resembling the swell mob. It looked like the last relics of a meal mob, that had scattered on the streets what it should have put in its stomach—or rather like a general meeting of your friends the old clothesmen.

NORTH.

My friends the old clothesmen—I beg you to be civil.

TICKLER.

You know you always knock them down simply for popping the question. But they were far from being enthusiastic.

NORTH.

You seldom find united in one and the same individual the extremes of enthusiasm and hunger.

TICKLER.

I did not say they all looked hungry—though I do not doubt many of them were so—but they almost all looked as if they had been drunk the night before, and kept spitting till they stood in a puddle of phlegm. 'Twas rather a raw day, and the afternoon of a raw day towards the end of November, in the Grassmarket, is not favourable to noses. The cheekery got sallower and sallower as the light declined, and the mob began to sniffer, and wipe its nose on its sleeve—dangerous symptoms of anger and disgust. It then began to swear and to cut jokes, and only wanted spirit for a row. "Spunks—spunks—spunks—who will buy my spunks?"—cried an

errant voice with a beseeching earnestness, that wershified the insipidity of the patriot at that moment advising his Majesty to look to his crown, and Jock's appeal to the sympathy of the shiverers excited an abortive guffaw.

SHEPHERD.

Wha leuch?

TICKLER.

The meanest of mankind are yet susceptible of shame, and from the outskirts of the mob I saw slinkings away into closes, and heard sulky proposals, such as "Come awa', Jamie—for I never heard sic haverers—come awa', and let's join for a dram."

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart. Your health, sir.

TICKLER.

There had not at the thickest been more than a couple of thousand near the scaffold, and as the mob thinned, and you could see through "its looped and windowed raggedness," you could not help admiring how the lowest rabble in Scotland contrive to have such fair skins.

NORTH.

Cutaneous diseases are now chiefly confined to England.

TICKLER.

True, I seldom go there now for fear of catching the itch.

NORTH.

'Tis a retribution on them for all their wit on the Scotch fiddle.

TICKLER.

Had these poor fellows attended to their own business instead of the affairs of the state, they might all, with the regular wages going, have clad themselves decently on week days, and had a Sunday suit; whereas, you never saw out of Ireland such apologies for breeches; and one radical at a distance I mistook for a Highlandman, whose imagined kilt of the Macgregor tartan, on somewhat nearer inspection appeared in its true colours—those of a dirty shirt.

SHEPHERD.

I hae been tryin' a' I could no to hear you—but I hae been obliged, whether I would or no, to follow the threed o' your discourse, like a speeder waverin' apparently again' his wull in the wund—

NORTH.

On a line of his own spinning, James—but, Shepherd, you are like the fly, unwittingly caught in the spider's web.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna like to hear you abusin' puir folk.

NORTH.

Come—come, James, much as I esteem you, I shall not suffer you to utter such stuff.

SHEPHERD.

Weel—weel, then—I eat in my words.

NORTH.

I love the people of Scotland, James, and they know it. A nobler race never toiled for bread. Abuse the poor, indeed!—No—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God"—

And Scotland is full of them—of men in low degree, on whose hearts nature has set her own badge of highest merit, that to my eyes shines brighter than any silver star. The commonalty of Scotland has produced many of her greatest geniuses and most heroic patriots—and will continue to produce them; but independently of such produce rich and rare, I love the people for the sake of the virtues of their own condition, on which the country, equally in time of peace and of war, for her happiness and her safety mainly relies. And now that the political privileges of the people have been extended—though to such extension I was adverse, and gave reasons for my opposition which never yet have been refuted—so far from finding fault with their exercise of those privileges, I would despise them now whom I have heretofore admired, were they not to value them highly, and

to consider every case in which they think themselves called to use their rights, as a case of conscience.

SHEPHERD.

Sound doctrine that—and high sentiment too—just like yoursell !

NORTH.

Nay, I shall always make great allowance for them in times of excitement, and the moment you hear me call them mob or rabble, get me cognosced, and confined, and let the Lodge be let.

SHEPHERD.

I should in that case hae nae objections to sit in't rent-free, provided the trustees would only pay the taxes, and the wages o' the gardener for keepin' up the place, and the gravel walks tidy, for o' a' things on the yerth I do maist detest and abhor chicken-weed and sic like trailin' trash chockin' up the boxwood and ither odoriferous plants, sae that you might mow the avenue wi' a scythe, and put up into cocks a kind o' coorse product, atween hay and straw and rashes, that stirks in wunter wad eat rather than starve.

NORTH.

But no friends, James, of the people are they who collect such ragamuffin congregations of the dregs of the lowest canaille as that which disgraced the Grassmarket, and libel the lower orders by addressing the insignificant assortment of small gangs, as if they represented the worth and intelligence, and industry, and patriotism of the Working Classes. Why, Tickler tells me that the few scores belonging to that excellent order stood aloof in knots with their aprons on, for a short while regarding the proceedings with indifference or contempt, and then walking away, with a laugh or a frown, to their afternoon's work. It is a stupid mistake, and shows utter ignorance of their characters, to believe that the respectable mechanics of Edinburgh like to see magistrates and gentlemen descending to a level on which they themselves would scorn to stand. They think and say—I have heard more than one of them say so—that they wonder how their superiors in station can submit to such degradation as they themselves, humble men as they are, would spurn ; and are surprised how they are permitted to do so by their wives.

SHEPHERD.

The wives o' the workin' classes, I ken, aye set their faces against their husbands attendin' sic riff-raffery affairs ; for in nae ither class o' society hae honest men's wives mair becoming pride, and in amaiest every woman's briest there is a natural repugnance to a' pursuits—except it be an occasional play—that tak her man frae his wark or his fireside—and especially to sic as embitter and exasperate his temper, which politics, as they're ca'd, are certain sure to do, and to mak him a domestic tyrant at last.

NORTH.

What cruel wickedness is involved in those two words—Domestic Tyrant !

SHEPHERD.

The chiel, frae abusin' the misgovernment o' the kintra, and the misdirection o' public affairs, and a' things whatsoever in the wide world—the hail system in short, sir, o' our foreign and domestic policy—acquires a habit o' fawte-findin' that he applies to the mismanagement o' the hame department within his ain door-cheeks—and the neebours hear him flyting on the gudewife like a tinkler, till at last he taks to the harlin o' her along the flure by the hair o' the head—and some night the polish enter at the cry o' murder, and carry the Radical Reformer to the shells.

NORTH.

Strang—strang—strang—James.

SHEPHERD.

Mind ye, sirs, I'm no sayin' this is the common character o' Radical Reformers amang mechanics. It's an extreme case—the cry o' murder. For a woman will thole a hantle o' ill-usage afore she breaks out either in fury or fear at her husband, rememberin' the days o' their youth. But the peace o' the fireside may be sair disturbed without things comin' till that

extremity; and I manteeen it's no in the natur o' things that ony hard-workin', contented, decent, douce, domestic chiel wi' a wife, and of coorse weans, can lang busy himsell wi' correctin' the abuses o' church and state, without suner than he suspekts becomin' rather idlish, gae sour, no just sae ceevil in his mainer as he used to be, upsettin', and proud o' bein' the cock o' the company whare ilka bit bantam maun hae its craw—instead o' happy in bein' the cock o' his ain roost, chucklin' by the saft side o' his ain chucklin' hen, as bonnie as if she were yet an yearock, though she has been aften clackin', and has bred up chickens that are some o' them doin' for themsells, and the rest cheerfully runnin' about and pickin' crumbs frae the floor.

NORTH.

Tickler, how pleasingly he illustrates his political and economical views!

SHEPHERD.

Safe us! what's become o' a' the oysters!—You hae aye been a great freen', sir, o' the educatin' o' the People.

NORTH.

Always. I shall give my support to no ministry that does not strive with all its might and main to effect that object. The late ministry deserved praise for what they did; and we shall show ourselves a strange nation indeed if we grudge any grant of the public monies, however magnificent, to be employed in spreading and establishing knowledge in the land.

SHEPHERD.

Was na't twenty thousand pounds?

NORTH.

And too little. What if it were a hundred thousand? The mind of the people would repay it—in hard cash—a thousand-fold. Even as a Utilitarian, I say—at any cost—let our twenty-four millions have education.

SHEPHERD.

That's a man.

NORTH.

But let us know what we are about—and what we are to expect—and what are the possibilities of education. I am willing to believe that a constant progress is making towards truth, and that this must be for happiness; but any one who looks at the world and its history may satisfy himself that for some reason or another this truth was not intended to come all at once. Either in the human understanding, or the positive state of the human will, there is some ground wherefore this should not be. It is not possible then, nor meant to push mankind forwards at once into the possession of the inheritance. There are degrees, and stages; and seeing this, a wise man is patient and temperate.

SHEPHERD.

Like yourself.

NORTH.

Many men fall into this error, James, by a miscalculating impatience to bring on at once the reign of truth—that they foolishly imagine that small portions of truth communicated, which it is in their power to communicate, are the reign of truth brought on earth!

SHEPHERD.

Coofs!

NORTH.

The truth which is in their power, is that which regards definite relations, as mathematics, and the science of matter. Their hasty and enthusiastic imagination seizes on parcels of this truth, and upon plans for communicating them, and to judge from their manner of speaking, it foresees consequences of a magnitude and excellence, conceivable only if all truth were to have possession of the human heart.

SHEPHERD.

You are gettin' rather beyond my depth—yet by drappin' my foot I feel grund—only tak tent you dinna droon me in some plum.

NORTH.

In judging the past, James, we are not to condemn errors, simply because they were errors. They were, many of them, the necessary guidance of man!

SHEPHERD.

Alas! for puir man, if he had had nae sic Christianity even as the Roman Catholic Religion afforded him in the dark ages.

NORTH.

Alas! for him indeed, my dear Shepherd. Neither are we to judge the total effect of the error by the effect of the excess of that error.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Not, for instance, to judge the total effect of monastic orders by the worst pictures of sloth and vice which monasteries have afforded—not the total effect of Aristotle's dialectics—if erroneous or erroneously used—by the most frivolous and vain of the school-subtleties—not the effect of the Roman Catholic religion at a Spanish or English *auto-da-fe*.

SHEPHERD.

I canna but agree wi' you.—But look at Tickler, (*yawning*,) is na he sleepin'?

NORTH.

Our business, my dear pastor, is not to hunt error out of the world, but to invite and induce truth. It is a work not of enmity but of love; and, with all my admiration of Lord Brougham, I cannot think his temper and method as a moral teacher so good as those of Socrates.

SHEPHERD.

You'll forgie me, sir—but I never can help suspectin' that a man's getting a wee dullish or sae—even if that man should happen to be yoursell—when I experience a growing diffeeculty in keepin' up my lids. What think you noo, sir, o' the prospects o' the Government?

NORTH.

The same I thought of them at last Noctes. Sir Robert Peel had not then arrived from Rome—but I knew he would be Premier—Wellington Foreign Secretary—and Lyndhurst Chancellor—and I said that the strongest ministry would be formed the country had seen since the time of Pitt. I added there would be a dissolution, and that the Government would have many formidable difficulties to encounter and overcome in the new Parliament.

SHEPHERD.

Sagawcious.

NORTH.

I heard a gentleman, who, I presume, has studied politics, and declares that he belongs to the *juste milieu*, prophesy—that was his word—that in two months the King would, much against his will, send for Lord Stanley, and request him to form a ministry, and I wish Gurney to record the prophesy, that this philosopher of the golden mean, may enjoy through life the halo that will glorify his brows ever after its fulfilment.

SHEPHERD.

Wha was't? And what said ye till the man o' mediocrity?

NORTH.

I never mention the names of private persons at a Noctes, and I said nothing to him, for I make it a rule never to disturb any friend's self-complacency, so long as his remarks are innocent.

SHEPHERD.

And that, sir, was indeed as innicent a remark as ever was lisped by a babbly about a change o' kittens.

NORTH.

The greater and indeed the lesser prophets were inspired direct from heaven—and I do not believe that my worthy friend, who is such an enemy

to extremes, thought of claiming Elijah's mantle, or that he imagined he had had communion with the spirit

"That touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire."

To another class of prophetic personages, called seers, he could not well suppose he belonged, as they are always Highlanders. But he was born of Lowland parents in the Luckenbooths—so he cannot have the second sight—nor to his eyes "coming events cast their shadows before." Milton, again, speaks of the sages whose

"Old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain ;"

but my friend is not forty, and his experience has been circumscribed within a somewhat narrow circle. He could not, therefore, have been in Milton's eye.

SHEPHERD.

He maun o' necessity then belang till that class o' prophets that are ca'd simple conjecturers—because they're nae conjurers. He'll hae just knowledge aneuch to ken frae the newspaperpapers that Lord Stanley did na quite like the noo to join Ministers, and that he has been praised for hangin' back by the Whiggamores, though, between you and me, sir, he's nae favorite noo with them, and like to be less sae afore seed-time. And as nae man o' mediocrity wad ever dream o' Durham's being Premier, the simple conjecturer could na weel help prophesying—sae he was determined to prophesy—that Stanley would be the man.

NORTH.

I believe you have hit it—James. But was not two months too short a term?

SHEPHERD.

Ratherly—But the simple conjecturer, though nae conjurer, had seen in the papers that the new Ministry would be refused the supplies by the new House—and takin' that for gospel, he fixed his time, and I only wonner he alloo'd Sir Robert to be Premier abune sax weeks. But what think ye, sir?

NORTH.

I think that nothing could be more amusing than the serious view taken by part of the press of the temporary dictatorship of the Duke of Wellington. The "wearifu' woman" of the Morning Chronicle for three weeks, without one moment's intermission, kept up a mumbling and maundering vituperation of the Duke, whom for lengthiness she classically called dictator, for having put all the seals of office, in a bunch, into his pocket, and being resolved to keep them there as long as he chose, to the indignation, disgust, and horror of the entire British nation, who, she said, at such an unconstitutional spectacle, rose up as one man. As one man, however, it appeared, that the entire British nation almost immediately sat down again—much to the "wearifu' woman's" exasperation, who insisted still more vociferously that the entire British nation should once more get on its legs.

SHEPHERD.

She might hae mumbled till she was black in the face.

NORTH.

The best natured old woman in the world would lose her temper, James, if nobody were to listen to her, or even so much as to pretend not to see her, but if every body were to walk by, as if in the still of the evening silence accompanied their steps. The "wearifu' woman" was irritated even to madness by such usage. Like an aged clergyman of our acquaintance—now, alas! no more—who, in a brain fever, preached in his bed—supported by pillows, and supposing himself in a succession of pulpits—the same sermon twenty-seven times in twenty-seven hours—each time fondly believing it to be a different discourse—so snoozed away—column after column of the same eternal lamentation—for she seemed at last more in sorrow than in anger—though much in both—the "wearifu' woman" of the Chronicle of the rosy-fingered Morn. Incredible as it may be held—from extracts of her distraction cruelly published in the Sun—in her

own broad-sheet they were only printed—there is but too good reason to fear that she thinks she is but entering on her career, and if such steps are not taken as humanity suggests, she may keep at it well on into the ensuing year!

SHEPHERD.

The wunner's no in the words; for memery—though it never surveeves the ither faculties—and here it appears they are a' dead—can continue to repeat it by rote to the very last—as I ascertained in the case o' an auld parrot, that after a brain fivver becam a sort of idiwit. As for teachin' him a new word—if it had been but a single syllable—you micht as weel hae tried to teach a stuffed specimen the unknown tongue. You may judge o' his imbecillity frae ae fact, that he had forgotten the way to eat. Yet, like your freen' the minister, sir, and the “wearifu' woman,” he keepit a command o' his vocabulary to the last—and I daurna tell you the words that fell out frae atween his big tongue and his dry pallet the verra minute afore he expired—but they were fearsome!—and the only excuse for the cretur was, that he had picked them up at sea. But what think ye o' the prospects o' the new Government?

NORTH.

Sir Robert's address to his constituents is all that the nation could desire—and the policy announced in it may be supported, without either sacrifice or compromise of a single principle, by all Conservatives.

SHEPHERD.

That's aneuch for me. You've said it, and whatever you say is richt.

NORTH.

Oh, shame to the selfishness—the pelf rather than the power-craving selfishness, that instigates needy or greedy knaves to be such fools as to say, that no statesman that opposed the bill of Parliamentary Reform should ever be suffered to take part in the government of the affairs of the nation!

SHEPHERD.

Hoots, toots! you're fechtin' the wund. That never was said, sir?

NORTH.

Yes—James—and it will be acted on by thousands. Many of the Whig Candidates have already, in addresses to their Constituents, called on them to choose representatives according to that creed. For any baseness, however bare-faced and brazen-faced, we must have been long prepared, in the degenerate Whigs of Scotland. But not till I see that opinion acted on by the Whigs of England, many of whom seem yet to possess many of the political virtues of their forefathers, who were illustrious patriots in their day, shall I believe that Whig is now indeed a word for all that is most despicable and hateful in the heart of man. If this be indeed now a Whig Principle—there is another word—of the same number of letters—“letters four do form its name”—the name not of a principle but of a place—to which I devoutly trust all Whigs will in good time be sent, there to form his Majesty's Opposition.

SHEPHERD.

What place is that? It canna be Coventry—for that's a dissyllable. Oo aye! Oo aye! Oo aye! I hae ye now, sir. Wi' a' my heart.

NORTH.

Sir Robert Peel, in a few calm words sets this principle in its true light. “The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services. The question I had to decide was this: shall I obey the call, or shall I shrink from the responsibility, alledging as the reason that I consider myself, in consequence of the Reform Bill, as labouring under a sort of moral disqualification which must preclude me and all who think with me, both now and for ever, from entering into the official service of the Crown? Would it, I ask, be becoming in any public man to act upon such a principle? Was it fit that I should assume that either the object or the effect of the Reform Bill has been to preclude all hope of a successful appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of the people; and so to fetter the prerogative of the

Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects, but must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?"

SHEPHERD.

Hoo sensible—hoo dignified—hoo true!

NORTH.

Faction will cling with desperate tenacity to the objection to any Conservative government, thus disposed of in a few simple words. But we must cut off its paws. They who now urge it know of a surety that the measures of the New Ministry will be of the most enlightened and liberal kind. Aye—the epithet liberal—so long misused and abused—will recover its rightful meaning, and that meaning be illustrated by a policy that on foundations of law and order shall establish peace.

SHEPHERD.

There has been nae peace in men's minds lately, sir; and Earl Grey himself spak' wi' mair than seriousness o' the pressure frae without. What is't?

NORTH.

It was the pressure of some hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, savagely seeking to squeeze the life out of the government, that they might usurp the rule of the state. These were the very millions to whom the government had given power. I speak not now of the Reform Bill—though the evils it has perpetuated stand before my eyes in all their magnitude—but of the encouragement directly afforded by the whole spirit—and a truckling spirit it was—of their 'haviour to them who soon became their inveterate and their victorious enemies. The Radicals destroyed the Melbourne Ministry. I say so on the authority of Lord Melbourne.

SHEPHERD.

Eh me! Is that possible? On the authority, sir, o' Lord Melbourne!

NORTH.

Yes. What care I—what cares any man of common sense—for such explanations as the late Ministry may choose to give the country—and I do not believe one of them—unless it be Littleton—would speak what he did not think the truth—of the circumstances attending their dismissal?

SHEPHERD.

No a button.

NORTH.

The causes are patent to the whole world. The "pressure from without" had produced a great difficulty of breathing, and sadly affected their speech. Nay, there was a manifest pressure on the brain—the patient looked at once apoplectic and paralytic—black-blue in the face, while the power of one side of the body at least was gone! How could it be expected that such a ministry were to carry on the government of a great country?

SHEPHERD.

They stoitered again' the kirk.

NORTH.

Has not Lord Melbourne told the country, in his answer to the Derby address, that the chief embarrassments of the ministers were occasioned by the wild outcry that had been yelled against the church? And how ought Ministers to have dealt with such dangerous enemies? Put them down by union among themselves, and by an open determination to guard our sacred establishments from the touch even of the little finger of any leader or follower of that impious crew. Instead of that, they parleyed with the enemy, and seemed sorry that they could not make all the concessions he demanded; while among themselves was one certainly—perhaps more than one—who, though he was "not prepared to say that there should be no alliance between church and state"—nay, though he was prepared to say, after much apparent hesitation, or at least delay, that the alliance should be preserved—had frequently said that he was ready to rob the church—for that the alienation of her property to secular purposes is robbery I shall not think it at all presumptuous in me to affirm, in spite of the dictum to the contrary of my Lord John Russell.

SHEPHERD.

And think ye, sir, there has been a wide and deep reaction? For unless it has been sae, it'll do nae gude.

NORTH.

Reaction of what on what? Millions of people anticipated from the Reform Bill peace—order—industry—contentment—and above all, increased attachment to all our institutions—and a clearer conviction and deeper feeling of the sanctity of property, guarded as it then would be by equal laws, and by measures sanctioned by the true representatives of the people.

SHEPHERD.

And hae they begun to change their opinions?

NORTH.

Ay, many is the number of those who have done so—but I shall not insist on that, for the Reform Bill is the law of the land. But some millions of those many millions now see that, whether to be laid at the door of the Bill or not, society is now threatened by evils which, three years ago, they would have smiled in your face had you hinted at—and I did more than hint at them—I described them in colours only less dark than the truth; and my trust is, that a great majority of the people of England, seeing many things in a very different light now, will support the Conservative Government of which Sir Robert Peel is head.

SHEPHERD.

I ca' that moderation.

NORTH.

And when heard you, or any man, any thing but moderation from my lips? I cannot doubt that the good sense and good feeling of the country will prevail, and that it will be found to be out of the power of faction to act, to any wide extent, on a principle of such unutterable baseness as that the Government must be opposed, however excellent its measures, and with a fury proportioned to their excellence. That many elections will be carried in a spirit of pure hatred of Conservatism I believe; but in the House the Destructives will be made to quail; and England, expecting that every man will do his duty there, who loves her institutions, will speak with another voice, should any great number of the representatives of the people there dare to vote against measures they have always approved, merely because they are the measures of Government.

SHEPHERD.

There assuredly will be a reaction again' only pairty that lang ack sae—were it but on account o' the impudence o' sic behaviour. I howp Tickler's no gaun till rat; but this obstinate somnolency is suspicious, and hae na ye been observin' that there has been little or nae snore? When a man sleeps in company without snorin', there's reason to think his mind may be takin' tent o' things drapped in conversation, and that he may use what he hears anither day. (*Burns paper below TICKLER's nose.*) Gif he be awake, he maun be simulatin', and o' strang resolution. But he is true as steel to the back-bone. (*Smacks TICKLER with both hands on the back, and then shakes him with all his might by the shoulders.*) Fire! Fire! Fire!

TICKLER (*starting up, and staring wildly around*).

Water! Water! Water!

SHEPHERD.

Whusky! Whusky! Whusky!

(*Enter AMBROSE.*)

NORTH.

Is Peter in the house, Mr Ambrose? Give me your arm.

AMBROSE.

Aye—aye—sir.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXI. FEBRUARY, 1835. VOL. XXXVII.

PART I.

Contents.

BISHOP OF EXETER AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL,	145
POEMS BY WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE,	153
WILLIAM PITT. PART II,	161
THE CHRISTIAN BRIDE. A POEM IN THREE CANTOS. BY THOMAS AIRD,	179
THE EARLY CALLED. CHAP. II,	196
IRELAND,	210
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. IX,	225
THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL. BY MRS HEMANS,	233
ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS,	234
SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY. PART I. SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES. HAMLET,	236
NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ. No. LXXI,	256

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOODS'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXI.

FEBRUARY, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

PART I.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

SOME abuses, no doubt, have crept into the Church of England, as into every human establishment of long standing beneath the sun. It is right that they should be ascertained and removed; and now that we have a Ministry that love the Church of England, we do not fear any evil, but hope much good from Church Reform. We have no dislike to the word Reform. It is an excellent word—but “being interpreted” by Radicals—it means Revolution. Now Revolution is an admirable thing—among the heavenly bodies—and with the earth at large—the earth being a heavenly body as much as any other planet. But a Revolution in a State is not by any means to our mind—nor in a Church—and least of all—in Church and State, when the two have been for ages, as we think, happily united by an alliance, that could not be broken but by such violent disruption, as would cause to fall asunder what is now one magnificent edifice of consolidated rocks.

It is known to all well-informed men, that the clergy themselves, so far from being averse to enquiry into the condition of the Church, are anxious to promote it; and that they would give any government all their assistance in perfecting any plan of Church Reform. The Archdeacon and Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter, in their address to their distinguished Diocesan, gave expression to sentiments, that from similar bodies had often emanated before—and so did the Bishop in his reply. Let them speak for themselves—and not be judged by the misrepresentations of their declared enemies—or

worse far—their pretended friends, who, without absolutely hating the Church, in prostration of mind before those who do hate it with a perfect hatred, listen to all, and join in much of the abuse levelled against it by those who seek—either insidiously or openly—its overthrow.

*“To the Right Rev. Henry Lord
Bishop of Exeter.”*

“We, the Archdeacon and Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter, consider ourselves called on, at the present juncture of public affairs, to assure your lordship of our devoted adherence to the doctrine and polity of the Church, of which we are ministers, our dutiful attachment to its rulers, and our readiness to cooperate with them in such measures as may tend to secure its purity and stability both in England and Ireland.

“With regard to the temporal concerns of the Church, we are anxious to express our sincere desire, and we believe it to be equally the wish of your lordship and the other bishops, cordially to cooperate with his Majesty’s government, in such measures for the settlement of the tithe question, as shall be found safe and equitable.

“Whilst we would steadily resist that reckless spirit of change, which would occupy itself in all departments of our ecclesiastical establishment, on the mere chance of possible advantage, we are anxious for the adoption of measures of real improvement; especially, we presume, to recall the attention of the bishops, and of the legislature at large, to the

deficiencies in the existing laws for the enforcement of clerical discipline. We will not trespass on your lordship by further detail; but we would avow our earnest hope, that such measures may be adopted, as shall tend to improve the efficiency of our Church, and secure the sacred object for which the Church is established in this United Kingdom, viz., the spiritual instruction of all classes of his Majesty's subjects.

"And we beg leave most earnestly to assure your lordship of our determination, under the blessing of God, to continue to exert our utmost zeal and diligence in the important discharge of our parochial duties, and in promoting the comfort, welfare, and eternal interests, of those committed to our spiritual charge.

"Signed, on behalf of the Meeting,

"JOHN MOORE STEVENS,

"Archdeacon of Exeter.

"Exeter, Dec. 18."

The Bishop thus writes respecting the necessity of an improved discipline over the clergy—we for a few moments keep back what he says about tithes.

"The necessity of an improved discipline over the clergy, especially in the few cases (I humbly thank God when I consider how few!) of charges of immorality—I hardly need assure you, that the Bishops are most anxious to assist in correcting an evil which they, above all men, most deeply feel.

"In truth, their anxiety on this subject has already evinced itself in no ambiguous way. Nearly three years ago, a detailed plan was presented by the 'Commission for enquiring into the practice and jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts,' at the head of which were the Archbishop of Canterbury and five other Bishops—and it has been a great disappointment to us that a bill, which, professing to carry that plan (or some other for the same purpose) into effect, was brought into the House of Lords at the close of the session of 1833, by a leading member of the Government, and was then ordered to be printed for general consideration during the recess, not only has not yet been proceeded with, but never afterwards appeared in any shape.

"On the third matter on which you

address me, the correction of defects in our ecclesiastical polity generally—or what is called Church Reform, I hope I have, however imperfectly, anticipated the necessity of lengthened remark, by the opinions which I expressed in my charge sixteen months ago. Other Bishops have adopted a similar course; and of all, I may say with confidence, that they have the wish, and the determination to do every thing which, on due consideration, shall be found necessary, or really expedient. Meanwhile it is not our fault that nothing has yet been done. In the beginning of the session of 1833, we were taught by the first Minister of the Crown, in his place in Parliament, to expect a communication from government on this important subject. A similar announcement was made to us at the close of the last session. Such a communication, whenever it had come, would have found us, as was repeatedly intimated in the House of Lords by our revered primate, ready and anxious to perform our part. This feeling cannot be supposed to be less powerful in us at present.

"In conclusion, let me express my earnest hope and fervent prayer (a prayer in which all my clergy will cordially join), that whatever measures be introduced, affecting the establishment of the Church, whether in England or in Ireland, they may be such as shall tend most effectually to promote, what you justly call, 'the sacred object for which the Church is established—the spiritual instruction of all classes of the people;' in other words, that it may be their purpose, and, by God's blessing, their effect, not only to preserve, but also to extend the knowledge and the power of true religion in every part of the United Kingdom! To ensure such a result, we of the clergy, all in our several stations, as you in the address before me most feelingly engage to do, must, with the Divine grace, exert our utmost zeal and diligence in faithfully discharging the high trust which God has committed to us.

"I am, dear Mr Archdeacon,
 "Your affectionate friend and
 brother, H. EXETER.
 "The Venerable the Archdeacon
 of Exeter."

Now for the Tithe Question—and Lord John Russell at Totness and Tavistock.

Lord John Russell, in an electioneering speech, delivered at a numerous meeting at Totness, was *reported* in all his own newspapers to have said, that the Bishops had repeatedly thwarted the endeavours of his Majesty's Ministers to settle the question of Tithes. His words were reported to have been these—

"In the session which has just passed, there was one, and more than one proposition, with regard to tithes, which, on being submitted to the heads of the Church, they declared should have their opposition in the House of Lords, conceiving they were injurious to their interests. We (the ministers) did not think they were injurious; but we thought it useless to force through the House of Commons, a measure which would have been defeated in the House of Lords."

About a fortnight after the date of this speech, the Bishop of Exeter, in his reply to the address from the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter, contradicted that statement in the following terms:—

"Whether the words reported were really spoken, it is not for me to say. It is enough that they have not been disavowed by the noble person to whom they are attributed, and that, under the authority of his name, they have obtained circulation, and of course credit throughout the kingdom. This has imposed on me the unpleasing duty, a duty which I owe to my brethren, to myself, and to the clergy at large, of availing myself of the opportunity which you now give me, to deny in the strongest terms not only the accuracy, but also the entire substance of this statement. No proposition on the subject of tithes was submitted to the bishops; no declaration of our intention to oppose any such measure of the government was made by us, nor by any one authorized by us, nor by any one whatever, so far as I have heard or believe—certainly not by any one who, from his station or influence, could be reasonably supposed to be the organ of our opinions.

"I make these assertions not on my own recollection merely, but after previous enquiry in quarters where any failure of memory, or defect of infor-

mation, on my part, could be abundantly supplied. If, however, I am wrong, I rejoice to think that the means of correcting my error must be within reach of him who is alleged to have made the charge. I cannot doubt, that if he indeed made it, he will, for the sake of that cause, which must be dearer to him than any other, the cause of truth and justice—he will state plainly, what, and by whom, were the propositions made to us,—who it was, that declared our intention to oppose them in the House of Lords, and to whom and when such declaration was made."

It would not be easy to imagine a more courteous contradiction of an unjust and injurious charge. It is temperate and dignified, such as well became the character and station of him who was vindicating his order. Lord John took the opportunity of a public meeting "in his father's town of Tavistock" to justify himself—and he, of course, begins with impugning the accuracy of the report of his Totness speech. What he really did say was, "Of the various propositions that were made, with regard to tithes, *there was one at least, if not more, which on being submitted to the heads of the Church, they declared should have their opposition in the House of Lords, conceiving they were injurious to the interests of the Church.*" He then says to his Tavistock people, "You will perceive *I did not allude to the last session*, in speaking upon this subject," &c. To what session, then, did he allude? Hear himself:

"After the Reform Act had passed, and at the beginning of the year 1833, among other measures calling for the attention of Government, the question of tithes was one: and knowing how deep an interest was felt in this county with regard to tithes, and how intimately it concerned a great number of my constituents, I felt bound to give my utmost attention to every discussion in the Cabinet on that subject. At length the Ministry were so far agreed, that a proposition was framed, as a basis for a measure upon tithes. The person authorized to submit that measure to the heads of the Church was Earl Grey, the head of the Ministry; and the person to whom he submitted it was the Archbishop of Canterbury, who

could not be regarded as one unauthorized, or 'devoid of station or influence.' *I do not know what steps that most reverend prelate took to ascertain the sentiments of his brethren*, but certainly, besides his high authority as a prelate, the Archbishop, both for his piety as a religious man, and the general mildness and benevolence of his character, deserved the utmost respect from the Ministry. The answer of that most reverend prelate was, that he could not give his approval or sanction to the measure. My belief is, that the proposition was submitted in more than one shape; but I am not so confident of that, as that one proposition was submitted by Earl Grey, and rejected. I believe, likewise, that one expression made use of on the occasion was, that the *best and only proposition* to which the Archbishop was then prepared to assent, was a bill for voluntary commutation. With that the correspondence between the Primate of Canterbury and Earl Grey had closed, it not being considered by Earl Grey that it was possible to come to any satisfactory arrangement with the heads of the Church."

His Lordship then, raising himself up to his full height, and looking round like an exulting giant among the people, exclaimed:—"I have now answered the right reverend Prelate's question, by whom the proposition was made, and by whom the declaration referred to was made." And then was the ceiling of the sky or the court-hall rent by shouts of hear! hear! hear! Those of milder mood pitied the poor Bishop, and dropt the pensive tear to think that he never again would be able to hold up his head. For the behoof of his adherents not then present, Lord John published in a provincial newspaper the following address:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

"Gentlemen,—The Bishop of Exeter has thought proper to make public a denial on his part, not only of 'the accuracy' but of the 'entire substance' of a statement alleged to have been made by me at Totness.

"The imputation of making a false statement is a very grave charge. am convinced there is no other

prelate, and hardly any other gentleman in the kingdom, who would have made such a charge against a member of Parliament, without first enquiring from him what was the actual statement he made, and what was the authority upon which he made it.

"I might then have had an opportunity of making an 'enquiry in quarters where any failure of memory, or defect of information on my part could be abundantly supplied.' I should have had the means, in short, of correcting my error, or making my defence.

"But this, it appears, the Bishop of Exeter, in his love of 'that cause which must be dearer to him than any other, the cause of truth and justice,' has taken effectual care to prevent.

"While he was making his enquiries I had no suspicion of his intentions—those to whom I should naturally refer, are living in distant parts of the country, and for the present, at least, I can only recur to my own recollection of the facts.

"To the best of my recollection, then, a proposition on the subject of tithes, was submitted by Earl Grey, on the part of the Cabinet, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the part of the Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury refused his assent to the proposition, and either on that, or some subsequent occasion, suggested a voluntary commutation of tithes, as the only practicable measure at that time.

"This took place, I think, in the beginning of the year 1833, certainly before Lord Althorp brought in his first bill on the subject of tithes.

"This is, upon my honour, what I believe to be the truth on this subject. I am far from wishing to do injustice to any one, and should I have committed any error, I shall, when convinced, be ready to avow it.

"I have the honour to be,

"Gentlemen,

"Your faithful friend and servant,

"J. RUSSELL.

"Endsleigh, Dec. 23, 1834."

Is not that insolent? Compare the disgraceful paragraph in which he speaks of the Bishop of Exeter personally—with the Bishop's language about him personally—and what a contrast! Its folly is equal to its brutality; and both are excessive.

There was no obligation whatever of any kind on the Bishop of Exeter to ask Lord John Russell if the report of his Lordship's speech at Totness was correct; for, if it was incorrect, it was Lord John's duty to tell the public so, and to caution all men against crediting such injurious calumnies. He knows that *such* reports are generally accurate, and that the public believe them; and it is a pretty story, indeed, to hear him grossly insulting one of the highest dignitaries of the Church of England, for contradicting a statement against the character of the Bench of Bishops, which had had his silent sanction for a whole fortnight, during which time it had been circulated—not without note and comment—all over England. It was no business of the Bishop's to commence an epistolary correspondence with a person who cared so little for the Church, as to suffer himself for so long a time to be eulogized by all the Whig and Radical newspapers, as the castigator of its intolerance; but it was the business of Lord John Russell, since he is so warm a friend of the Church, to exculpate himself from a charge that must have been to him most odious—which he only could do by exculpating the Bench of Bishops. He does not see that; and to say that in not seeing it he is as blind as a bat, would show ignorance of the respectable powers of vision possessed by that amphibious animal. Shocking to contradict, without first writing to him, the report of a speech of "a Member of Parliament!" A Member of Parliament indeed! Lord John has superstitious notions respecting the sanctity of a representative of the people of the southern division of Devon, that remind one of the days of witchcraft. He is some centuries behind the age.

The Standard, in its usual unanswerable style, asks, "Does any one believe that Lord John Russell did not himself correct and revise the report of his Totness speech, and superintend it in its passage through the press? If any one does believe that such was the case, we can tell him that he knows very little of the parental solicitude of Whig orators for the fair appearance of their speeches, more especially their electioneering speeches. But,

supposing that Lord John Russell was not the editor, that we might not say reporter, too, of the speech at Totness, who is so ignorant of human nature as to doubt that he saw the report of that speech, and read it most carefully, within twenty-four hours after its publication? We have reason to know, and we appeal to our friends in the south of Devon for the fact, that the utmost industry was employed in puffing and circulating this Totness speech, from the moment at which it was delivered. It must have met Lord John Russell's eyes in placards; it must have haunted him in hand-bills, even if he had never looked into a newspaper. Yet he suffered nearly a fortnight to elapse without breathing one syllable of suggestion against its perfect accuracy! Is it the part of an honest man to allow a lie to be circulated a fortnight in his name without correction or contradiction?—and that the report did contain a lie, which lie, however, Lord John is compelled, by the Bishop's challenge, to throw upon the reporter—is now plainly confessed."

But not a lord nor lordling in England will be suffered, without punishment or exposure, thus to bully the Bishop of Exeter. The late Lord Chancellor once spoke of the Bishop's wish "to trip up the Ministry," and looked aghast as he denounced the unhallowed desire. "To trip up the Ministry" would have required one of the Bishop's cleanest *chips*—as the lads of Westmoreland say in the wrestling ring. But to trip up Lord John Russell does not seem to demand Herculean strength—for he loses his hold, and lays himself, as we shall see—fairly down on the turf with a back-fall—showing deplorable weakness in the loins.

The Bishop accepts, as the true one, Lord John's own statement of what he did say at Totness—and then addresses him thus—

"My Lord, with this narration of yours I wish to deal as tenderly as duty to my cause,—a very momentous public cause,—permits. But there is one fact disclosed in it which seems so utterly inconsistent with the statement you have last made, that I am bound to ask (what your lordship doubtless will rejoice to give) some satisfactory explanation. It is this: although a part of the

Archbishop's communication to Earl Grey, whether made in his individual capacity, or as representative of the Church, was thus potential in the deliberations of the Cabinet; yet, another part of it, the only part of which your Lordship gives us any account, viz., that 'nothing but a *voluntary* commutation of tithes was practicable at that time,'—this was not permitted by you and your colleagues to have the slightest influence with you whatever. For, according to your own statement, after the correspondence between the Archbishop and Earl Grey, a bill was introduced by Ministers into Parliament, '*in spite of the Archbishop's dissent*,' founded on the principle of a *compulsory* commutation of tithes. It is true that this bill was not 'forced through the House of Commons.' But why was this? Certainly not from any consideration of the non-assent of the Archbishop, or of any declared or apprehended opposition to it from 'the Heads of the Church;' but because the bill was found so full of matters objected to by others, that ministers were compelled to withdraw it. Nay, so little regard was paid to the refusal of the Archbishop's assent in this particular, so little was it suffered to interfere with those measures of government, that again, in the following year, another bill was introduced, founded on the very same principle; and this also it was found necessary to withdraw for the same reason."

That is a clincher. The Bishops are all abused, in a body, by a "Member of Parliament," before the "tattle" of Totness, of having been the cause that made it impossible for Lord Grey to settle the tithe question; and one of the Bishops asks their accuser to explain how that charge is reconcileable with the fact of Lord Grey having paid not the slightest sort of attention to their alleged opposition to his anxious desires—with the fact of his having proceeded to do that which the "Member of Parliament" says they would not let him do—with the fact of his having desisted on account of opposition from *other quarters*—the Bench of Bishops all the while having remained mute!

We say that is a clincher. And what comprehensive and incomprehensible ignorance of the measures

of his Majesty's late Ministers does Lord John's corrected report of his Totness speech display! You cannot believe in such superhuman ignorance? Well, with respect to Lord John Russell—in this affair—believe in what you choose.

That Lord Grey had been *thwarted* by the Bishops in his attempts to settle the Tithe Question, was therefore a false assertion—made by Lord John at Totness.

Let us next know what really did pass between Earl Grey and the Archbishop of Canterbury in their conversation on that subject. Lord John says, that "a proposition on the subject of tithes was submitted by Earl Grey to the Archbishop of Canterbury, *on the part of the Church*. The Archbishop *refused his assent* to the proposition," &c. What says the Bishop of Exeter to that? This. "Your lordship thinks yourself at liberty to say of a negotiation, in which you were not a party, that in it the Archbishop of Canterbury bore the part of representative of the Church; and that his *refusal of assent* to some proposition (*you say not what*) was equivalent to, and authorized you in representing it, in the most invidious manner, as a *declaration of the Heads of the Church generally*, that one proposition, at least, submitted to them, should have their *opposition in the House of Lords*; and, in order to give the fullest effect to your assertion, your lordship was pleased to add, that this declaration, deduced from the Archbishop's bare refusal of assent, had sufficient influence with the late Government to prevent them from 'forcing through the House of Commons' a measure on which they had otherwise resolved."

Lord John thought it so shocking for a bishop to deny publicly a calumnious statement respecting his brethren attributed to a "Member of Parliament"—and uncontradicted for a fortnight—without having first written to the "Member of Parliament" to ask how the matter might be—that on avowing before the people of England his holy horror of such outrage on a thing "being so majestical," he avowed his belief that not another prelate, and scarcely another gentleman, would have been guilty of such an enormous

crime—and here we have the same Lord John, without asking a single question either at Earl Grey or the archbishop, telling the world, “according to the best of his recollection,” what passed in a conversation at which he was not present, and which he had detailed at Totness, for a most despicable purpose, to a mob!

But the Archbishop himself now authorizes the Bishop of Exeter to publish a statement of what really did pass between him and Earl Grey—and here is *the truth*:

“About the beginning of the session of 1833, there was a meeting between Earl Grey, two other members of the Cabinet, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the purpose of frank and friendly discussion of the matter of tithes, and of devising, if it were possible, some equitable mode of settling the question, with due regard to the interests of all concerned.

“At this meeting, more than one proposition was considered. The Archbishop expressed an unfavourable opinion of them, so far as they were compulsory; not, however, for the reason stated by your lordship, because they would be injurious to the interests of the Church—but, because their being *compulsory* would encumber any measure founded on any of them with difficulties, through which he could not see his way, bearing hard in some instances on tithe-payers, in others on tithe-owners. He added, however, that although he did not see how these difficulties could be overcome, he did not say that others could not overcome them. In short, he said nothing that indicated any purpose, or apprehension, much less amounted to a declaration, that he should himself oppose the measure in the House of Lords; and, as for the bishops, he expressly said, that he knew not what their opinions were or would be. He was indeed desirous of hearing from that meeting some proposition to be laid before them: but he obtained no such commission.”

The corrected copy of the calumny circulated by Lord John against the Bench of Bishops, turns out to be very like “the baseless fabric of a vision.” That trite quotation is a somewhat wordy

expression of what might be given in a monosyllable. The Bishop’s second letter to Lord John ends thus:—

“MY LORD,—When I know all this, and when I consider that your lordship avows that you knew (indeed it is hardly possible that you could be ignorant) when you spoke at Totness and Tavistock, and wrote your placarded letter of the 23d ult., what was the ‘one proposition, at least,’ which you thus repeatedly stated to have been ‘made to the heads of the Church,’ and rejected by them with a threat of ‘opposing it in the House of Lords,’ and abandoned by ministers in consequence of that threat: and when it appears that this proposition (never made to the bishops) was not abandoned, but was made the foundation of a bill brought into Parliament soon afterwards, and was ultimately withdrawn by the minister who introduced it, merely because it was objected to by the tithe-payers (see Debates, 3d of July, 1833)—I regret that two days ago I employed myself in writing so long a letter to your lordship.

“I am, my Lord,

“Your lordship’s most obedient
Servant,

“H. EXETER.”

“The Lord John Russell.”

What now was left for the luckless Lord John to do? To write the following letter, and to receive the following reply:—

“TO THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF
EXETER.

“Saltram, Jan. 5, 1835.

“MY LORD,—I had the honour to receive, the night before last, two letters from your lordship, dated on the 31st ult., and 2d inst.

“It appears from the enquiries I have made, that early in 1833, and before the introduction into the House of Commons of the Tithe Commutation Bill by Lord Althorp, a conference took place between the first minister of the crown, assisted by two of his colleagues and the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the subject of tithes. In that conference the Archbishop expressed his own individual opinion that the outline of the plan proposed to him was open to 151

great objections. Other communications took place, altogether confined to the primate personally, and not imparted to any other of the bishops.

"When I made my speech at Totness, I was under the impression that those communications between his Majesty's servants and the Archbishop of Canterbury were, on the part of the latter, in a more formal and representative character, and were more determined in opposing sentiments than according to my recent enquiries and present conviction they really were.

"Every thing that has since passed between your Lordship and myself, has arisen out of this simple misapprehension on my part; I deeply regret this misapprehension. I should feel that I were unworthy of the post which I lately filled in his Majesty's councils, and of the honour of representing my late constituents, if I could have the least hesitation in declaring what I now believe to be the truth, and at the same time expressing my concern if any thing which may have fallen from me in speaking or in writing, should have had the effect of throwing even the most passing discredit upon the conduct or character of the bench of bishops, whose authority and just influence it must ever be my anxious wish to support.

"I have the honour to be, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's obedient
Servant,

"J. RUSSELL."

"Exeter, 6th Jan. 1835.

"MY LORD,—I have this instant received your Lordship's letter of yesterday's date, from Saltram.

"I trust that it is unnecessary for me to say, that if any unpleasant feeling has been excited in my mind by any thing which has passed, it is completely removed by the frank and honourable communication which your Lordship has made to me.

"Having deemed it my duty to communicate to the public what I have before written to your Lordship, it would be a gratification to me to give the same publicity to the

feeling which I now express. I therefore take the liberty of saying, that I should rejoice if your Lordship should do me the honour of allowing this letter to accompany the publication of your present sentiments, if it be your purpose to publish them.

"In saying this, I hope to be understood as wishing to take that course which it may be most satisfactory to your Lordship that I should take, in order to give full effect to my declaration, that you have in your letter to me, in a manner highly honourable to your candour, removed every unpleasant impression which I may have personally received, and every shadow of imputation on the character and conduct of the bishops in general.

"I have the honour to be,
my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most
Obedient and humble
Servant,

"H. EXETER."

"The Lord John Russell."

Lord John's letter is, on the whole—though he is far from seeing his offence in its magnitude—not discreditable to him; but it ought to have been in a better spirit. He had used towards the Bishop of Exeter language studiously insolent; and he should have felt shame. If he felt it, but was too proud to confess it, then 'twas a base pride. If he felt it not—if he feels it not now—we fear he will never write a tragedy superior to Don Carlos.

As for the Bishop's behaviour, it has been in all things admirable from beginning to end. Having vindicated all his brethren, he cared nothing about the silly insult to himself; and not only, with true Christian magnanimity, forgave it, but spoke with kind commendation of his rude aggressor's amiable disposition, as evinced in his confession of error; and though we do not doubt—with one or two exceptions perhaps—that every one of our Prelates would have behaved almost as well as the Bishop of Exeter—we do doubt if the same might be truly said of any one of the "other gentlemen" of England.

POEMS BY WILLIAM S. ROSCOE.

THIS pretty little unpretending volume, in its grey garb, without any ornament to attract gew-gaw-loving eyes, almost like a Quakeress in her every-day attire among a bevy of females of some other very different persuasion bedizened for a ball, does not look as if it desired the general gaze; yet from the placid smile it wears, it seems, like some uncloistered and home-loving social Nun in her meek humanities, unconscious neither of its own modest virtues, nor mayhap even of its own beauties; nor yet unwilling to receive—not the homage of admiration—for it leaves that to be paid to higher claims—but the incense of love breathed from humble and happy hearts, like the scent of violets from lowly places in nature's retired nooks, haunted only by the pious children of nature.

In plainer but not simpler words, there is much beautiful poetry in this volume; but it is of a kind that may not be greatly relished by the million. The million hunger and thirst after the stronger and darker passions; nothing will go down with them but pure Byron. They are intolerant—or careless—or even ashamed of those emotions and affections that compose the blessing of our daily life, and give its lustre to the fire on the hearth of every Christian household. Yet, for all that, they are inexperienced in those same stronger and darker passions of which they prate, and know nothing of the import of those pictures of them painted, with background of gloom and foreground of fire, in the works of the truly great masters. The disturbed spirit of such delineations is far beyond the reaches of their souls; and they mistake their own senseless stupor for solemn awe—or their own mere physical excitement for the enthusiasm of imagination soaring through the storm on the wings of intellect. There are such things in "Satan's Invisible World Displayed" in poetry, as strong and dark passions; and they who are acquainted with

their origin and end call them *bad* passions; but the good passions are not dark, but bright; and they are strong too, stronger than death or the grave.

All human beings who know how to reap

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,"

feel, by the touch, the flowers of affection in every handful of beauty they gather up from those fortunate fields on which shines for ever through all seasons the sun of life. How soft the leaves! and as they meet the eye how fair! Framed, so might it seem, of green dew consolidated into fragrance! Nor do they fade when gently taken from their stalk on its native bed. They flourish for ever if you bruise them not—sensitive indeed—and if you are so forgetful as to treat them rashly—like those of the plant that bears that name—they shrink and seem to shrivel for a time—growing pale as if upbraiding your harshness; but cherished, they are seen to be all of

"Immortal amaranth, the tree that grows
Fast by the throne of God;"

for the seeds have fallen from heaven to earth, and for eighteen hundred years have been spreading themselves over all soils fit for their reception—and what soil is not fit? Even fit are stony places and places full of thorns. For they will live and grow there in spite of such obstruction—and among rank and matted weeds will often be seen peering out like primroses gladdening the desert!

Is this the nature of the poetry in this volume? Unless we do very greatly deceive ourselves—it is; but we shall let you judge for yourselves by a few specimens. We confess that we opened the volume with a disposition to be delighted; but had we not been so, the sadder would have been our disappointment. For we love the author—personally but,

little known to us—because he is his father's son. Twenty years and five have flown since we walked among the "alleys green" of Allerton with William Roscoe the elder—and who ever conversed with him for a few hours in and about his own home—where the stream of life flowed on so full and clear—without carrying away impressions that never seemed to become remembrances! So vivid have they remained amidst the obscurations and obliterations of time, that sweeps with his wings all that lies on the surface of the soul, but has no power to disturb, much less destroy, the records printed on the heart's core—imperishable even here—and hereafter to be brightened, we believe, into a splendour far exceeding what could have belonged to them in this fluctuating life!

The family of the Roscoes have not been degenerate from the virtues of their parents. The name is now honoured for their own sakes; in them talents and genius are seen to be hereditary; and he will have much to contend against and overcome, who, belonging to that line, shall ever act so as to make men bring to mind with angry sorrow the character of his illustrious ancestor. All the Roscoes now alive are known in our Literature; Thomas, who, if we mistake not, is one of the younger brothers, has already achieved much reputation; and William Stanley, the eldest, long admired in a wide circle of friends as a man of the finest faculties, and far beyond it as gifted with true poetical sensibility and fancy, will now be regarded by all who love poetry rather than praise it, as a contributor to its stores of not a few strains of the true inspiration. He seeks not to soar into "the highest heaven of invention;" for he knows his own powers, and wisely uses them in their own sphere—the sphere nature has chosen to allot them—and in that quiet domain "Beauty pitches her tents before him"—removing, as her happiness bids, from vale to vale—and often resting, with her calm encampment, by the side of some silvan stream, where the scenery seems to sleep in perpetual Sabbath.

Here are a few—a very few lines—written nearly thirty years ago—

"In life's morning march when his spirit was young;"

and yet they are felt by us to be inspired by that presageful spirit which, in early genius, often brings over the dreams of rising youth the sombre shadows, that might seem in nature to belong but to those of declining age. "Most musical, most melancholy"—a simple air indeed—but as it listens, the heart feels it comes from the heart.

LINES WRITTEN IN PASSING THROUGH
VALE CRUCIS, IN OCTOBER, 1806.

"Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For there are sainted shadows seen
That frequent haunt thy dewy green;
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns and vesper prayer
Break softly on the tranquil air!"

"Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell!
For Peace hath there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmur of the distant rills,
The Sabbath silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven!"

The lines "To a Lily flowering by Moonlight" were, we believe, written in Mr Roscoe's seventeenth year—or even earlier; and though they are universally known, that is no reason why we should not transfer them to our pages. Proud thought, and far better than proud, for a man to know that his name may be embalmed in the memory of one strain—which he knew not, as he breathed it, whether the next hour might not consign to oblivion! The Moon was bright and the Lily was fair, and the boy gave vent to his heart in verse. Into that verse flowed all that was purest in the multitude of thoughts within him—and many long years afterwards, the man is happy to recognise what he once was in the feelings hovering over the immortal image of the dead flower, and to know that they have added loveliness even to the Lily. If you think that exaggeration—why then brush scornfully away all the beautiful little poems and fragments of poems, in which they who made them wished but to utter the gratitude of their joy, or the resignation of their sorrow.

"O why, thou Lily pale,
 Lov'st thou to blossom in the wan moon-
 light,
 And shed thy rich perfume upon the
 night,
 When all thy sisterhood,
 In silken cowl and hood,
 Screen their soft faces from the sickly
 gale?
 Fair horned Cynthia woos thy modest
 flower,
 And with her beaming lips
 Thy kisses cold she sips,
 For thou art aye her only paramour,
 What time she nightly quits her starry
 bower,
 Trick'd in celestial light,
 And silver crescent bright.
 O ask thy vestal queen,
 If she will thee advise
 Where in the blessed skies
 That maiden may be seen,
 Who hung like thee her pale head thro'
 the day,
 Lovesick and pining for the evening ray;
 And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly
 Of this bad world, and died of melancholy?
 O tell me where she dwells;
 So on thy mournful bells,
 Shall Dian nightly ring
 Her tender sighs to give thee fresh per-
 fume,
 Her pale night lustre to enhance thy
 bloom,
 And find thee tears to feed thy sorrow-
 ing."

Perhaps none among us ever wrote
 verses of any worth, who had not
 been, more or less, readers of our
 old ballads. All our poets have been
 so—and even Wordsworth would
 not have been the veritable and only
 Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood
 pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy's
 Reliques. From the highest to the
 humblest, they have all drunk from
 those silver springs. Shepherds and
 herdsmen and woodsmen have been
 the masters of the mighty—their
 strains have, like the voice of a soli-
 tary lute, inspired a power of sad-
 ness into the hearts of great poets
 that gave their genius to be preva-
 lent over all tears, or with a power
 of sublimity that gave it dominion
 over all terror, like the sound of a
 trumpet. The Babes in the Wood!
 Chevy-Chase! Men become women
 while they weep—

"Or start up heroes from the glorious
 strain."

We have seldom read a modern

composition "so tender and so
 true" to the spirit of those old bal-
 lads, which one might think were
 written by Pity's self, as this Dirge.

DIRGE.

"O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where I and my true love may sleep!
 We'll dig a grave, and dig it deep,
 Where thou and thy true love shall
 sleep!

"And let it be five fathom low,
 Where winter winds may never blow!—
 And it shall be five fathom low,
 Where winter winds shall never blow!

"And let it be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!—
 And it shall be on yonder hill,
 Where grows the mountain daffodil!

"And plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!—
 We'll plant it round with holy briers,
 To fright away the fairy fires!

"And set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!—
 We'll set it round with celandine,
 And nodding heads of columbine!

"And let the ruddock build his nest
 Just above my true love's breast!—
 The ruddock he shall build his nest
 Just above thy true love's breast!

"And warble his sweet wintry song
 O'er our dwelling all day long!—
 And he shall warble his sweet song
 O'er your dwelling all day long.

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
 And lay me out for Jesus' sake!—
 And we will now thy garments take,
 And lay thee out for Jesus' sake!

"And lay me by my true love's side,
 That I may be a faithful bride!—
 We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
 That thou mayst be a faithful bride!

"When I am dead and buried be,
 Pray to God in heaven for me!—
 Now thou art dead, we'll bury thee,
 And pray to God in heaven for thee!
 —Benedicite!"

We know not how it is—or rather
 we should say, we do know how it
 is—but cannot tell how—it is impos-
 sible for any poet to please us—let
 him write ever so well—in writing
 about—the Lakes. We mean, of

course, the English Lakes—the Lakes of Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Cumberland—for although the Lakes of Scotland in themselves are all that Lakes can be, they are not so to us—heaven bless them!—nor, although we are all that we can be, are we so to them—heaven bless us!—else why so seldom do they visit us in our sleep? But every other night we are at Orresthead! Windermere murmurs “come! lie upon my breast!” William Roscoe, therefore, must pardon us for thinking but poorly of his “Lines to the River Brathay, in Langdale.” True they were written in 1797, before we were wedded (think not, though for a season separated, that we are divorced—divorce were death!) in Bowness church—to Windermere—to the Queen of the Lakes. Look at these lovely young Isles now tossing their tresses in the breeze, now braiding them in the sunshine—they are the children of that marriage. Believe that but for the love of the Naiad for North, they had never been born—not one of them all would ever have hung floating in its cradle of water-lilies among those charmed clouds! Nay! William Stanley Roscoe! Thou hast no business with the River Brathay but to walk by her side along the meadows. We have lip-ped her in secret among the clouds—we have cleaved to her on her rock-bed in the woods—we have blended with her bosom in sunless chamber cliff-roofed of the same stone that frowns from the blind face of Pavey-Ark; and with whom, pray, hadst thou dined the day thou sawest the Brathay lost in Grassmere? Ask the Two Giants—and they will nod their wooded heads, as much as to say—“Our Brathay—under heaven—belongs to Windermere.”

For the same reasons, and a thousand others, we have merely looked at the “Lines written in the Woods of Rydal-Hall”—and think we saw mention made of the Druids. They are dated 1804; and why did Mr Roscoe take no notice of Lady Diana Fleming’s white pea-fowl, sitting on the limbs of that huge old tree like creatures newly alighted from the Isles of Paradise! All undisturbed by the waterfalls, which, as you kept gazing on the long-de-

pending plumage illumining the forest-gloom, seemed indeed to lose their sound, and to partake the peace of that resplendent snow so beautiful—each splendour a wondrous Bird! For lo! they stretch themselves all up, with their graceful crests, o’ercanopied by the umbrage draperied as from a throne! And never surely were seen in this daylight world such a show of un-terrestrial creatures—though come from afar, all happy as at home in the Fairies’ Oak!

Having thus vented our spleen, we are as amiable as ever; and, though our haunts, when we wore the gown, were among the groves of Isis (and sweetly, too, flows the Cherwell round the fields of St Mary Magdalene, in summer as steady and as silent as the dream-land of sleep), yet with such an accomplished scholar as William Stanley Roscoe, we fly back through a long, glimmering vista of years, and sit with him among the whispering reeds on the low banks of the Cam. But the towers, how high! and how high the spirit that inhabits them, let poets, and divines, and orators, and statesmen speak, in many an inspired page that never will the Muses let die till they themselves be dead! “To Spring on the banks of the Cam.” ’Tis a classic strain, such as young Collins might have sung by the sister stream,—the boy Milton murmured by the same sedgy brink, when “the dim woods were still.”

We should have expected a man of such fine taste as Mr W. S. Roscoe, and such true feeling, to write good sonnets; and he has done so, making allowance for a want of variety in the pauses—but they are too few in number. We have transcribed three of them into the album of one most dear, in which no worthless matter can ever find its way, and here they are, that you and others may do so likewise.

TO MY FATHER.

“Stay thine o’ershadowing wings, relentless Time,
Nor shed those auburn locks with falling gray,
That o’er my father’s frownless forehead play
Graceful and fair, as in youth’s golden prime.

Stay thy rude hand, and he thro' many a
 clime
 Shall teach thee to retrace thy distant way
 To the bright regions of historic day!
 Or he shall charm thee with prophetic
 rhyme,
 Swept from the strings of Freedom's
 holy lyre,
 Or call the muses from th' Ausonian land,
 And with the strains their breathing lips
 inspire,
 Win thy cold ear, and check thy ebbing
 sand!
 Vain is my prayer—already o'er my sire
 Thou, ruthless power, hast stretch'd thine
 iron hand!"

TO A BIRD SINGING ON A STORMY DAY.

"Sweet bird, that in the pauses of the
 blast
 Lovest thy simple melody to pour,
 Regardless of the winter's icy hour;
 And ever as the sky is overcast,
 Shroudest thyself; and when the storm
 is past
 Warblest afresh, forth from thy blanched
 bower,
 Trusting that Spring shall wake the
 slumbering flower,
 Nor adverse seasons so for ever last;
 So I amid the beating storms of life
 Turn to the climes where Memory's
 daughters dwell,
 And yield each calm day of a vain world's
 strife,
 To the sweet labours of the vocal shell;
 With fond hope worshipping those better
 Nine,
 And the twin god who rules with bolt
 divine."

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

"Again thou reignest in thy golden hall,
 Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
 The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight,
 Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous
 call
 For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
 Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry
 height,
 But whilst on them thy beams are shed-
 ding bright,
 To me thou com'st o'ershadow'd with a
 pall!
 To me alone the year hath fruitless flown,
 Earth hath fulfill'd her trust thro' all her
 lands,
 The good man gathereth now where he
 had sown,
 And the great master in his vineyard
 stands;
 But I, as if my task were all unknown,
 Come to his gates, alas, with empty
 hands."

A few minutes ago, we were en-

deavouring to work ourselves upin-
 to a rage with Mr Roscoe, for dar-
 ing to write during Wordsworth's
 life and ours! (oh! what a fall was
 there, my countrymen!) about our
 Lakes. For Windermere, as all the
 world knows, is our wife; and as for
 Wordsworth, why he has been for
 years—(we were the first to apply
 to himself his own grand line, re-
 garding Dunmil, who sleeps in the
 Raise.)—

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

But we could not do it, and dis-
 missed him with a poetical reproof.
 The simple truth is, that poetry is
 but experience spiritualized; and our
 friend—if he will let us call him so—
 never was much among our moun-
 tains. But let him meditate on well-
 known and dear-loved places and
 the muse fills his heart with tenderest
 emotions, that take to themselves ex-
 pression that must tell on every heart
 —for every heart has its own well-
 known and dear-loved places—to
 which it transfers whatever of beauty
 or of pathos it meets with in strains
 sincere; and thus are there holy
 abiding spots for all our being's best
 affections, in which they live for ever
 apart from all noise, and preserve all
 their pristine fervour. Such is the
 character of the exquisitely mournful
 stanzas, "To a Deserted Country
 Seat."

"Hail to thy silent woods,
 Thy solemn climate, and thy deep repose,
 Where the west wind as he goes
 Moans to the falling floods,
 That thro' the forest glide,
 And journey with a melancholy tide!

"Hail to thy happy ground,
 Where all is steep'd in stillest solitude;
 And no unhallow'd sound
 Wakes nature from her holy mood;
 Here let me waste away
 The little leisure of life's busy day!

"Thy lone and ancient towers
 Shall be my only haunt from youth to
 age;

The wild grown garden bowers
 Shall shelter me in life's long pilgrimage;
 And I will think me blest,
 For ever in thy peaceful bounds to rest.

"On thee the sunbeam falls
 In silence all the solitary year;
 And mouldering are thy walls
 That echoed once with hospitable cheer;

And all is past away
That stood around thee in thy prosperous
day.

"But I may seek thy shades,
And wander in thy long forgotten bowers,
And haunt thy sunny glades,
Where the mild summer leads the rosy
hours,
And mingled flowers perfume
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.

"For nature here again
With silent steps repairs her woodland
throne,
Usurps the fair domain,
And claims the lovely desert for her own,
And o'er yon threshold throws
With lavish hand the woodbine and the
rose.

"Deep silence reigns around,
Save when the blackbird strains his tune-
ful throat,
Then the old woods resound,
And the sweet thrush begins his merry
note ;
And from some scathed bough
The murmuring ring-dove pours her
plaintive vow.

"Here at the break of morn,
No hunter wakes the halloo of the chase,
Nor hounds and echoing horn
Fright from their quiet haunts the silvan
race.
Rest, happy foresters, for ye shall be
In these green walks for ever safe and
free !

"Wave, laurel, wave thy boughs,
And soothe with friendly shade my wear-
ied head ;
Come, sleep, and o'er my brows
With gentle hand thy dewy poppies shed.
Here shall be well forgot
The many sorrows of this earthly lot.

"Haunts of my early years,
Amid your sighing woods O give me
rest ;
Unnotic'd be the tears,
Unknown the grief that fill this aching
breast,
While shelter'd in your bowers.
With patient heart I wait the suffering
hours.

"How soon the morn of life,
The beam, the beauty of our days is o'er,
Amid a world of strife
The heart's young joys shall bud, shall
bloom no more !

Yet tranquil be the day
That lights the wanderer on his home-
ward way.

"Lo ! where the lord of light
In setting splendour pours his crimson
beams,
And at the approach of night
Bathes his bright orb amid the ocean
streams,
And sinks into the west,—
So still, so peaceful be my hour of rest."

We cannot doubt for a moment
that the specimens we have now
given have justified all we have said
of this writer's taste, sensibility, and
fancy ; nor do we hesitate to say,
that they show he is a man of genius.
Much has been said and sung, of late
years, about the nature of genius ;
and about its distinction from talent.
All people feel, though few people
perhaps know, what it is ; and we
are, we confess, among the self-satis-
fied ignorant with respect to the
mystery of its genesis, growth, and
kind. But we have gained by our
criticism some credit with the world
for understanding something of its
works, and a work of genius we pro-
nounce the following *MONODY*, which
to our ears has a truly Miltonic flow
of music ; and now that we have
read it aloud to ourselves for the
second time in the silence of our
Sanctum, we exclaim, as we replace
the volume in its narrow chasm in
the compact shelf, "That strain I
heard was of a higher mood."

"Umbrageous woods, that lift your aged
arms,
And brave the ruthless tempests of the
sky ;
Storms that despoil the valley's fading
charms,
And chase the summer's dying melody ;
Ye old retreats of solitude,
Where nought but grief might e'er in-
trude,
Ere the dark winter spreads his latest
gloom,
To your wild reign I come,
To pour the sad and unavailing tear
O'er Henry's early bier,
With deep entranced spirit, dark, yet holy,
And haunt your silent shades in strictest
melancholy.
Oh ! where, sooth shepherd, are those
joyous strains
That charm'd so oft our plains ?
While every silvan dell, and sculptured
cave,

With wood o'erhung, or wash'd by ocean
 wave,
 Rang to the echo of thy summer reed,
 For Pan to thee decreed
 An oat to win the ear of morn,
 Sweeter than harp or horn ;
 Old Mersey listening hush'd the hollow
 roar
 Of his high waves, and bade them on the
 shore
 Fall with a shallow tide,
 And soft and slowly glide ;
 The ladies of the flood,
 Emerging from their coral haunt,
 Upon the golden briny waters stood,
 In mute astonish'd mood,
 To hear thy verses blither than the chant
 Of blue-eyed syrens in their oozy courts,
 Where aged Nereus oft resorts
 To chide the ocean maids that keep
 The fountain waters of the deep ;
 And oft with mermaid voice would lure
 thee to their cells,
 Waking the hidden voice that dwells
 In pearly chambers of their wreathed
 shells.

" Oft at the shut of even,
 When through the path of heaven
 Hesper went forth in starry mantle bright,
 And silence slumber'd in the arms of
 night,
 Thy melody would call
 Echo from her vaulted hall !
 Even the gray hermit in his amice weeds,
 With hoary staff and beads,
 Brushing the forest dews with sandal'd
 feet,
 Thy pastoral hymn would greet,
 And bend his ear to mortal strains so
 sweet.
 Alas ! might nought avail thy gentle
 rhyme,
 To soothe the rigour of our ruder clime ;
 Cold blew the frost winds on thy tender
 flocks,
 That on the tempest-beaten rocks,
 Or in the wintry vale below,
 Perish'd in drifts of frozen snow,
 While thro' thy sorrowing heart disease
 had spread
 The parting throb, and hollow sigh of
 death,
 And thou, lone shepherd, hung thy sick-
 ly head,
 And all untimely pour'd thy tuneful
 breath.

" Ah me ! that thou hadst sought the
 sunny groves
 Of fair Ausonia, and the pasture land
 Of Tuscany, where every shepherd roves,
 And sings propitious loves ;
 Or the green marge of Arno's flowery
 strand,

Or mountain caves of Sicily,
 Where, on some olive-shrouded steep,
 Thy blue eyes flung across the deep,
 Thou hadst awoke the Doric melody,
 Or listen'd to the syren's song,
 That chant their crisped waves among,
 Or breathed the fragrant wind that blows
 Amid the laurel's rustling boughs,
 Then hadst thou never died unsung,
 And many a votive wreath had o'er thine
 urn been hung.

" O vain presumptive thoughts, thy
 rigorous doom
 Is dealt by fate, and I am come
 On travell'd feet, to strew thy hearse
 With wild untutor'd verse,
 For I had wander'd to the willowy shore
 Of hoary Camus, fraught with ancient
 lore ;
 Where with due feet I wont to tread
 His antique walks, and orchard bowers,
 Girt with sunny walls and towers,
 Conversing with the dead,
 Oft till the accustom'd vesper bell
 Toll'd the swift flight of meditative hours,
 And warn'd my slow feet to the studious
 cell ;
 And oft I join'd the ardent crowd,
 That at the shrine of science bow'd,
 But oftener wander'd to explore
 Those woods and deep banks, where of
 yore
 The dark orb'd priest of poesy
 First smote his holy minstrelsy,
 Yet had I ripen'd hopes with thee to
 dwell,
 Sooth shepherd, in thy ever-shaded cell,
 With thee as erst upon the eastern lawn,
 To wake the blue lids of the cloudy dawn,
 On some green hill where the deep foun-
 tain runs,
 To watch the crimson light of setting
 suns :
 With thee as erst to tread
 The forest's leaf-strown bed,
 And trace the violet, tempest-born and
 pale,
 Scenting with its thin breath the wintry
 gale ;
 With thee to visit in the haunted dell
 Storied tower, or fabled well ;
 With thee, on the far mountain's solitude,
 To court the golden cinctured sister brood,
 Jove's high honour'd progeny,
 Daughters of Mnemosyne,
 And breathe with trembling lips my verses
 rude.
 And am I only come,
 To shroud thee, shepherd, in thy timeless
 tomb,
 To see thy bier with cypress garlands
 drest,
 And the cold turf laid on thy hallow'd
 breast ?

Whilst the rude tempests o'er me rave,
I tear amid the forest's shelter'd walk,
The last late flowers of summer from
their stalk,

With sorrowing hand to scatter on thy
grave.

O winds that rage along the autumnal
sky,

The south may woo you to her rustling
bower;

O woods that strew your leaves to fade
and die,

Your boughs may flourish in the vernal
hour;

O tender families of herb and flower,
That sink and slumber in the cradled
earth,

You may again burst forth in purple
birth;

O thou lone bird, that mourn'st the dy-
ing year,

Shivering and cold amid the stormy night,
For thee revolving planets may appear,
And summer stars may shed their rising
light;

O weeping season, dark and wintry now,
The Spring may bind her roses on thy
brow,

But who shall wake the eyes that sleep in
death,

Or bid the pale lip bloom with purple
breath?

O shepherd, dost thou slumber in the vale,
Freshen'd by the immortal gale?

Or midst unnumber'd worlds, that roll
And glitter underneath thy feet,
Seest thou the dark earth's dim discover'd
pole,

And many an orb her sister planets meet
Beneath the curtain'd canopy of night;
And the fair seasons take their flight
To the azure realms of day;

And the blithe hours foot their silent way,
Down to the low earth's bourne,
To trace their fateful round, and up to
heaven return.

Or wondering at thy heavenly birth,
Broodest thou o'er the distant dream of
earth,

And wanderest on the solitary shore,
Fast by the eternal ocean's roar,
Whose golden tide interminably rolls
Upon the shadowy land of souls,
Asking his falling waves to waft to thee
Tidings of mortality!

Shepherd, I bid thee now a long farewell.
Yet while these eyes behold the orb of
day,

At noon and eve on thee my thoughts
shall dwell,

Till Death enshroud me in his robe of
clay.

"Whether he call me to the fated tomb,
Like thee in youth's prime bloom,
With locks of Auburn; or with tresses
hoar,

Thee will I mourn, sweet shepherd, thee
deplore.

—Sorrowing, he sung, and then declined
his head;

And now the queen of heaven had west-
ward led

Her starry ocean, and the streams of
night;

And now had risen the still morn's liquid
light.

The sunbeams playing on his dewy locks,
The shepherd woke at the grey dawn of
day,

Drove through the hoary mist his breath-
ing flocks,

And o'er the uplands took his solitary
way."

WILLIAM PITT.

PART II.

ALL the great questions of politics return periodically in England. For the wants, wishes, and passions of all generations are the same, and the liberty of England gives them all a tongue. The Established Church, the duration of Parliament, the admission of Roman Catholics to the Legislature, the purification of the elective franchise, have all revolved through the circle of debate in successive times, since the days when England first had a constitution, the days of Elizabeth. They, or topics similar to them, will revolve while England possesses a constitution. But this arises less from the necessity of things than from the nature of debate. An English Legislature has never existed, and never will exist without a conflict of parties. The new titles of faction are but a shifting of the oldest appellatives of party. There will always be found in a free legislature a body of men to whom freedom is a cloak for ambition; power is all in all; a ruined country over which they can rule, is better than the noblest national prosperity of which they have not the rule, that they may have the plunder. The political physiognomy of those men is known. Chiefly poor, and chiefly profligate in their personal lives, they have nothing to lose in property, and nothing to hurt in conscience. They are thus sent into the field prepared to accomplish the most violent change, by the most desperate means. This faction is small, cautious, and obscure, but it forms the *nucleus* of the revolutionary mind of the nation. It has a wonderful power of expansibility. It can sink altogether from sight, but when the hour for its evil is come, it is the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that distends over the whole political horizon, and pours down in a hurricane. This was the spirit of the American Revolution. Neither wrongs inflicted, nor rights denied, unfurled the banners of revolt beyond the Atlantic. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming the passion of a populace for change.

VOL. XXXVII. NO. CCXXXI.

This was the spirit of the French Revolution. Neither domestic tyranny nor foreign insult sacrificed the king on the bloody altar raised to democracy. It was the fury of a faction for power, inflaming the passion of a populace for change. But in England, the character of the nation, grave, firm and decorous, compelled this spirit to assume another shape. It never dared, as in America, to throw off the mask, and start from the supplicant into the revolter. It never possessed either the force or the effrontery, as in France, to exhibit its naked impurity before the people, and with the torch of a profane philosophy in one hand, and the cup of massacre in the other, lead off the new dance of death, secure of seeing every class and condition of man whirling after it in its grim festivity. Here, always vulgar, feeble, and obscure; nurtured among the lower haunts of the commonwealth, it has always found it politic to lurk under the various disguises of imposture, diffident of its means. It has appealed to the young, by their natural distaste for the wisdom of old institutions, to the generous by their scorn of political corruption, and to the patriotic by their zeal for the honour of the country. Thus, nearly every public man of decided ability commences his career by the adoption of a cause which his whole after life is employed in resisting. Thus we find men of the most powerful understanding, and the most patriotic views, the Chathams, Burkes, and Pitts, forced perpetually to contend against the imputation of having deserted principles, which they never held, of being traitors when they had only been betrayed, and of adopting for the bribes of office, the resistance to objects into which they could have been even ensnared only by the subtlest artifices of faction.

But in this decided and contemptuous judgment, we distinctly disclaim all idea of involving the body known by the general name of Opposition. The changes of the public

councils from year to year may throw into its ranks men incapable of political deviation. Some of the greatest names of our history have been numbered among the opposers of the Cabinet for the time being; and it has been said, with a just knowledge of the English Government, that the country might as well exist without a Cabinet, as without an Opposition.

Pitt had till now distinguished himself only as a subordinate. He had been content to follow the topics thrown out by the leaders of the House. But he had felt his powers, and he was now to lead. The first public question in which he thus advanced alone was Parliamentary Reform. There is strong temptation in the topic; it has always abounded in strong points of declamation, and it has always enlisted the popular feelings on the side of the orator. Of all the questions that have ever come before a senate, it is capable of the broadest colouring and the simplest tamperings with fact. But these were not the merits which won Pitt to its advocacy. The alleged venality of Parliament during the long dictatorship of Walpole, its submission under the leaden sceptre of the Pelhams, and its apathy under the shiftings of power from hand to hand of the Hollands, Grafton, and even Chatham himself, had roused popular contempt, and roused even more, the alarm of honest men and true patriots for the final fall of the legislature. From the accession of the first George to the commencement of the American war, in 1775, Parliament had nearly abandoned all its influence in the government of the state. It was turbulent from time to time, but all its activity was impressed from without. The nation had begun to look upon it as a Bed of Justice, a French Parliament, where the King alone was awake. But these were the feelings of quiet times, and the evil was endured. When the American war came to counsel the nation to look into its resources, whether of liberty or power, the singular adherence of Parliament to Lord North generated a new order of suspicion, embittered by a new order of resentment. Exaggerated accounts of public disaster, acting

upon feelings unused to disaster of any kind, turned all eyes upon the conduct of that Legislature, from which they were constitutionally taught to expect defence. They looked in vain. The aspect of the war was darkening day by day, the arms of England were tarnishing in every quarter of the globe, allies were turning into neutrals, neutrals into open enemies. The star of the empire was palpably going down; but the Minister and the Parliament were still as firm allies as ever. The cry of indignant alarm rang from corner to corner of the land, but within the walls of the Legislature all was confidence. Remonstrance was the language of every portion of the people; but the Minister answered it by a majority. To drive Lord North from power now became the universal object; but before they could seize the criminal they must storm the stronghold. The apathy of Parliament was attributed to its corruption, its corruption to the form of choosing its members; and men of the highest sincerity pledged themselves to a measure, whose avowed purpose was purifying the Legislature, at once to rescue it from national odium, to restore it to constitutional energy, and to make it an instrument of national rights, instead of being a rampart of ministerial ambition.

It is not our desire to palliate the failings even of Pitt, though his fame is the fame of his country. Like inferior men, he was open to the errors of political inexperience, and had to learn from time the lessons that time alone can teach. In this zeal for Parliamentary Reform of a senator of twenty-three, much must be allowed alike to the ardour of youth, the temptations of party, and the rashness of immature knowledge. But those are not the charges brought against his memory. He is accused, in the bitterest tones of party, with abandoning his views. Let that be his panegyric,—let it be told to his honour that, when he saw the necessity for the change at an end, he gave up the change; that when Parliament had, by the force of circumstances, resumed its full activity, he did not obstinately persevere in the regimen which was fit only to rouse it from a state of torpor; in fact, that

in the midst of the French Revolution he did not revolutionize England. Ten years had made the whole distinction. Before that period, brief as it was, popular opinion made but a slight impression upon the Legislature; after that period popular opinion threatened to become the tyrant of the Legislature. The influence which was nearly dormant in the time of Lord North, menaced the constitution with overthrow in the time of the Pitt Ministry. The fall of monarchy in France had removed the barrier between the populace and power; the republican spirit of France propagated republicanism in every kingdom of Europe. Was this a time to add to the popular predominance in England? The old bugbear had been the preservative; it was quietly laid in its grave. The new destroyer was democracy; was it folly to meet the evil with new weapons; to reject the insidious compromise between personal popularity and national downfall; to curb the license of the multitude as steadily as of old, the domination of the minister? This was the head and front of Pitt's offending, and for this, undying honour be to his grave. Hating corruption, he not less hated tumult; kindling the vigour of the Legislature, he would restrain its violence; the champion of true liberty, he taught Englishmen to scorn the labours of revolution.

In 1782 the Rockingham Cabinet was formed. The premiership had been first offered by the King to Lord Shelburne; but that nobleman declining it, and stating that, *for the present*, the Marquis of Rockingham alone could fill the situation, his Majesty assented. Shelburne and Fox were named the Secretaries of State, Lord John Cavendish was Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Camden President of the Council, Conway Commander-in-Chief, Keppel First Lord of the Admiralty, and Dunning Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Thurlow was continued Chancellor.

On the 7th of May, 1782, Pitt brought forward his motion for Parliamentary Reform, having been appointed for this purpose by the general meeting of the friends of reform at Richmond House. His speech recapitulated the alleged grievances of

the representation. He declared that his object was simply to bring back Parliament to its original system, and, by offering a reform at once moderate and substantial, relieve the State from those decays which threatened to destroy "the most beautiful fabric of government in the world." He pressed heavily on the palpable difference between the public opinion and the votes of Parliament during the American war, and argued that this hazardous anomaly was to be rectified only by restoring purity of election. He enumerated boroughs which had lost all connexion with the principle of constituency, places without trade, population, interest in the country, or any stake to entitle them to the distinction of sending representatives to Parliament. At the same time he admitted, that "the corruption of which he complained was the natural effect of the wide limits of our empire, and of the broad and great scale upon which its operations were conducted; it had grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, but it had not decayed with our decay. It had supported a late Administration against all the consequences of a mischievous system and a dismembered empire." He concluded by moving for a committee to examine into the state of the representation. The motion was lost by 161 to 141.

The sweeping measure which has so lately passed in Parliament renders this topic new once more. We have not come to its actual working yet, for no instantaneous change can be wrought upon the mind of England. We must speak of it still in theory: the future generation alone may feel the weight of its penitential practice. Examining it in the dispassionate light of a problem in political philosophy, and casting aside the prejudices alike of its advocates and its opponents, we can alone come to the true conclusion. The only legitimate objects of a change in the representation can be, to render the elector less corrupt, and the representative more efficient. Thus the question divides itself into two—the corruption outside the doors of Parliament, and the inactivity within. Has Lord John Russell's bill met the first evil? All men of honesty and honour will acknowledge instantly,

that the corruption of the elector is at once a personal crime and a public injury; for it implies in the elector a breach of conscience, and in the representative a readiness to take the bribe which he gives. He who buys will naturally sell. The dealer in corruption advertises himself. But has the Reform Bill increased or diminished the facility of electoral corruption? It has increased that facility on an enormous scale. By the ten-pound qualification, it has expressly lowered the whole elective franchise, and lowered it to a class peculiarly corrupt and *agitating*—the little shopkeepers. It is a principle of common sense, that the higher the qualification, the less liable to corruption. If the voters of a county were confined to a thousand gentlemen of a thousand a-year each, they would be less accessible by corruption than a thousand of a hundred a-year each, from the obvious circumstances, that they would be more conspicuous objects in the eye of their neighbours, have more character to lose, possess higher habits, and, even if they were inclined to sell themselves, would be less within the power of purchase, from the higher amount of their price. If the franchise were lowered from a hundred to ten pounds, it would fall constantly into a lower class, more easily purchaseable, from their being less marked by society in their proceedings, and from the smaller sum necessary for their purchase, the increase of their numbers not being in any degree a set-off against the decrease of the bribe. If the franchise were, again, lowered to five shillings or five farthings, it would at each descent sink into a still inferior class, more capable of corruption, and at a still cheaper rate. Of course, in these remarks, it is not meant to say that a poor man may not have as proud a spirit and as pure a conscience as a rich one. We speak not of the individual exception: we take society on its broad scale, and there we are fully entitled to pronounce, that poverty and obscurity are strong temptations to the readier ways of gain.

And this principle runs through every portion of the State. Why are members of Parliament required to produce a qualification, three hun-

dred a-year in land for the borough member, and six hundred for the county member? Certainly not for the absurd object, in a country essentially commercial, of excluding all but the agricultural interest;—certainly not of restricting the care of the Constitution to the wisdom of the country gentlemen;—but for the purpose of securing a House exempt from the actual wants which make corruption easy and acceptable. Property in land was justly deemed the best standard for this purpose, as being the most secure. The sum now appears small; but three hundred a-year, even a hundred years ago, was equal to twice the sum now, and was a considerable fortune. The opulence of commerce floats and fluctuates, the landed property was permanent, and formed a solid ground of character. The clear intention of the law was, that men entirely and permanently above personal necessity should alone constitute the Legislature.

But it is asserted that every man has a *right by nature* to a vote. No more than he has a right by nature to the British Constitution, or the empire of China. A province in the moon would be as much the natural result of being born with two arms and two legs. All political rights are *conventional*. Man, by nature, has a right to nothing but what he can earn by his labour. Society is even so far from giving an enlargement of his natural right in this most essential instance, that it restricts the right. The savage in the wilderness has a right to all that he can hunt, fish, or till. The man of society is narrowed in all those rude privileges, his labour is put under guidance, his products are limited, his enjoyments are ruled, according to the general uses of the community. The whole revolutionary theory on this head is one successive blunder. In fact, when man has once coalesced with his fellow-men, all natural rights are rapidly extinguished. They are exchanged for one of more import than them all, but wholly growing out of his new association, the *right of being protected*. But this protection argues no *right* to civil office. On the contrary, society in all instances where wisdom has made the laws, enforces the

demand of a qualification. The law-giver knows that man is not, by nature, fit for power. He demands, therefore, that he shall exhibit his acquired fitness, before power can be intrusted to his hands. Prior to Lord John Russell's bill, that fitness was required in this country in various shapes, arising from various circumstances of life and history; in some instances, descent from a line of freemen, in others an apprenticeship of a certain number of years, implying regular habits and approved character; in others, purchase, which implies property, the chief stake required, and wisely required, for the security against the betrayal of trust, a negligence to public interest, or an abuse of power. All these are now merged in one, the ten-pound qualification; too low to constitute property, too high to let in what its authors call natural right; and after thus sinning against both principles, abolishing the whole system of securities derived from location, birth, industry, and character.

The new theory of Parliament is equally a blunder. It pronounces the two Houses "the great council of the nation, the supreme deliberative assembly, &c.; and its purpose is especially to make the House of Commons the source of all government, the very head of active authority in the state." This is, in every point, a gross constitutional error. The King and his Ministers are the "great council of the nation." The Parliament is simply the guardian of the constitution. The King and his Ministers, having in their hands all the questions of policy, the making of war and peace, the greatest of all, with every other function of public rule, are the only *government*. Whatever body in the state possesses the *initiative* in public questions, is essentially the government. The business of the House is not to govern, but to guard. Our ancestors had too much the advantage of their posterity, to conceive the monstrous proposition, that the promptitude, secrecy, or deliberation essential to the conduct of an empire, could be found in an open assembly of three hundred, or of six hundred and fifty-eight, more than in an assembly of as many millions. Its office is, there-

fore, not to originate measures of exigent counsel, but to check their invasions of national liberty; not to tyrannize, by absorbing the whole power of the state, but to *stand between the nation and tyranny*, let it come from what quarter it will, and with equal vigilance, whether from the Cabinet or the multitude. And for this purpose it possesses one branch of power, and but one, the command of the national purse. Without money nothing can be done; and the minister who fails to justify his measure to the House, is thus instantly stopped in his career. It is true that, practically, to prevent subsequent disputes, the opinion of the House is asked in a variety of public affairs before their execution. But this is merely matter of ministerial convenience. The Cabinet are not enjoined to make these communications, to ask this advice, to awake these debates. They may act, in the infinite majority of public transactions, wholly on their own responsibility. The judgment of the Legislature cannot anticipate, it must follow; it cannot prohibit, it can only punish. The King in council is the primary agent, the Parliament is only a check on the minister if he comes to them for supplies; or, if he should not, a tribunal to impeach him for his negligence, incapacity, or treason.

The true office of Parliament being thus defined, the only question at all times can be, on which side the danger of the constitution is most imminent. Two centuries ago, it was menaced most from the throne, and Charles, reigning for eleven years without a parliament, was, though a mild, and even a reluctant despot, a despot in the full sense of the constitution. Yet we see with what terrible energy the power of the populace distended itself, even in those times of hereditary veneration for the throne. Under Charles the constitution slept. Under the Parliament it was brought from its slumbers only to be torn to pieces. Under Cromwell it was completely lost to sight, buried, to all human view, in a returnless grave.

Time obliterated the lesson, and popular fears and popular oratory, for the hundred years that followed, could see no enemy but the prerogative. They were in perpetual terror

of being crushed by the little pinnacle of power above their heads, while they walked fearlessly on ground, every foot of which was charged with the materials of explosion. The French republic at length showed the power of the populace, and the fears of all who were honest in their zeal for the constitution, fixed themselves in that gigantic shape, which starting up from beneath their feet, grew hourly, until its height overtopped all the ancient forms of authority, and menaced universal change. The war saved us. The wisdom of Pitt in that war raised a barrier, which the proud foot of Jacobinism dared not overleap. The clamours of conspiracy were extinguished in the magnanimous voice of the nation, called to buckle on its armour, and contend for the final stake of human kind. In that hour of general European difficulty, England, the true Achilles of a more authentic history, and a nobler time, forgetting all her injuries, all the discontents and slights of false friends and jealous rivals, saw nothing but the common cause, grasped the spear and shield, given by a higher than human hand, and springing on the last rampart of Europe, by her single shout restored the victory.

The point on which the wisdom of Lord John Russell's bill turns, is whether England is now in more peril from royal or from popular domination. A mob may be as much a tyrant as the most unbridled despot of Tartary. Whether was the English king or the English populace advancing more rapidly to illegal power? What man in his senses can hesitate to say, that the rapid increase of popular influence during the last twenty-five years has totally thrown the prerogative into the shade; that the true enemy which national freedom had to dread was the sovereignty of the populace; and that the Reform Bill, by giving that populace an extraordinary addition to its influence over the Parliament, has actually to that full extent hazarded the safety of the Constitution? If we are to choose between tyrannies, let us have the tyranny of a monarch; the rigid rule of a Peter or a Nicholas, rather than the sanguinary license of a Jacobin Club

and a Robespierre; the iron sceptre of a fictitious divine right, rather than the capricious fury of popular passion, cupidity, and revenge, making a law of its will, and the anarchy of the million administering its wrath in the *nistralade* and the guillotine.

The present state of the representation in Great Britain and Ireland will be the clearest evidence of the formidable growth of this new authority.

ENGLAND.

In England, 40 counties return 144 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 344,564. Cities and boroughs, amounting to 185, return 227 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 274,649. Total, 471 members, and 619,213 voters.

WALES.

In Wales, 12 counties return 15 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 25,815; 14 districts of boroughs return 14 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 11,309. Total, 29 members, and 37,124 voters.

SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, 30 counties return 30 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 33,114; 76 cities and boroughs return 23 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,332. Total, 53 members, and 64,446 voters.

IRELAND.

In Ireland, 32 counties return 64 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 60,607; 34 cities and boroughs return 41 members—the number of registered voters in 1832 being 31,545. Total, 105 members, and 92,152 voters.

Thus in Great Britain, while the members for counties are but 189, the members for cities and boroughs are 364! The case is stronger still with respect to England, the most influential portion of all. There the county members being scarcely more than one-half the members for the towns, or 144 to 227! But even this view hardly shows the extent of the hazard. The population of the counties but slowly increases, while that of the towns is accumulating with hourly rapidity; the county population is, from its nature, nearly stagnant in point of political im-

pulses, while the town population is perpetually urged to political movements, is constantly employed in speculations on public affairs, and, from its habits of trade and manufacture, and its closer state of intercourse and communication, possesses tenfold the applicable power, and political excitability, and condensed force of the remaining population.

This is the true evil of the coming time, and the unanswerable argument against the measure. We are aware of the crowd of inferior objections urged, and justly urged, against its immediate working, its exclusion of nearly all but men of vast landed property, or furious demagogues, from Parliament; thus shutting the doors upon nearly the whole class who once made the lights of the legislature, the Pitts, Burkes, Sheridans, Foxes, and every man who has but knowledge and genius to offer as his claims; it's setting up the representation as a prize for the most extravagant popular charlatanry, until no man can enter Parliament but with a pledge and without a character; it's actually binding Parliament down by the resolutions of every election rabble, and transferring all deliberation from Parliament to the roarers of the hustings. All are present evils, and of a dark dye; but the great overwhelming evil is to be felt only in the course of years; the utter absorption of the whole power of Parliament by the population of the towns, establishing a direct republican influence as the paramount authority of the House of Commons, converting that House into a House of Delegates, stripping the Constitution on that side of all power, and, through the breach, invading the Crown, the Peerage, the Cabinet, and all the few feeble remaining bulwarks of the monarchy.

Pitt had now evidently taken the lead of the patriotic party. Foiled in his attempt to obtain the reform of the electors, his next effort was to obtain the reform of the representative. This was now to be done only by restraining the term of his power, and thus compelling him to return more frequently to his constituents. On the 17th of May, within ten days after his speech on reform, he powerfully sustained

Sawbridge's motion, for "shortening the duration of Parliaments." It was lost by a majority of 149 to 61. Still he was not exhausted. Within a month he came forward again, in support of Lord Mahon's bill for "preventing bribery and expense at elections." This he pronounced to be no innovation, but a restoration of the old constitutional practice and principle. Pitt has been named an apostate for his subsequent resistance to similar measures. But the ground of his change has been already assigned. He was no more an apostate than the man who lights a fire on his empty hearth is an apostate for extinguishing it when a barrel of gunpowder is brought into the room. What was safe in 1780 might be ruinous in 1790. It is observable, in honour of his sincerity, that his adoption of the subject must be exonerated from all personal motives, by the circumstances of his position. He was not, on the one hand, a factious tribune haranguing for place. He was not, on the other, a falling minister throwing out a lure for popular support. Attached to Lord Shelburne by personal regard, and to the Ministry by public views, he was not labouring to float into possession on the wreck of their popularity. Politically hostile to Lord North and the Opposition, whom he had strongly contributed to overthrow, he could look for their combination as little as he had revered their power. The Ministry were in the full tide of their influence. No reverses had shaken them. They stood on a height altogether beyond the desultory shock of a young orator, yet known to the country only by name. Every argument is on the side of the assertion, that in those efforts Pitt was perfectly sincere, that he laboured to achieve a service for his country, and that he had no thought beyond achieving a service for his country.

But the position of his antagonist was more questionable. That antagonist was Fox. The later worshippers of that remarkable man must have looked back with astonishment at the versatility of his principles. He boldly pronounced the bill an attempt to draw an unnatural line of separation between the constituent and the representative. Was

the House to lend itself to a system for circumscribing the few remaining privileges of the electors? "Nothing" could more enhance the natural independence of English electors more than the power of *obliging their friends*." As to the expenses of the candidates, he "was not fond of recurring to those times when representatives were paid for their trouble by those they represented. That House was then of little or no weight in the government of the country. And those arguments which referred to such ancient usages could be of no other use than to put the House in mind of its ancient insignificance." On this occasion Pitt succeeded by 60 to 59. But an important clause being rejected in the committee, the bill was withdrawn.

Pitt's official life was now to begin. The Rockingham Cabinet contained jarring elements. The clear, dexterous, and accomplished mind of Shelburne already contemplated supremacy. The loose, but powerful genius of Fox, scarcely enduring a rival, disdained to suffer a superior. The character of the Marquis of Rockingham, supine but estimable, and conciliating yet dignified, restrained open jealousies; but his death, in July 1782, dissolved the Cabinet at once, and gave its quarrels to the world.

The king instantly renewed the offer of the premiership to Lord Shelburne. It was accepted. Fox and Lord John Cavendish angrily threw up their offices. Conway openly charged Fox in the House with disappointed ambition. Fox, thus forced to explain, declared that the motive for his resignation was the appointment of Lord Shelburne as first lord of the treasury, instead of the Duke of Portland, the natural successor of the Marquis of Rockingham in the confidence of the Whig party. This acknowledgment brought down a storm of reprobation, in which Pitt led the way. He charged Fox "with hazarding the honour of the government for personal motives, and the safety of the country for pique. With the phrase of 'measures and not men' perpetually on his lips, he had acted on the principle of 'men and not measures.' He had thrown up office to embarrass the minister the moment he

found that he could not degrade him, and rather than narrow the extravagance of his ambition, he had abandoned the sincerity of his principles, and when he found that he could not rule the government with unbounded sway, under the mask of another, he adopted the daring resolution of flinging it down and standing forth in the attitude of an assailant." Thus began the open conflict between those two eminent men, which lasted until they were in their graves.

Pitt was now presented to the nation as a minister. The resignation of Fox and Lord John Cavendish made way for new appointments, and Pitt was named Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the age of 23. Thus, scarcely beyond boyhood, he rose at once to the most difficult office of the state, to the conduct of the whole finance of the empire, and the leadership of the House of Commons. None of the chief statesmen of the century had obtained power at his age, nor had obtained it but through the gradations of office. Godolphin, Oxford, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Pelham, Chat-ham, North, and Fox, had all served in subordinate offices. Pitt alone stood in the foremost rank at his first step, and every subsequent hour of his life justified his sense of his unrivalled talents, and the proud prognostics of his country.

The reign of the Brunswick line was characterised by a feature new to English government. Their predecessors had retained a large portion of individual power. The Brunswick reign was the reign of ministers. Realizing for the first time the true theory of the constitution, that all power should be responsible for its acts, the acts thenceforth originated with those who were personally responsible. Thus the hazardous collision of the national feelings with the royal privilege of impunity ceased to exist, and the fall of a Cabinet was the substitute for a revolution. Yet the personal inclinations of the monarch must always be of high importance, and it was remarked that during the long reign of George the Third, in all his feelings the most *constitutional* of monarchs, no Cabinet was able to stand its ground against the personal impres-

sions of the king. The Rockingham Cabinet was forced upon him, and it was on the point of perishing even before the death of its premier; it was extinguished within a year. The Fox Cabinet of 1806 was forced upon him; it too was on the point of perishing before the death of Fox, and it too was extinguished in a year. The king's displeasure against Fox was among the most prominent causes of his exclusion during a whole life of the public display of great abilities, and unwearied appetite for power. The King's personal respect sustained Pitt against the early difficulties of his Ministry, successive majorities in Parliament, and the loudest outcry of party through the nation. His personal attachment upheld Lord North in his Ministry, and protected him when out of it. The gentleness and good-nature, added to the unquestionable integrity of Lord North's character, endeared him to the sovereign; and this regard he seems to have extended to the members of his Cabinet. A little anecdote exhibits this disposition in its most graceful point of view. Early in the period when the fall of Lord North's Ministry was inevitable, the King received Lord George Germaine in his closet for the purpose of giving up the seals of his department. Germaine was a man of elegant manners and striking abilities, a powerful debater, and possessing great weight in the Cabinet. The stain fixed on his character by the battle of Minden, and the sentence of the court-martial which followed, had been partially cleared away by his parliamentary distinctions, if not still more advantageously by the gradual public acknowledgment that his disobedience on that memorable day had arisen much less from personal timidity than from disgust at the arrogance of his German commander. Lord George's resignation of the American secretaryship was the first direct omen of the breaking up of the Ministry, and the interview was marked by unusual emotion on both sides. The King, after expressing his regret for the disastrous state of the Cabinet, and his sense of Lord George's services, asked, "if there was any thing he could do, to express his sense of them, which would be agreeable to

him."—"Sir," was the answer, "if your Majesty will raise me to the dignity of the peerage, it will form at once the best reward to which I can aspire, and the best proof of your approbation of my past exertions in your affairs."—"By all means," the King replied, "I think it very proper, and shall do it with pleasure." The conversation continued, in the course of which Lord George requested that the creation should be of a viscounty, for if raised only to the barony, "his own secretary, his own lawyer, and his father's page, would all take rank of him." The King, struck with this curious combination, enquired into the particulars. "The first," said Lord George, "is Lord Walsingham, who was long under-secretary in my office, when Mr De Grey. The second is Lord Loughborough, who has been always my legal adviser. The third is Lord Amherst, who, when page to my father, the late Duke of Dorset, has often sat on the braces of the state coach that conveyed him, as Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to the Parliament House in Dublin." The King smiled, and added, "What you say is very reasonable, it shall be so, and now let me know what title you choose?" Lord George asked permission to take the title of Sackville, as having been compelled to renounce his family name for the estate of Drayton left to him by Lady Betty Germaine. "I quite approve of that idea," said his Majesty, "and if you will state to me your title, I shall write it down myself, before we part, and send it directly to the Lord Chancellor." The King immediately placed himself at a table, took the pen and ink lying upon it, and having committed the viscounty to paper, asked him what barony he chose. Lord George answered, Bolebrook, in Sussex, as being one of the most ancient estates belonging to his family, and contiguous to Buckhurst, the original peerage conferred by Queen Elizabeth on his ancestor, the first Duke of Dorset. When the King had written the name, he rose, and with the kindest expressions, mingled with concern, ended the interview. The character of George III. was so often charged with harshness and impatience, that it is only justice to a

sovereign estimable in every point of view, to give a trait which exhibits so much personal urbanity and royal condescension.

On the accession of the Fox Ministry in 1806, the caricaturists amused themselves with depicting the sudden change of the Whig costume for the dress of the Levee. The same metamorphose had amused the public fourteen years before. When the House of Commons met for the despatch of business, on the change of administration, every eye was turned with wonder to the Treasury Bench. Lord North had so long kept possession, that to the rising race of members it had seemed his by inheritance. But a new tribe were now masters, and it was equally difficult and ludicrous to discover the members of the old Opposition in the new equipment of office. At that period it was the custom for Ministers to attend in full dress. On one side Lord North and his friends were scarcely to be recognised in their Opposition dishabille, great coats, frocks, and boots. Still more astonishment was excited by the spectacle of the old file of Opposition throwing off their usual habiliments, and instead of the ancient blue and buff, which often bore signs of long service, and in the instance of Fox, was remarkable for its negligence, flourishing in lace and embroidery; with silk, swords, and hair powder. The change was the subject of frequent pleasantry in the House, but a remark of Lord Nugent's one night threw it into universal laughter. Just as the new Ministry had first made their appearance, it happened that his Lordship's house in town had been broken into, and robbed of a variety of dresses, and among other things many pairs of laced ruffles. The particulars were advertised, and the robbery, of course, was generally known. Coming down to the House immediately after the recess, a member who sat next him casually asked, "Whether he had yet made any discovery of the robbers."—"Not yet of the robbers, but probably enough of the receivers," said his Lordship. The member enquired again. "I shrewdly suspect," said his lordship, glancing at the Ministers, "that I now see some of my ruffles on the Treasury Bench." Fox and Burke

were sitting at the moment in their Court dresses opposite to him. The allusion spread instantly, and the House was "in a roar."

This was the era of Ministerial change, Shelburne was destined to share the fate of his predecessors. No example can be stronger, that the power of acquiring popular approbation is a talent peculiar and most incommunicable. Shelburne seemed to possess every quality that could raise him to the height of public favour. He was a singularly accomplished personage, of remarkable sagacity, promptitude, and force in debate, an excellent general scholar, and fond of sustaining his early literature; handsome and dignified in his exterior; animated and graceful in society; powerful and impressive in the House, and continually reinforcing his acquirements from every source of literary association and personal study. On the foreign relations of England his knowledge was indisputable. He was conceived to be more intimately acquainted with the springs and circumstances of the foreign Cabinets than any statesman in Europe. Altogether he was a fine specimen of the foremost race of mankind, an accomplished English nobleman. No man was more made for power.

But he was not made for popularity. Continually soliciting it, he uniformly failed. Some unaccountable suspicion of insincerity attached itself to every step of his progress, and while the nation forgave in Fox the most frequent and open lapses, it watched with a jealous eye the decorous life of a statesman immeasurably his superior in all that constitutes a claim to the confidence of a manly people.

The charges now brought against Lord Shelburne at this crisis turned on his known aversion to acknowledge American independence. It was from this argued, that his proposals of peace were a mask, and that the nation was to depend on caprice and contingency for a benefit which the general voice pronounced essential. Lee, the ex-Solicitor-General, a man of rough manners, but of considerable legal character, openly assailed the government in the House of Commons, declaring the Premier destitute of common honesty

in public transactions. The sound was caught by the populace, and echoed in every shape of contumely. The newspapers were filled with lampoons, and the shops with caricatures of the new Minister. One of the most popular of those pictured libels represented him as Guy Faux, lantern in hand, stealing under the Treasury to blow up the resources of the nation.

In England the popular voice must always be powerful, and no man was more conscious of its power than Shelburne. He weathered the storm boldly through the session, but on its close, he consulted with his colleagues on the expediency of strengthening the Cabinet from the ranks of Opposition. In this instance, we meet an additional proof of the manliness of Pitt. He instantly gave his decision against any junction with Lord North. He declared, that it was totally impossible for him, with any remaining sense of public duty, to suffer the renewal of influence in hands whose misconduct had already brought the empire into danger; or, with any remaining sense of personal honour, to be seen coalescing with one whose principles he had so constantly and so strongly reprobated; this opinion he further declared to proceed not from any personal dislike to Lord North, with whom he had never had any personal intercourse, but simply from his conviction that a total change of system was necessary for the safe government of the empire.

It was then determined to apply to Fox, against whom none of those objections lay. An interview took place accordingly. It was marked by the characteristics of the two personages. Pitt waited on Fox by appointment. Fox asked at once whether, in the proposed negotiation, Lord Shelburne was to remain Premier? Pitt answered, undoubtedly! Fox hotly replied that nothing could induce him to belong to any Ministry of which Lord Shelburne was to be Premier. Pitt, with equal promptitude, retorted, that if that were the case, all further discussion must be waste of time, for "*he did not come to betray Lord Shelburne.*" They parted instantly, and never again met under a private roof, for the rest of their lives. The sword

was drawn by both, and it was never sheathed by either.

A slight, yet curious example of the inconvenience arising from changes in the old arrangements of office, attracted public conversation at this period. On the King's going to prorogue Parliament, it was indispensable to send the crown and sceptre to Westminster. Burke's reform bill had suppressed the jewel office. But the suppression was so recent, that no new official regulation had been adopted relative to the conveyance of the jewels on public occasions. Egerton, the former master of the jewel office, was superseded by the bill. The next resource was an application to the lord steward, and the lord chamberlain. But those lords were not satisfied of their power to interfere, and would not interfere. The next resource was the secretary of state, and from him an order to the keeper of the jewels in the Tower was at length obtained for their transmission. Another difficulty now arose. From the irregularity of the whole transaction, none of the King's carriages, the customary conveyance, were forthcoming, and the secretary was reduced to the rude expedient of summoning the Bow Street magistrates to his aid. Half-a-dozen of their constables, in a couple of hackney coaches, were sent to the Tower, and in this hazardous style the crown jewels were despatched on their way. All due precautions were taken to conceal the nature of this valuable convoy, and all was necessary. Any one of the hundred, or the thousand gangs of London plunderers would have easily stripped royalty of its ornaments. The coaches were driven, with the blinds up, along the outskirts of London, re-entering it by Portland Street, and then hurrying down to Westminster. After the ceremony, they were reconveyed to the Tower, with the same secrecy and rapidity, and fortunately without any further obstruction. Another Colonel Blood might have made the risk memorable.

Of all human subjects, politics present the most exciting aspect to man; and it is to the honour of English intelligence that they supremely attract the man of England. Always abounding in novelty, yet always re-

ferring to experience, they meet at once the natural curiosity of the human mind, and give a vigorous exercise to its judgment. But to the man of England they have the higher interest of involving the principles of that freedom, which is not more the national boast than it is the national security. Thus, to the philosopher offering the finest spectacle of abstract truth brought into practical action—to the man of ability the broadest field for the display of his intellectual strength—and to the freeman the great tribunal in which the cause of national freedom is perpetually tried and defended. Politics offer not merely an exhaustless stimulant to our natural love of the strange, the capable, and the animating, but a noble study to minds which look above novelty—to the most enlarged and most permanent interests of mankind.

In recalling the contests of Pitt and Fox, we are not recalling the obsolete struggles of two great statesmen, long since gone to that place of rest where the passions of the world stop short, and an epitaph is all their fame. Under the names of those two men, we are speaking of the struggles which exist at this hour, and which will exist during every hour of the history of Britain—of struggles, too, which are essential to the continuance of her freedom—the currents which keep the national mind from stagnation—the muscular impulses which urge the circulation of her heart's blood—the winds which, blowing as they list, and sweeping her surface with what violence they may, yet purify the political atmosphere from the silent and yet unsparing pestilence of inaction, impurity, and slavery.

The Cabinet was now to meet Parliament. No position could be more surrounded with difficulties. In front was the powerful party of Lord North, by long possession of power shooting its branches through every department of the country, and by long habit trained to public business. The failure of the negotiation with Fox had still more formidably reinforced the Opposition. It had given them the talents of a man framed above all men of his time to make an Opposition master of the state. Of all the great names of senatorial eloquence, Fox seems to

have been the first Parliamentary speaker. In passing down the picture-gallery of the last century, a nobler memorial to the glory of England than all her conquests, we see nothing equal to the Parliamentary figure of Fox. The Bolingbrokes, Walpoles, Pulteneys, and Townsends have long since lost both colour and outline, and are sunk into indiscriminate shade. The bold proportions of Chatham still arrest the eye, but they are the proportions of an orator of Greece—classic, graceful, and full of life, but belonging to times and thoughts past away. Burke stands wrapt in the robe which might have alternately covered the limbs of a Plato and an Aristotle—a philosopher, in his finer meditations, soaring into the very heaven of magnificent invention, yet in his intercourse with men and things capable of bringing the subtlest abstractions into the service of common life—still too philosophic, lofty, and retired from common impulses, to be the true pleader with the people. Pitt is the orator of Rome, in the finest spirit of the portraiture. Superb, yet glowing,—grave, yet strenuous, with, at once, the Ciceronian love for liberty,—the Ciceronian hatred of the arts and violences which usurped its name,—he might have stood beside the great patriot of Rome, if his firmness did not strip the Roman of his laurel. Still, either his faculties, his position, as the appointed antagonist of popular caprice, or the reserve imposed upon him as the leader of British council, forbade that flexibility, variety, and reckless candour which belong to the *plenitude* of popular impression. It was there that Fox never found a rival. No man ever threw himself into debate with so apparent a reliance on the simple strength of his cause, and so apparent a forgetfulness of any aid which the cause might derive from the superiority of the advocate. With sufficient scholarship to avoid disgusting the accomplished part of his auditory, with sufficient general knowledge to avoid the ridicule of men of business, a reasoner without the formality of argument, and a keen and subtle sophist, under the guise of the most affecting simplicity, drawing all his illustrations from the common things of life, and

professing, in all instances, to strip public matters of their coverings of office and artifice, and speak plain things to plain men, Fox was the true orator of that confused and miscellaneous assemblage of refinement, rudeness, ignorance, knowledge, public feeling, and keen self-interest, frigidity and enthusiasm, which makes a British House of Commons. As this assemblage has never had a similar in the world, its orator must be left without a parallel. If we were to compress into a single phrase the qualities of the four great speakers whom this period brought into action, we might pronounce that Burke spoke to astonish, Sheridan to charm, Pitt to enlighten, Fox to subdue. It is remarkable, and important as a guide to the true perfection of popular speaking, that the printed speeches of those eminent men have met with a fate nearly the reverse of their effect when spoken. Burke's form one of the proudest monuments of human genius, and are read at this hour, and will be read while eloquence is dear to the heart of man, with an increasing homage to his name. Pitt's live to us chiefly as specimens of forcible argument and manly conceptions. Fox's are scarcely available to either the student or the statesman, and lie before us as great masses of thought, rudely flung together, and incapable of order or use. Sheridan's have almost wholly sunk into oblivion: his finest efforts, the speeches on Hastings, were extinguished by his own act, from the evident consciousness that their material was not fit for posterity. As airy, fantastic, and brilliant as the palaces of necromancy, they were dissolved by the touch of the necromancer. The result of this examination, and of all examination into the great science of national appeal, is, that of all qualities for impression on a mixed multitude, and preeminently on a British House of Commons, the most irresistible is feeling. In all other points of the orator, few men were less gifted than Fox. To the last day of his life, he was not fluent: the perpetual practice of thirty years had not given him the mastery of the English language. He hesitated, was often at a loss for words, turned back upon his steps, and increased

his embarrassment by his unwieldy efforts at extrication. All that belongs to attitude and exterior was entirely against him. But his singular faculty of throwing his feelings into his speech turned his very defects into sources of his success. When he had once seized on the popular sympathy, if he lost words, it was from his absorbing interest in his cause; if his arguments were perplexed, it was from the weight of his matter. The sudden failures of his voice, his ungainly gestures, and all his innumerable sins against oratorical dignity, were attributed to a force of sincerity, which overpowered all his perception of minor things; the burst of a natural and swelling sensibility, which justly swept away the trifling observances important only on trivial occasions and to trivial men. Fox has, more than once, shed tears in the House; a spectacle ridiculously frequent among foreigners, but so rare among the manlier minds of Englishmen, that it only added to his triumph.

With an antagonist of this rank, armed with specious topics, and with every specious gift to make those topics successful, Pitt had to fight the solitary battle of a Cabinet which had scarcely tasted of power when it was loaded with unpopularity. By a singular addition to the difficulty of the Cabinet, all the usual hopes of enfeebling Opposition by an offer of power were confessedly extinct, or rather the hope was converted into incurable hostility. It was known to Lord North that Pitt had resolutely insisted on his exclusion. It was equally known to Lord Shelburne that Fox had violently protested against all connexion with him as a minister. Thus, with public ambition, sharpened by personal resentment, the parties came into a conflict which threatened to be the most envenomed and hazardous to the vanquished since the days when the fall of a Ministry only ushered them to the scaffold.

One of those extraordinary events, which make politics a scene of the highest instruction, was now at once to change the aspect of affairs, to throw an indelible stain on the rival of the young minister, and to fix the character of that minister in a still more striking rank of national honour.

During the period of the session which followed the fall of the Rockingham Cabinet, some slight compliments had for the first time passed between Lord North and Fox. But the open and furious assaults which Fox had constantly made on the character of Lord North, and his direct hints of bringing him to the block, rendered all idea of their junction, under any contingency, extravagant. At the opening of the session in December, 1782, they were still evidently wide asunder. Fox attempted to divide the House on the American articles, and was left in a minority of forty-six, while Lord North, carrying over his strength to the Ministry, swelled their majority to 219. The true detail of the "*Coalition*," so memorable in its day, and transmitted to the contempt of all posterity, has not even yet been distinctly delivered. But we have its outline sufficiently clear. The determined resolution of the Cabinet against North and Fox individually awoke a determination on their part to take it by storm, let the means be what they might. It was proposed that the parties should combine. Lord North on this occasion was comparatively guiltless; he had at no time exhibited enmity to Fox. He had received his attacks with the habitual patience of his nature, and retorted them with the harmless dexterity of a wit, who regarded them merely as the customary sallies of political opponents. Fox, on the contrary, was pledged by every demonstration that could express implacable scorn and indignant hatred. Yet a negotiation was begun; the Honourable George Augustus North conducting it for his father, and the Honourable Colonel Fitzpatrick acting for Fox. Mr Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, was considered the chief author of the proceeding. The matter pressed, and the negotiation was carried on with singular diligence on both sides. The debate on the peace, the great question of the time, was fixed for the 17th. It was not until nearly four in the morning of the 16th that, after many visits between the negotiators, and various messages between St James's Street and Grosvenor Square, where North resided, that the business was brought to a completion. The arrangements were, that on the

overthrow of the Cabinet by their union, the Duke of Portland should have the Treasury, and Lord North a Cabinet office, while the remaining employments should be divided between the leading members of both parties. Within little more than twelve hours was to be the trial of strength, and they retired to prepare for an evening momentous to the ambition of each, and still more momentous to their character.

The rumour of the Coalition had gained ground during the day, and the House was crowded. Upwards of four hundred members were present at the division at eight in the following morning. On Fox's rising, the universal attention was drawn to him. He seemed perfectly unfatigued by the labours of the night before, and spoke with his usual vigour, and even more than his usual daring. He boldly avowed the Coalition, scoffed at the idea of eternal political enmities, and pronouncing a panegyric on those who could trample under their feet all personal recollections when they interfered with the good of their country, sat down in the midst of a roar of applause from Opposition.

The appearance of Lord North was equally a source of curiosity. He had come down to the House at an early hour of the evening, but, from age, heaviness of frame, and the sleeplessness of the past night, had not been able to keep his eyes open. To avoid the appearance of this indecorum, he went up to the members' gallery, and there gave way to sleep, desiring some of his friends who were near him to awake him when any thing occurred of importance for him to hear. As the debate proceeded, it became more violent, and Lord North's slumber spared his ears many a bitter expression. At length he awoke, obtained from those around him a sketch of the progress of the speeches, went down into the body of the House, and took his seat beside Fox. While the members were gazing on this unusual juxtaposition, he rose, and, to the astonishment of all who had seen him slumbering through the debate, went through its whole course with incomparable skill, stirred a gloomy and anxious House into perpetual laughter at his wit, and confessedly made the most animated,

dexterous, and impressive speech of the night. His amendment was carried by 224 to 208.

But no eloquence could rail the seal off the bond. The character of the transaction, at least on the side of Fox, was indelible. On him poured the whole tempest of indignation, in and out of the House. His actions, his pledges, his express words were flung in his teeth; he was contemptuously asked, whether it was *he*, who, scarcely a year before, had in that House declared that, "whenever he should be found entering into any terms with an individual of the noble Lord (North's) Cabinet, he should rest satisfied to be called the most infamous of mankind." He was asked, whether, as if in contemplation of the very measure which now covered his name with eternal obloquy, he had not declared, that—"he never could suffer the idea of a connexion with the members of that Cabinet to enter his mind, a connexion with men who had shown themselves devoid of the common principles of honour and honesty, and in whose hands he could not venture to trust his own honour." To this no reply was made. He was next asked, with no less asperity and truth, whether he had not inveighed against the system, the principles, and the person of Lord North, more bitterly than against the detail of his measure. Whether he had not pronounced him—"the great Criminal of the State, whose *blood* must expiate the calamities he had brought upon his country; the object of future impeachment, whom an indignant nation must in the end compel to make such poor atonement as he might on a *scaffold*; the leader and head of those weak, wicked, and incapable advisers of the Crown, who were the source of all the public misfortunes, and whom he and his friends would *proscribe* to the last hour of their lives."

Another debate on the terms of the treaty took place on the twenty-first. Pitt greatly signalized himself on this night. His speech examined the grounds of the treaty, and defended the policy of the Administration, with admirable perspicuity and force of argument, attributing all that was onerous in the negotiation to the errors of Lord North. He

finely said, "Those are the conditions to which this country, engaged with four powerful states, has thought fit to subscribe for the dissolution of that confederacy, and the immediate enjoyment of peace. Let us look to what is left, with a manly and determined courage. Let us strengthen ourselves against inveterate enemies, and reconcile ancient friends. The misfortunes of kingdoms, as well as individuals, which are laid open and examined with true wisdom, *are already more than half redressed*; and to this great object should be directed all the virtue and all the abilities of this House. Let us feel our calamities, but let us bear them like men."

He then cast some of those sarcastic stings at Fox, which no man could send more surely to the mark, yet with less of the common vice of the sarcastic, the loss of grace and dignity. "The honourable gentleman (Fox) has virtually declared, that because he was prevented from prosecuting the noble Lord (North) to the satisfaction of public justice, he will *heartily embrace him as his friend*. So readily does he reconcile extremes, and love the man whom he *desired to impeach*. In the same spirit, I suppose, he will cherish the peace, *because he abhors it*." Then speaking more directly of the Coalition—"If, however, that baneful alliance is not already formed, if that ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment—in the *name of the public safety*, I forbid the banns." Pausing a moment during the tumult of approbation which followed this strong image, he turned to his personal circumstances.

"My own share in the censure pointed by the present motion against his Majesty's Ministers, I shall bear with fortitude, because my heart tells me I have not acted wrongly. To this monitor, which never did, and, I trust, never will deceive me, I shall confidently repair, as to an adequate asylum from all the clamour which interested faction can raise. * * * * * I can say with sincerity, that I never had a wish which did not terminate in the dearest interests of the nation. I will, at the same time, imitate the honourable gentleman's candour, and confess, that I too have my ambition.

High situations and great influence are desirable objects to most men; objects which I am not ashamed to pursue, which I am even desirous to possess, whenever they can be *acquired with honour, and retained with dignity*. But even those objects, I can cheerfully relinquish, the moment my duty to my country, my character, or my friends, renders such a sacrifice indispensable. Then, I hope to retire, not disappointed, but triumphant; triumphant in the conviction, that my talents, humble as they are, have been zealously employed in promoting the truest welfare of my country, and that nothing can be imputed to my official capacity, which bears the most distant connexion with an *interested, a corrupt, or a dishonest mind*. * * * * * But I shall not mimic the parade of the honourable gentleman, in avowing and inviting others to an indiscriminate opposition to whoever may succeed. I shall march out with no warlike, no hostile, no menacing protestations." The close of the speech has been recorded as an instance of classic grace and pathetic power. Standing at his full height, and casting a lofty look round the house, where every eye was now fixed on him, and every ear was straining to catch his accents, he loudly uttered:—"I appeal to this House, to both sides of this House, for the consistency of my public conduct. It is impossible to deprive me of the feelings which must always result from sincerity. You may take from me, sir," he exclaimed, pointing to the Chair, "the privileges and honours of place, but you shall not, you cannot, take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of my country, which constitute the pride of my life, and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And with this consolation, the loss of power, and the loss of fortune, though things which I affect not to despise, are things which I hope I shall soon be able to forget.

*Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit* "——

The words which follow in the original, "Et mea virtute me involvo," might have seemed self-praise; but Pitt stopped short at the instant, and cast his eyes on the floor. The classical members of the House were anxious to see how he would

extricate himself. The others were equally interested by his sudden cessation. The silence was universal. After an interval of a few moments, slowly drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips, and then, as if recovering from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand upon the table:

"*Probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.*"

The effect was incomparable. An eyewitness has described it as "a piece of masterly and beautiful acting, if acting it were, not surpassed by any thing in antiquity." The House was lost in one feeling of admiration. But this night decided the fate of Lord Shelburne. He was left in a minority of seventeen in a House of 397.

The triumph of the Coalition now appeared complete. But the history of politics is a history of unexpected difficulties. The peace had been condemned out of the mouths of the very men who had for years been raising an outcry for it at all hazards. "Peace," was Fox in the habit of exclaiming, "peace, for a year, for a month, for a day, peace for any time, or on any terms!" But the Cabinet still stood. Opposition began to dread that the blow, as in 1779 and 1780, had not been heavy enough; and that a majority had again lost its power. But their hopes were buoyed up again by Lord Shelburne's sudden resignation. Ill-luck clung to this minister. The name of "Mala-grida" was fastened on him. His accession to authority was charged with intrigue, his possession of it with faithlessness, and his abandonment of it with fear. Suspicion of artifice, even in a still more painful point of view, began to gather round him. It is notorious that no minister can become rich by the mere salary of office, yet Shelburne was said to have grown suddenly and excessively opulent. Dealing in the funds, connected with the negotiations for peace, were surmised to be the source of this unusual wealth. The populace, never slow to adopt suspicions against a Minister, were accustomed to point to Lord Shelburne's house in Berkeley Square, (which had been built by Lord Bute, a Minister simi-

larly charged,) and say, that "As it had been built by one peace, it had been paid for by another." Yet of such suspicion it must be said, that as there is nothing easier to originate, so there is nothing more difficult to refute. No proof of its reality was ever brought, at a time when it might have been most effectively adduced, and at a time when the rage of party would have rejoiced in the possession of an instrument which so effectually prostrates the character of a public man. It should be observed also, that Pitt openly characterised those charges as acts of defamation, and that in the year after, one of the first acts of his ministry was to raise Shelburne to the marquise. Yet it was remarked that thenceforth all Ministerial connexion was broken off between them, that the marquis never held any Cabinet office, and that his political life was thus abruptly closed, while he was in the full vigour of his abilities. The history of this statesman is yet to be written. It belongs to one of the most interesting eras of British politics. Some responsibility also rests on those who can vindicate his personal character, yet leave it to the chances of rumour. His son, the present Marquis of Landsdowne, a man of intelligence and honour, is the natural depository of such a task. None could perform it with more advantages; of none can it more fairly be required.

A still wider scene of distinction now opened upon Pitt. The King, revolting from the name of Fox, who had loaded him with personal insult; and wearied with the fickleness of North, who had shrunk from him in his hour of difficulty, offered the government to Lord Gower. But that noble person acknowledging that he possessed no means of diminishing the hostile majority, the offer was withdrawn. The Duke of Portland and Lord North were then sent for, but the King insisted that Lord Thurlow should retain the Chancellorship. Fox, hating Thurlow equally in his public and private character, and pronouncing him at once intractable as a member of the Cabinet, and dangerous as a spy of St James's, broke off the negotiation. The King now cast his eyes on the only man in the nation whom Parliament and the people equally respected. He offer-

ed the places of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Pitt, with full power to nominate his colleagues.

The King's embarrassment was well known to Pitt, and his first impulse was to comply with the royal wishes. The advice of his friends was unanimously that he should undertake the formation of a ministry. For four-and-twenty hours, during which Mr Dundas had obtained an adjournment of the House, (from the 25th to the 28th,) he paused. But the formidable majority was still before him. His singular sagacity also told him, that his throwing down the gauntlet to them, while they were yet flushed with victory, would only cement their connexion, while office would as certainly produce jealousies and divisions among men who were connected only by the pursuit of place. The result was a refusal of the King's offer. The splendours of royalty may attract the envy of mankind, but the diadem has troubles of its own. His Majesty, thus forced to change his purposes, and still strongly averse to any intercourse with Fox, whom he looked on as equally obnoxious by his politics and his private life, sent for Lord North, and proposed the treasury to him. North declared that he was bound not to negotiate without Fox. Fox was reluctantly admitted into the negotiation, and the Duke of Portland was proposed as premier. But this arrangement broke down, by the demand on the part of the Coalition, to have the entire appointment of the household. The King, disgusted with what he conceived an attempt to bind him hand and foot, again turned to Pitt, had several conferences with him, and summed up his objects in a letter from Windsor, (March 24, 1783,) which, after stating his complaints of the conduct of Opposition, concludes in these words:—"I trust, therefore, Mr Pitt will exert himself to-morrow, to plan his mode of filling up the offices that will be vacant, so as to be able, on Wednesday morning, to accept the situation which his character and talents fit him to hold, when I shall be in town before twelve, ready to receive him."

Nothing could be more flattering to young ambition. But Pitt's judg-

ment was already mature. He instantly sat down, and answered by the following letter :—" Mr Pitt received this morning the honour of your Majesty's gracious commands. With infinite pain, he feels himself under the necessity of humbly expressing to your Majesty, that with every sentiment of dutiful attachment to your Majesty, and zealous desire to contribute to the public service, it is utterly impossible for him, after the fullest consideration of the situation in which things stand, and of what passed yesterday in the House of Commons, to think of undertaking, under such circumstances, the situation which your Majesty has had the condescension and goodness to propose to him. As what he now presumes to write is the final result of his best reflection, he should think himself criminal, if, by delaying till to-morrow, humbly to lay it before your Majesty, he should be the cause of your Majesty's not immediately turning your royal mind to such a plan of arrangement, as the exigency of the present circumstances may, in your Majesty's wisdom, seem to require."

To form a just idea of the vigour of mind displayed in this decisive transaction, we are to remember that it was the act of a statesman in his twenty-fourth year, of a bold and lofty spirit, surrounded by a crowd of friends and adherents, eagerly urging him to accept of power; of an orator, who never rose in the House without commanding universal admiration, and of the son of the most renowned minister of England, by his birth emulous of public distinction, and by his talents heir to all his father's fame.

The King's situation was now personally trying in the extreme. The weight of Government was actually thrown back upon him alone. Regarding Fox as a demagogue, and Lord North as his slave, the honest heart of George III. could not brook the abandonment of the state into such perilous hands. It is said that, in a struggle of generous despair, he meditated retirement to Hanover from a crisis in which he could neither resist with hope, nor yield with honour. To Thurlow was attributed the change of this hazardous mark of displeasure. "Your Majesty may o to your electoral dominion," said

the Chancellor, with his habitual roughness; "nothing is easier; but you may not find it so easy to return when your Majesty grows tired of staying there. James II. did the same. Your Majesty must not follow his example." Harsh as the style was, the King acknowledged its wisdom. Thurlow, with strong penetration, further assured him, that the Coalition could not be in power without committing some act, which would lay them open to crimination. He bade the King, therefore, "wait patiently, and try the work of time." A short period was more than sufficient to vindicate the Chancellor's prediction.

His Majesty at length yielded to the force of circumstances. Pitt, on the 31st of March, declared to the House, that he had resigned the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. For the six weeks which had intervened since the retreat of Lord Shelburne, the whole business of the Government and the House had been transacted by him alone, for Townsend, the Secretary of State, though nominally *manager* of the House, had been almost wholly silent, and on the 4th of March had gone up to the Peers, being created Lord Sydney. During this period, the important subjects of the Annual Estimates, the Mutiny Bill, and the issue of Exchequer Bills had been carried through, and various debates on the articles of the treaty, and the Ministerial negotiations, had been conducted by him; in every instance exhibiting a presence of mind, a solid knowledge, and a dignified and high-toned spirit of debate, which continually increased the public admiration. It was said of him, that, "while Pitt was in the House, there was no want of a Ministry." He seemed to fill up all the vacancies of the Treasury Bench, and when at length he took his stand no longer there, the feeling of regret was national. It was expressed on all sides, that whatever might be his political party, powers of such rare and universal extent ought not to be lost for a moment to the service of the nation. But a new era of his life was about to dawn, exhibiting higher efforts, effecting more substantial services, and extending his fame, his labours, and his triumphs, to the civilized world.

THE CHRISTIAN BRIDE ;

A POEM IN THREE CANTOS.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

CANTO I.

I.

YOUNG Torthil sits below the woody steeps
 Of Apennine, beneath a spreading oak.
 His downcast eye a stern abstraction keeps ;
 Dawn not for him with purple stains has broke,
 Nor sunshine filled the world : the captive's yoke
 Is on his heart—bright things are not for him.
 The cloudy day, the high-winged tempest's shock
 Would more delight him, with unbounded limb
 Swift o'er far Morven's hills, throughout her forests dim.

II.

Who knows not Torthil from Ausonia's bound
 Of Alps Helvetian to her southern heel ?
 Now homeward musing o'er the vast profound,
 The fisher sees him by the Ocean kneel ;
 Now o'er the mountains with impetuous zeal
 He strikes the tusky monsters with his spear ;
 The chamois leaps, the bird in airy wheel
 Screams to his piercing arrow ; far and near
 Throughout that famous land he hunts the spotted deer.

III.

In wilds Italian, on the ocean shores
 Thus far was known that stranger golden-haired ;
 His foot unconscious of their city floors,
 Save when from time to time the roof he shared
 Of Tacitus his faithful friend declared.
 Disdainful then of wonder as he trode,
 With dauntless eye Rome's boldest brows he dared ;
 Admiring smiles her stately daughters showed,
 As through the imperial streets the grand Barbarian strode.

IV.

There sate young Torthil : ever as he sate,
 His arms were folded o'er his bosom high,
 His vest a skin won from a leopard great
 That in the forest he had forced to die.
 Cast from him now his spear lay idly by.
 O'er fronting hills, the valley's southern side,
 A yelling bird upraised at length his eye ;
 His glance went through the crystalline so wide,
 Till mingling with the sun the eagle he descried.

V.

His shortened eye came down the opposing steep,
 Rock-roughened there, with many a waterfall,
 Here thickets shy, and trailing flowers that weep
 In sunless hollows where the rills down brawl ;
 The goat's bold head was looking over all.
 A flowing wood the middle mountain braced,
 Descending fast to fringe with thin trees tall

A lap of grass : a nearer brook in haste
Its twining silver spun, and the green valley traced.

VI.

But ha ! a maid on yonder bank he sees
Read on a scroll, as up and down she strays,
Now forth among the sun-illuminated trees,
Now back withdrawn into the twilight maze.
A graceful robe her moulded form betrays ;
In wavy curls her dark hair backwards thrown
A fillet binds ; the flashing lustre plays,
As aye she turns, upon a jewel-stone
On her consummate brow set like a star alone.

VII.

Ne'er Grecian poet in his dreamy moods
Beheld a nymph, or visioned one more sweet,
Near walking on the checkered floors of woods,
Or far illapsing through their green retreat,
Chasing the shadows with her glimpsing feet :
So fair that maid. But hark ! adown the vale
A tumult comes, the wild-boar gallops fleet,
Fell dogs are hanging on the foamy trail,
A single huntress drives the tempest through the dale.

VIII.

Her brows tiara'd, her high-managed steed,
Her boar-spear grasp'd with Amazonian hand,
Bespeak a queen : she cheers the stormy speed :
No fears for her ! aloft she waves her brand,
Like one accustomed kingdoms to command.
On sweeps the chase, her brilliant head comes on.
But, lo ! that damsel of the grove her stand
Has gain'd betwixt, upon her knee is thrown :—
“ Ah ! mother, stay,” she prays, “ pursue not thus alone.”

IX.

“ Degenerate thing ! ” the haughty Empress cried,
Flush'd her dark brow, her lip was wreathed with scorn,
She launched her courser past her daughter's side,
High toss'd her pike, far bounding she was borne.
Uprose her child with clasped hands to turn,
Her following eyes with filial fears to strain.
Young Torthil pities as she seems to mourn ;
Advancing near before her, back again
He starts, with passionate gaze he kneels upon the plain.

X.

“ Lady,” he said, “ young daughter of a queen,
Forgive my wonder ; in my own far land
Thee in the visions of the night I've seen,
That brow inviolate, those eyes so bland !
I joy to rise, to run at thy command :
Strong is my arm, my lance ; shall I pursue,
O'ertake thy mother, shield her ? Nor my hand
Shall smite the boar to rob her of her due ;
The deed, the praise be hers, if I no danger view.

XI.

“ Virgin ! sweet paramount creature ! bid me go.”
Upsprings his bright head in the blowing wind ;
In golden beauty o'er his shoulders flow

His locks of youth, all free and unconfined,
As fleet he goes, nor soon shall be behind
The echoing storm that leaves the hollow ground.
But, lo ! he pauses with his ear inclined :
From round a knoll, the valley's northern bound,
The startled maiden lists the hunt's returning sound.

XII.

Back Torthil speeds. But she with terror hears
Behind—she turns ; the crashing shrubs are toss'd,
That skirt the near loin of the hill ; appears
The boar, the boar with churning foam emboss'd !
Soak'd with death-sweats the grass he darkly cross'd ;
Two hounds close track him with devouring bay ;
No huntress comes ; the embodied pack have lost
Their quarry prime, wide puzzling on their way,
Or traversed by the lure of secondary prey.

XIII.

The affrighted girl has fled across the brook,
Behind she hears the panting brute advance,
One moment agonized she turns to look—
O ! terror ! joy ! her eye's bewilder'd trance
With death, with safety is fill'd up at once.
The monster's sidelong, half-upturning head
Is gnarled to strike, his bared tusks backward glance
To gather fury for his onset dread,
To unseam her lovely limb—bold Torthil's thrust has sped.

XIV.

But, ah ! he stumbles from his forceful blow ;
The beast transfixed, disdaining yet to fly,
Has bow'd his levelled head, and ploughing low,
As if to pass his rising enemy,
With tearing side-stroke rips his spouting thigh :
Then forward staggers, darkly crush'd to fall ;
But bites his fiery wound ere he will die,
Snaps with his teeth that shaft of deadly gall,
And grinds with foam and blood the spluttered splinters small.

XV.

Turn'd to the rescued maid, along the brow
Of Torthil lightens a heroic smile ;
Till, o'er his drained benumbed limb forced to bow,
To earth succumbs he, gazing yet the while
On her whose presence can his pains beguile.
But she for him her silken vesture tears,
Binds his stanch'd wound with pity's gentlest wile ;
Cold sprinklings then from out the stream she bears,
Refreshes his sick face, his fainting strength repairs.

XVI.

" And spare," he said, upturned to her, " those tears,
My love, first brought to me in dreams of yore !
I know thee well ; not ages of long years
Could more instruct me, make me love thee more.
My heart's last blood I'd give thee o'er and o'er !
I would but have thee know me should I die ;
Afar I come from Caledonia's shore,
Torthil my name, a chieftain there was I,
A captive next—nay, sent thy safety thus to buy.

XVII.

"I am a savage ; but in thy sweet sight
To live, would make me gentle soon, and wise.
Would thou couldst love me!" With impassioned might
He strove, nor vainly, from the ground to rise.
The light was thickened in his heavy eyes;
He fell, yet falling kissed her dear young feet.
Alone the fainting Caledonian lies,
The maid in haste has sought the wood's retreat;
But soon she reappears with new assistance meet.

XVIII.

A reverend father and a female old
Come to her guidance, and the youth upraise ;
His drooping head the virgin's hands uphold :
Borne o'er the rivulet, through the woodland maze,
Where many a path the intricate foot betrays,
A cave withdrawn into the mountain's side,
Received them from the forest's puzzling ways.
There Father Hippo healing bands supplied ;
And there, till he wax well, young Torthil shall abide.

XIX.

But oft Roscrana came, that princess good,
Child of Zenobia, Tadmor's famous queen,
Who, since Aurelian had her throne subdued,
With honour placed in Italy had been.
A huntress, she her summer dwelling green
Chose near the central mountains of the land.
Proud daughters round her graced the silvan scene;
But they, and she of masculine command,
The meek Roscrana scorned, last of the sister band.

XX.

Yet more divided from her kindred blood,
Roscrana's heart confessed our holy faith ;
Nursed by a Christian Jewess, and imbued
With early love for Him of Nazareth,
She held his creed—will hold it to the death.
The sovereign knowledge fain would she declare
To those still dear, but still they shunned her path ;
Then sought she solace in the woods, and there
She found the cave proscribed of that old Christian pair.

XXI.

They o'er the Syrian virgin, as their child,
Rejoiced, that dear faith mutually confessed.
More than a daughter, she their fears beguiled,
She brought them food, she watched their aged rest,
Fair garments wrought by her their bodies dressed.
For this, the scrolls of the Eternal word
Given by those saints, she hid beneath her vest,
Till to the night, to shady walks restored,
She drew them forth and read of her incarnate Lord.

XXII.

Within the cavern of those Christians laid,
With plants of healing gathered from the hill,
Was Torthil cured by that good Eastern maid,
O ! more to love her for her gentle skill.
And soon he blessed those days of wounded ill,

For aye young pity trembles into love,
Lord of her heart is he and virgin will!
And aye to him of Jesus from above
She reads, or in the cave, or walking through the grove.

XXIII.

Upsprings the sun, now flit the thin bright wings
Of twinkling birds upon the morning trees;
Torthil abroad longs for the hour that brings
His young affianced o'er the grassy leas.
Beyond the vale her mother's home he sees—
'Tis she! he hastes his virgin to receive,
Her quick robe flutters on the early breeze;
This time at least O! him she will not leave,
Till come 'twixt day and night soft reconciling eve.

XXIV.

Sequester'd they in love's unworldly dream,
In haunts of beauty lose the lapsing hours;
The lake's unrippled glass, the shining stream
Allure their footsteps through the blooming flowers.
They hear the songs of birds within their bowers;
High rocks afar they see, and vales between.
Then glance the clear drops of the slanting showers;
The illumined tops of ancient woods are seen,
With weeping sunshine fused, and golden rainbows green.

XXV.

Together stood they on the tall hills,—there
They saw the great sea lying in the west,
Like to a floor of fine-compacted air;
The white ships o'er the element at rest,
Though moving, seem'd of motion unpossess'd.
Long homeward looking dimm'd was Torthil's eye,
Away he turn'd, Roscrana's hand he press'd,
He drew his Eastern princess from on high,
Nor check'd his silent haste until he heard her sigh.

XXVI.

The stock-dove's voice, sweet intermittent bird,
That aye the shadow of the hawk's wing fears,
Along the twilight valleys now is heard,
Whose murmur love to lovers still endears.
The Moon, mild empress of the night, appears,
Beauty and Peace lead on the silver queen;
The forests, brightening silently, she clears,
She walks the mountains, o'er the polish'd sheen
Of dimpling rivers far her sliding feet are seen.

XXVII.

To the young captive his Roscrana's eyes,
Of marvellous beauty, harmonize the whole,
Subduing still, as still to him they rise,
The fainter longings of his home-sick soul.
How swift away the hour of evening stole!
Would morn were come their meeting to renew!
By bordering river, and by tufted knoll,
Homeward he led her through the drops of dew,
Till shone through glimmering trees her mother's walls in view,

XXVIII.

In the sweet sunlight of the summer-tide,
 Those lovers wander by a central lake
 Embosom'd high; two cardinal rivers glide
 Or to or from it, not a slope to break
 The slippery level of each molten snake:
 They, each along his mountainous ravine,
 With hanging banks a lengthen'd vista make;
 Suffused with purple haze, their wood-tops green
 Bow'd to the wat'ry lapse, therein are softly seen.

XXIX.

Round silvan cove and unillumin'd nook,
 Missing the shadow of the drinking deer,
 Its rim of darken'd glass the curved lake took;
 Where lies its nearer crystal swept and clear,
 Thereon the sapphire and the gold appear
 Of day's last look, the loveliest as the last.
 There glossy fowls swim in the glory; here
 The deepening shadows of the mountains vast,
 That stand up by the sun, through the blent wave are cast.

XXX.

With saddening gaze upon the lord of day,
 "So sinks," said Torthil, "the immortal flame!
 I too go down: Back takes he on his way
 His retrospect; if I should do the same,
 Pride overthrown, youth crush'd, the baffled aim,
 Defeat, and exile from my native shore,
 Are my memorials; felt by me, for shame
 Was never in my father's house; yet sore
 Though be my pangs for these, my country plagues me more.

XXXI.

"For me her youth into the battle's waste
 She poured, she perished at my sole command;
 Was this not much? Am I not all disgraced?
 The exulting rivers of my native land,
 These are not they—a captive here I stand.
 Why fell I not? Yea farther hear my shame;
 Lady, I chose to stoop beneath their band
 That binds me by the honour of my name,
 Since slain not here in Rome, my freedom ne'er to claim,

XXXII.

"Ne'er to attempt return. O! I might say,
 My very wish that shame to uncreate
 Forbade my death, throughout the slavish day
 Of circumstances bade me tamely wait
 Some better morn of fortune or of fate.
 What then? Unbounded blame is still my due
 For you betrothed to my forlorn estate;
 'Tis time to question thus myself for you:—
 What hope contrive, sweet maid, what plan shall I pursue?

XXXIII.

"This I might do—Oh! I no more can live
 For thee to see me in my slavery!—
 Yes I will do it—I will go—will give
 My life again from vows to be set free;
 They gall me so! His slave I will not be,

I'll go, I'll brave him on his Roman throne.
 Ha! first I'll promise to mine enemy
 Long years of service in his battles done;
 For thee with power fulfilled, he'll let me then be gone.

XXXIV.

"Then home with me to Morven shalt thou go,
 Shalt be a daughter to my mother there.
 There forth I'll lead thee by the hand, and show
 The green translucent brine, when mermaids rare
 Sing on the rocks and comb their slippery hair;
 The bliss of morn, clear wells, and forests green;
 The pure suffusion of the evening air,
 When dipped in delicate lights far hills are seen.
 To thee high bards shall chant each dawn, each solemn e'en.

XXXV.

"Ha! idle visions these! Why am I here?
 Sweet Lady, come with me unto our cave;
 Then home I'll guide thee. Ere next noon appear,
 Aurelian hears me: wise, and just, and brave,
 He'll grant the death or freedom that I crave.
 O! not in vain last night in dreams did come
 To me my mother, pale, as from the grave;
 Yet smiled the vested image from her home
 O'er the wan waters far, over the travelled foam."

XXXVI.

Within the cave they wait the evening star.
 But came Zenobia, beautifully keen;
 Behind her thronging entered men of war;
 A Jewish dwarf, mishapen, ugly, lean,
 Who long her servant in the East had been,
 Led on the party: he, of Christ the foe,
 Had learned Roscrana's faith, had brought his queen
 Her doubtful haunt, her friends proscribed to know.
 O'erpowered now must they all before Aurelian go.

XXXVII.

Yea, worse than vain was Torthil's manly haste
 His name to tell, his passion to declare;
 Vain priestly Hippo's act, before them placed,
 To wed Roscrana to her lover there.
 Joy then be with them, a divided pair!
 With watchful calmness, anger's direst look,
 A mighty oath the imperial mother sware,—
 Fetters, eternal thrall shall Torthil brook;
 Roscrana banished be to Britain's farthest nook:—

XXXVIII.

"Yea, that she there may meet his mother's scorn;
 Or worse, her pity," was the stern decree,
 "Unless, in chains before the Emperor borne,
 She spurn her love, abjure her heresy.
 Else, sealed this doom shall by Aurelian be.
 But now, old tenants of this rock, for you,—
 Forth go in freedom to make these less free,
 To enhance the bonds that bind these guiltier two
 To our strict hand, prepared its vengeance to pursue."

CANTO II.

I.

ROSCRANA, faithful found, in Morven kiss'd
 Her Torthil's mother, at her tale amazed;
 Then lowly bow'd the virgin to be bless'd:—
 "My far-come daughter!" Cathla said, and raised,
 And still with wonder on the lady gazed,
 "If thou indeed art Torthil's chosen bride,
 Yea, well that forehead's beauty undebased
 Beseems the scion of a prince's side:
 Worthy art thou to be my Torthil's spouse of pride.

II.

"Thou from the dowried kingdoms of the East,
 To lands of poor but of heroic men
 Art come, yet court nor Oriental feast
 Will make thy sweet soul scorn our humblest den.
 But when great wars befall, my daughter then
 Shall bless the safety that wild Morven yields;
 Then shall her sons, from mountain and from glen,
 Hang round about thee with their sounding shields:
 They for young Torthil's bride would fight a hundred fields."

III.

Sweetly repeated was Roscrana's tale,
 As she by Cathla in her chamber sate,
 Of Torthil's exile, of his wounded ail,
 And how they loved, and their divided fate.
 Zenobia's harshness, lightly delicate
 She touch'd; her hopes she hasten'd to unfold
 Of Torthil's rescue from his shackled state;
 Her wanderings then in Britain's isle she told,
 Her second mother thus by the dear hand to hold.

IV.

Forth came the day-spring: forth with Cathla walk'd
 In sleepless love Roscrana from her door.
 Before the gate a grizzly giant stalk'd,
 A rough dog gambol'd on the grassy floor.
 Near stepp'd the former, this his play gave o'er:—
 "Behold thy keepers," Cathla said, and smiled.
 "Here Rumal, Torthil's hound against the boar;
 There silent Erc, who knows each mountain wild:
 Where'er inclined to roam, they'll guard my Syrian child.

V.

"One daughter Erc, young Oina-Morul, had,
 The white-arm'd gladdener of his heart and eyes;
 She cross'd a bridging tree, the torrent mad
 Devour'd her beauty, stumbling from surprise.
 My Torthil sees her, down the bank he flies,
 He follows shooting through the giant wave,
 Green boiling gulf and dull black pool he tries;
 Ah! to his sight a filmy whiteness gave
 The virgin, only won to a more honour'd grave.

VI.

"Wild was the sorrow of the savage Erc,
 Leapt in his eye the fiercest lights of pain,

Grief bore him to the deserts far and dark,
 To winds he howl'd, to the tempestuous main ;
 Nor night, nor sleep could quench his eye or brain ;
 His path was by the eagle's dizzy nest ;
 Danger his solace, scornful of the plain,
 On hills adust, or on the hoarded chest
 Of winter's mountain snows he flung his naked breast.

VII.

" Back to that flood, each sucking whirl he tried,
 That took from him his child so young and fair.
 We saw him, as he buffeted the tide,
 Wrung with the assurance, had he but been there,
 No gulf had drawn her from a father's care.
 Then like a lifeless thing did he allow
 The waves to drift him on the margin bare,
 Where lay his Oina-Morul's marble brow ;
 He kiss'd the silver sands—his spirit has her now !

VIII.

" He loved my boy, he fought for him, he fell ;
 Heal'd by my care, his life from death was won
 To be my dragon and to guard me well :
 For you how gladly shall the same be done !
 Far to the peaks of mountains does he run,
 O'er lake below, o'er river, wood, and plain,
 He casts his eagle eye to ken my son ;
 He hies to the wild margin of the main,
 To look for the white ships—for Torthil back again."

IX.

On mountain-tops when morning lights appear,
 When silent dewdrops through the eve distil,
 Or by the rising moon, or Hesper clear,
 Or when the gusts of gloomier twilight fill
 Old creaking thorn upon the stony hill,
 Erc, brave and modest, was Roscrana's guide,
 The shaggy Rimal was beside him still,
 With them the virgin every fear defied,
 As over Morven's land she loved to wander wide.

X.

The great north winds that on the pinewoods blow,
 And heave the Ocean's elemental floor,
 Toss her dark locks that through them boldly go,
 Sublime her spirit with their stormy roar.
 Heroic land ! she loved thee more and more,
 Fair, but still roughening to her young surprise ;
 On heaths she met, and on the awful shore,
 Majestic men who looked unto the skies,
 For never slavery bowed their unpolluted eyes.

XI.

And Cathla told her of her fathers' land,
 The deeds of Fingal, his illustrious race,
 The songs of Ossian, the bards' priestly band,
 The ghosts of heroes, and their dwelling-place :
 They oft, when laid within the desert's space
 Their sons have slept beneath the moon's wan beams
 By the grey stone benumbed, before them trace,
 With them descending to converse in dreams,
 Prefiguring gestures stern, soft monitory gleams.

XII.

But sad are they that want the funeral-song;
 Their spirits mount not to the airy hall
 Of eddying winds, for ever rolled along
 By weedy lakes within their misty pall.
 Of signs she told, of showers of blood that fall
 To gifted eyes, the Druid's shuddering grove,
 The twangs of death that in the harp-strings call,
 The attendant Genii on the maids they love;
 And of the Culdees told in many a rocky cove.

XIII.

Then much she loved to hear Roscrana tell
 The climes, the wonders of the early East.
 But who are they that in those caverns dwell?
 Each hoary Culdee is a Christian priest:
 Roscrana knew them; nor the princess ceased
 Till, more than eloquent, till, greatly bold,
 The faith of Christ, her love of it increased
 From this her exile—nay, her home—she told,
 Till Cathla joyed to hear her the high scheme unfold.

XIV.

“Awake, my Christian child!”—this holy name
 Now Cathla gave her, as for Torthil's sake
 She ever sleepless, when the morning came
 Longed for Roscrana—“My true daughter, wake!
 Forth let us go and walk by bower and brake.
 Alas! in tears those eyes of beauty swim;
 Thee far from me thy nightly visions take,
 Far to thy royal mother, far to him
 Thy kingly sire, who sleeps in Tadmor's aisles so dim.

XV.

“Or when thy spirit, winged with ghostly dreams,
 Flies through the pale dominions of the night,
 Thou meet'st thy Torthil by the midnight gleams;
 Thou wak'st, and I alone am in thy sight.
 Oft wilt thou sigh when comes the morrow bright,
 Long wilt thou look unto the east by day,
 (There were the kingdoms of thy young delight,)
 Weeping to feel thyself too far away,
 Doomed with thy father's dust not even thy dust to lay.

XVI.

“Fain would I bid thee weep not, bid thee cheer,
 With pastimes please thee, with my love make glad.
 Thou call'st me mother; for that name so dear,
 Much would I do to let thee ne'er be sad!
 For ought I not? For I in thee have had
 O! more than many sons and daughters: I
 From thee have learned the Almighty One who bade
 Be formed the lucid pillars of the sky,
 Him who has us redeemed, Him who must sanctify.

XVII.

“Beautiful Alien! daughter unto me!
 Shall I not know thee in the end of days?
 Christ send our Torthil home to us, that he
 May learn the truth, may learn the Eternal ways!
 Then, if redeemed, shall we not be thy praise,
 Immortal Creature! who hast given us up

To dwell with God, his glory to upraise?
Perish the Druid's fable! the true cup
Of life alone is theirs who with the Lamb shall sup."

XVIII.

And aye with Cathla forth that daughter went,
Grief-silent Erc and Rumal still behind,
Their steps they to the blameless people bent,
Dwelling upon the mountains unconfined,
With peace the broken spirit to upbind,
Want from the poor and sickness to repel.
So meek their Torthil's wife, so sweetly kind,
Grey fathers bade their daughters thus excel,
The mothers called her good, the virgins loved her well.

XIX.

Too much by Swarno loved, impure of heart,
Her Torthil's foe, he tempted her with sighs;
But true her honour, vain the chieftain's art.
He with his friend in every enterprise,
The red Gurthullin, did a plot devise:—
Near grows a struggle with the Roman foe,
(Succumb shall Morven, or shall greater rise,)
The battle o'er, abroad while stragglers go,
They'll watch, they'll bear her off, and none their guilt shall know.

XX.

Nor, chastely modest, boldly innocent,
She once has hinted Swarno's love impure;
Hence ne'er her friends shall guess the way she went:—
"But ha! old dragon Erc must we secure;
Chained must he be, our scheme were else unsure:
Thus be it done,—upon the battle-eve
Him to our nearest castle shall we lure,
With Rumal; this we'll slay, the former leave
In fetters, too to die if we our prey receive."

CANTO III.

I.

"ALL night the songs of bards went through our vale;
Aye as they ceased, as ceased the horns to blow,
Faint through the stillness, louder on the gale
Was heard the trampling of the distant foe.
To yonder peak, my Syrian Child, we'll go,
Thence see the fight; so near, 'tis worse to bear
Our own conjectures, than defeat to know.
But where is Erc? for me bereft, he sware
To shun the field, but thou art come, and he is there."

II.

Thus Cathla spake, Roscrana by her side.
But now they heard—the air was all so still—
Trumpet and horn beyond the mountains wide.
The shouts of conflict, as they climb the hill,
With din their ears, their breasts with trembling fill.
Yon valley now! the glory of yon war!
The day of hope! the hour of endless ill!
Be still, ye hearts of women dear that are,
Behold your country's might piled round the east afar!

III.

Down came her gleaming galleries of men,
 From ridge to ridge descending on the east.
 Pushed north and south around that opening glen,
 Those eastern hills their half-moon range increased.
 Her lofty tiers of battle never ceased
 To glance, commingled with their woody tops.
 Down swift they came, like panthers to the feast,
 The lowest ranks still stepping from the slopes,
 Still swallowed by the vale with all their mighty hopes.

IV.

There was devouring war: Already there
 Her horse and chariots o'er the plain were blent
 With Roman horse in one bewildering glare
 Of thickened ruin, jostling, leaping, pent,
 O'erstifled, swayed, with rifts of havoc rent,
 With gestures maddened—savage—fiercely strange.
 Around the west the Roman foot were bent
 From tip to tip of that high crescent range,
 To save their flanks, to watch the embosomed battle's change.

V.

Here many darts the Caledonians throw ;
 And aye, as aye into their chariots leap
 Bold Roman forms, they seize, they heave the foe
 Over the wheels ; their onward cars they keep,
 They drive them bounding o'er each swelling heap.
 Joy for their valour ! how with fervour prayed,
 That such high daring its reward might reap,
 The grateful Cathla and the Syrian Maid !
 But see ! but see ! Oh God !—they tremble now afraid.

VI.

The numerous weight of her superior foes
 O'erbears the mounted strength of Morven back,
 Eastward away her fainting battle goes ;
 Their closer forms the o'ermastered horse unslack ;
 They flee, the skirting mountains wide they track ;
 The abandoned chariots with unmanaged steeds
 Roll mad about, and tear the harrowed rack
 Of infantry that to the sheer scythe bleeds,
 Wrapping the cloyed wheels round with torn limbs as with weeds.

VII.

Ere down, obstructed by that thick retreat,
 Can Morven's might descend upon the foe,
 Rome's columned infantry has met, has beat
 Her storied ranks ; cleft, shouldered, wide they go.
 Yon loftiest piles seemed loosened to and fro,—
 Has terror climbed already ? through the trees
 Away they gleam, they melt like sun-struck snow,
 They feel their far-pervading enemies ;
 Upwards the slackening fight is pushed by quick degrees.

VIII.

"My daughter !" sinking on Roscrana's breast,
 Thus Cathla murmured, "in the days gone by,
 Pleasant to me, to me how dearly blessed
 Have been the valley and the stream where I"—
 But hark ! she starts—wild fears a moment fly—

Yon staggering mountain of dishonoured flight
Sends forth a trumpet from its summit high;
A thousand horns from off its wondering height
Pour back the soul of hope—of war—of patriot might.

IX.

Behold! behold, upon its open top
A stately warrior stationed like a god!
A band behind fills up the new-grown hope.
In boldest attitude he stood, he showed
The onward way with the commanding rod
Of his high-lifted, forth-directing spear.
Back o'er the shoulders of the mountains flowed
Repentant Flight, more daring from its fear;
Till far behind that form was swelled the thronging rear.

X.

There grimly, silently they stood below
The cloud that darkened o'er the mountain's crest.
From out the north a wind began to blow,
It smote the gloom, it broke its inner breast
To boiling racks of white that, ne'er at rest,
Relieved against its sabler texture flew.
Shook terribly the high trees wind-possessed.
The great old bards, white-vested, forth to view
Stepped awfully, their harps down from the boughs they drew.

XI.

For they their harps had hung upon the trees,
With shame despairing o'er their country's flight;
But now with streaming stoles they reach, they seize
The glorious fruitage, plucking it with might;
They stand prepared. Down leaping to the fight,
That warrior led the men of Caledon.
Oft gleamed their surfy plumes in the dun light.
Loud waxed the horn, but high o'er all was known
The chant of great-souled bards that poured the battle on.

XII.

O! their white heads! their harps inviolate!
The wands of lightning o'er the deathless throng
Ran, as on either side they stood sedate,
As through this gateway of immortal song
The might renewed of Morven rushed along
To war, to vengeance—O! to victory;
For see! for see, its columned forehead strong
Has smote the army of the enemy
Down to its very heart a stunning stroke—they flee!

XIII.

Astonied, backwards whelmed upon the plain
They go; still farther, as behind, sustained
By numbers gathering from their rout amain,
The great descent of Morven is maintained.
Back-rattling chariots have the flight disdained;
They roll around the outskirts of the fight,
That onward struggles through the field regained.
But o'er them falls the thundercloud, like night,
Down on the battle falls, and hides it from the sight.

XIV.

With bosoms hushed, as if a shock were nigh
Of earthquake, trembling, pale as from the tomb,

Bending, Roscrana and her mother try
 With eyes intense to pierce the hidden doom.
 O! joy! their panting bosoms now have room,
 They know at least the battle westward sweeps.
 A windy flaw has rent the shrouded gloom;
 O'er their far trench they see the foe in heaps
 Driven; on the fosse behind a chasing warrior leaps.

XV.

From out the cloud a slip of sunshine down
 With glory streams on his illumined head;
 'Tis he! the same! that heir of great renown!
 That Chief unknown! his country who has led
 Through shame to glory—thus at least far sped.
 Aloft he stands, he waves his sun-smote spear,
 Its brazen light on Morven's heads is shed,
 Around they spring, they crowd; one mighty cheer,
 Down in the camp they plunge. Again falls darkness drear.

XVI.

But round those women winds began to wail,
 The wild heath whistled fearfully and shrill,
 Fell spotty rains, the burden of the hail
 Was heard sonorous round from hill to hill:—
 "Hope shall we, mother, yet," Roscrana, still
 Her white hands clapping through the dim blasts, cried;
 "Yea peace, yea joy, let these thy bosom fill,
 As home I guide thee o'er the mountains wide.
 Lean on me very much, lean on thy daughter's side.

XVII.

"Nay, I will lead thee to the Culdee's rock,
 Not distant by the margin of the wave,
 There to abide till overblown the shock.
 By moon, or dawnlight issuing from his cave,
 Our noble wounded shall we help to save.
 Would Erc were here thee in his arms to bear!
 Not he it was that thus renewed the brave;
 Powerful though Erc, that Captain's godlike air
 None but a prince could show: be sure a prince was there."

XVIII.

They reached the cell: o'erwearied with her day,
 Within an inner cavern Cathla slept.
 Before the embers, as reclined he lay,
 The bliss of slumber o'er the Culdee crept.
 Alone her vigil young Roscrana kept;
 That champion still in her recurring thought,
 She generous tears of admiration wept.
 But now the storm was lulled, or heard remote;
 She rose, on tiptoe forth the moonlight air she sought.

XIX.

Neighed oft the steed, the chariot wheels were heard,
 The distant horn blew swelling through the night.
 She thought of him, that chief, for him she feared;
 O! lives he still, the gleaner of the fight?
 Her thoughts have drawn her towards that field aright,
 Along the damp wood's intervening glade;
 She pauses, longing for the morning light,
 To go with Cathla; back she steps afraid,
 Rustle the dropping leaves—rough men have seized the maid.

XX.

Greater her terror since unseen the ill,
 For now of clouds a heavy continent
 Came o'er the moon, the wood's abysses still
 The floating darkness smoothed up and blent.
 Vainly she shrieked, as farther still she went,
 Borne through the listless forests far away.
 Ha! still she struggles, shrieks, her ear intent
 A din, like ban-dogs opening on their prey,
 Has caught; deep in the woods she sees a gleaming ray.

XXI.

Near come the yell, the light; the stems that skirt
 The glade, the glade's wet grass is ruddied o'er;
 Forth bursts, with crowds of umbered figures girt,
 A stately savage on the woody floor:
 'Tis Erc! aloft his pinioned arms he bore,
 Unheld to keep them from that galling throng;
 Blazed his wild hair; his bleeding loins were sore
 With hanging dogs, deep dragged by him along;
 Torch-bearing serfs behind strike at the giant strong.

XXII.

Still on the encumbered warrior draws his trail
 Of death and danger to the princess near;
 Her arms to him, to him her face so pale
 Imploring stretched, mighty for one so dear
 He turns, he sweeps obstruction from his rear;
 Bounding he comes; around the ruffian's throat,
 Who chiefly holds her, wraps her chains severe;
 Jerks out his wrists far-widening, upwards shot:
 High hangs the wretch whose hands have now their prey forgot.

XXIII.

With starting eyeballs, and self-bitten tongue,
 The old hero dropped him from his raised disgrace.
 He snatched the maid; as to his neck she clung,
 A smile heroic lit his fire-scarred face.
 With her he waded through the thickening chase,
 Still vain the augmented battle round him clings,
 He sets her down, he waves her from the place:
 No, she'll not leave him thus! From her he flings
 The circling foe, around so lion-like he springs.

XXIV.

Before her now o'erwhelmed he's on his knee,
 Yet fighting still; a near horn blew a blast,
 Forth leapt a haughty figure, followed he
 By swift retainers, round his glance he cast,
 He saw Roscrana and he seized her fast.
 Upsprung, with power indignantly renewed,
 Old Erc, a groan from out his large heart passed
 To see the maid by Swarno's grasp subdued;
 Staggering he reached the chief who bore her through the wood;

XXV.

Reeling he caught him by the raven locks,
 Back wrenched his bowed head, as himself down fell:—
 "Slaves!" cried the entangled prince, "one savage mocks
 Your gyves? your daggers? ha! 'tis mighty well!
 No manacles could keep him in his cell?
 O! no, why should they, subtle he as wind?

Slay—make him die then—hurl him down to hell.
 Shear through those fingers in my hair entwined.”
 As onward speed his serfs a trumpet blows behind.

XXVI.

They turn astonished, and they pause to see
 That coming party whether friends or foes.
 Them has Roscrana seen—’tis he ! ’tis he !
 The chosen hero of that day she knows :
 A valiant band around their leader close :
 Salvation’s near :—“ Save ! save me, helper true !
 Young Torthil’s wife am I ; this Swarno knows,
 Yet here he ”—— “ But will I not succour you,
 My own good Syrian wife ? ” And forth her Torthil flew.

XXVII.

Swift with his blade away has Swarno shorn
 His black griped curls ; upspringing with a bound,
 He sets the maid behind him ; high his scorn,
 Dark was his hate, his enemy thus found.
 Steel they to steel now face each other round ;
 At Swarno’s back his vassals crowd anew,
 Anew the fearful virgin they surround.
 But stern the doings of those warriors two,
 As aye on them the links their smoky flarings threw.

XXVIII.

Behind, their pausing bands respective kept,
 Their single deeds not daring to alloy.
 Dread to the murmurs of Roscrana swept
 The sword of Torthil, greedy to destroy ;
 With wounds and wounds it gluts its savage joy.
 Dark Swarno staggers, yet opposing well ;
 Bold Torthil whelms him with his swift annoy ;
 That stroke shall hew him down—ha ! stumbling fell
 The youth, above him rose fierce Swarno’s sword and yell.

XXIX.

Down—ne’er he smote ; behind him Erc has crept,
 Has pulled him backwards from his lifted blow
 Writhing to earth ; the giant on him leapt,
 His grappling fingers choked the howling foe ;
 Recovered Torthil guards old Erc below ;
 Dread dins the mingled conflict of the rest ;
 But Swarno slain, his men soon vanquished go.
 With danger past, with present joy oppressed,
 Roscrana, left unhurt, faints on her husband’s breast.

XXX.

With oaken boughs fresh dripping from the rain
 Her brow he sprinkles, and she soon revives :—
 “ Joy ! joy ! ” she said, “ my hero is not slain !
 But Erc ? Old Erc, the saviour of our lives ? ”
 Near borne he comes : if dying, he derives,
 So loved of all, high consolation dear ;
 Each gallant youth to share the burden strives
 Of him who trained them to the bow and spear,
 They soothe his many wounds, the brave old man they cheer.

XXXI.

“ Heroic creature ! to the cave away,”
 Roscrana murmured “ of the Culdee John ;

There rests my Torthil's mother, since to-day
 She saw the great acts of her son unknown :
 Sweetly she sleeps upon the rushes strewn ;
 But sweeter far shall her awaking be.
 My Torthil come !—O ! bear him softly on,
 The hermit's rocky fastness soon we'll see :
 There with good herbs, old Ere, shalt thou be healed by me.

XXXII.

" With cold delicious oils thy fire-scathed head
 Shall I anoint, and come to thee each day ;
 Fresh rushes green for thee my hand shall spread—
 He hears me not, he heeds not what I say :
 Ha ! then, young warriors down the hero lay,
 That I may know if, still his wounds undressed,
 'Tis safe to move him farther on his way."
 'Twas done : for him she tore her silken vest,
 With tenderness she stanch'd, she bound his bleeding breast.

XXXIII.

Nor in her thankful joy did she refrain,
 But stooping down the old Barbarian kissed ;
 His heart's best fire, unquenched by fear or pain,
 Sprung to his eye, now dimmed with grateful mist ;
 With clapping hands her love he mutely blessed :—
 " Now swiftly, gently on with him," she said,
 " Deep though his hurt, though greatly needing rest,
 His frame's yet full of life ; and watchful aid
 Shall heal him soon in John's still sanctuary laid."

XXXIV.

" Come then, my Syrian, to our mother fast,"
 Her Torthil said, " and fear for me no more ;
 Here am I with you all your own at last,
 My limbs unfettered, and my exile o'er :
 Nor I dishonoured left the Italian shore ;
 Aurelian slain, my friend just Tacitus
 Imperial sate, undid my bondage sore,
 Ennobling freedom has he given to us.
 I came ; our battle fled, and I restored it thus.

XXXV.

" Nor deem thy lofty lessons have been vain :
 Bless'd be my dungeon's leisure to retrace
 Thy words of life again and yet again,
 For ever blent with the remember'd grace
 That breathed the while from thy celestial face.
 Thy faith exalted thus I've loved and tried."
 But now they reached the Culdee's dwelling-place.
 A mother's heart, a son's was satisfied.
 Then turned their mingled love to Torthil's Christian Bride.

THE EARLY CALLED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

CHAP. II.

" Youth, and the opening Rose,
 May look like things too lovely for decay,
 And smile at thee. But thou'rt not of those
 Who wait the ripened bloom to seize thy prey."

MRS HEMANS.

" Our house and the adjoining one—in fact, a continuation of ours, and standing in the same enclosure—had been so constructed by the gentleman whose property they were, for the accommodation of his own family and that of a married daughter. A slight partition of trellis-work, covered with ivy and ever-blooming roses, divided the grass-slope in front of the houses; but a door of communication, opening from the end of our verandah into the next, had been made no doubt to facilitate the intercourse of the kindred households.

" Some straggling tendrils of ivy had already crept over the bolts and lock of the closed door, as if to interpose more effectually between the neighbours, now strangers to each other; for the sound of steps and voices on the other side of the temporary barrier soon made us aware that we had neighbours, and the discovery (*so made*) was not particularly agreeable; but we were not loud talkers, nor likely to take much heed of that which concerned us not, so made a merit of necessity, and thought light of the annoyance.

" I was more disturbed, however, at hearing from my maid, while she assisted me in undressing, that one of our near neighbours was a young lady dying of consumption, attended by a most distressing cough, that symptom so mercifully lightened in my dear Herbert's case. But we could not fail to hear this poor thing from our verandah; and even in the house the partition wall might not be substantial enough to exclude sound. 'And it will be a perpetual knell,' was my sad soliloquy,—'full of my Herbert's doom. But it will strike on *my heart* only—to him death comes not clothed in terrors.'

" My apprehensions were verified in the course of the next morning—a warm and lovely one, which enabled Herbert to stroll down often to

the sands, and have his chair placed in the verandah. Our neighbours were apparently enjoying the bright balmy day in the same manner with ourselves, for we heard voices on their side the partition, and soon, too soon, the sound of that peculiar cough attracted Herbert's notice. He looked at me with a face of sad meaning, and said, 'My servant told me this morning that we had three ladies for our neighbours—a mother and her two daughters—and that of the latter, one was an invalid. Poor thing! that sound tells the nature of her malady. How favoured have I been hitherto, dear aunt! so little of that distressing symptom attached to my complaint, and my sweet sister had to endure so much!'

" Except the frequent recurrence of that painful sound, we heard little more than low murmurs on the other side; and should scarce have heeded the quiet undertone, but that now and then a young clear voice was heard above it, breaking out, in the innocent glee of childhood, into a merry laugh, or snatches of song, or quick exclamation.

" 'That sound cheers one's heart, like the song of the sky-lark,' was Herbert's observation, after one of those outbursts of exuberant gladness; for he delighted in children, and, when in health, had ever been a favourite playfellow among them; but he started and changed colour when *another* voice—sweet, low, one of very peculiar intonation—was heard addressing some words to the younger speaker, close to the door of communication.

" 'What a remarkable similarity,' he said, as we turned to retrace our sauntering steps towards the farther end of our sheltered terrace;—'I never heard but one voice like that, and it was poor Melcomb's;' and, as was ever the case when any reference occurred to his college friend, a shade gathered over his brow, and

he fell into a mood of sad abstraction.

"'You have not heard from Mr Melcomb in answer to your last letter, have you, dear Herbert?' I enquired, less from a motive of curiosity, than with a view of drawing him from his melancholy reverie.

"'No; and it surprises and pains me that I have not. This was about the time he purposed taking his departure from England, probably for ever; but surely he would not, could not leave it without a farewell line to me, grievously as I fear he is disappointed in me.'

"'How distressing to Mr Melcomb's family and connexions,' I ventured to remark, 'must have been the change of his religious views, and of his plans and prospects in consequence of that change.'

"'Yes. I believe his mother, his only surviving parent, was much disturbed by his determination; and his uncle, from whom he had large expectations, besides the church preferment intended for him, has, I fear, gone the length of renouncing him. "All have cast me off," I have heard him say, yielding for a moment to natural weakness, "all but my sweet sister, my poor Agnes; and she is scarcely a creature of this earth, and will not long sojourn here." You will laugh, my dear aunt, but I could fancy that voice was the voice of Melcomb's sister, if, unfortunately for the construction of the romance I might build upon that conjecture, we had not heard that our neighbours are named Harlowe. No conjuring Harlowe into Melcomb; so my ingenious structure that might be, has not an inch of ground to stand on, and in sober sadness I do not wish it otherwise. I could not desire to identify Melcomb's beloved sister with that poor girl, whose hollow cough is a sound of such ill omen.'

"Secretly I blessed God that the dire portent had but slightly manifested itself in the case of the dear speaker; and, with a trembling thankfulness I dared not call hope, I thanked *Him* for the degree of renovation evident in Herbert's general appearance since our departure from Merivale.

"He passed great part of that day in the open air, making frequent saun-

tering excursions down the easy slope which led from our house to the margin of the glittering sands, and watching with interest and enjoyment the many glancing sails of small skiffs and fishing boats, and the slow and regular flux and reflux of the long and gently heaving waves; stooping now to pick up a shell or pebble, brilliant with its still wet varnish from the retiring tide, or a sea-weed of peculiarly vivid hue or elegant form. Our youngest neighbour, a little girl, seemingly about eight years old, had also found her way down to those sunny sands, so tempting and delightful to contemplative as well as infant minds, with their rich and ever-shifting store of marine treasures. And very soon I observed the collectors gradually drawing together, and in short time that a friendly intercourse was fairly established between them. It was not without inquietude that I looked at this commencement of acquaintance (as it was likely to prove) between our two families, for I shrank from the idea of bringing together the young persons so sadly and similarly circumstanced. But these thoughts were of course confined to my own bosom, and when my dear invalid came back to me with his smiling report of the familiar footing on which he already stood with the 'pretty little mermaid,' as he called his new acquaintance, I forgot every thing but gladness at his apparent pleasure.

"'But only think, my dear aunt,' he continued, 'when my little friend left me just now with the basket I had helped to fill with weeds and shells, she told me they were all for sister Agnes, who was not yet well enough to come down and collect for herself—only for this name of Harlowe!'

"While he was yet speaking, the door opened, and Johnson entered with a letter addressed to Herbert, sent in with Mrs Harlowe's compliments, and a civil note from that lady to myself, announcing her intention of calling on me the day following, should the state of Mr Ross's health be such as not to preclude me from receiving visitors. The letter addressed to my nephew, she had just received, enclosed in one from her son-in-law, Mr Melcomb.

"While I was reading Mrs Harlowe's note, and penning my reply, my poor Herbert had broken the seal of his friend's letter with a trembling hand, and was perusing its contents with a degree of agitation too evident in the varying colour of his cheek. As he read on, still fixed to the spot where he had received and torn open that deeply interesting letter, tears began to trickle slowly from beneath his long eyelashes; and, as if conscious of his visible emotion, he threw himself back on a sofa at the darker end of the room, shading his face with one hand, while the other, shaking as if in an ague fit, held the open letter, on which his attention was still riveted. I respected his feelings too much to break in on them by question or remark, and having sealed and sent away my note, I quietly withdrew to a seat just without the window, from whence, however, I could keep him still in sight, should the consequences of his nervous excitement call for active assistance. But after a time, having read and reread, and mused over that too interesting communication, he let it fall, still open in the hand that held it, on his knee, and leaning back his head on the sofa cushions, I saw that his dear face had resumed its expression of serene tranquillity, though the bright flush of agitation was succeeded by unusual paleness, with which his closed eyelids and marble brow, and seemingly unbreathing stillness, combined into a semblance so startling, that, after a moment's hesitation, I could no longer forbear gently drawing near, to assure myself that the beautiful clay still retained its spiritual inhabitant. Slight as was the sound of my approach, it roused him from that awful trance, and lifting up his head, he looked at me with a sad faint smile, and said, holding towards me the still unfolded letter, 'Take this, my dear aunt! my ever kindest, most indulgent friend! I have no reserves from you; and when you have read what my poor Melcomb writes, you will love him almost as I do, and perfectly comprehend the influence such a mind as his could not fail to acquire over mine. But defer reading it till you are alone. I shall best recover myself in the stillness of my chamber; and, by the help of a few

minutes' stroll on the sands before dinner, shall be quite myself again by that time.'

"So saying, he withdrew to his own room, and left me to the uninterrupted perusal of a letter, which, before it was half finished, had bathed my face with tears, and wellnigh fulfilled my nephew's prediction. I felt, and acknowledged to myself, that between two persons, whose characters assimilated so remarkably in many essential points as those of Melcomb and Herbert, it would have been extraordinary and unnatural, if acquaintance had not quickly ripened into intimacy, and intimacy into strong attachment.

"In each, the same ardent, enthusiastic temperament—the same deeply religious feeling—the same purity and singleness of heart—the same quick and fine perception of the good and beautiful.

"It would have been wonderful indeed if minds so constituted, and hearts so well in unison, had not been drawn together by the mysterious bands of sympathy, even from the first hour of meeting—and the few years by which Melcomb was senior to his friend would naturally secure to the former that influence and ascendancy which Herbert, in the extreme diffidence of his nature, ascribed to moral and intellectual superiority. 'Yes, I must have loved this young enthusiast,' was my silent acknowledgment while reading his affecting letter; and my heart smote me for having at one time imputed to him a portion of that pharisaical pride and pretension which characterise too many of those who ostentatiously assume to themselves the designation of 'serious Christians.' Here was no assumption of any sort, no pretension to superior sanctity, or to that depth of self-abasement under which pride so often humbles itself that it may be exalted and receive praise of men. Melcomb's farewell to his friend was in the highest degree touching and solemn, written in the belief that (humanly speaking) they should meet no more in this world, for Herbert's letter from Merivale had apprised Melcomb of his more than precarious state. After dwelling on the affecting subject with all the tenderness of truest friendship, and

all the hopefulness of Christian faith, Melcomb adverted with great feeling to the similar circumstances in which (he told Herbert) he had lately parted from his sweet sister, the daughter of his father by a second wife, married since his death to a gentleman of the name of Harlowe, and again widowed with another daughter by her last husband. 'It is a source of singular satisfaction to me, my dearest Herbert!' wrote his friend, 'that the will of Providence should so have ordered your ways, and those of my beloved sister, as to bring you so near together in this last stage of your earthly pilgrimage, that I do hope you may yet be acquainted with each other, and begin in time that intercourse which may be renewed and perfected in eternity. It has been a lurking wish of mine—a pleasant day-dream—that the two I love best on earth might thus be brought together—with the memory of the absent one—weaving our friendship as it were—a triple chord in one—and I am persuaded this will come to pass. My sister and my friend will meet on earth, before they meet in heaven, and speak together of the poor missionary, whose prayers for them will ascend morning, and at noonday, and eventide—whether from the vast deserts of great waters, or of burning sands, or of the howling wilderness; from among the habitations of Christian men, or of those not yet visited by "the day spring from on high," for whose sake he goes a voluntary exile from country, home, and kindred. But, oh Herbert! I have yet to impart to you a wish, a strong desire, which has strengthened in my heart from day to day, since I have known that my only sister and my dearest friend might possibly be brought together under circumstances so solemn, so affecting. Herbert! will you, if life and power are so far extended to yourself, supply to my Agnes, in her hour of need, the ministry of her absent brother, whose awful sense of a paramount duty calling him hence, might have failed to sustain his purpose had he been aware, before the decisive step was taken, of this beloved one's approaching change? But had it been possible—justifiably possible to have relinquished—or even postponed my de-

parture, I should not have been permitted to take my faithful stand beside the couch of my dying sister. The mother of my Agnes (whose change of conduct towards me can never cancel the debt of gratitude I owe her for years of maternal care and kindness) has misjudged her husband's son, and strongly deprecating his influence over her daughter's mind, dreads it, more especially under her present circumstances; for alas! in mistaken fondness for her darling child, she withholds from her, and almost conceals from herself, the dangerous nature of her disease, and the nearness of that change which cannot be long protracted by the utmost efforts of human science. O, Herbert! I could fondly hope that you are appointed by Providence (her fellow-traveller through the dark valley) to prepare my Agnes for the awful passage: to prepare—to calm—to strengthen—to encourage—to comfort—not as the world comforts, speaking of peace when there is no peace—of hope when there is no hope—of life temporal to one on the verge of life eternal.

"You will find the good seed sown and cherished in that meek, loving heart: But the love of life (for she is young and happy) is yet strong within it, and deluded (as you *are not*) by the insidious nature of her malady, she sees not the beckoning hand, but dreams of distant days, and even earthly reunion with her absent brother, while he well knows that in this world he shall see her face no more.

"Oh Herbert! let her not pass away thus unconscious of her real state. False and fallacious are the pleas of erring fondness—of *self-sparing* infirmity—that the youth and *innocence* of the unconscious victim are sufficient warrant for its safe passage into eternity—unwarned and thoughtless of impending doom. Woe be to those who lay this flattering unction to their hearts, and take upon themselves—by acting on it—the awful responsibility. Talk not to Agnes of her pure heart and sinless life, but tell her, that though all are guilty before God, the Son of God died for all, and that in Him, and through Him, for all who come unto Him is sure salvation. And, Herbert! that *all are free to*

come, is at length the firm and fixed conviction in which has terminated all those distressing doubts by which your friend's mind was for a long season agitated and perplexed, and for a time, indeed, during the period of our intimacy, swayed to an opposite conclusion. I thank God, my friend, that you were the first to struggle into light, from that maze of error in which I had nearly been the means of involving you, together with myself—and, in all confidence, I commit to you the charge, to which I am forbidden to devote myself. Be to my Agnes what her brother would have been; her awakener—her guide—her comforter—and oh! far more, my Herbert! her companion through that last dark strait of time, which shall, by God's grace, conduct you both to a haven of eternal blessedness.

"There was much more in Melcomb's letter, addressed more particularly to Herbert—many affecting and tender passages; much of hope, and earnest exhortation, and of the outpouring of Christian friendship, looking beyond the grave for perfect consummation. But from the portion I have read to you, Mr Lindsay, you will readily believe that tears were streaming down my cheeks when I folded up the paper; and when I replaced it in Herbert's hands at our next meeting, the look with which I met his enquiring glance belied my heart, if it expressed aught but the warmest sympathy in his feelings towards the writer of that most interesting letter.

"The next morning brought with it Mrs Harlowe's expected visit. She came, accompanied by her little daughter Flora, the smiling recognition between whom and her seaside acquaintance broke through the formality of our first meeting, and we were soon engaged in easy conversation, which took a tone of deeper interest when Herbert, having been drawn away towards the lawn by his new friend, Mrs Harlowe availed herself of the opportunity to enquire respecting his health, and to confide to me (of whose sympathy she was well assured) her hopes and fears—of which it was evident the former greatly preponderated—concerning her daughter. I listened with tender pity to the poor mother's

self-deluding speech; fresh in my ear as was the sound of that hollow cough—the knell, as it seemed to me, of the young Agnes. But as my sanguine guest continued to talk away her own apprehensions, and from that subject adverting to my cause of anxiety, professed surprise at perceiving in Herbert's general appearance but slight indications of disease, and a cheerful assurance that his malady as well as her daughter's would yield to skilful treatment and youth's tenacious powers, I felt that her hopefulness was contagious, and spite of reason's sad suggestions, I blest her in my heart for the momentary gladness reflected from her sanguine temper on my darker spirit. Drawn together as we were by mutual sympathy, it is not wonderful that when Mrs Harlowe rose to take leave, we parted with a degree of cordiality seldom felt or expressed at such an early stage of acquaintance by we phlegmatic English, whose social feelings are for the most part of such tedious growth, that one would think life in our days was still extended to antediluvian length, admitting ample time for the cautious reserve which restrains us from all friendly advances towards a fellow-creature, till we have ascertained his style, title, and circumstances in this world of ours—for we do not so strictly insist on character.

"It was arranged before we separated, that the door of communication between our two verandahs should be unfastened, for the facilitation of our future intercourse, and more especially for the convenience of our dear invalids, who might thus pass from one house to the other with as little risk or fatigue as to their own chambers.

"The next morning Herbert came down from his room at an earlier hour than usual, with so firm a step, and so much appearance of renovation, that my heart beat quick as I looked at him, whispering to itself, 'Can it be possible!'

"Contrary to his general bearing, he was restless and pre-occupied, and as early as we could ask admittance, reminded me of my promise to return Mrs Harlowe's visit. 'And your consistent nephew, who has so long discontinued all intercourse

with strangers and the world, will accompany you, my dear aunt!' he added with an ingenuous smile, which faded into a more thoughtful expression as he said, after a short pause—'I must become acquainted, you know, with my new sister. Melcomb has committed to me a solemn trust—and I have prayed to be directed and strengthened in the fulfilment of it.'

"Herbert's countenance as he spoke, was so irradiated by sanctity of purpose, that as he stood before me, 'serene in youthful beauty,' methought in very truth, 'his face was as it were the face of an angel'—and my apprehension for himself—for the risk to his weak frame and nervous system he was about to incur, was now overawed and silenced by reverence for his motives, and a secret consciousness that opposition to them would be sinful as well as fruitless; so, with a silent prayer committing to God my beloved one and the issue of our visit, I prepared myself to accompany him.

"Little Flora ran forward, as we were ushered into Mrs Harlowe's saloon, to meet and welcome Herbert, and to lead him to be introduced to sister Agnes before her mother could perform that ceremony to us both with less indecorous haste. But the hackneyed line may be fitly applied to children, who often

'Set before 'em,

A grace, a manner, a decorum,'

unattainable by art and artificial rules, and we were indebted to our youthful introductress for hurrying us through the first forms of a meeting, that, circumstanced as we were, would otherwise have been more trying to Herbert and myself. As it was—before the expiration of a few minutes we were seated together, like acquaintances of a much longer date, Herbert being established by his friend Flora in a comfortable corner of her sister's couch. And soon, as she talked with my nephew, I was enabled to take more than a furtive glance at the young creature between whom and himself existed such a mournful similarity of circumstances. That alone would have ensured her a warm interest in my heart, but who could have beheld the sweet Agnes Melcomb, such as

she was when I first looked upon her, with unmoved and uninterested feelings? Alas! the progress of disease was more apparent in her than in my beloved Herbert—for while his respiration was for the most part free and regular as that of healthful childhood, the painful oppression of hers was too evident in the short audible breathing, and in the quick heaving of the soft bosom folds of her long muslin wrapping gown. Her half reclining attitude, and the languid sinking of her slender form, allowed me to form no correct judgment of its height—though there was a general indication of the growth having been too rapid, and already exceeding middle stature. On the sunken temples, from which the hair, black as night, was parted back in two thick folds, and gathered into a knot at the back of the head; and over the long snowy throat and half transparent hands, the course of the blue veins was as distinctly visible, as if traced externally by the artist's pencil. Her large dark eyes, half veiled by the heavy lids, were in fact grey, but of that peculiar tinge—that *ebon blue* of the storm-cloud—which might have been taken for black, (but for their dove-like softness,) deepened as was their colour by the long jetty eyelashes, whose shadow rested on the marble paleness of cheeks that had lost their youthful roundness, on one of which—as if just uplifted from the pillow—glowed one bright spot of that rich rose tint, so far more appalling to an experienced observer, than the most deadly pallor.

"Beyond the surpassing beauty of those eyes, 'that seemed to love whate'er they looked upon,' and the almost infantine sweetness of expression about a mouth that reminded me of that very peculiar feature in her brother's face—that of Agnes Melcomb had no distinguished claim to beauty. Such as she was, however, such as I that day beheld her, in her half reclining posture—like a tall young lily bent before the blast—a being hovering (as was too evident) on the confines of both worlds, she appeared to me the most angelic creature my eyes had ever rested on since they watched the fading beauty of my own Ann Ross, that orphan girl whose early fate

drew from your eyes, my dear friend, many a tear of tenderest compassion and sympathy for our sorrows, when we met for the first time at Castle-a-Mare.

"At the time of her death, our lost Ann had just completed her sixteenth year. The youthful victim I now looked upon was not yet nineteen! Alas! alas! and had the fatal decree gone forth against her? Was the sentence irreversible? Was she also, and that beloved one who sat beside her, both those youthful, beautiful beings, to be taken from light and life, fair hopes, and fondest affection, the cheerful sunshine, and the smiling earth, and laid so early in the dark narrow house appointed for all living? Oh, Lindsay! there are moments when such thoughts as these *will* suggest themselves to the most faithful, the most believing, and resigned; but thanks be to the revealed word, though mists and shadows may for a time come between us and our immortal hopes, they cannot utterly obscure them, and when the temporary film is withdrawn, we penetrate farther, and with a clearer vision, into realms of light and blessedness; tracking *thither* the ascent of the emancipated spirit, instead of clinging to its cast-off slough; the perishable mortal part that must be hidden awhile from our eyes, before it shall be raised imperishable and glorified.

"Beside the couch of Agnes stood a sofa-table, on which were spread out on plates and papers many coloured sea-weeds, in various stages of preparation; a source of mutual interest and occupation to the sick girl and her lively little sister, whose lately collected shells and pebbles were also arranged in rows on the same table, and Herbert was soon busied with the sisters in the light labour of disentangling and spreading the beautiful weeds, designed, when properly prepared, to enrich a collection of natural specimens, marine and other, of which a large book produced by Agnes was half full, she boasted, and in which, by the end of the next summer, not a blank leaf should be left, if she soon got well and strong and could assist Flora in collecting.

"As she spoke, a faint flush mantled on Herbert's cheek, and he stooped

with more seeming intentness over his delicate task; but a moment after, when his eyes glanced aside at the fair pale face, bent in smiling eagerness beside his, I saw that they were glazed with tears, and that by a strong effort only he so mastered his emotion as to answer some question she addressed to him with an unflinching voice.

"As Mrs Harlowe strolled with me on the lawn, leaving the young trio to their quiet occupation, she fell by degrees into almost confidential discourse relating to her family affairs; and adverting to her absent son-in-law, spoke of him with a degree of asperity I should scarce have looked for from a person of her apparent gentleness and kindly nature.

"But recollecting my former experience with regard to Melcomb, and the too just cause I had had for deprecating his influence over Herbert, I made large allowance for Mrs Harlowe's feelings, especially on perceiving that the irritation she betrayed was occasioned by a recent endeavour of her step-son's to awaken her to a conviction of her child's danger, and a solemn exhortation he had addressed to her, in his farewell letter, to prepare the unconscious Agnes for a knowledge of the awful truth—since to himself, he added, 'a mother's mistaken tenderness had denied the consolation of performing that solemn duty before he parted with his beloved sister for the last time on this side eternity.'

"The poor mother, as she repeated these words to me, gave way to a burst of angry reproachfulness, the evidence rather of secret fear and inward misgivings, than of harsh feeling towards her son-in-law, whose 'cruel unnecessary counsel' she vehemently condemned, applauding the firmness with which she had resisted his pleadings to be allowed to see his sister in private before their separation. 'He would have killed my child,' faltered the poor woman, with a rising sob. 'My timid Agnes would have expired under the shock. And now she is so much better, so fast recovering, how barbarous it would be to cause her such useless agitation!'

"How often does some poor weak heart seek relief thus waywardly, by denying to itself the existence of

impending evil, and venting its real terrors in angry accusation of the faithful and courageous monitor who dares, at whatever cost to his own feelings, to utter the warning voice! *My* heart ached for the poor mother as she looked up in my face for encouragement to her fond delusion, but I could only keep silence; and after a moment's pause, advertising to the state of my own dear sufferer, I ventured a grateful remark on the extraordinary measure of divine grace which supported him under the calm and settled conviction that a fatal termination of his malady was not far distant, adding, how fervently I prayed for strength sufficient to uphold *me* through that hour when I should be called on to resign the last living object of my earthly care.

"My observation was met with more of impatience than sympathy, and with a vehemence of sanguine prognostic more indicative of secret misgiving than of cheerful assurance; but I also was prone to catch at shadows, tinted with the faintest colouring of hope; and by degrees our conversation assumed a less sombre tone, and we parted mutually pleased with our prospect of frequent intercourse.

"Circumstanced as we were, indeed, our acquaintance had made farther advance towards intimacy in three days than it would have done in as many months, had we been brought together in general society, and amid the turmoil of worldly distractions. Hearts do not open, like gaudy flowers, in broad sunshine, but rather in stillness and in shade, like those more delicate and fragrant, that wait the coming forth of the evening star to diffuse their hoarded sweetness.

"In a short time our two families became almost as one—Mrs Harlowe's drawing-room the general rendezvous, and Herbert's post, established for the most part, as assigned by Flora, in one corner of the sofa occupied by Agnes, or in a comfortable chair at the sisters' work-table. For a season, as is so common in consumptive cases, there was a seeming pause in the progress of disease in both the dear objects of our solicitude, and in Herbert I remarked especially such a lighting up of the languid and drooping spirit,

as half beguiled me into hope that the physical renovation was equally unquestionable.

"The strength of Agnes was so far restored, that she was soon able, with the assistance of an arm, to reach the sea-beach once at least in every morning of those soft sunny days that succeeded each other in unvarying series through many weeks of that delightful autumn. There, settled luxuriously on a heap of cloaks and shawls, arranged by her tender little nurse, whose care for the accommodation of Herbert was almost as zealous, she passed many an hour of peaceful enjoyment, my nephew sometimes seated beside her, or strolling to a short distance with Mrs Harlowe and myself, or enlisted by Flora in her persevering quest of marine treasures, to be deposited at the feet or in the lap of Agnes on their return from each short excursion.

"Herbert had become decidedly a favourite with Mrs Harlowe, and in her sanguine persuasion that his perfect recovery and that of her daughter were no longer doubtful, she watched the progress of their intimacy, and the similarity of their tastes and pursuits, with evident and avowed gratification; in the affectionate openness of her nature sometimes expressing to me her almost romantic desire that their already undisguised regard might ripen into permanent attachment. But well I knew that no fond dreams of earthly union with the sweet Agnes mingled with the tender interest felt for her by Herbert; for he at least deluded himself with no fallacious hopes, built up on temporary revival, and I was full sure that throughout our pleasant hours of daily intercourse, one anxious thought was ever present with him, and that he felt himself 'straitened,' till the accomplishment of the task committed to him by his departing friend.

"But his opportunities of uninterrupted conversation with Agnes were few and short, little Flora being their almost inseparable companion during the occasional absence of her mother; so that I believe it was long before Herbert ventured to speak unreservedly to Agnes of her absent brother, and to introduce by cautious degrees the subject nearest to his

heart. But soon as the autumnal air freshened into more bracing keenness, the sick girl shrank like a tender flower from its ruder visitation, and again, visibly and sensibly drooping, seldom quitted the corner of her soft sofa, and the regulated temperature of the drawing-room; and Herbert's enjoyment of out-door exercise being restricted by the same cause almost to the short range of the sunny verandah, it now frequently happened that the two invalids were left together for a considerable time, while Flora accompanied her mother and myself in our still daily walks.

"Had these young persons been less sadly circumstanced, I, as well as the mother of Agnes, should have noted with delighted, as well as deep interest, the progress of an attachment, which, situated as they were, I felt it would be profanation to call love; and that, on the part of Herbert at least, 'love such as angels feel,' was the only sentiment he would dare entertain towards her, whose young innocent heart had perhaps given itself to him, unconscious that its affections must be so soon unwound from every earthly object. But whatever were the reciprocal feelings of those young hearts, and whatever the nature of an affection so strangely born, and nourished, as it were, in the very shadow of death, it was affection the most touching to behold, from its peculiar character of ever watchful sympathy, observant each of the other's sufferings, and for each other's sake ingenious in every tender art that can beguile and soothe the sufferer—an anxiety as artlessly displayed by the sweet Agnes, as evinced in every look and gesture of Herbert.

"Insensible as she still seemed to the fact of her own danger, she became gradually in some measure awakened to the serious nature of Herbert's malady, and often, as she scanned his wasting form, and hollow cheek, a cloud of sadness gathered over that fair wan face, whose playful sweetness of expression had hitherto scarcely varied in her hours of severest suffering. Of this awakening sense of his precarious state, Herbert availed himself to prepare her for a knowledge of her own, during one of those morning oppor-

tunities that were now frequently afforded.

"Adverting to the subject of his own health, he went on to speak of the graciousness of God's dealings with him, in giving him perfect and salutary knowledge of the hopelessness of recovery, and ample time of preparation for the approaching change. I believe (for Herbert dwelt not on details in this part of his agitated account) that the poor Agnes was cruelly overpowered, on being made perfectly to comprehend the whole of the fatal truth, as far as the fate of Herbert was involved in it. It is possible—though I do but surmise it so far—that her young heart, in its first outbreak of uncontrollable anguish, betrayed the fulness of its feelings towards him.—And his!—in that trying moment, did it utter no secret cry, no passionate appeal, that if it were possible, 'the cup might yet pass from them?' If human infirmity so far prevailed, assuredly the words, 'Thy will be done,' went up to Heaven in the same breath; and the answer was, 'peace and strength;' for, bracing himself up for the full performance of his accepted trust, before they separated that morning, the gentle and fearful creature, whose tender nature had been so distressfully overpowered by the intimation of *his* danger, was calmed as well as awe-struck by the more cautiously conveyed knowledge of her own.

"The precise manner of the communication, and its immediate impression, I know not. I could not, dared not, curiously enquire, so sacred to my feelings were the secrets of that sad, strange interview—secrets such as 'angels might love to look upon'—but too holy to be subjected to the profanation of mortal curiosity. That day Herbert paid no second visit to Mrs Harlowe's drawing-room, and I found him indeed so exhausted by recent excitement, that it was with some difficulty he supported himself to join me at the dinner hour, and soon afterwards bidding me farewell for the night, he requested that Johnson might be summoned to assist him to his bed-chamber, 'But feel no unusual anxiety on my account, dearest aunt,' he whispered with his parting kiss, observant of my anxious and troubled

countenance — ‘this exhaustion is but temporary—you will see me tomorrow, (if I am spared so long,) revived and gladdened by the consciousness that the painful part of my delegated office is fulfilled. The awakening is over; and I have now only to soothe—to support—to encourage, my sister pilgrim through the short remainder of our way.’

“‘As if an angel spoke,’ I listened in tearful, reverential silence to the words of the beloved speaker, watching his enfeebled steps, as, leaning heavily on Johnson’s arm, he slowly retired, with a sad foreboding that the time was fast approaching when I should hear his voice no more.

“Scarcely had Herbert left me, when Mrs Harlowe tapped at the window for admittance, having left Flora, she said, beside the couch of her sleeping sister. The hopeful spirit of my poor friend was still unsubdued, though for some time past she had become more restlessly watchful of her precious charge, and could not at all times, it was evident, conceal from herself the too visible progress of disease. This evening she was unusually thoughtful and depressed; spoke of the increasing debility of Agnes, and of a change she had lately observed in the hitherto gay and happy temper of her darling—‘and this evening she is quite unlike herself,’ continued the anxious mother, ‘I have surprised her more than once in tears, and when I endeavoured to draw from her the cause of her distress, she hid her dear face in my bosom, and sobbing as if her heart would break, asked my forgiveness for all her faults, and the great trouble and anxiety she had occasioned me. Blessed child! she who has been the joy and comfort of my life, till now that — — — Oh, my dear friend! is it even so, are those two beloved beings to be united only in death?’ I could only mingle my tears with those of my sister in affliction, who gave way to a burst of agony, soon exhausted by its own violence; and then again the sanguine temper struggled for ascendancy, and before she rose to leave me, the fond self-deceiver had talked away half her own fears, and but for the almost reproving seriousness of my answering

looks, would fain have beguiled me into forgetfulness of mine.

“But I could not suffer her to leave me unaccompanied. I wished to look once more that day on the sweet Agnes, now become to me an object of almost maternal interest; and together we stole noiselessly into the drawing-room, at the farther end of which she lay still sleeping, little Flora watching beside her motionless as a statue.

“Stealthily I crept towards the couch, and for many moments stood sadly gazing on that young pale face, whose serenity would have been the very ‘rapture of repose,’ but for a moist and glittering token, which had stolen as she slept from beneath the long eyelash, to the small white hand on which her cheek rested on the pillow. The other hand lay languidly on her lap, in relaxed hold of a half open prayer-book. The thin fingers yet marked the page she had been reading; it was the service appointed for the burial of the dead.

“If our neighbourly intercourse was from this day forth less enlivened by the unconscious gaiety of Agnes, and the feverish excitement of her mother, hitherto sustained by fond and baseless hope, the hearts of all were drawn closer together, as the veil of useless and cruel concealment was withdrawn.

“That of my poor friend still for a brief while maintained the miserable struggle between wilful disbelief and sober, irresistible conviction—between its own passionate wishes and the Almighty will. But gradually the secret working of his grace prevailed over the resisting infirmity of nature; submissive tears succeeded to impetuous anguish; and then came the sense of dependent weakness, and divine support,—the calmness born of acquiescence in the divine will, and the dawning of a better hope than that of which the sacrifice was so hardly yielded. It was as beautiful as affecting to mark the instrumentality by which this great change in the feelings of my poor friend was brought to pass,—even by the gentle ministry of the beloved one—the object of that fond idolatry, which had possibly drawn down upon itself the rod that chasteneth in mercy.

"The youthful victim—should I not rather say, the youthful saint? was now her mother's comforter, her tender and timid nature receiving supplies of strength and consolation in full measure, as she imparted to her still weaker parent. The breaking heart of the little Flora, too, pierced by its first great sorrow, (that spear of sharpest point!) found balm only on the bosom of sister Agnes, soothed by her tears and kisses, and softly whispered words of heavenly hope. And from whence did the fair saint herself derive the power, that thus, in the hour of her extremest need, triumphed over natural weakness, and the shrinking fearfulness of her own heart? Assuredly from that one only source of all efficient aid, whose strength is perfected in weakness; but the Divine will, so often working in its wisdom by human agency, had assigned to its trembling creature such mortal companionship and support, through the shadowy and mysterious passage, as divested it of half its terrors. The path Herbert must tread would hardly have been declined by Agnes, had she been free to enter on or turn aside from it; and when he spoke to her of the place it led to—of the nothingness of all sufferings by the way, compared with the exceeding great reward of those who are faithful to the end; of the reunion of friends long parted, never to part again; (and in that blissful vision the image of the absent Melcomb was present with the sister and the friend;) of tears wiped from all eyes; of hearts lightened of all sorrow, cleansed from all sin; and as his face, while he thus discoursed of heaven and heavenly things, lightened up with the glory of his subject, the eyes of Agnes followed the direction of his, upraised in holy fervour, and assuredly at such moments her fears were more than calmed—her hope almost exultant.

"But not at all seasons was the spiritual thus victorious over the material frame. In both our dear charges the mental energies ebbed and flowed with the fluctuations of bodily disease; though under all circumstances each was most tremblingly alive to the other's sufferings. At intervals also, in the course of

that long dreary winter, sickly gleams of hope stole in upon us—upon myself—and more especially on Mrs Harlowe; withdrawn almost as soon as the false light had played before us, but doubtless sent in mercy to beguile the heart-wasting uniformity of hopeless watching.

"And with both our beloved ones the hand of death dealt slowly, and for the most part mildly with each;—*mildly*, compared with its more frequent inflictions; for they who have tended decaying nature, and watched the process of dissolution, know that rarely indeed does the great change take place so easily and painlessly as is often depicted in the fanciful page of fiction—the fond assumption of the inexperienced or unthinking. But they know also, that though their own hearts have responded pang for pang, to the breaking of every living chord, that it is good for them, as well as for the object of their agonized affection, that the instrument should be thus gradually unstrung, and that the lingering ordeal is appointed to prove the faith and submission of the mourner, as well as of the departing, whose rest is so near.

"To my poor Herbert the most painful privation, resulting from his increasing infirmities, was, that as the winter set in more severely, he was often for days together debarred from all personal intercourse with Agnes, whose drooping spirits at such seasons, without evincing the slightest shade of fretfulness or impatience, betrayed the lingering weakness of the creature, still in some sort clinging for support to its fellow-mortal. Then it was, in those sad and trying intervals, that the loving little Flora flitted from house to house, from one sick chamber to the other, like a bright spirit on a sunbeam, conveying from each to each, warm from the heart, thoughts and feelings, messages and assurances, most fitly committed, in their saintly purity, to the innocent agency of that lovely intelligent child: and frequently she was the bearer of short notes and sundry tokens, valueless, yet invaluable, the hieroglyphic characters of the heart's language.

"Often throughout the course of her life to come, will that dear child

look back, with grateful and tender remembrance, to the period of her youthful ministry between those who are now angels in heaven. Deep in her heart I trust have sunk the lessons of their beautiful example and affectionate teaching; for it was the delight of both (unselfish in all their feelings) to turn to the profit of the faithful and docile little messenger and friend every incident and circumstance connected with, and interesting to themselves, upon which some 'word in season' might be spoken conducive to her instruction and improvement.

"Often henceforward, as she turns over the leaves of her Bible—the Bible given to her by Herbert, with his name and hers written by himself on the fly leaf—will her eyes and heart linger long on particular passages inseparably associated with the memory of those who so frequently, during seasons of particular trial, exhorted and comforted each other by applicable sentences from holy writ, indicated from each to each by the finger of Flora, or repeated from her faithful memory. Their voices will speak to her in the voice of nature; from whose inexhaustible storehouse they taught her, by participation and example, to draw forth treasures of delight, unfading and uncloying in their simple purity. How precious to her will be the possession of that book of natural specimens, half filled by their joint labours. It had been the natural and impulsive act of Agnes, on becoming fully aware that she stood on the brink of eternity, to put away from her, as nearly as possible, all the petty concerns of time—turning especially from the innocent occupations she had hitherto delighted in, with a heart-sickening sense of her changed circumstances. But Herbert, after a while observing this, drew forth from its hiding place the discarded book, and spreading it open on the table before Agnes, said to her, as he looked with undiminished interest on their collected treasures. 'Dear friend! because we are drawing near to our father's home, shall we therefore refuse to pick the way-side flowers with which he has adorned the path that leads to it?' And from that hour, almost to the last of

her short life, the work was resumed at intervals, and with a far deeper interest than that of former days, when, at Herbert's suggestion, the heirship of the book was assigned to Flora, the young associate of their unfinished task.

"Forgive me, Lindsay! that I dwell on such details, so trivial, so unimportant as they would be deemed by many; but the heart's records are made up of such trifles, and the least among them is sanctified by love and sorrow. How vividly I have now before me—nay, you will have patience with me, my kind friend!—the forms of Herbert and Flora, as in a by-gone hour! My dear one languidly extended on his couch, but listening with a sweet attentive seriousness to the words of the fair child who stood before him, her face all glowing with earnest enquiry, and holding forth in her small hand a chrysalis she had found among the cobwebs in a closet, which she had been bidden by 'sister Agnes' to show to Herbert, with a request that he would tell her of what that shape of torpid life was a type and semblance.

"As she delivered her mysterious message, Herbert's pale face flushed over cheek and brow, and half raising himself in the strength of his emotion, he took the child's hand, still holding the chrysalis between both his, and looking with affectionate seriousness into her soft glistening eyes, said,—'Know you not, my little Flora, that within this shapeless husk, is hidden what once had life and motion? what still lives, though motionless,—senseless,—invisible? what, when the time is come, shall break forth into more perfect life; no longer, as before its shroud was wrapt about it, a vile creeping worm, but a beautiful winged creature, destined to take its pastime in the fields of air and light, soaring far, far above the earth on which it was condemned to crawl out its first state of existence?'

"The child's kindling eye, still riveted on his, and the quick heaving of her chest, told that her sharp intellect had half solved the mystery; but she still silently awaited the promised explanation.

"My little Flora,' resumed her gentle teacher, 'as the worm is hid-

den for awhile in that dark shell, its coffin and its grave, shall not our bodies also'—

"Oh! I know, I know it all now," she broke in with passionate vehemence, while tears, that had been gathering in her soft eyes, coursed each other like heavy rain-drops over the crimsoned cheeks. "I know all now that sister Agnes meant, and she and you will soon fly away, far, far from poor Flora, till, till"—and her eyes brightened with April sunshine as she continued, after a moment's thought, 'till wings, like those of the beautiful butterfly, are given to her too to follow you into heaven.'

"Lindsay! reminiscences such as these *are* treasures to be garnered in one's heart of hearts. But I will linger over them no longer; and now, a little patience yet, and I shall reach the close of my uneventful story.

"So passed the dreary winter months, and with them ebbed away, fast, fast, those precious lives, that seemed sinking to the lowest mark, when

' Spring's first breath
Came forth to whisper where the violets
blow,'

and for a little space revived even those fading human flowers, whose place was so soon 'to know them no more.'

"Suddenly the cough ceased with Agnes, and, though her weakness perceptibly increased, she was otherwise so free from suffering, that when carried from her chamber to the drawing-room couch, she was again able, for many hours of the day, to enjoy the refreshing change, and above all, the companionship of him who was to her more than a brother; for Herbert, too, had so far rallied, as to resume his station beside her, near the littered sofa-table, where little Flora still plied her now unassisted tasks, or at times read aloud in her sweet, clear, childish voice, to those who were no longer capable of the exertion; and often as the day darkened, and the silvery moonlight stole in upon our party, each busied with thoughts that loved that quiet hour, the low converse of the younger trio would drop away insensibly to words whispered at intervals, or give place to

the soft tones of the child's voice, as, seated on her little stool, her arm resting on her sister's lap, it swelled with tremulous sweetness into the simple melody of the evening hymn.

"But day by day the little remaining strength of Agnes decreased rapidly, and for the last two her removal to the sitting-room had been followed by long fainting fits; so that the repetition of so fatiguing an experiment was expressly forbidden by the physician who attended her and Herbert.

"And my friend here," he added, turning to the latter, with whom he had spoken apart for a few moments, 'must be content, also, to keep his chamber for a day or two. These young ones have been talking each other to death, I suspect, and must do penance for a while in separate cells. Nay, all the better,' he turned to say, while leaving the room, 'if the sentence is enforced immediately.'

"But who could have had the heart to enforce it? when the pleading looks of both, alternately bent on us and each other, even more touchingly than their beseeching words, prayed, that for the short remaining hour of this day,—possibly the last they should pass together,—they might not be separated.

"Thank God! they were not. With a prohibition of almost all conversation, and an injunction to Flora not to tempt them by word or sign to disobey, Mrs Harlowe and I acceded to the petition, and leaving them to their silent companionship, withdrew with our work to the farther end of the drawing-room.

"Our own sad and spiritless converse soon languished into watchful silence, as we gratefully observed that the restless weariness, from which Agnes had been suffering for some hours, was giving way to drowsiness; and in a few minutes Herbert, whose easy-chair was close beside her pillow, bent over and gazed on her for a moment, and then, half turning towards us, motioned with his finger that she slept.

"Flora, absorbed in her silent occupation, continued it, till the fast-fading daylight was insufficient even for her young eyes, and then, softly rising, the child stole on tip-toe to take one look at her sleeping sister,

and seated herself quietly on the low stool, resting her fair head on Herbert's knee.

"Deep in mournful musing we sat in our distant corner, gazing on the beloved group, till the increasing gloom scarce allowed us to distinguish each from each. They were still as marble statues; shudderingly my heart whispered, 'still as death.' But the regular breathing of the child was soon audible, as she, too, caught the infectious influence of the hour, and sank into quiet slumber; and Herbert slightly stirred, methought with something of startled suddenness, as if about to rise, or as though Agnes was awakening; but just then a mass of heavy clouds dropped down like a pall over that quarter of the heavens from whence the pale rays of the rising moon had begun to steal through the uncurtained windows, and in a moment all was wrapped in darkness. There was yet a little stir from the sofa—something of undefinable sound; and then a deep, dead hush, so indescribably oppressive in its continuance, that I can only define my sensations by those awfully descriptive words, 'An horror of great darkness fell upon me.'

"Those of my companion were little less oppressive, I believe, for putting forth her hand to feel for mine, she grasped it with tremulous force, and I could have fancied I heard the quick pulsation of her heart.

"What would we not have given to have called for lights, and so dissolved that strangely morbid spell! But the relief was not to be thought of, at the risk of arousing the dear Agnes from that quiet slumber, which might prove so blessedly refreshing. And after a short lapse of time, every moment of which became more insupportably oppressive, the small French clock over the mantel-piece chimed the third quarter of the passing hour, and just then the volumed clouds rolled off, and the

broad full moon came forth, resplendently glorious, pouring into the chamber a flood of light, that streamed through the window opposite full on the still hushed and motionless group. But the bright beams striking direct on the child's eyelids, aroused her from her light slumbers; though, long habituated to tender caution, the affectionate little girl moved softly, even in her half-awakened state, and gently raising her head from its resting-place on Herbert's knee, she looked up, as if into his face, but his head had dropt aside, seemingly weighed down by weariness, on the pillow of her still sleeping sister. Long and earnest was the child's upward gaze. But, at last, she rose up slowly and noiselessly, and with head bent forward, and hands hard pressed against her bosom, stood with eyes still riveted, as if by fascination, on the faces of the unconscious sleepers. Then, half turning towards where we sat, she drew a short quick breath; and with yet one reverted glance, as if in hesitation, stole noiselessly as a shadow to my side, and whispered in a voice tremulous with agitation—'How fast asleep they are!—so very fast!—and Herbert, do you know, must have dropt off so, just as he was slipping his gold ring on sister Agnes's finger, for there he holds it still, half on—do come and see.'

"The child's words thrilled through my very heart. To start up before they were well uttered, and approach the sofa, and bend over it, in nameless, speechless agony, was the action of a moment. There they were, as described by Flora. Hastily, forgetful of all caution, I pressed my hand upon the two pale faces, that lay almost touching each other on the pillow—hastily, and without fear of abruptly wakening them.

"There needed none:—The rude touch disturbed them not. They had already awakened in Heaven."

A.

IRELAND.

DEPUTATION FROM THE IRISH PROTESTANTS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

THE Irish Church it was that caused the downfall of the late Administration. This circumstance must enhance its value in the eyes of its friends, and deepen into additional malignity the hatred of its enemies. But, as feelings of rancour and bitterness are more enduring and powerful than those of affection and gratitude, it will be necessary to give the Irish Church all the aid that may be derived from a full and fair statement of its case, in order to enable it to withstand the attack to which it will be exposed in the coming Session of Parliament, when we may confidently expect to see arrayed against it as much of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," as has often been brought to bear, by the enemies of all righteousness, against the cause of true religion.

And, for this purpose, we have been providentially furnished with means, which leave us altogether without excuse if we do not present to the minds of the people of this great empire as strong a case as ever was sustained by evidence, and which in abler hands may be the foundation of an appeal as touching and forcible as ever was made to justice and humanity. The Irish clergy came to the wise resolution of sending to England a deputation of their brethren, by whom their own condition and that of their Church might be made known. This deputation consisted of the Rev. Charles Boyten and the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, two gentlemen whose names require no eulogy from us, as they have long since established their claims upon the respect and gratitude of every good man in the empire, and who on the present occasion discharged their arduous duty with a zeal and an ability which have never been surpassed, and which have placed their cause upon a foundation where it may bid a proud defiance to the fraud and the malice of its enemies.

Before we come to the subject-matter of the statements of these able men, we are desirous of impressing upon the minds of our read-

ers the great importance of this deputation. In England, even the better class of people were very slenderly informed respecting Irish affairs, and a very general impression prevailed that the revenues of the Irish Church were enormous. It was also conceived, that, sad and afflicting as were the accounts almost daily received of outrage and murder, there was a something in the nature of tithe exactions which gave some colour of justice to the opposition which they experienced, and that a Protestant clergy must be allowed to be a sore burden upon a Roman Catholic people. Some went so far as to say, that the agrarian disturbances by which Ireland was afflicted were positively good things; that the people were by their means in some degree protected against great oppression, and that they were necessary, as stimulants to the Government, to force the adoption of such measures as might lead to the speedy and effectual extinction of tithes. We do not say that very many would be found siding with Mr Paulet Scrope when he ventured to make a declaration to that effect; but, undoubtedly, almost all the misnamed Liberal party privately agreed with him, and numbers even of the Conservatives began to think that Irish tranquillity could scarcely be too dearly purchased by any sacrifice, and that their over-zeal in the defence of an obnoxious Church might compromise the integrity of the empire.

The one party were, therefore, in the attitude of attack, with all the advantages of position and circumstances; the other were arrayed, as it were, in mock defence, with all preparation made for retreat, and they would be but too happy if they could only obtain such terms as might enable them, without any flagrant departure from principle, to disencumber themselves of an advocacy which, however zealously it may have been undertaken, they began to think must now prove fruitless.

Added to all this, the royal fiat

had gone forth for numbering the people. His Majesty's memorable declaration on behalf of the Church had provoked the ire of those who were bent on its destruction; and the Sovereign was compelled to retract his own words, by giving his assent to a measure by which they were practically contradicted. Thus did his Majesty's Ministers contrive, by the same act, to establish their first parallel against the Church, and to render, as far as in them lay, their Royal Master contemptible to one class of his subjects, and odious to another. The commission to enquire into the comparative numbers of those professing different modes of faith in Ireland could only, it was argued, have one object, namely, the cutting down the revenues of the Church to what would be called a level with its requirements; and, when this was once accomplished, it would be easy to transfer the surplus to the maintenance of Popery, or the advancement of any other project which might suit the purposes of the leading demagogue, or fall in with the views or the schemes of the minister of the day. The Church would thus be, virtually, *disestablished*. The sacred fence by which it was protected from profane intrusion, would be removed. Its bulwarks would be suffered to crumble into ruins; and the very materials of which they were composed would become formidable engines of hostility in the hands of its enemies.

But this is not all, nor even the worst that must have resulted from the royal commission, had its originators continued invested with the power of acting upon it as they intended. While it would have fused the whole body of the Popish community into one compact mass, it would have subdivided the Protestant community into as many sects as there were varieties in their religious opinions,—thus dividing them against themselves, untying, as it were, the ligament which bound together the bundle of sticks, and rendering them each in its turn an easy prey to the common enemy, towards whom they would all have been invincible as long as they were united.

By this commission it was authoritatively proclaimed, that *truth, as*

such, was indifferent to our statesmen; that in determining upon a national religion, numbers and expediency were alone to be considered; and that any attachment to that mode of faith which was by law established, as being founded upon "the rock of ages," or calculated more than any other to ensure the prevalence of that "righteousness that exalteth a nation," was an idle prejudice, wholly unworthy a liberal and enlightened people. The Papists were to be gratified in Ireland by the reduction and impoverishment of the Church, which was to be so misrepresented to the people of England, as to be made to appear an intolerable evil; so that, while violence was done to it on one side, ample care would be taken that no protection should be afforded on the other. Its usefulness was to be denied, while its revenues were assailed; and its character was to be blackened, while its clergy were proscribed and murdered.

Nor could the authors of such a scheme possibly have a better executive than was provided for them in Ireland under the orders of Captain Rock. Under this great functionary assassination had become a science, which his great experience had reduced to a perfect system; and he could now, to a nicety, calculate upon the precise amount of blood-shedding that might be adventured upon in a given time, without provoking any vindictive or indignant animadversion. If a clergyman, whose necessities were urgent, dared have recourse to any legal remedies for the recovery of his property, he was instantly and inhumanly murdered. This struck terror into his brethren; especially when they saw how fruitless it was to attempt to bring the assassins to justice. If they were taken up and prosecuted—so much the better—the witnesses and the jurymen were sure to quail under the ascendancy of a power beyond the law; and the triumph of the noble Captain was only enhanced and consummated by the acquittal and the enlargement of the most inhuman barbarians.

In the mean time, emigration was thinning the ranks of the Protestants, who availed themselves of every opportunity of seeking in a distant

land that security and protection which was denied them at home. They saw their church denounced, their clergy proscribed, the scriptural education of their children interdicted, the Romish priesthood taken into the confidence of the government, and the most notorious offenders in the country caressed by some of our Whig magistrates, and even adopted as a species of *familiars*, by whom the regular police were superseded. They saw and they felt all this; and we are not surely to wonder if they eagerly desired to escape from a scene of peril and suffering, and to receive, wherever they could find it, "a peaceable habitation and a quiet resting place," for themselves and their children.

Such was the state of affairs in Ireland, when the Government came to the resolution of issuing the commission that has been described. The members of the Conservative society in Dublin now thought that matters had come to an extremity, and that if they did not do all that in them lay to inform the people of England of their real state, they would abandon the post which they had undertaken to defend, and could only be considered as consenting parties to measures which must speedily lead to Protestant extirpation. They felt persuaded that the people of England were not acquainted with their real condition; that the frightful accounts of the country which had reached them, were represented as gross exaggerations. They knew also, that the suffering party had been represented in the light of aggressors; and that many of the outrages of which they complained, were described as a species of mild and retaliative justice; that the Catholics were in truth an oppressed and persecuted people; and that if they did sometimes murder a proctor, or even dip their hands in the blood of a clergyman, it was no more than might be expected as the natural consequence of the odious tithe system, which wounds the consciences, while it encroaches upon the comforts of a large numerical majority of the people. The members of the Conservative society justly thought, that while the minds of their brethren in England were thus pre-occupied by false and insidious re-

presentations, no effectual measures would be taken for the repression of the outrages to which they were exposed; and that if they did not interpose, by presenting a real and authentic statement of their case, murder and proscription must go on until there were no more victims. They therefore resolved not to lose a single moment in sending some gentlemen of their body to England, by whom the truth might be made known; and they were most judicious in the choice of their advocates.

Our extracts from the proceedings which attended the progress of the deputation, will not be made in the order in which they took place, as our object is not so much to give a history of that progress, as to bring together the various statements and reasonings of the speakers, made at the different meetings which they addressed, in such a manner as may best convey to the reader a correct idea of the present state of the Church of Ireland. We will, therefore, begin with the speech of the Rev. Mr Boyton at Bristol, of which we shall only say, that we know not whether is the more to be admired, the industry with which he procured, or the judgment with which he selected his materials; the luminous order of his arrangement, or the irresistible cogency of his reasoning. It was indeed a calm appeal to the reason of Englishmen, that must have proved altogether irresistible.

Nothing has been more frequently insisted on, as a topic of abuse against the Irish Church, than the enormous income of the clergy. Upon this Mr Boyton thus observes:—

"Of about 1442 beneficed clergymen in Ireland, and since the recent reductions and taxation, the average income is the extravagant sum of L.330, and out of this, if he employs a curate, he has to pay L.75, or more. This, I admit, is a very inadequate remuneration for such duties as these gentlemen are called upon to discharge. But is it disproportioned to the means of the rectors? Let me ask you, can that be called a gorgeous or over-paid church, when the average income of a beneficed clergyman is L.330 a-year? Is no account to be made of the outlay necessary to fit them for such a profession? But it may be said, that this income, small though it be, is paid for nothing—that there is in fact so small a

Protestant population, that the clergyman has no, or very slight duties, to perform. In reply to this, I shall just mention, that in Ireland there are almost thirteen hundred churches; and that there is to each church, on an average, and at a very reduced computation, a flock of a thousand Church of England Protestants. In addition to this, the clergyman has to disburse considerable sums in support of schools, subscriptions to dispensaries, and in a variety of ways, which the wants of the people demand, and their own charitable disposition suggests. But it may be urged that this income of the clergy presses too heavily upon a starving population. Without going into any abstract arithmetical calculation, English gentlemen will sufficiently understand me, when I inform them, that in Ireland tithes are computed into an accreditable *ad valorem* tax, which is undertaken in lieu of tithes. I know not what idea you may have formed here of an extravagant church, but I shall just mention to you what was stated before the tithe committee in 1832, *that the average rent of land in Ireland was 17s. 6d. per acre, AND THAT THE COMPOSITION FOR TITHE WAS BUT 11½D. IN THE POUND OF THE RENT!!!* That is, that, instead of a tenth of the produce, it was not a twentieth of the rent;—*and if you reckon the rent a third of the produce, they are not paid one sixtieth of the produce!!!* There is also another charge of a pecuniary nature, which is sometimes cast in our teeth; and I advert to it, because I am serious to tell the people of England that, in the Establishment to which they are linked, there is, in truth, no vulnerable point—nothing of which to be ashamed. We are told that the Protestant church is paid by the Roman Catholic people, and that it is a hardship that people of one religious persuasion should pay the clergy of another. Now, if it be a matter of conscience with these persons, surely conscience should have come in when undertaking the obligation—*when they received an abatement of rent on the condition of the payment of tithes, AND NOT HAVE POSTPONED ITS INTERFERENCE UNTIL THE PERIOD OF THE PERFORMANCE OF THAT CONDITION.* But I have stated repeatedly, and challenged contradiction to the statement, that the church is not paid by the Roman Catholic population. I am not about to trouble you with statements from Adam Smith or from Malthus, &c. &c., but I shall refer to an authority which, I dare say, will be allowed to be orthodox by those who make the complaint to which I have adverted. I shall refer to the authority of Mr Cobbett. Hear that gentleman's

view of the subject. That gentleman recently went to Ireland to edify the good folk of that country, and to show them the advantage to be derived to Ireland from severing that country of poverty and ignorance from this land of wealth and comfort—of civilisation and knowledge. In the course of his observations, he fell foul of some of the opinions of his auditors, as you will observe from the following extract from a lecture which he delivered in Dublin. ‘I must say,’ said he, ‘that tithes in themselves are no hardship at all, as they are part of the expenses of a farm. I will give you an instance of the truth of this assertion. I pay L.160 a-year for my farm, and L.55 to the parson. Now, if I do not pay it to the parson, I should to the landlord, and he would have it, if the parson had it not. It is rather a benefit than otherwise. In fact, the parson's getting tithe out of the property of the squire, is only placing so many little gentlemen by the side of so many big ones. In my country we have no “big gentlemen,” although, in one sense of the word, I am not a very good specimen of the truth of my own observation, but we have very good resident proprietors. The clergy of the Established Church constitute, I believe, in many places, a clear majority. Many landlords are absentees, perhaps from necessity; many others, certainly very improperly, expend their entire income far from their native country. I am not here, however, to attack any class of men, but simply to put the case of my Protestant brethren in Ireland before the English people.’ I have established, according to the authority of ‘Cobbett,’ that the payer of tithe is ‘the big gentleman,’ and that it is for the advantage of the country that it should have as many ‘little gentlemen’ as possible spending their incomes among the people. But I shall take another means of establishing to your satisfaction the position of Cobbett, that it is the ‘big gentleman’ who pays the tithe. Some of the land in Ireland is tithe-free. Now, if I can ascertain, first, the average rent of land which pays tithe, and next, the average rent of land which is tithe free, and that I take the difference between these two sums, the difference is obviously the charge made by the landlord upon the tenant, in consequence of the tithe being ‘extinguished,’ or ‘abolished’ upon the tithe-free land. But this difference has been ascertained, and delivered upon oath, by Archdeacon Stafford, before the committee of the Lords in 1832, and is found to amount to more than two shillings per acre; whereas the average

tithe composition rent is less than one shilling, making the difference of rent more than double the tithe; so that the effect of the tithe abolition would be, *to make the tenants, instead of paying half the amount to the parson, pay twice the amount to the landlord, who probably would take it all out of the country.*"

Such is the nature of the tithe grievances in Ireland. They literally amount to no more than this,—that men are required to observe their voluntary engagements. Landlords cannot complain of tithes, because they either received or purchased their lands subject to them. Tenants cannot complain of tithes, because they leased their lands subject to them. Their entire abolition would not benefit the one class, and should not benefit the other. The former, in such an event, would only feel their burdens increased; for the tithe remitted would be much exceeded by the additional rent that would be imposed. And whatever those who are knavish in the latter class may hope, no one has as yet ventured publicly to recommend any thing so profligate as that *they* should benefit by the robbery of the clergy; or to characterise such a proceeding as any thing else but the most flagitious spoliation. If the rapacity of our gentry were so shortsighted as thus to indulge itself, we have very little doubt but that we should soon see exemplified the fable of the eagle who stole the coal of fire from the altar. The royal plunderess thought that she could thus permanently procure a warm addition to her nest; nor was she undeceived until she and her little ones were wrapt in flames. So it would be with our church spoliators. By evincing that they have no respect for the rights of others, they would encourage others to have no respect for their rights. By disregarding in one instance titles which have law, antiquity, and prescription in their favour, they sap and mine, as it were, the foundation of all property; they take the key-stone out of the arch upon which it rests; and if they have no respect for possessions consecrated by immemorial usage to sacred purposes, and from which the public derives at least some advantage, they cannot complain if men should be found who may be

just as daring and just as unscrupulous in their assault upon great possessions which only minister to the personal importance and the personal comfort of their owners. Our ante-tithe land proprietors must be blind, indeed, if they do not see that these are not times when such an example can be set, or such questions stirred without danger.

The simple question between the resisters of tithes in Ireland at present, and their opponents, is, as was admirably put by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, neither more nor less than this—"Are debtors to be encouraged in their resistance to a just demand, because they disapprove of the religion of their creditors? Are they to be suffered to make a difference of belief a ground for their refusal to observe the conditions of a voluntary engagement?—an engagement entered into entirely at their own solicitation, and from which they have derived, and continue to derive, substantial advantages?" Such is the question which is now to be tried; and it is because the Irish clergy have maintained the negative side of the above thesis, and *do* think that their legal rights should *not* be contingent upon what Papists may choose to think or to say of their creed, and that engagements voluntarily undertaken and solemnly ratified, should not be nullified because one of the subscribing parties may think fit to dissent from the religious belief of the other, it is because they have ventured to maintain propositions like these, that they are at present passing through the fiery ordeal of proscription, robbery, and murder.

"What," says the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, in a strain of surpassing eloquence, at a meeting held at Bath; "What have I known of the sufferings of an upright clergy, under the cruel vial which their government poured out upon them! Some languishing under wants, which rendered the life with which they escaped from the assassin's hand one of pain and sorrow; some persecuted from their homes—their families scattered—their children, who never retired to rest without a mother's blessing, eating the bread of dependence amongst strangers—some lingering within the precincts of their desolate homes, lamenting the loss or affliction of sons wounded in their de-

fence, or because they were their offspring—some murdered! And all, men upon whose good name the breath of calumny never shed a tarnish! Shall we think of these things, and be censured if we speak of the government, at whose door all are to be laid, if sorrow causes our speech to be unceremonious? Need I recall to the remembrance of any one here, the case alluded to in Parliament by Mr Stazley, the case of a venerable clergyman, eighty years of age, who was cruelly murdered in the face of day, and to whose wife, when she found his dead body bleeding on the ground, no one stretched out a helping hand; and who, as she sat in her house at night by the corse of her butchered husband, was insulted by brutal knockings at the door? I will relate to you a story, such as, perhaps, you have never heard. Since I have been in England, I have twice tried to relate it, but have failed. I was not able to summon up courage sufficient to enable me to go through with the truth. I will, however, try again. (Here the rev. gentleman became so affected, that he was for some time unable to proceed.) Terence Whitty was a man perhaps more calculated than any human being you have known to make religion loved. He was tried with much of bodily pain and weakness;—he was gentle and indulgent to a degree that would make one believe a bold effort or a severe expression impossible to him;—but whatever it was his duty to do—and his duty prescribed some arduous exertions—he was empowered to attempt and to accomplish. I can remember well how, when one of the proudest and most exalted in station of his countrymen had acted in a manner to deserve rebuke, this humble minister of the Gospel faithfully and eloquently discharged his severe duty; and I can almost fancy that I see him, as, when two of the most distinguished of his parishioners, who were known to be at variance, appeared at his communion table, he overcame the shrinkings of his modest nature, and descending to them, with a face as though it had been the face of an angel, besought that, in the sight of his congregation, they might be reconciled. And they were reconciled—for, were it not for the manner of his departing hence, I would say, that it was not in man's nature to resist his gentle solicitation. I am the more sensible now of his worth, because I have to confess, that during his Christian life, I did him one injustice. His house was ever open to me, where I partook of his wise council and his engaging and instructive conversation. I never crossed his doors without a feeling as, if I entered, no profane thought should come;

nor returned from a visit to him without bearing with me an influence for good which did not, I trust, speedily pass away. But I was about to speak of the injustice. I saw that his habits were frugal, as far as consisted with propriety; I saw that his broken health needed relief and recruiting; and I sometimes doubted whether it would not be well, if he allowed himself the benefit that he might derive by procuring the assistance of a curate. I was undeceived as to the means at the disposal of my reverend friend, when I heard that his dear family were left without any provision; but I had previously learned enough to instruct me that thus, in all human probability it must have been in a year of scarcity almost amounting to famine, one of those visitations by which Ireland is not unfrequently scourged, my reverend friend was left almost alone to succour the distressed within the bounds of his parish, and incurred, in this charitable agency, what for himself and his family he almost superstitiously dreaded, a debt—which he was discharging by instalments for many years. It is not improbable that this debt may have become the occasion of his martyrdom."

* * * * *

The rev. speaker then gave an interesting account of the domestic character of Mr Whitty, and the perilous insecurity in which he lived, and thus proceeded:—

"Towards the close of this good man's life his dangers seemed to have disappeared. I received assurances that his saintly life and charities had produced their natural effect. But all was hollow. He had been visiting an infirm parishioner at a distance of three miles from his home. He had walked; for, such were his straitened means, he could not allow himself the indulgence of a horse or a carriage. Wearied with the exertion, he had attempted to return by a shorter way than that of the public road. In the fields a sense of weariness and cold overpowered him, and he approached the house of a Roman Catholic parishioner, to rest for a little, and procure some warmth for his chilled frame. He was so feeble, that it was necessary to lift him over a stile that interposed between his path and the house. It appears that he was courteously invited to enter, and take a seat; that he was, on leaving the house, accompanied on his way by its master: but, after the lapse of many hours—late in the night—HE WAS FOUND UPON THE EARTH WHERE HE HAD BEEN STONED,—mangled, and bleeding—but not yet quite liberated from the agony of death.

Thus Terence Whitty died! A man whose countenance only, by its subdued and saintly expression, might disarm the wildest hatred. Thus he died—returning from a charitable office—exhausted with toil, and languishing under bodily sickness, and in the fields of those who had had experience of his kindness, and who knew his worth—in the sight of numbers who owed to his benevolence many a comfort, in a season when, but for him, their sufferings would have been extreme. In their sight he lay for many a fearful hour in the death struggle, and none came near to minister to him, and none summoned his friends to his relief. He had been ready to give—glad to distribute. He had been at the bed of fever, and in the huts where penury sought a shelter,—and there was a time when blessings followed him as he went upon his offices of mercy; but in that last, awful day, he was looked upon and deserted in his parting agony! What fell poison must have been infused into human hearts to render men thus merciless! To him who departed, his going hence and the manner of it were of small account. He has had his crown. But it is awful to think, that he whose life seemed so blameless, should lie on the earth, where neither tear, nor tender touch, nor prayer, nor blessing, soothed him,—a witness, and an unambiguous witness, that the spirit which seeks the destruction of the Protestant Church is of a kind which quenches the sympathies of human hearts, and is not to be charmed into peace or mercy by all the gentleness and all the virtue that may belong to the most blameless of mortals. There was a show of a trial for this portentous crime. Two individuals were arraigned for the murder—and when the principal witness, as it would seem, was brought forward, he refused to give evidence. He was commanded, he said, to make oath, that he would refuse; and when the sitting judge explained to him that such an oath could not bind his conscience, and that, therefore, he must bear testimony to the truth, the poor man proposed the pertinent question, ‘Must I be shot, my lord?’—and, finally, showed which government he thought the strongest, by declaring, that he would go to prison rather than risk his life by telling the truth. The culprits were acquitted; and the village from which the merciful man had been taken away, celebrated, it is said, the acquittal by a general illumination. Is it wonderful that such things as these afflict and affright us? Is it wonderful that we should have distrusted a government, which,

while a conspiracy was raging against Protestantism in this merciless spirit, instead of exerting every strong power to repel the evil, ministered to it by proposing to number the Protestant people, and thus exposing them to the height and fury of monsters without conscience or pity? Was this a time when men could be expected to declare themselves of a religion, the profession of which must have exposed them to such visitations?”

No, truly. No humane, reflecting government, who had the interests of the reformed religion at heart, or even any serious concern for the lives of its professors, would, at such a time, have issued such a commission. But it is now abundantly manifest that the commission was but a pretext, intended, in the first instance, to keep the late Government in office, and, in the second instance, to serve as a lever for the overthrow of the Church. The returns, it was expected, would furnish a ground, if not for argument, at least for declamation against the allocation of such large revenues for the religious teachers of so small a minority of the Irish people. And when our reforming legislators had thus been induced to commit robbery and sacrilege in the case of the establishment in one country, it would be no difficult matter to induce them to lend a helping hand, in the same way, to the destruction of the establishment in the other. Nothing grows so much by indulgence as the thirst either of plunder or of blood. The sacrifice of the Irish Church would merely whet the appetites of the spoliators, who would feel the existence of a church in England, with large endowments and extensive privileges, a reproach to their innovating rage; and adopting the noble maxim of considering nothing done

“*Dum aliquid superesset agendum,*”

they would feel the very spires of our cathedrals an eyesore, and never rest until they were overthrown.

We regret to say that the Rev. Mr Boyton was unable to attend to the business of the Irish deputation beyond the city of Bristol; but his speech delivered there contains an exposure of the calumnies and the sophistry by which the Irish Church has been assailed, as complete and as unanswerable as ever was put

forward. The whole conduct of the deputation then devolved on his reverend colleague, and nobly has he sustained his part in the trying duties which he was called upon to discharge, and well has he entitled himself to the eternal gratitude of his persecuted brethren in Ireland. Indeed, we would say that Protestants of every clime ought to feel themselves indebted to the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan for the zeal, the judgment, the pathos, and the powers of reasoning, with which, on every occasion where he appeared as the advocate of his church, the case of the Irish clergy was made known, and their claims to sympathy and commiseration were enforced and established. Every one of his speeches is an oration perfect in its kind, and which may well take its place with some of the finest specimens of oratory in ancient or modern times. We can only judge of them from the reports that we have seen; but we are told, by those who were present, that *no* report could convey an idea of the effect produced upon his auditory by the speaker, whose graces of delivery are almost equal to his figures of speech, and whose eloquence is almost exceeded by his elocution. We do trust that those admirable speeches will all be collected and published together. Their beauty will attract universal attention, and wherever they are known, the case of the Irish Church cannot be unknown, nor its condition unheeded. The impression made, wherever the rev. gentleman appeared, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations that could have been formed before the deputation set out upon its mission; and that impression must be, to a certain degree, communicated wherever authentic reports of the statements that were made may be circulated. All that could be done by an oral exposition of the wrongs of his brethren, has been done by the rev. gentleman;—it now remains for the Irish Protestants, and, indeed, we would say, for the champions of a Conservative policy throughout the empire at large, to make that exposition as universal as it will be found, upon perusal, to be impressive and irresistible.

There is no point in which the

judgment of the deputation appeared more conspicuous than in the declaration which accompanied all their statements, *that they were no enemies to a wholesome church reform*; on the contrary, their very love for the institution which they went forward to defend, inspired them with a hatred of any abuses by which it might be deformed, and caused in them an earnest desire to see that it was made as pure as they hoped it would be perpetual. All that they deprecated was, *that projects of destruction should be masked under the guise of reform*. Thus spoke the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan at Leicester:

“The Church question, especially as it regards Ireland, is the question on which the public mind is, at present, intent,—by which, indeed, it is divided. But, let me premise, *the division is no longer, AND CAN NO LONGER BE FEIGNED TO BE*, between those who desire to see the Church reformed, and those who wish that abuses should be tolerated. It is between those who desire to correct every error, and remedy every defect, but would maintain the permanence of the Church establishment; and those who look no further than to the first move in their reform scheme, *and would make that move spoliation*. This is the principle of division between the present Administration and their opponents. A little reflection will satisfy reasonable men that this is the truth. The objections which it was customary, in former days, to advance against the Irish Church, were grounded upon the alleged exorbitance of its revenues, and their unjust and injudicious distribution. That the Church was too rich, constituted one charge;—that its riches were unfairly and injudiciously heaped up in unions and pluralities, constituted the other. Against the former accusation, we may appeal to the testimony of Lord Althorp, who confessed that he was in utter ignorance of the real amount of ecclesiastical revenue, in those days when he was exasperating the public mind by exaggerated representations of it; and that, when he had taken pains honestly to examine, he was astonished to find how grossly he had been deceived, and how very moderate were the endowments of that Church, with the fable of whose opulence he had so long abused the public credulity. The amount of Church income in Ireland, according to the noble lord's statement, (when Mr Stanley's Tithe Composition bill and the Church

Temporalities act shall have come into full play,) cannot exceed, however much it may fall short of, six hundred thousand pounds a-year; and, surely, in a country where there are nearly two thousand ministers, this cannot be considered a disproportionate income. Yet, we are gravely told, that the reformers, as they are styled, will require that two-thirds of this income should be, as it is said, swamped. . . . This is a scheme of reform which, I imagine, needs no further exposure. The other evils have been put in process of correction. In order to hold two livings, it is necessary to have what is termed a faculty, which, in Ireland, can only be granted by the Archbishop of Armagh. He has declared his resolution that he will not make such a grant. For many years he has acted on this resolution, and all who know the character of 'the primate of all Ireland,' are fully satisfied that he will never swerve from it. What successor of his Grace can disregard the example which he has set? or who can hesitate to affirm that even a reluctant successor would be compelled to follow it? The evil of pluralities is therefore at an end. If that of unions be not altogether corrected, the blame does not lie at the door of the Irish Church, or of the present administration. The practice of uniting parishes, and of conferring more than one benefice upon the same individual, had its origin in the poverty of the Church of Ireland. A vote of the Irish Parliament, early in the last century, deprived the Church of tithe on pasture, at a time when, in Ireland, scarcely any other species of field husbandry was practised. In process of time, a different system came into operation; the land was made to produce grain. During the season of poverty it had been found necessary to enlarge the district of ministerial responsibility, in order to procure even the humblest competence for the incumbent. This competence, owing to the change which took place in the condition of Irish agriculture, augmented into wealth; and, when it did, the care of the heads of the Irish Church was turned towards it, and the necessary changes were proposed. During the administration of the Duke of Wellington, a commission was appointed to consider these proposals, and to deliberate upon the best mode of carrying them into effect. That commission has made its report, and its proceedings and recommendations challenge the severest scrutiny. Here were a body of men who knew their vocation, and who endeavoured to amend, while they were

careful not to destroy. THIS WAS, INDEED, REFORM; and it is remarkable, that the most glaring abuse against which the Commissioners appointed by the Duke of Wellington protested, WAS RENEWED BY HIS GRACE'S SUCCESSOR. I allude to the well-known case of the Deanery of Down, to which there had been annexed a union of six parishes, with an income of £3000 a-year. This the commissioners proposed to dissolve at the next accardance; but when the deanery next became vacant, the Duke of Wellington was without the power, and his successor without the inclination to correct the abuse, and the deanery, with all its accompanying parishes, was bestowed on the son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland."

This puts the question between the present Government and their opponents, as far as the Irish Church is concerned, upon its proper grounds. It is, simply, the difference between improvers and destroyers; between those who profess to reform, but intend to exterminate, and those who undertake to reform, in order to amend.

No friend to the Irish Church could wish for one moment to screen its abuses. On the contrary, their desire is, that every thing that obstructs its usefulness should be removed. In this journal we have on various occasions, and long before the present outcry was raised, professed ourselves earnest to forward every improvement that might render the Church a more efficient instrument for the advancement and diffusion of pure and undefiled religion; and, doubtless, we have incurred the unmitigated hatred of its enemies by the very feasibility and practical usefulness of our suggestions. No remedies would be palatable to that class of church reformers, but such as might help it to its grave. Their kindness in prescribing for it resembles the filial piety of the amiable individual who sweetened his mother's tea with sugar of lead; and if their good intentions must be, for the present, declined, it ought not to be without suitable acknowledgments for the benevolence by which they were suggested.

We can imagine an illustration of their principles, that might not be quite as amusing as it should prove

instructive to some of themselves. Suppose Lord Durham, passing over Hounslow Heath some fine evening, and accosted rather bluntly and suddenly by a broad-shouldered, dark-complexioned, determined-looking individual, (one of those gentlemen at large, who undertake the office of inspectors of roads, without either appointment or salary,) and that he is asked by the uncereemonious stranger for a little money. His lordship might at first demur to the demand; but the importunate applicant perseveres, and clearly evinces a determination that would not be gainsaid, until his lordship at length exclaims, "What, sir, are you about to rob me on the King's highway?"—"Rob you!" exclaims the other, "oh! no, not for the world; I am only going to *reform* your lordship, as you have proposed to reform the Irish Church! You have what I want, and I am determined no longer to want what you have. So, my lord, stand and deliver!" We protest we think, that if his lordship could only excuse himself from a compliance with the demands of the highwayman, by disproving his logic, he would be in a bad case; for, if his principles of Church Reform be true, the reasoning of his adversary must be conclusive. We do not think that, to such an application of them, he would yield a very ready assent, and yet we fear it is only through some such process that his errors are ever likely to be corrected. Lord Durham, and those who are ready to act with him, will only then begin to quail, when they feel that, by the measures which they have so long advocated, their own great possessions are endangered. But the machine which they have propelled with such fearful rapidity will not stop at their command, and of the heavy violence which sent it upon its career of destruction, they may themselves be amongst the first victims.

While we, as honest and consistent Tories, would strenuously endeavour to remedy every existing defect in our institutions, we must protest, in the name of common sense and common humanity, against the system of murder which has been resorted to in Ireland, for the purpose of compelling changes

without any regard to justice or expediency, or, in fact, to any thing but the infernal bigotry, or the brutal passions of those by whom they are demanded. Tithes are denounced;—and it is proposed to extinguish them, not because they are proved to be a grievance, but because they are unpalatable to a banditti, who have bound themselves under an oath of blood not to rest satisfied until they are done away. We ask, in what consists the evil of them? We desire to be shown how they defraud the rich; how they oppress the poor? *We are answered by the assassination of some meek and unoffending pastor.* This, surely, is a state of things which ought not to be allowed; and against which men of all parties, who profess any respect for the ascendancy of law and reason, should protest, if they wish to see the miseries of a system, immeasurably worse than Vandalism, averted from their common country. Never can we be in a condition of enquiring calmly into the abuse, until we may do so without the apprehension of being overtaken by a visitation of popular vengeance.

We object not, no one should object, to listening to any reasons that may be urged in favour of the alteration, or even for the abolition of any of our national establishments. On the contrary, we are friends to free discussion, in the most unlimited sense of the word; and are firmly persuaded, that, when legitimately conducted, truth must always in the end prevail. No. Let dissenters object to the church, or even republicans to the monarchy, in a spirit which evinces a sincere desire to arrive at just conclusions; and we have no fear that advocates will be wanting, by whom the throne and the altar will be powerfully defended. Another Hawker or another Burke would arise, and, by one or two mighty efforts, which would serve as lights to succeeding generations, impose eternal silence upon the pert and audacious sophists, who had presumed to impugn the principles of our Ecclesiastical polity or our Monarchical constitution. But what will be said when the tomahawk supplies the place of the weapons of legitimate argument, and when we are called upon to contend, not

with the dogma of the pedant, or the sophistry of the sciolist, but with the dagger of the assassin?—when murder anticipates discussion, and the Gordian knot of controversy is decided by the sword? If the English Dissenters undertook in this manner to settle their differences with the Church, in what light would they be regarded? Would the very heavygrievances of which they might complain be considered as affording any justification for the grievous offences that would be charged upon them? Would their polemical antipathies be considered any excuse for their alacrity in the shedding of blood? But we will not insult our readers. The brand of Cain would be upon them, and they must speedily wither under the universal execration which would be provoked by such barbarities. Now, how does the case supposed differ from the actual case of the Irish Church? The polemics by whom it is opposed are blood-red assassins;—the weapons of their hostility are, proscription, outrage, robbery, and death! They condescend not to impugn its doctrines, nor even do they take any pains to point out what might be thought to be “a more excellent way;” but they strike boldly at its existence; and they have registered a name in hell, that “neither the wailings of children, the moans of women, nor the groans of men,” shall cause them to halt or to falter, until they have accomplished its destruction!

Is this to be endured? Will any party—Whig or Tory, Conservative or Radical—defend such a system as this? The question is not now,—Enquiry, or no enquiry—reform, or no reform? It is simply this,—Shall churchmen, merely because they are such, be robbed and murdered with impunity by those whose religious hatred leads them to thirst for their extermination? Shall this open contempt of all law—this dreadful violation of all the charities and all the humanities, which would not, for one hour, be endured in England, be encouraged in Ireland? That is the question which the New Parliament will have to decide;—and if they should hark in with the murderers, and their cry should be, “Let Barrabas be saved,” the blood of the

persecuted ministers of Christ will weigh heavily upon them and upon their children.

“Our complaint, generally stated,” said Mr O’Sullivan, in his unrivalled speech at Liverpool, “is, that there is, in Ireland, a conspiracy extensively organized, having for its object to extirpate Protestantism, and effect a separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and employing as its instruments perjury and murder; employing these foul agents with a species of economy, which shall allow of their producing the effects at which they aim, viz. rapid emigration of Protestants, general insecurity, general alarm, estrangement of the great mass of the people from all respect for the laws, the ascendancy of a reign of terror, under which all human instincts, all thoughts of mercy, all natural or acquired regard for justice, become paralysed; and the midnight legislator issues his dread mandate, with a certainty of being obeyed, and with a discretion which shall retain Ireland under his sway, by not provoking, by too loud a cry of blood, and too extended a scale of atrocity, the indignation and the vengeance of England.”

Such is the state of Ireland. While matters remain thus, it is worse than foolish, it is criminal in the legislature to waste its time, in the first instance, by enquiries into the causes of these evils. *The first thing to be done is, TO STANCH THE BLOOD.* The victim has bled nigh to death; and if we occupy ourselves in conjecturing how he came by his wounds; whether he brought them upon himself by his own imprudence, or, like the man in the parable, fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and departed, leaving him half dead; and if we must be satisfied on these points before we afford relief, the consequence must be fatal, and his death must lie at our door. No. First of all, stanch the blood; and then, at your leisure, enquire into the origin of the calamity. If the fault has been in him, let him bear the blame; and let measures be taken which may, in future, prevent a repetition of his offence. But do not, by a criminal deferring of all remedies, until such enquiries shall have been completed, become accessories to his destruction.

Nothing can be more just, and nothing ever was more powerful, than the following strain of indignant

eloquence which Mr O'Sullivan poured forth at Bath; and which must be considered too highly coloured, if it were not fully sustained by facts, which indicate a state of things, of which no language can adequately depict the actual horrors.

"And now," said the reverend gentleman, "what is it we seek? Simply that we may not be deprived of all the benefits of British connexion—that we may not be looked upon as outlaws! I have seen it repeatedly assigned, in petitions from my country imploring the Legislature to guard the bonds of connexion, that Ireland must otherwise become the battle-field whereon contending nations would decide their conflicts. This was the worst evil that was dreaded from separation. *I do not hesitate to affirm, that a far more fearful evil is found compatible with what is called a union.* Look to the reports, which recount imperfectly and partially, some of the atrocities by which Ireland is now afflicted. Look to the representation ascribed to the late chief Secretary for Ireland, declaring that the parts of the country where the Church of Rome prevails should be traced in blood-red characters on the map; and that, on an average, he received accounts of two murders every day. Look to the report laid before a late Privy Council in Dublin, by the Lord-lieutenant of the county of Tipperary, (a county to which the Irish Government long denied the benefit of the Insurrection Act,) and which shows that, *in that one county, within the space only of two years and five months, FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX HOMICIDES HAD BEEN PERPETRATED*—and then say, whether any state of things can be more dreadful than that which this moment prevails?—War!—A battle-field!—I remember well when the brave and high-spirited gentry of the south of Ireland,—a class of men than whom few nobler could be found,—I remember well when they would hail, with acclamation, war, open, terrible war, in their own fields, if it were a change from that gloomy, fiendish spirit of assassination, which came the blackest curse before which ever nation withered. War! If it have its terrors, it has also its compensations. It calls out noble bursts of human energy. It is relieved by lights of tenderness, and glories in the loftiest qualities by which our unchanged nature can be adorned. The fields which it has signalized are separated to a peculiar honour;—pilgrims visit them—and their names are spells to awaken those deep

and proud emotions which are among the high mysteries of our being. But, where Murder steals out with coward stride and fell purpose—where he withdraws to his lair, and no indignation smites him—*I am weak and wrong*—WHERE MURDER BECOMES THE GREAT ANIMATING PRINCIPLE—WHERE IT FROWNS THE PUNY AFFECTATION OF COURTS OF JUSTICE INTO CONTEMPT—WHERE ITS BALEFUL PRESENCE IS ATTESTED BY MORE VICTIMS THAN ANGRY WAR DEMANDS OR NUMBERS—WHERE THE FALL OF EVERY VICTIM IS A MOST FEARFUL CRIME, AND BRINGS A CURSE AND A CRY OF BLOOD UPON MANY CRIMINALS—there is a state of things having less to compensate its evils than comes in the train of battle! And this is the state of the southern provinces of Ireland! War would be better. Who would not rather go forth with the Emperor of France to his battles, than abide amidst the revolting butcheries of Robespierre or Marat? and who that reflected would not prefer to see Ireland the battle-field of civilized war, than the shambles which it has been made for murderers? We appeal to you, shall it continue thus?"

We will not weaken the effect of this splendid passage by any comment upon it. We simply repeat the concluding question, (and we address it indiscriminately to every sect and every party,) shall the state of things above described continue thus? No, we venture to answer, unless civilized England shall deliberately choose to identify herself with inhuman barbarians.

There is another point which this great orator presses with peculiar power, namely, the oaths of the Roman Catholics, upon the credit of which they obtained political power, and the manner in which they have been disregarded. This is a part of his subject that is both curious and important, as exhibiting a singular specimen of credulity on the one hand, and of audacious profligacy on the other. In almost all his speeches, he has occasion to refer to this singular fact, but in none has he done so with more of withering denunciation, and of lofty moral feeling, than in that delivered at Stamford before the assembled worth and intelligence of Lincolnshire. He thus proceeds:—

"A society has been formed in Dublin to oppose his Majesty's Government, on the express ground that they will not lend themselves to the destruction of the

Establishment. This society had called a meeting of the citizens of Dublin that they might have the apparent sanction of a mixed assembly. They were, however, disappointed. Some Protestants attended and defeated their purpose. At this meeting, it is said that threats were uttered against the benefactors of the Roman Catholics; and even the Orangemen were called on to remember that the ministers whom they would support, were those who carried the measure of Concession in 1829. And this is the language of Roman Catholics! It was a taunt not less unwise than it was indecent. It should have reminded Roman Catholics of their oaths. It must serve to warn Protestants how lightly these oaths have been regarded. They taunt us with Wellington and Peel. They ask us, can we support the men to whose exertions it has been owing that they have obtained power? We ask, in reply, what is our complaint? Is it not *their* unworthiness? And shall we be the more disposed to yield ourselves to their discretion, or to become their instruments, because they are so regardless of shame, that they can plead their own vileness, to discredit the generous men who trusted them? Why did the Protestants of this country and of Ireland withstand the claims of the Roman Catholics? Had they pleasure or pride in maintaining the barriers of exclusion? Did they wish to preserve, for their own sordid purposes, an unworthy monopoly? On behalf of those with whom I have been associated, I answer, No;—and I appeal, with confidence, to the unceasing endeavours of pious and enterprising men, who have often periled life, and willingly forfeited ease and more agreeable pursuits for the office of bringing truth to the hearts of the members of the Church of Rome, and thus making them meet to be admitted to partake of the privileges of the constitution of England; men who would cause monopoly to end, by so instructing the excluded, that they might safely participate in the blessings of the free. Why did they resist the claims of the Roman Catholics as such? Because they thought the religion they professed was to be dreaded and opposed; because they believed its creed to be unscriptural, its practices idolatrous, and its moral code debasing: Because they believed that it was perfidious and uncharitable; and they feared that it would be difficult to discriminate those who could be sustained, by the best instincts of a fallen nature, against the vitiating influence of a system that maketh merchandise of souls. They believed that it was unwise to

make concessions to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, because they feared that the terms on which they might be granted would not be observed. They remembered the accusations of history against the Church of Rome. They remembered the forsworn engagements of the days of old—the dungeon and the death by fire, awarded to confiding martyrs—and the iniquitous and unchangeable decree, which pronounced the most execrable violation of faith a service due to religion; they remembered those things; and they saw no reason to believe that those who could allow the imputation of embracing the enormities of Lateran and Constance to rest upon them, were men in whom a state could confide for resisting commands to practise what they permitted it to be affirmed they approved. Therefore, they resisted the claims of the members of the Roman Church, because they feared that many among them would swear to defend the settlement of property, as established by the laws, and would solemnly abjure all intention to subvert the Church Establishment, who, as soon as the ready oaths had purchased power, would strive to unsettle what they had sworn to defend, and endeavour to effect the purposes they had abjured solemnly. This was the ground of our opposition to Roman Catholics and their advocates; but do they imagine us so unable to understand and allow for what has been termed ‘the credulity of great souls,’ as to believe that the ministers whom they betrayed can again be misled by them, or to suppose that it is against those whom they deceived our indignation is to burn? Henceforth, indeed, deceit, if possible, *would* disgrace its dupe. Now, Protestants are not sent back to the antiquated literature of controversial days, to call forth testimony against the Church of Rome. Now, it is not councils, and canons, and decrees, on the one hand, and the spirit of the age, and liberal promises, and convenient explanations, arranged against them, on the other. Now, it is not a conflict in the minds of candid men, whether they summon up the severe resolution to accept the unalterable evidence which the Church of Rome has recorded against herself, or receive the more creditable testimonies in her behalf, exhibited in the words and conduct of those who call themselves her members. These difficulties are no more. The canons of Lateran and Constance, and the avowals and acts of modern Roman Catholics, are of the same school—all testifying, *that an oath prejudicial to the church is to be abhorred as a perjury!* There are some to whom this is not matter of astonishment.

In past years, no doubt, confiding men received with respect every profession which it was convenient to make; and even when the character of the Church of Rome was exhibited to them, in its iniquitous dogmas, and in the cruelty of its proceedings, they evaded the difficulty, by saying, that such was the popery of times of old—but that modern popery was of a different nature. The genius of the old religion could, they thought, no longer harm;—its habitation was the sepulchre. But they forget that the inscription on that sepulchre was, ‘resurgam;’ and they thought not that the time should ever come, when the buried iniquity would come forth, breathing the cold apathy of the grave over all the feelings that were quick to whatever was lovely or of good report, and inspiring with malignant activity all that men held most treacherous and abominable. Is not the agency of such a presence visible in the conduct now openly pursued by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who force the attention of Protestants on the astounding disclosures which they have made of their hitherto disguised designs and principles? Who say to the statesmen, through whose exertions they have obtained power, we must endeavour to destroy you; because, if you prevail, you will require of us to observe the conditions on which we obtained the privilege to oppose you—and who do not scruple to demand of the Irish Protestants, ‘Can you place confidence in men, who were credulous enough to believe that we were to be confined within the restraints of any moral obligation?’ For a taunt like this there is no parallel in history! I know no parallel in romance! In legendary fictions, the fiends who have prevailed against unhappy souls, may have some reason to make boast—for Birnam wood *has* come to Dunsinane—one, not of mortal born has come to harm Macbeth; in order that those who have deluded the victim of ambition, may keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope. In such cases as this, the juggling fiends may, with some colourable pretext, say, ‘we have outwitted them.’ But here there is no attempt to disguise by any, even the most flimsy, pretext, the grossness of the treachery;—here, all the subtleties of a corrupt casuistry fail—here, there is nothing but the prospect of oath and its violation;—on the one hand, I solemnly abjure all intention to overthrow the church establishment; I swear I will, to the utmost of my power, defend the establishment of property, as settled by the existing law;—and, on the other, I de-

mand that that establishment of property be unsettled; and I will distract the order of public affairs until such unsettlement be effected. I demand the overthrow of the Church establishment, and, because the present Ministers will not concede my demands, in forgetfulness of all that should influence men’s gratitude and respect, I will unscrupulously oppose them.”

We make no apology for the extent of this extract: its splendour must more than excuse its length; and the subject is, at present, all-important. The facts are undeniable, that Roman Catholics have taken oaths that they would not use any power that was conferred upon them, for the purpose of weakening the Church establishment; and that these oaths have not been observed. Whether this is to be accounted for, by supposing, that they took the oaths with an intention of violating them, agreeably to that diction by which oaths are reported to be no better than perjuries, when they militate against the interests of the Church of Rome; or, by supposing that the oaths were taken bona fide, but that the influence of Popery has so blighted the moral feelings of its votaries, that they are unable to resist a strong temptation to set at naught their plighted faith, and they are unconscious of the guilt and the shame of the non-observance of solemn engagements—however we may account for *the fact*, (and it does not occur to us that there is any other mode of accounting for it, than one or the other of those just mentioned,) it evinces, either in the principles of the Church of Rome, a more than ordinary power of perverting the understanding, or, in its influence, a more than ordinary power of corrupting the heart; and, in either case, it should compel all Christian legislators to look upon that Church either with distrust or aversion.

The great question now to be decided is, whether Mr O’Connell and his party will be abetted by the nation at large, in their hostility to the Church established by law in Ireland. That there are those whose hatred of order is so rooted, that they would unscrupulously enter into *any* alliance which afforded them a prospect of its subversion, we well know; but we have yet to

learn, that the great and influential body of the Whig proprietors can be so abandoned. And yet they are courted, ostentatiously, by the Radicals, who hope, by their aid, in the first instance, to make havoc of the Irish Church, and then to be enabled "to let slip the dogs of war," against all the other institutions of the country. Such are the grounds upon which the Radicals openly express their determination to help the Whigs to a return to power; and such will be the infallible result, if they succeed in effecting their object. The Hume and O'Connell faction have no objection whatever that the Whigs should act as their trustees; in the sure and certain hope, that, by such a contrivance, they will speedily have an opportunity of acting as their executors.

No man can be more opposed to the mad project of repeal, than many of the staunchest Irish Whigs. Can they be complimented by the support which they will receive from the Repealers, who will prefer them to the Tories on the express ground that although they do not give them direct, yet they will give them indirect aid in effecting a separation between Great Britain and Ireland? Will Mr Spring Rice and Lord Duncannon feel complimented by an hypothesis such as this? No man can be more averse to ultra-revolutionary projects in England than Lords Landsdowne and Melbourne. Yet their adherents in the Lower House will receive support from the Radicals rather than the Tories, upon the express ground that a government such as the late one is the most convenient screen that could be erected to enable the anti-monarchical party to carry on their attack against the throne and the altar! Can they be complimented by this? Can a short-lived possession of power console them for the disgrace and the calamity which must ensue if their desperate allies should again succeed in forcing them upon the councils of their Sovereign? Their Reform Bill, which was produced by nothing but a desperate determination on their part to retain

possession of power, may lead many to believe that now, as well as then, they are ready to play any game by which they might be enabled for a season to supplant their political rivals. We hesitate to think so. There were many of them who were sincerely of opinion that the Reform Bill was a great boon to the nation. Witness Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, and others. These noblemen and gentlemen contemplated nothing beyond that precise enlargement of democratic power which had been accomplished; and their subsequent conduct proves the resolution with which they were and are determined to oppose themselves to those who were inclined to make use of the advantages then obtained, for the furtherance of revolutionary objects. In vain will the Radicals throw out their lure to them. Never will these high-minded men seek for place at the expense of principle; or, for the sake of ousting a rival, condescend to solicit, or even to accept of aid, which would lead to changes such as could only terminate in giving to the Jacobinical faction a terrible ascendancy, and ensuring the overthrow of all that remains of the constitution. Even those who cannot be ranked under the head of Conservative Whigs, but who are men of station and property, must now perceive that the affairs of this country have come "in discrimen rerum," and that it is between the Destructives and the Conservatives they must make their election. There is no middle course. Those who, at the present crisis, are not *for* the institutions of the country, must be considered against them. Law, order, property, religion, the throne, the altar, all are at stake; and if there be not virtue and wisdom enough in the country to make a last and a resolute rally in their defence, evils will come upon us such as have never been visited upon England since the monarchy began, and an unborn posterity will have reason to rue our wickedness and infatuation.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. IX.

THE individual thus addressed hemmed three times, preparatory to the commencement of his story; but before he had got any farther, a young gentleman, who had been laughing immoderately for a long time at the absurd appearance of the gallant Hixie, broke out—"For heaven's sake, let us have the story of the fair Portuguese, Mr Quartermaster."

Hixie at this speech sat bolt upright on his chair, looked with a dignified expression of tipsy gravity on the person who addressed him, and said—"Meaning me, sir?—Good-nature has its limits; and though I allow our own lads to call me quartermaster, or any other thing they choose, I hold it redogatory—degoratory I mean—(d—n the word!)—to the dignity of a gentleman holding his Majesty's commission for to submit to a lower cognomination than that to which he is justly entitled."

"I assure you," replied the other, "that if I have done any thing to offend you, it is in total ignorance of military etiquette. I scarcely know the difference between a field-marshal and a sergeant. I have the misfortune to be a civilian."

"Ah, if that's the case, give me your hand, young gentleman—old Hixie's not the man to cherish malice—so, if you'll come to my quarters to night, you shall have the fair Portuguese, and also my sea voyage to the Cape, not to mention a glass of grog and a cigar; for, between ourselves, I am strongly inclined to be of opinion, that the tongue of a man is liker a mill than any thing in the world; for you see, young gentleman, if by any chance the stream runs dry, what does the mill say to the water? The mill says to the water, says the mill,—'No drink no clapper;' and just in the same way says my tongue to the brandy bottle—says it"—

"Poh! we all know what you do with your tongue: so, for any sake, Hixie dear, give it a holyday; for here has Harry Phipps been sending

a detachment of hems forward to pioneer the way for his story, and the road has been cleared this half hour."

Mr Phipps took advantage of the pause, and struck in before Hixie had got his mouth empty enough to reply.

"I don't know, after all, that I have any story to tell. I have never myself met with any adventure worth relating; and I have not, I am sorry to say, the art of some people in reversing the old fable, and making mice bring forth mountains. A lesson or two more from the quartermaster will perhaps enable me to discover that I have led a most adventurous life; but, till then, I must remain content with letting other people be the heroes of my stories. Before I got my commission, I was, of course, full of enthusiasm about honour and glory, long spurs, and red coats, as all young soldiers ought to be. I lost no opportunity of becoming acquainted with those who had seen service, and the title of captain or major sounded nobler in my ears than duke or marquis. I lived in a midland county; the neighbourhood was quiet and retired, and I had already exhausted all the military information of the two or three families which composed the society of our village. My principal friend was an old man, the surgeon, who had been—as he told me four or five times a-day—in an elevated position on the medical staff of the —shire regiment of militia, commanded by that brave and distinguished officer, Sir Theophilus Snooks, the great stockbroker and banker. The gallant lieutenant-colonel seemed, by Mr Benjamin Lister's account, (this was the surgeon's name,) to have been a most scientific tactician. His account of a sham-fight, where the regiment got entangled among the carriages of the spectators, and at last was completely broken and dispersed in a vain effort to defile double-quick time between the stalls of the apple-women on the ground,

was one of the most stirring descriptions of a battle-field I had ever listened to. But the same stories, and the same descriptions, every day repeated, at last became rather tiresome; and I was rejoiced beyond measure, one day, when Mr Lister came up to me with a look of vast importance, and said, 'Only think, Mr Harry, the Symmond's cottage is let at last.'

"'Indeed! who's the tenant?'

"'Why, you'll perceive, Mr Harry, that it would perhaps be premature to express all my suspicions—indeed, caution is one of the chief requisites of a gentleman in the medical profession, as my old tutor, Dr Hummums, used to say in his lectures on the *materia medica*. The doctor used to say—a very good speech I think it was—he used to say,—Gentlemen, I only give you this piece of advice: Think twice before you speak, and don't speak then, if you can help it.'

"'Well! but what has the *materia medica* to do with Symmond's cottage? who has taken it?'

"'A gentleman. His boxes are arrived at the White Horse: I saw the direction—by mere accident, of course; for, as old Dr Hummums, used to say in his lectures—said he—Medical men, said he, should not be inquisitive. I was just thinking over the good old man's advice, as I was talking to the landlady. Some packages were lying in the passage. I happened accidentally to turn up the direction-cards with my cane, and helped Mrs Morris to read a letter she had received from the owner of them. His name is Captain William Horatio Ryder: he has taken the cottage for three months, takes possession of it to-morrow, and that is all the information I have yet been able to collect.'

"My friend Mr Lister, you'll perceive, like a great many other people, first laid down a general proposition and then broke it as if he had acquired a perfect right to pry and blab, by expressing a prodigious abhorrence of curiosity and tittle-tattle.

"The captain came, and as he was the first *bona fide* captain I had yet been acquainted with, you may imagine how zealously I cultivated his friendship. He was a man about nine-and-twenty years of age; well

informed, and communicative, with an air at the same time of melancholy and abstraction that puzzled me very much to account for. My friend the surgeon was no less non-plussed than myself. For a man in the prime of life, with every apparent comfort round him, to be so oppressed with low spirits, was a circumstance that set the uninquisitive pupil of the sententious Dr Hummums nearly distracted. He pryed and chattered incessantly, and redoubled his professions of veneration for the dicta of his ancient master; but Captain Ryder's silence on all matters of his personal history was a stronger defence against impertinent curiosity than the precepts of the professor. My father, who was the clergyman of the village, called on him, and was pleased with his conversation; he became a constant visitor at the parsonage—and as he joined in all the little parties that were going on in our neighbourhood, we were in hopes that his melancholy would in time wear off. But in this we were disappointed. He and I had by this time become as intimate as a lad of sixteen or seventeen could be with a staid sober gentleman of twenty-nine. We walked and fished together, and on all subjects, save those connected with his personal adventures, he was open and unrestrained. One day, when I had breakfasted with him, we were making preparations for a fishing expedition up the water, when Mr Lister was announced. I don't think the captain took to my friend the surgeon from the first, but the old man was in reality so friendly and good-hearted, that those who knew him readily forgave the little weaknesses in his character.

"'Captain Ryder, your most obedient: Master Harry, your humble cum stumble,' said the Esculapian on entering the room—'Heard the news, eh?'

"'News?' said Captain Ryder—'I didn't know they grew here.'

"'Grow! my dear sir,' replied the matter of fact Mr Lister, who, if he was slow at apprehending a joke at all times, was doubly so from such an unexpected quarter as the hypochondriacal captain. 'News don't grow—they don't belong to either of the three kingdoms.'

“ ‘Then it must be foreign intelligence; so do let us have it,’ said I, ‘for we are off for the weirs, and are pushed for time.’

“ ‘Ah, always in a hurry, Master Harry; as that illustrious and gallant officer, Sir Theophilus, used to say, the more haste the worse speed, said he—ah, brave man, splendid commander. I had the honour, Captain Ryder, to hold a high situation on the medical staff of the’——

“ ‘The news, my dear sir, the news,’ I interrupted.

“ ‘Softly, my young friend, softly; I thought you must have heard them. The report’s all over the village already—the tally-ho hounds meet on our green to-morrow. Now, I’ve been thinking, Captain Ryder, that a spanking gallop after the fox will do you more good than fishing, or any other sort of exercise. I’ve as pretty a prad in my stable—rather too high-spirited for my riding—he is perfectly at your service, and a hard day will do you both good—he backs a little at timber, but at a ditch he’s delicious.’

“ ‘Friendlier offer than this no man could make, and I was astonished at the coldness of the captain’s manner in refusing a day’s hunting, and on the horse of a friend too—he became gloomier and more moodily silent than I had ever seen him, and the poor medico shortly after took his leave; somewhat discomfited by the manner in which his courtesy had been received. After he left us, Ryder’s dejection seemed evidently to increase; he gave up his intention of fishing, and as I saw that even my company was a restraint on him, I shortly after shouldered my rod, and proceeded to the weirs alone. I must confess I thought more about my melancholy friend than my tackle—‘What could there be in a fox-chase that affected his spirits so grievously? Was he offended with old Lister for offering him a mount?’ But as all the queries a man proposes to himself generally end with very unsatisfactory answers, I tried to banish him from my thoughts, and after an hour or two’s tolerable sport, got home in time for dinner. A note was lying for me from Ryder, begging me to go down and share his mutton chop; so off I started, and cheered myself with the anticipation

that something or other would drop out in the course of a whole evening’s *tête-à-tête*, that would throw some light on the causes of his mysterious depression.

“The dinner passed off as usual, but when we had filled our first bumper to the King, he said to me, ‘You must have thought my conduct very odd in refusing old Lister’s obliging offer of his horse, but I have no doubt you will think the reason of my refusal still more extraordinary?’

“ ‘Oh, many men,’ I said, ‘have a sort of scruple in mounting a friend’s horse to follow hounds.’

“ ‘It isn’t that.—So, my good fellow, I may just as well tell you the whole story once for all—I know you won’t blab it, like our Pythagorean friend, the disciple of Dr Hummums, and you will not wonder any longer at the dulness of my spirits, when you know what cause I have for sorrow.’ He sighed as he said this, and finished his bumper.

“I followed his example in the latter of these operations, and prepared as sober a countenance as I could to listen to a tale of woe.

“ ‘I have so few relations,’ said Captain Ryder, ‘that when I was left an orphan at three or four years of age, the person nearest to me in blood was an aunt of my mother’s. To the charge of this old lady I was committed; and though I have to thank her for kindness more, I may say, than maternal, yet to her I owe all the unhappiness I have hitherto experienced. She was one of those unceasingly fidgety people who never leave one alone. From the time she taught me my letters she thought it was her imperative duty to superintend every other part of my education. She endeavoured to form my feelings exactly after the model of her own; and, in fact, she so perfectly succeeded, that I am ashamed to confess to you, at the age of fifteen I had no thoughts, no wishes, no prejudices even, save those of my venerable grand-aunt. It has taken me nearly ever since to get quit of the effects of such a preposterous education; but even now I find it impossible to shake off my earliest habits of thought; and though outwardly I am always mistaken for Captain Ryder, my conscience tells me I am a hypocrite all the time,

for in reality I am nothing more nor less than old aunt Anne. She had had her sorrows in her youth, and, according to the system she followed in all other things, she inoculated me with a sort of personal participation in her misfortunes. Some time shortly after the Flood she had been in love with some gallant cavalier; and though there was something very ridiculous in the idea of an individual so old and withered as my preceptress having ever been a slave to the tender passion, her policy was too successful in impressing me with a vigorous resolution to avoid, if possible, the catastrophe which had ruined her hopes. The object of her attachment had been, like Nimrod, a mighty hunter in his day, and unfortunately broke his neck in leaping over a wall. A fox-chase, in my aunt's estimation, after that event, was only a cloak for suicide and murder, a horse a more deadly scourge than pestilence or famine. The utmost effort of her courage only enabled her to trust me in a carriage, and her anathemas were so forcible, and her descriptions of the unavoidableness of sudden death the moment I pressed the saddle so convincing, that I fairly confess to you that at your age, Master Harry, I would much more willingly have stormed a battery than put my foot into the stirrup. My aunt, however, died. I found myself by her kindness richer than I require; and, after a decent time devoted to grief for the loss of so excellent a benefactress, I began to feel the unpleasant effects of the mode in which she had brought me up. I found, on enquiring into my own mind, that I did not want for spirit; but the solitary life I had led, and the feelings I had imbibed, I was aware unfitted me for the duties of the station in life in which I found myself placed. I resolved, therefore, as the best school for acquiring all the manliness and liberality of sentiment, and knowledge at the same time of men and manners, which I so earnestly desired, to enter the army. A commission was speedily procured. I became popular with my companions, by openly and at all times confessing my inferiority in what is called knowingness, but professing at the same time my readiness to be

taught; and in this way a very short time enabled me to bet upon races, pigeon-matches, and other things of that description, and lose my money with the good-nature of a gentleman, and the facility of a spoon—two good qualities, which are certain, when they are combined, to render any one the delight of his mess. My reverence for my aunt's injunctions insensibly decayed; my fears of the objects she had painted in such terrible colours gradually disappeared; and I even worked myself up to such a state of desperate resolution, that having listened one night to an animated conversation, and being rather heated with wine, I promised to join a party of our officers who were going out with the hounds next morning. If it was folly to make the promise, you will say it was madness to fulfil it. But I was resolved to set my life upon the hazard of a die, and get over my secret fears by one first and desperate effort. The horse I rode was one of those beautiful paced, cantering, easy creatures, that I had often looked upon with a sort of desire to try if I couldn't enjoy the apparently delightful motion. I was in raptures with myself as I floated beautifully to the cover-side; and as I had by this time banished all fear, and had even made up my mind to a fall, I began to enjoy the exhilarating scene. My horse seemed to enter rather too powerfully into my feelings of enjoyment. The prancing of so many gallant steeds, the sounding of horns, and voices of the dogs, put the beautiful creature on his mettle. However, I managed, by letting him do exactly as he liked, to keep my seat, to my own most profound admiration. At last came a prodigious burst: hounds and horsemen started off with a dash through the brushwood of the cover. The fox had stolen away, and the whole field hurried as if for life and death. My horse grew perfectly insane; in a moment he was flashing among a crowd of men; passed them, with the bit strongly held between his teeth; then, in that phantasmagoria-like vision, I saw a vast multitude of hounds, and heard the howling of some of them that were crushed beneath my hoofs. Suddenly other sounds rang in my ears—they were

those of hooting and hallooing, cursing and swearing, mingled with threats of the most appalling atrocity. 'Shoot the villain! murder the rascal! horsewhip the tailor,'—and fast and furious as was my pace, I soon headed the trampling of unnumbered horses behind me; the sound of galloping feet came nearer and nearer, the storm of execrations became louder and louder, in which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, I vociferously joined, and spurred my already nearly flying charger, unmindful of the yelping of the half-dozen dogs we overturned at every step. Whilst scouring along like the wind, and wondering in my amazing ignorance where the deuce the fox could be, for by this time I had headed the hounds, the voices of the horsemen behind me still sounded in my ears; the breathing of their horses was close to me when, heaven and earth! how shall I express the agonies of my rage and astonishment, when I felt five or six enormous hunting-whips most vigorously applied to my shoulders. 'Tailor! scoundrel! villain!' was the accompaniment of every blow—*'that will teach you to kill poor Rover; there's for Trusty! there's for Juniper!'* All this time I felt it impossible to pull up my horse, which now exerted itself with an increase of speed. My persecutors were shortly left behind; over hedge, ditch, and style my steed and I still continued our course; the voice of the pack died off in the distance, and I found myself pursuing my career through peaceful fields and undisturbed meadows, where every now and then a startled countryman shouted out some strange exclamation of alarm or surprise. Half maddened with pain and indignation, and anxious to have an opportunity of revenging myself on my cowardly assailants, I was rejoiced when my career came to an end by the noble animal floundering into a ditch, and finding itself totally unable to rise. I left it to its fate, and getting into a chaise at the first town I came to, I returned to quarters. Here, of course, rumour with her hundred tongues had been busy with my adventure. Even my companions who had tempted me to the hunt, did not give the most favourable colouring to my conduct

in the field. They hinted that my unprovoked cruelty in riding over the hounds met with no more than its fitting reward from the application of the horsewhip. Unfortunately it was a subscription pack, or my first business would have been to have shot the owner. I found it was impossible to discover who the persons were who had assaulted me, and all my enquiries only led me to the conclusion, that the attack had been made on my person at the unanimous desire of every sportsman on the ground. The actual performers were grooms and whippers-in—I could, of course, demand no satisfaction from fellows like them, and resolved accordingly to challenge the whole hunt. By the advice, however, of my friends, I contented myself with sending a message to the master of the hounds, an old bluff-faced country squire; and, after stating to him that I understood he had given encouragement to the infamous scoundrels who had so grossly insulted me, I concluded by making him responsible for their behaviour, and accordingly requested him to name his time and place. His answer was in these words, as near as I remember:

"'It wasn't half enough—I wish to God I could have got near enough to you, and I would most assuredly have broken every bone in your skin. You have killed my three best hounds, and lamed seven others; and as to the satisfaction you want, you must go and ask it from Bill Snaffle, our whipper-in. As to your nonsense about pistols and all that, it's all my eye and my elbow—you don't think I'm such an ass as to put a bullet in your head just now, and then have to go and earth myself in France, or such like foreign parts, all the best of the hunting season, till I surrender at the summer 'sizes? No, young gentleman. So all I can say is, if you choose to ride over my hounds, you must stand the consequences—that's all. So no more from your servant, John Brushton.'—The end of the adventure was, that I took the earliest opportunity of effecting an exchange. The regiment I joined was under sailing orders for Malta, and I was delighted at the thought of leaving England and all its disagree-

able associations behind me. Suddenly our departure was countermanded, and, to my horror and chagrin, I found myself stationed at a large dépôt, about fifteen or twenty miles from my own estate. The view of the neighbourhood recalled very unpleasant recollections; and among the other feelings that were awakened by the well-known scenes, was a very overwhelming one, I am sorry to say, of hatred to the memory of old aunt Anne. But however her mode of education had lowered me in my own eyes, the wealth which she was known to have left me made me no inconsiderable object in the eyes of others. I was fêted and feasted by every family in the neighbourhood, any of whose olive branches were of the feminine gender. With the usual waywardness of spoilt children, I found myself more pleased with those who comparatively neglected me, than with those who actually lavished their kindness and attentions. The family which pleased me most was that of a widow lady of the name of

—— Why should I still feel a delicacy in giving utterance to the one loved name? Alas! they are now nothing to me, and I fear I am less than nothing to them. Their name was Marsham. A son and daughter were the whole of the family; the son, a fine high-spirited lad, a few years younger than I was, and the daughter about seventeen. The great charm about Gertrude Marsham was her perfect gentleness. I never saw a creature so meek, so soft, and, in short, so captivating in all her ways. She was not beautiful—scarcely, to superficial eyes, pretty; but in my eyes, Master Harry, I must confess she was all that my most romantic dreams had fancied of femininity (if there is such a word) and grace. Ere many months were past, I was almost considered one of themselves; and to my intercourse with that family I attribute, in a great measure, my having corrected the faults of my disposition, which had been either implanted in me, or strengthened by the injudicious education of my early years. Without ever having come to any declaration, I found that I was considered by others, and when I examined into the mat-

ter, even by myself, in the light of an engaged man. I couldn't help fancying that this was the light in which I was viewed by Mrs. Marsham; and vanity led me to suppose that Gertrude herself thought of me as something very different from a common acquaintance. This went on for some time. I was then two-and-twenty; and though my income was considerable, I had scarcely enough, as the phrase is, to marry on, as my aunt had tied up the estate till I should attain the rather unusual majority of twenty-three. Here, again, I have to attribute my misfortune to the absurdity of my relation. The Marshams were well aware of my circumstances, and indeed in that circle of sincere friends and kind advisers I had no secret (save one) to conceal. That secret was what I ought to have told long before. If I had only had the sense to make my proposal to Gertrude, the incident might not perhaps have occurred which blasted all my hopes, and sent me melancholy and despairing through the world. Again, my ill fortune pursued me in the shape of a horse. Troy was not more certainly doomed to destruction by the agency of that detestable animal than I was. Since my misfortune in the hunting-field I had been so miserably dejected in mind the moment I thought of a saddle, that I had abstained if possible from the very mention of a stable. To be sure I sported a handsome phaeton, and, by dint of some lessons from my servant, had learned to drive my pair of chestnuts without any apparent difficulty. One day, however, on paying my usual visit to the Marshams, I was told with the greatest exultation that Gertrude had been presented by some relation with a very beautiful lady's palfrey—and, moreover, that she was impatient to give her new acquisition a trial. Alfred, her brother, was from home, and Gertrude looked at me with such imploring eyes, that spite of my almost prophetic anticipations of misfortune, I could not avoid offering to be her escort in the Park. The only steed except the carriage horses which was fit for me was a very pretty little bay, which was usually ridden by the groom when any of the family rode out. He

seemed so gentle and quiet that I began to have hopes that nothing would occur to interrupt the pleasure of our ride. Gertrude's palfrey was a very gentle, beautiful creature, and off we set at a slow walk beneath the trees of the avenue, and diverged in a few minutes among "the bosky bournes and bushy dells," with which the small but picturesque park abounded. Our conversation was delightful—but unfortunately it was most disagreeably interrupted by the servile habits of my horse. His place had been so uniformly in the rear that he required constant attention to keep him along-side of my companion. Unfortunately, too, her horse was rather too high spirited for so light a hand upon his rein, and his mettle seemed to be infinitely more excited when he heard the trampling of my horse behind him. But all my efforts to maintain his place were of no avail. When Miss Marsham put her pony into a canter, no power which I could exert would induce my charger to desert his position in the rear. Tramp, tramp, tramp, a sharp, short trot sounded on the elastic turf, and irritated my beautiful companion's palfrey into madness. She at last began to lose her courage, and cried to me to come on, but I found it impossible to obey. At last she finally lost command of her horse, which set off full speed, over dells and hillocks, and among trees, which threatened every moment to dash poor Gertrude in pieces. Meanwhile my provoking brute kept just at such a distance behind as to add fresh spirit to the race. At last, as we were approaching the house, I made one vigorous effort to get in advance, and stop our dangerous career, and applied my switch, but with a prodigious spring, which threw me off my balance, it dashed forward like lightning, and passed close to the now almost exhausted girl. At that moment I was just tumbling to the ground, and in the instinct of self-preservation, caught hold of something to save me. I need not tell you it was the arm of the unfortunate Gertrude. By some sudden swerve of my horse, I recovered my balance on the saddle, and in a moment was in the presence of Mrs

Marsham, who having seen the pace we were going at, had rushed to the door, and was now hurrying distractedly along the avenue. My horse, as if recognising his mistress, stopt as she came near, and the cessation of his pace gave me an opportunity of hearing her exclaim as she passed, 'Murderer! what have you done?' In an instant I had dismounted, and, on running back, saw Mrs Marsham supporting in her arms the fainting and bleeding form of her daughter. A century of agony was concentrated in that moment. I went forward, but was impatiently waved away by the broken-hearted parent—'Off, off! let us see you no more.'—Five years have passed away since that agonizing moment, but the whole scene comes vividly before me in my dreams. Even in my waking thoughts, that pale-faced girl, with closed eyes, and hair flying in wild confusion over her neck and shoulders, is never long absent from my mind. I have never spoken to her since that maddening hour, for the idea which had possessed her mother, that I had intentionally dragged her to the ground, after endangering her life by irritating the temper of her horse, was so strong, and, as I found, after many unavailing efforts, so unconquerable, that I thought it better for all parties to retire from the scene of my disaster at once, and rid them of the presence of a being who must always be the origin of such disagreeable recollections. Gertrude was, luckily, only slightly hurt. Alfred, on being acquainted with the circumstance, adopted his mother's view of the nature of my behaviour, and I was under the disagreeable necessity of giving him satisfaction for having made an attempt, as he expressed it, on his sister's life,—a life which, it is no exaggeration to declare, was dearer to me than my own.'

"Thus far had my friend Captain Ryder proceeded with his story," continued young Phipps, "when he stopt suddenly short, fixed his severe penetrating eyes upon me, and said—'By heavens, sir, I don't understand your behaviour—you are absolutely laughing at my distress.'—I was, in fact, taking a sly grin, for the reason which I will tell you

afterwards; but, in the mean time, I begged his pardon, and requested him to continue his story.

“‘Why, after that,’ he went on, ‘life was quite indifferent to me. I again effected an exchange, and passed three or four years in Canada very agreeably—that is, as quietly as possible, and with as few objects round me as I could any where hope for, to recall the miseries I had gone through. I devoted myself, by way of diverting my thoughts into other channels, to the studies connected with my profession, till, by an unlucky piece of good fortune, I found myself compelled to retire from service altogether. Our colonel was home on leave of absence; and at the time of my being senior captain, the major commanding was killed by a fall from his horse. My companions loudly congratulated me on my good luck, and one of them facetiously remarked, that in gratitude for my promotion, the least I could do was to buy the good-natured animal that had procured it for me. My misfortunes had always hitherto arisen from trusting myself on horseback; and it was from no cowardly feeling of regard to my personal safety, but a deep-rooted conviction of the sinfulness of again tempting Providence, by committing a similar indiscretion, that I invalided, came home, and left the majority to the next on the list. Since that I have sold my commission, travelled a year or two on the continent, and having heard of this cottage, I resolved to occupy it for a short time, for I have never yet had courage to go to my own house; it is too close to the scene of my greatest happiness, and my acutest misery.”

“‘You mean Marsham Hall?’ I said, when he was silent.

“‘To be sure I do,’ replied Cap-

tain Ryder. ‘But how do you happen to know the name?’

“‘Why, my dear fellow,’ I said, ‘your friend Mrs Marsham is a sister of my father. We have all of us often heard the story, though rather differently told;—but my father, without knowing the hero of the tale, has all along supported Gertrude’s version, which fully acquits you of all intentional malice.’

“‘Does Gertrude say so? Do you know her?’ exclaimed Ryder, in a paroxysm of astonishment.

“‘Gertrude Marsham,’ I replied, ‘is my first cousin—the kindest friend I have in the world, and, what is more, she is coming next week on a visit to the parsonage for three months.’

“‘But I perceive, gentlemen,” continued Mr Phipps, “it is useless to go on. At the end of her visit at my father’s, the whole village was clothed in whiteraiment—the church bells rang as they had never rung before, and my good friend Mr Benjamin Lister declared, and of his declarations made no end, that it was the jolliest wedding he had ever seen. Even the memory of Hummums was for a season cast aside, and he pryed into all the particulars of the match without any reservation in favour of a want of curiosity, and told all the information he had collected, without a single word in favour of keeping secrets.”

Here ended young Phipps’ narrative; and we were luckily advanced to such a stage, that we should have considered it a capital story, if it had been a hundred times stupider than it was. Shortly after that we separated for the night, and I began not to be very sorry that the next day was to be the last one of my visit—for I perceived it was impossible to go at such a tremendous pace, without pulling up to bait.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS HEMANS.

I STAND upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.
I look round on the darkening vale,
That saw my childhood's plays:
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.
But I must rule my swelling breast:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er yon grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.
My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear;
He tells me of the noble band,
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.
He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.
And I obey.—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers;
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.
I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust!
I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.
There shall an altar and a camp
Impregantly arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.
And song shall midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.
And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.
Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth;
Perish, my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.
Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode:
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall:—
I go up to the mountains, with my God.

How, when the living prop 's
 Moulder'd and gone,
 Heart-strings, low trailing left,
 Clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends ! fare ye well—
 Shadows ! adieu.
 Living friends long I've lost,
 Now I lose you.

Often, when spirit-vexed,
 Weary and worn,
 To your quiet faces, mute
 Friends, would I turn.

oft as I gazed on them,
 Soothing as balm,
 Lulling the passion-storm,
 Stole your deep calm—

Till, as I longer look'd,
 Surely, methought,
 Ye read and replied to
 My questioning thought.

“ Daughter,” ye softly said—
 “ Peace to thine heart :
 We too—yes, daughter ! have
 Been as thou art,

“ Toss'd on the troubled waves,
 Life's stormy sea ;
 Chance and change manifold
 Proving like thee.

“ Hope lifted—doubt depressed—
 Seeing in part—
 Tried—troubled—tempted—
 Sustained as thou art—

“ Our God is *thy* God—what He
 Willeth is best—
 Trust him as we trusted : then
 Rest, as we rest.”

Silent friends ! fare ye well—
 Shadows ! adieu—
 One friend abideth still
 All changes through. C.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

PART I.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.—HAMLET.

SOME years ago, we remember, there was a grievous alarm among the geologists, at the prospect that our whole stock of coals would, at no distant period, be consumed. The mines, we were told, were wellnigh wrought out; in a dozen years or so the world would be nothing more than an exhausted coal waste; and as we were scarcely prepared "to wallow naked 'midst December's snow, by thinking on fantastic summer's heat," the prospects of society for a time certainly looked black and comfortless enough. But some more adventurous miner bethought him, that though the surface hitherto opened up might be nearly exhausted, yet by penetrating a little deeper than his fellows, he might arrive at "fresh fields and strata new;" by the aid of the wonder-working spirit Steam, the object was accomplished; new and endless veins of black diamonds were detected, and now our apprehensions of a second plague of darkness, or of being doomed to dwell "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," are postponed at least for another century.

The case seems to be somewhat the same with the deep and ever fertile mind of Shakspeare. After a hundred years of commentary and criticism, is the field exhausted, or the new acquisitions which are won from it becoming less brilliant or less valuable? We think not. True, the more palpable and superficial treasures which it presented have been collected long ago; we have had many well-written and eloquent dissertations on the more obvious characteristics of Shakspeare's universal mind, and much of that which Schlegel justly calls the cheapest of all criticism, the studied and laborious exposition of the beauties of individual descriptions, incidents, images, and expressions. In regard to the former, Johnson's preface left little to be added; and after the volumes without number which have been devoted by commentators to the latter, in which poor Shakspeare

may be said, like Actæon, to have been almost devoured by his own dogs, men might have been excused for believing that little more was to be gleaned where so many industrious reapers had gone before. And yet ever and anon, and particularly of late, arises some new adventurer, who either by penetrating more deeply into the poetic spirit of individual parts, detects undiscovered meanings, new shades of feeling, or delicacies of allusion, in passages which had seemed timeworn and hackneyed; or elevating himself to that higher and more comprehensive point of view, from which objects are seen in their just relation and proportion to each other, is enabled by a large and reconciling criticism, to blend in harmonious union many elements which had appeared inconsistent, and in what had seemed to common eyes little better than a magnificent but chaotic mass, the result of blind chance, and ill-directed power, to exhibit the goodliest proportions, the most profound and refined adaptation, and the most unerring dramatic skill in awakening and developing the leading impression which the whole was intended to produce upon the mind.

To the poetical mind, Shakspeare is, and ever will remain new; and though any criticism on such a subject which is now likely to be read, demands in the critic a very different intellectual constitution of mind from that which went to the composition of a Johnson, a Malone, a Warburton, or a Stevens, there is assuredly no want at present of that more enlarged and penetrating criticism, from which alone any valuable or original contributions to our views of Shakspeare's genius can be expected.

But besides the lights which the more imaginative spirit of modern criticism will, we doubt not, continue to throw upon the works of our great dramatist, another source of freshness and novelty is gradually becoming more and more

available to us, derived from the criticisms and translations of Shakspeare in foreign languages. Every one must have felt how often a favourite author actually becomes more intelligible to him, or at least the full force and meaning of many passages are more palpably brought home to him, by reading in a foreign language those ideas which, by repetition, had become matter of rote, and ceased to strike with their original force, in our own. Like flowers which, from being too much handled, have begun to lose their scent and bloom, but which revive again when plunged into water, so ideas and images, which from familiarity had lost their charm, regain their freshness and vigour in the new element of translation. In a still greater degree is this effect of novelty felt, when we peruse the foreign criticisms as well as translations of our great national poet, and see in what a different aspect incidents, characters, and sentiments, nay, even the moral tendency of the piece, or the idea which it embodies, present themselves to those who view them from a position whence we are excluded by habit and education;—under the influence produced by other climates, manners, prejudices, or sympathies, and through an atmosphere so different from our own; whether it be the clear cold sparkle of a French sunshine, the rosy glow of Spanish or Italian skies, or the misty grandeur, the wavering splendour, and gloomy shadows of a German clime.

Of all the continental critics on Shakspeare, Germany has certainly furnished incomparably the most original, the most profound, and the most eloquent; indeed, we may say, the only critics who have studied Shakspeare in the right spirit; that is to say, with the feeling and the conviction that the gigantic genius who could produce so many characters and passages, the clear and obvious excellence of which had extorted the admiration of all mankind, could scarcely be supposed to be without a deep meaning and significance in others, where the purpose was less transparent; that as eyes accustomed to darkness begin to discover a thousand minute features in what had seemed at first to be but the palpable obscure; so by study-

ing Shakspeare in a reverential and admiring spirit, and bringing the inward light of a warm sympathy and poetic feeling to bear upon his darker passages, they might discern in them much which had been imperceptible to less patient and loving observers, and satisfy the hasty critic, that Shakspeare was always consistent with himself, with nature, and dramatic propriety.

This reverential tone is indeed the most striking characteristic of the German criticism on Shakspeare. In England, in general, our commentators, with few exceptions, have placed themselves almost on a level with the poet; nay, some of them, from the patronising style of their remarks, would even appear to look down upon him from a higher eminence. Johnson's preface certainly is sufficiently eulogistic as to Shakspeare's genius, but this general eulogy is almost immediately neutralized by the depreciating tone of the short summaries which he has attached to the separate plays. Dr Johnson is a fair representative of his brethren. Something of this balancing system, this union of general expressions of admiration, with strong censure, or cold approbation of individual plays or characters, pervades all our earlier, and most also of our more recent criticism on the subject. Yet when applied to such a mind as that of Shakspeare's, such a system of criticism leads to the falsest and most unsatisfactory results. If Shakspeare be the great mind which Johnson admitted, and the admiring world acknowledges him to be, it is impossible that he should have fallen into the violations, not merely of history or costume, but of nature, propriety, and good taste, which are ascribed to him. The existence of a mind, now rising to almost superhuman excellence, or revelling in the richest stores of beauty, simplicity, or sublimity, and, the next moment sinking into depths of bombast, or sloughs of bad taste, with an utter unconsciousness and indifference whether he treads the clear empyrean or the muddy floor of earth, is a moral and poetical impossibility. The principle of the German critics is the truer one, that if Shakspeare be great, he is great in all, at least, in all essentials; that, viewed in the proper

light, the errors, the inconsistencies, or the offences against good taste, disappear;—as lines which, in some optical puzzles, appear meaningless and distorted in one point of view, become straight when placed at the proper distance, assume a determinate expression, and are found to blend harmoniously into impressive forms of beauty or terror.

Their dissertations, therefore, on Shakspeare, are not so much criticisms, in the ordinary sense of the word, as admiring and reverential expositions of his beauties. He is the apocalypse from which the revelations of poetry and nature are to be gathered, and they are but the priests who humbly minister at the altar, and with such share of clearness and comprehension as nature has allotted to them, give forth his oracles. Instead of measuring him by standards derived from others, he becomes the universal standard by which all others are tried; every word, every quibble or pun, every jest of clown or serving-man, is viewed as indispensable; his violations of historical fact, or national costume, are proved to be committed on system, and to conduce to the true objects of the romantic drama; and the result of the whole is, that Shakspeare is in all things but another word for Nature, Poetry, Truth.

That this enthusiastic and undeviating admiration of Shakspeare has led to not a few absurdities in German criticism is indisputable; and probably, in the course of the present and some future articles on the subject, will be only too apparent to our readers. It seems strange indeed, for instance, after the investigation which Shakspeare's learning has undergone, and the thousand proofs of his ignorance of mere details both of geography, history, and chronology, that any one should gravely maintain the desperate proposition which some of the German critics have attempted to support; that Shakspeare knew these matters quite as well as his critics, but either despised them or systematically and purposely neglected them. One may

conceive, with Schlegel, that in sending Hamlet to study at the University of Wittenberg, long before Wittenberg itself was in existence, Shakspeare merely selected that university as the one probably best known in England at the time of the Reformation, and one, where the speculative and polemical course of study which prevailed was most likely to have either created or fostered a state of mind like that of Hamlet. In the same way it is not perhaps difficult upon romantic principles to vindicate the practice of making the mobs of Rome, or the tailors and joiners of Athens, speak like their brethren of East Cheape. In all this Shakspeare may be supposed to have adopted his plan not from ignorance of facts, but from conviction of its superior dramatic propriety. But when he bestows seaports upon Bohemia* and lions in the forest of Ardennes,† ascribes the death of Richard Cœur de Lion‡ to the Duke of Austria, and then names that duke Limoges—(while the fact was that Richard met his death not from the duke, but from the hand of Bertrand de Gourdon, while besieging Vidomar Viscount of Limoges in the castle of Chalus)—when, copying his model in the old play, he introduces, for no apparent purpose, in Richard the Third, Margaret of Anjou, who, after her ransom by her father after the battle of Tewksbury, never again revisited England—in these, and many other instances of the same kind, it is difficult to see how his anachronisms or violations of history can be ascribed to any deeper cause, or more recondite origin than his ignorance of the fact. True, these and all the variations from history or costume which occur in Shakspeare, are in the last degree unimportant; they never in the slightest degree interfere with the current of our sympathies, but are swept out of sight at once by the torrent of Shakspeare's strong conceptions; and it would have been far wiser if the German critics, instead of attempting to maintain that they were deliberately adopted, had rather rested the defence of Shakspeare on

* Winter's Tale.

† As you Like It.

‡ King John, Act III., Scene I.

the total insignificance of the blunders into which he is accused of having fallen.

Even in Germany, however, this tone of enthusiastic admiration is not of very ancient date; it cannot be carried farther back than that general burst of poetical feeling which about fifty years ago gave a new character to the literature of Germany. There, as in England, Shakspeare at first made his way slowly and with difficulty, from toleration to admiration, and from admiration to idolatry. The first notice of his existence is to be found in Morhof's *Deutsche Poeterei*, about 1700, where he is mentioned along with Beaumont, Fletcher, and Otway; but it is evident that the old scholar knew nothing more of him than the name. In 1741 a free translation of his *Julius Cæsar* in Alexandrines (then the common German dramatic measure) appeared at Berlin; and shortly afterwards attention was still farther called to the subject, by an Essay on Shakspeare by Elias Schlegel, pretty much in the style of our own dissertations about the same period, in which he is viewed as a man who, under the influence of a certain wild inspiration, certainly at times uttered very extraordinary things, but was utterly destitute of taste, regularity, or reading. He compared him—and probably thought he conferred high honour upon him by the comparison—with the well-known old German dramatist, Andreas Gryphius, with whom, it seems to us, that he had not one point of connexion, save that the latter happened to be born on the day the former died, and that both dealt largely in apparitions.

One would have supposed Elias Schlegel's estimate of Shakspeare's genius sufficiently cool and moderate; but cautious as it was, it seemed little less than a damnable heresy to the "Philistine" school of Gottsched, who viewed the matter as a contest *pro aris et focis*, and endeavoured by a melancholy mixture of pedantry and stale jests to annihilate any little impression which even the lifeless pleading of Schlegel might have made upon the public. "The English," says Gottsched, in his "Handlexicon der Schönen Wissenschaften," obviously thinking he had dis-

posed of Shakspeare's claims in a single sentence, "the English are loud in praise of his dramatic poems, which are numerous. But a certain Mrs Lennox has of late exposed the errors even of his most celebrated pieces." Poor Mrs Lennox! "Non tali auxilio," we fear, was Shakspeare to be dethroned from his supremacy in English literature. For a time, however, Gottsched and his brethren seem to have succeeded. We may take the account of Shakspeare, given by Jocher in his *Lexicon*, (1750,) as containing a fair summary of the current information and opinions at that time prevalent, in regard to the subject of his biography.

"Shakspeare, (William,) an English dramatist, born at Stratford, 1564, was ill educated, and understood no Latin, but made great progress in poetry. He possessed a certain comic humour, but could at the same time be serious, excelled in tragedies, and had many ingenious and subtle contests with Ben Jonson, though neither gained much thereby. He died at Stratford, 1616, 23d April, in his 53d year. His plays and tragedies, of which he wrote many, are printed in London in four parts."

In 1762, a complete translation of Shakspeare was for the first time undertaken by Wieland; perhaps the very last person whose genius and habits of thinking qualified him for such a task. How the German Voltaire should ever have felt that admiration of his author which could animate him to undertake an enterprise of such certain difficulty and such doubtful popularity, is not easy to comprehend. He was not, indeed, as yet the poet of the *Comic Tales*, the *Idris* and *Zenide*, or *Agathon*,—but even from the first, we cannot but feel, that between him and Shakspeare there was a great and deep gulf fixed, and wonder that he should have ever attempted, with his feeble wings of French wax, to overpass it. It can occasion no surprise, however, that a task so uncongenial was soon abandoned, and that Eschenburg was obliged to complete the translation which Wieland had begun.

Viewing this translation in comparison with its successors, it appears rude and unsatisfactory enough;

but considered as the first attempt to Germanize Shakspeare, it is by no means destitute of merit. Even in the homely garb of prose in which Eschenburg has clothed the energetic versification of Shakspeare, the native beauty or sublimity of the thoughts shines translucently through; a certain vigour and musical rhythm frequently lends a charm to the prose, which, in some measure, supplies the want of verse; while the translator himself, as he proceeded with his task, seems to have felt the conviction dawning and growing upon him, that, in this "wild and irregular genius," who had neither taste nor Latin, the most consummate beauty in the form was united with perfection in the substance, and that all attempts to embody the subtle essence and charm of the original in prose was a hopeless struggle. He himself makes this admission in regard to two of the plays, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Richard the Third* (*Romeo* or *Hamlet*, we think, might, with more justice, have suggested the remark than the latter); and accordingly, in these two instances, he has attempted a poetical version, which, even beside the closer and more masterly translations of modern days, maintains a respectable position.

The translation, however, on the whole, was coldly received. It was praised and—not read. But a new impulse was now given to the study of Shakspeare by the *Dramaturgie* of Lessing,—the first piece of German criticism in which the vast superiority and profound art of Shakspeare's dramatic powers were distinctly or adequately maintained.

Lessing is, in German criticism, not unlike Johnson in English—a clear and logical thinker, with a mind of great range and comprehension, learned and acute, a consummate master of polemical criticism, and not without a strong sense and feeling of poetry, though too calmly clear and cold to be himself poetical. No man perhaps ever approached so near to the promised Land of Poetry, without entering it as Lessing. Like Johnson he saw and felt the mastery of Shakspeare's genius in the main; his quick perception could not over-

look the magnificence of its proportions, nor his just taste and right feeling be insensible to the unerring truth and sagacity with which his inspiration was calculated to reach the heart. It is true that into much that was of a subtle and more ethereal texture he could not enter; his plummet, though it reached farther than that of his predecessors, was never made by nature to fathom the full depths of Shakspeare's "infinite;" his sight is clear, piercing, and correct, in matters of life, but he has nothing of the deuterocopy of the true poet, which enables him to look beyond into the world of imagination, and to think and reason with the same certainty with regard to the visionary creations with which it is peopled, as if with regard to the things and beings of real life. Yet even the criticism of Lessing was a prodigious advance; the shallowness, the pretence, and false principles of the French dramatic school he detested, and devoted his whole powers of reasoning and sarcastic illustration (and who that has either read his *Dramaturgie*, or his famous controversy as to the *Wolfenbützel MSS.*, can have forgotten with what caustic vigour he could wield the weapons of controversy?) to exposing with relentless severity its conventional and unnatural character, and endeavouring to lead his countrymen to the appreciation of higher things, by the study of the English school of dramatic poetry, and, above all, of Shakspeare.

It is no doubt to be regretted, that so small a portion of the *Dramaturgie* is occupied by Shakspeare, and so much wasted on pieces of which the very names are now forgotten; but the criticisms on *Romeo*, *Othello*, and *Richard the Third*, must be always regarded as containing the first outlines of an enlarged, independent, and philosophical criticism of the great dramatist.

Perhaps the first effect of Lessing's adventurous criticism was rather to startle than convince, but it now became necessary at least to read Shakspeare, in order to refute the supposed literary heresies of his advocate, and the fruits of this increasing study were soon visible in new translations, essays, and commen-

taries. The translation of Love's Labour's Lost (an unfortunate choice) by Lenz, the Criticisms of Gerstenberg, (the author of Ugolino,) and of Herder, following each other in rapid succession, indicate the steadily advancing interest with which Shakspeare was now regarded in Germany. But the sphere of a foreign poet's influence is most effectually and speedily enlarged, when a native poet of kindred and congenial talent condescends to borrow inspiration from his labours, and instead of critical estimates of his genius, presents his countrymen with pictures conceived in the same spirit; at once imitations as regards their source, and originals in their whole treatment and execution. Who can doubt that Goetz of Berlichingen, that living picture of the sixteenth century, with its religious convulsions, its struggles between feudal and imperial despotism, its iron-handed, yet gentle-hearted warriors, its noble simple-minded maidens, who with such bewitching and trusting openness bestow their hands without hesitation where they have placed their hearts,—its weak, wavering, or deceitful court minions,—its luxurious abbots—its noisy pageants of banquet and battle—its sweet transitions to the stillness and solitude of the ancestral castle, o'erhanging the silver-blue Mayn, or winding Rhine;—who can doubt that that most powerful and touching picture owes its origin to those striking condensations of the spirit of English history, afforded by Shakspeare's King John, King Richard II., and the bloodstained chronicle of the Wars of the Roses? As little can any one hesitate to recognise in the Robbers of Schiller the influence of Macbeth (which Schiller has very beautifully translated), of Richard III., and of Hamlet. The scepticism takes a more clamorous and despairing turn, the villany is more ostentatious, more logically consistent, more utterly unredeemed, consequently more unnatural; the spirit of a modern philosophy, and modern relations of society, somewhat alters or hides the forms which occupy the foreground; but "Shakspeare's shadow" still hovers behind those creations, and points at them for his: and still, under every disguise, "we

know the man, by the Athenian garments he hath on." From the same source—only with a somewhat more turbid and noisy current—flowed the endless stream of chivalrous dramas (*Ritter-Stucken*) from Otto of Wittelsbach to Adelaide of Wulffingen, with which Germany was for some years inundated.

It may probably be said, that Shakspeare, like Falstaff, had in this matter no great reason to be proud of his followers, who in their chivalrous panoramas, present us, not so much with men, as with dramatic automata covered with suits of mail, overtopped with helm and plume, and figuring about, lance in hand, by means of some strange internal machinery within the skeleton, but without one symptom of life, one breath of spontaneous and natural inspiration. This is quite true, but the error lay simply in this, that they did not truly *study* Shakspeare, though they copied him; they were contented, like Wallenstein's soldiers, if they succeeded in spitting and coughing like their general; his bustle and rapidity of movement, his daring mixture of tragic and comic emotion, in short, the mere wardrobe and *properties* of his drama, they could admire and transfer to their own with no inconsiderable dexterity; but this was generally the limit of their endeavours; and, with few exceptions, they penetrated no farther than the external and accidental qualities—the internal and essential lay equally beyond their perceptions and their powers. Rude, however, and unsatisfactory as these performances of the rack and tournament, bowl and dagger school must now be accounted, we are rather of the number of those who view them as indicating on the whole a decided advance in the right path. Otto of Wittelsbach, to be sure, shows poorly beside Goetz and Egmont and the still more Shakspearean Wallenstein, but what is its position when compared with the Richard III. of Weisse, "a very pretty fellow in his day," or the cold elaborate imitations of the French school by Elias Schlegel?

When an author has reached the distinction of having his tragedies represented as *stock pieces*, to use the theatrical term, upon a foreign

stage, his dramatic fame may be considered as pretty securely established. Such was now the situation of Shakspeare. Schröder, one of the most accomplished of the German actors, probably feeling how much his professional talent was fettered by the limited and conventional range of the dramas of the day, being accidentally attracted to the study of Shakspeare, was induced to attempt the introduction of his plays on the stage; though, in order to suit them to his notion of stage effect, he certainly handled them with a cruelty worthy of Procrustes himself, here expanding, there contracting, striking out without mercy many of the finest passages, because they did not advance "*the progress of the piece*," and reducing almost to shadows many of those most exquisite creations to which Shakspeare's genius had given colour and a body. Hamlet, the melancholy Hamlet, to whom Denmark has ceased to be any thing else than a prison, and the world itself seems but as a grave, in Schröder's version closes the scene by mounting the throne amidst goodly protestations of his patriotic intentions; and the poor heart-broken and life-sick Lear, victorious over his rebellious subjects, instead of invoking Heaven's vengeance over the body of Cordelia, lives to reassume the sceptre of Britain, and to share his dominion with his dutiful daughter. Yet even thus maimed and dislocated—shorn of many of their most ethereal and exalted beauties—Shakspeare's characters, so instinct with an inward principle of life and thought, so different from the mechanical steam-engine productions of the French school, made their way triumphantly into the hearts of the people, though some of them, such as the Merchant of Venice, and Julius Cæsar, and Measure for Measure, at first unaccountably failed. Yet Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello, and others, became instantly popular, and from that moment Shakspeare might be considered as naturalized on the German, scarcely less than on the English stage.

Still there was wanting that which alone could exhibit Shakspeare in his true light—a translation at once faithful and poetical. No constitu-

tion of mind is more rare than that which is required to form an accomplished translator; a mind of a highly original and inventive cast, like that of Goethe, will not descend to the task; it may adapt and alter, as in the Iphigenia in Tauris, but it cannot literally transfuse into its own language the thoughts and conceptions of another. Yet to do this thoroughly requires a plastic power, a delicacy of perception, a tempered warmth rather than fire of imagination, and a command of expression which is seldom found save in connexion with the higher order of mind. Now and then, however, instances do occur of minds of this peculiar construction—adjective rather than substantive—who have little original poetical power, but the most remarkable facility in giving effect to the views and feelings of other beings, seemingly intended by nature herself as mediators between the past and the present, and between the inhabitants of different climes; and who seem to resemble parasitical plants, which require to wreath themselves round some old trunk for their support, but repay the obligation by adorning it anew with the richest verdure, and propping it by their interlacing stems, when it verges towards decay. Such, in poetry at least, was Augustus William Schlegel; as the poet of "*Alarcos*," certainly occupying no very distinguished portion among the dramatists of his country—as the translator of Shakspeare entitled—we say it deliberately—to the very proudest elevation yet awarded to any European translator. His translation approaches, as nearly as we can conceive any translation can, to an absolute transcript of the original; the roseate glow of love in Romeo and Juliet—the glimmering haze in which hover the elves of Midsummer Night's Dream—the wayward gloom of Hamlet, a reflection as it were from the fantastic and uncertain skies of the north—the dew-besprinkled woodland freshness and pastoral melancholy of *As You Like It*—the magic atmosphere of virgin solitude and purity that envelopes the Tempest—the element of music and moonlight in which Twelfth Night and the Merchant of Venice appear to float—the broad and boundless flood of humour that interpe-

netrates the two parts of Henry the Fourth—are all caught and reflected with a truth of perception and beauty of finish, which, when the reader is tolerably familiar with German, not unfrequently lead him almost to forget that he is not perusing Shakspeare himself. As yet the translation, unfortunately, is incomplete; indeed, we believe, Schlegel has added nothing to it since 1801, save the translation of Richard the Third, but we would still hope that he may be induced to resume the task; and to leave to his countrymen and to the world a complete, and, as nearly as the differences of languages will permit, a perfect translation of Shakspeare.

In giving this decided preference to the translation of Schlegel, we are far from meaning to deny the great merits of that begun, but never likely to be completed, by John Henry Voss, and his sons Henry and Abraham Voss. But no one can compare the two without feeling, that, though there may be in the latter apparently a more close and literal rendering of every word, there is a want of that spirit of poetry, that power of seizing and giving back the very impression caused by the changing tone of the original, which is so obvious in Schlegel's. In translation, cases of difficulty must often occur, where either the letter must be sacrificed to the spirit, or the spirit to the letter: in such cases Voss adopts the latter course, Schlegel the former. Voss's translation looks more like an exact echo of Shakspeare, but, like other echos, fainter and weaker than the original: in Schlegel's, we think we hear the voice of Shakspeare himself. Voss, however, has not even the merit of being uniformly consistent to his principle of translation; he sometimes uses a more refined expression, where that used by Shakspeare was infinitely more forcible and picturesque. When Othello, overhanging the bed on which lies the body of Desdemona, breaks out into that affecting apostrophe,—

“Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock,” &c.

Voss does not venture to translate the

word “smock” by the natural expression *hemd* or *weiberhemd*, but substitutes the vague generality of “*tuch*,” any sort of clothing. Yet, is there not something ghastly, corpse-like, in this familiar term? Does it not carry our thoughts at once back to the desolate bridal bed, and forward to the swiftly coming grave?

Of the later translation by Otto Von Benda, which we believe is the only complete translation of Shakspeare by a single hand, we cannot speak, having had no opportunity of consulting it; nor of the numerous translations of single plays, which have been executed with more or less success in Germany. We turn now to the critical essays on Shakspeare, which naturally kept pace with the increasing interest and popularity of the original; and of which it is our object in the present, and some succeeding papers, to exhibit specimens. With the views of Goethe on Shakspeare, and particularly on the character of Hamlet, our readers are probably familiar, from the excellent translation of Wilhelm Meister by our friend Mr Carlyle; and the eloquent dramatic criticisms of Augustus William Schlegel are already pretty well known to the English reader. Of those of Tieck, however, to whom, we will venture to say, Shakspeare is better known than to most of our countrymen, and still more of Franz Horn, the latest and the most elaborate expositor of Shakspeare's dramatic characters, little or nothing is known in England; and we cannot but think we shall render an acceptable service to our readers in presenting them with some liberal extracts from their criticisms. We shall begin with Hamlet, to which Horn has devoted an essay of nearly 100 pages, to say nothing of a supplement of about half that length.*

Why do we begin with Hamlet? What is the secret charm which irresistibly attracts the readers of Shakspeare to this tragedy? We should say, its baffling mystery, its inscrutable character. Could we fathom the principles of Hamlet's character; could we reduce to any logical scheme or plan the strange

* Shakspeare Erläutert von Franz Horn. Leipzig. 5 Vols.

anomalies it presents, it might still remain, as now, an object of admiration, but not of that awful curiosity, mingled with love, which it at present excites. Our imagination is excited by it as by the contemplation of a mystic and enigmatical character in real life, which we know to be a reality, whose actions we feel must have their sufficient causes, but whose secrets springs of action, "the fountain from the which his current runs," lie too deep for discovery. The play resembles some enchanted region looming before us in wild magnificence; as we approach we feel the solid earth beneath us, yet we know that we are treading haunted ground; on all sides the prospect fades away into the undefined and illimitable; and even those objects which had at first seemed clear, waver and grow dim, or change their shapes, even while we gaze upon them. In vain we endeavour to find some position from which a clear view of the whole domain may be obtained. The mist is only dispelled from one quarter to settle down upon another; and to every new wanderer in this realm of shadows, do the shapes which inhabit it, and the scenes which it presents, show themselves in some new form of sublimity and beauty.

Is there at this moment one important point in Hamlet's character which is clear and undisputed? His sanity or madness? Great names are not wanting either on the affirmative and negative side of the question; and, to say the truth, the argument is capable of being maintained almost with equal plausibility on either. His love for Ophelia? Was it but "the trifling of his favour"—the mere temporary escape and relaxation of a mind habitually a slave to other and deeper thoughts; or was it indeed a love, of which "forty thousand brothers" could not make up the sum? Was Hamlet really destitute of energy and moral courage, or was his conduct merely the result of a position in which, by one too "much reflecting on these things," no one course could be chosen, because all seemed equally advisable, or equally dangerous? On these subjects no two men think, or probably ever will think alike. The circumstances of Hamlet's life, exhibited by Shakspeare, do not af-

ford the conditions out of which the problem of his character is to be evolved. Hence it will ever, as Schlegel truly and beautifully says, remain like those irrational equations, in which a fragment of unknown magnitude remains, that will in no manner admit of solution.

The charm, therefore, lies mainly in its mystery; but the mystery of Hamlet's character is but the type and shadow of the still greater mystery and perplexity of existence itself—a thought which meets us at every turn as we peruse this tragedy, and haunts us like a spectre that will not depart. In Hamlet we see a picture of humanity "in single opposition, hand to hand," with a merciless and iron destiny, which, even from our own breasts, from the very nobility and activity of our faculties, draws forth the armoury of slings and arrows, with which it harasses, and eventually overpowers us. Could Hamlet have dulled the edge of that apprehension that makes him "like a god;" could he have said to his restless intellect, "Peace, be still;" could he have been contented with the outward shows and most obvious consequences of things, instead of endeavouring to exhaust all their remote and possible relations, all might have been well,—for then the power of free action might have remained to him, and in freedom of action he would have been happy. But this he cannot do: his intellect demands exercise, and he cannot live except in an element of enquiry. Thus labouring with his finite though noble faculties against infinity and eternity, the result is universal doubt. One by one all the props on which he leant have given way. His mother's guilt has unhinged his confidence in the stability of the moral world; and now nature herself seems to abandon the even tenor of her course, since the dead have burst their cements and are permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. The moral confusion in his mind is now complete; for all without and all within have alike lost their fixity. Nothing now seems to be good or bad "but thinking makes it so," and every course of action alike, since in none is certainty, or tranquillity to be obtained, and all seem to lead

only to the brink of the limbo of doubt. Sick at last of the whirl that surrounds his vessel, he throws down the helm of free-will in despair, and seems to feel a wild exultation in drifting, at the will of Chance, over the boundless ocean of possibilities.

And blindly and fearfully, indeed, does Chance deal with him, and all around him, from the commencement of the play to the close. In all Shakspeare's other dramas there appears something elevating, something consoling, amidst the depths of suffering. Even in *Lear*, where perhaps the tragic gloom is more uniform than in any other of his plays, the moral and physical tempest which rages through the four first acts drops into a solemn and soothing stillness in the last. *Lear* and *Cordelia* perish, it is true, but not until their destiny is fulfilled. The daughter's work of love and duty is done. The poor discrowned old man has revived to reason, and regained his daughter. What had life to offer to either, that could leave on the heart a more deep though chastened impression of sorrow? After life's fitful fever, they sleep well; and from the battle-field on which their mortal forms are lying, the imagination sees their "delighted spirits" reascending hand in hand to that heaven whence they had their birth, and where they are again to find their home. In *Hamlet* alone the tragic night which wraps the catastrophe is unbroken, "and darkness is the burier of the dead." Chance reigns relentless through the whole. On an "envious sliver" of willow hangs the life and death of *Ophelia*; it breaks by chance, and she is drowned. Chance brings back the shipwrecked *Hamlet* to her funeral, and impels him to the quarrel with *Laertes* above her grave; chance produces the change of rapiers, which involves *Laertes* in the fate he intended for his victim; chance commands the poisoned chalice to the lips of the queen; and chance at last, not all the subtle conceptions and long cherished plans of vengeance over which *Hamlet* had brooded, accomplishes his great revenge, by exciting him to that ecstasy of horror and despair at his mother's death, in which he

plunges his sword into the body of the adulterous and murderous king. The young, the good, the noble, the impetuous, the innocent, are taken; the weak, the worthless, the aged, the commonplace, are left. *Hamlet*, and *Ophelia* fall, that such as *Horatio* and *Osric*, may do the honours of their funeral. The catastrophe reminds us of what we have somewhere read of the descent of a mountain avalanche on some peaceful Swiss village, at the foot of the *Righi*, crushing every human being beneath its mass, yet sparing some insignificant cur to bay the moon uninjured from above the ruins.

Were this unmitigated and remorseless display of destiny the general characteristic of Shakspeare's plays, their effect on the mind would be oppressive and appalling. *Frederick Schlegel*, indeed, (the brother of *Augustus William*,) in his parallel between Shakspeare and *Calderon*, has most unjustly attributed to all of them this tendency, which, in any true sense, is applicable only to *Hamlet*. "Shakspeare," says he, after an animated eulogium on that principle of divine faith and purification which pervades *Calderon's* plays, and of which the most perfect examples are afforded by the constant Prince, and the devotion of the Cross, "has exactly the opposite fault of too often placing before our eyes, in all its mystery and perplexity, the riddle of life, without giving us any hint of its solution." True it is, that in many of them the labyrinth of life is laid before us dark and dreary enough, and from within we hear the Sphinx propounding her fearful riddles; but it is not true in general that we are left without a clew to its mazes, or an *Œdipus* to solve the enigma. The solution may not always be complete; but it is sufficient to leave behind that tragic consolation, which it is the aim of the dramatist to produce; for in this world we live, in all things, in hope, not in certainty: and it is enough for us, if athwart the shadows of the night which still lie heavy on all beneath, we can trace on high the glimmering light, "and golden exhalations of the dawn."

Even as to *Hamlet*, however, it will be seen that *Horn*, who is the most

thoroughgoing admirer of Shakspeare we have yet met with, will not admit that such is the case. He contends that even there sufficient indications of this higher principle are to be found in the appearance of the Ghost, with which the piece opens; and the arrival of Fortinbras, the representative of a new order of things, with which it closes. On this we shall have a word to say afterwards.

It is time, however, to come to the observations of the German critics on the character of Hamlet, and the conduct of this most remarkable play. The germ of Goethe's estimate of Hamlet's character, and of the leading idea which Shakspeare intended to convey, is contained in the following paragraph:—

“ ‘ The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite !
That ever I was born to set it right.’ ”

“ In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear, that Shakspeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him—the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him: He turns, and winds, and torments himself: he advances and recoils, is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts: yet still without recovering his peace of mind.” This is finely thought and imagined, but it gives too favourable an impression of Hamlet's character, which at no time could have been of that pure and perfectly amiable kind which is here represented. On the contrary, good and evil must have been largely mixed in him from the very first

though the activity of the worser part of his nature may have been more formidably developed by his misfortune. Schlegel's estimate seems to be nearer the truth.* “ Respecting Hamlet's character I cannot, according to the views of the poet as I understand them, pronounce altogether so favourable a sentence as Goethe's. He is, it is true, a mind of high cultivation, a prince of royal manners, endowed with the finest sense of propriety, susceptible of noble ambition, and open in the highest degree to enthusiasm for the foreign excellence in which he is deficient. He acts the part of madness with inimitable superiority; while he convinces the persons who are sent to examine him of his loss of reason merely because he tells them unwelcome truths, and rallies them with the most caustic wit. But in the resolutions which he so often embraces, and always leaves unexecuted, the weakness of his volition is evident: he does himself only justice when he says there is no greater dissimilarity than between himself and Hercules. He is not solely compelled by necessity to artifice and dissimulation; he has a natural inclination to move in crooked ways; he is a hypocrite towards himself; his far-fetched scruples are often mere pretexts to cover his want of determination; thoughts—as he says on a different occasion, which have

“ . . . ‘ but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,’ ”

He has been chiefly condemned for his harshness in repulsing the love of Ophelia, to which he himself gave rise, and for his unfeelingness at her death. But he is too much overwhelmed with his own sorrow to have any compassion to spare for others; his apparent indifference by no means gives us the measure of his internal perturbation. On the other hand, we evidently perceive in him a malicious joy when he has succeeded—more through necessity and accident, which are alone able to compel him to quick and decisive measures, than from the merit of his courage;—in getting rid of his enemies; for so he expresses himself after the murder of Polonius, and respecting Rosen-

crantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet has no firm belief either in himself or in any thing else; from expressions of religious confidence he passes to sceptical doubts; he believes the ghost of his father when he sees it, and as soon as it has disappeared it seems to him a deception."

The colouring which Tieck has thrown around the character is perhaps still gloomier. We shall afterwards see that he imputes to him, in one particular, a degree of baseness, which, if his conjecture were well founded, would sink his character so much as to deprive him of all our sympathies. Of the mixture of qualities in the character generally, he says,* "Contempt of life, mingled with a certain nervous clinging to it, characterises Hamlet in most of the scenes; a distinctive feature in those minds, which have lost the first bloom of existence through offended pride and mortified feeling, and the calm steadiness of belief through restless investigation. In this troubled state of being all the passions show themselves in gloomy colours,—rage, revenge, cunning, envy, pride, and ambition, stand fearfully prominent, and yet so relieved and transfigured as it were by feeling, wit, taste, knowledge, and personal dignity, that this wonderful appearance fascinates and fetters the mind: nay, even its most repulsive features appear not without a certain show of splendour and magnificence. This strange unfathomable union of folly and wisdom, of greatness of soul and pusillanimity, of love and hatred, of vanity and true pride; this lover, who shows passion, yet on whose love we can place no reliance; who speaks and feels like a faithful and noble friend; whose attractive amiableness renders him, when he pleases, the popular idol, who, in a certain sense, perceives so clearly all the relations by which he is surrounded, and yet is deceived by every one; this mixture of heterogeneous positions, which, though in a less degree, we so often meet with in real life; those wonderful contradictions, under which every mind of high endowment more or less labours; all these combined features afford the key to the universal popu-

larity of this tragedy and this character."

Horn, in his treatment of Hamlet, has somewhat varied from his usual course. Instead of taking the characters one by one and attempting at once to sketch their outlines, he in this case follows the course of the scenes, interspersing his exposition only with such observations as arise out of the partial lights which these scenes present. He attempts no formal summary of the strange whole, probably because he felt, that any such must necessarily be either paradoxical, and partially untrue, or so vague and general, as to have little meaning or significance; but leaves the reader to combine for himself, in the best way he can, all the lights and shadows which he has touched in, into such a whole as best harmonizes with his individual feeling.

The singular felicity of dramatic exposition which the first scene in the spectre-haunted platform of Elsinour affords; the consummate skill by which every thing that can awaken curiosity and terror is combined;—midnight, the glimpses of the moon above, the timeworn towers behind, the hollow murmur of the sea beneath,—the cold, that makes the very soldier sick at heart,—the ominous stroke of the bell; the shadowy stalk of the buried majesty of Denmark;—all these features were too obvious, not to be acknowledged and dwelt on by critics of every nation. But how finely, after these ghostly terrors, is the mind led back to cheerfulness and confidence by Horatio's observation on the crowing of the cock, and Marcellus's allusion to the protecting influence of Christmas.†

"The coming of the friendly day is indicated, and the overcharged heart seems already to see its light, and to be refreshed by the influence of the morning breeze. Marcellus gives additional exaltation to this feeling by his allusion to him, through whose appearance a higher light has been vouchsafed to all; and though his reference be only to a childish belief, that on this sacred night no evil spirit dare walk abroad, ('so hallowed and so gracious is the

* Dramaturgische Blätter, vol. i. p. 120.

† Horn, vol. ii.

time;') yet even this recollection is enough to fill the heart with a grateful and consoling feeling. It is enough to indicate a divinity, and the poet well knew that, without such an indication, the terrors of the night would be felt to be too powerful. Horatio, however, whose attention is more directed to the external, continues his allusion to the daybreak in those exquisite lines—

'But see the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern
hill'—

Thus it is. Nature is still the old, the true, the ever-renovating friend of man;—whatever may be the changes and chances of life, however deep and fearful the secrets with which the spirit of man may have to deal, she keeps her ancient unaltered course; and after the spectral night of the grave, the morning, bright as ever, like a young and blooming deity, walks purple-clad over the dews of the eastern hill."

From the dusky platform of the palace we are led to the audience-chamber, into the presence of the King and Queen, glittering in all their bridal pomp, while beside them stands the melancholy Hamlet—his "inky coat," an emblem of the darkness of his mind. The ambassadors are despatched to Norway; Laertes takes his leave for France; and then, for the first time, the King addresses Hamlet. His dress—his manner—his proposal of returning to Wittenberg, have all been rankling in the mind of the King, and his feelings break out through all the assumed composure and condescension of his address. Tieck is singularly at issue with Horn, and we suspect with the whole world beside, in his estimate of Claudius, both in this scene and throughout the play; and probably most of our readers, after perusing his remarks on the character, will think him at issue also with himself.*

"The King, sprung from a family of heroes, has many great and excellent qualities, though these are doubtless outweighed by many bad and base ones. Yet he is throughout kingly and dignified; he can be guilty of wicked

and ruthless deeds, but he cannot appear insignificant; treachery is his nature; his very being is made up of equivocation and perfidy; yet all these revolting qualities he clothes with an air of nobleness and amiability. He is strong and large of stature, but handsome; even the Ghost describes him as in the highest degree seductive; and Hamlet, though behind his back he paints him as every way mean and detestable, yet feels himself always rebuked and confused in his presence, and cannot make good before his opponent the high-sounding terms of which he is so liberal when alone. The usurper is neither so contemptible, nor the murdered† monarch so excellent, as the son under the influence of passion represents them in the awful scene with his mother.

"When the King first appears, we see in him all the dignity of a king; his address is pointed, his bearing noble; he despatches business and ceremony with tact, decision, and skill. He then turns with something of exaggerated courtesy and condescension to Laertes, flatters him, and still more his father, Polonius, whose favour and attachment he is naturally anxious to conciliate. Laertes obtains, without requiring even to ask for it, the trifling favour of being allowed to revisit France; and now the King turns with friendly and gentle address to Hamlet. Affectionate as the opening is, the very circumstance that Hamlet is the last person who is addressed, sufficiently shows the degraded position of the prince. He answers little or nothing, and breaks forth with intentional vehemence, when his mother, whom he despises, attempts to console him by some trivial commonplace. The King is naturally offended, and Hamlet must submit with patience to be schooled in a speech, which, however, contains much that is in itself just and well-founded. He is obliged to yield to the apparent entreaty of the King, and to remain. The King celebrates this occasion, as he seems to do every other, by a revel. He is a debauchee, a drinker—he is immoderate in all

* *Dramaturgische Blätter*, vol. i. p. 65.

† The word used by Tieck is not "*gemordete*," murdered; but "*hingerichtete*," executed; a term utterly inapplicable.

his pleasures; but even the Ghost complains, that he too had been cut off 'in the blossoms of his sin.' There is a resemblance between the two brothers, and also between them and Hamlet; all of them are fond of hearing themselves talk, and they talk well. They deal in sentences and maxims, and the defective character which is perceptible in Hamlet characterises more or less all the other personages of the play."

We have quoted this passage, certainly not because we agree with the opinions it contains, but as a specimen of the strange conceits into which the anxiety to be original sometimes seduces critics. Every other critic had, as in duty bound, abused Claudius. Tieck, therefore, it seems, must defend him; but really the defence seems either to contain its own refutation, or is based on so slender a foundation that we cannot but wonder that such a theory should have been adopted, or at least that if adopted, it should not have been better defended. Of Hamlet's father, any thing either hinted or expressed, gives the highest idea; his heroism, his nobleness of character, his affection for the Queen, his perfect union of the majestic and the amiable, are not to be mistaken. That he describes himself as cut off in the blossom of his sin, is but the confession which the best of us must make, who has been surprised by the sudden stroke of death, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd." But in the treacherous murderer who succeeds him, what one quality—we do not say to engage our love—but to mitigate our dislike and contempt, can be found? where are the "*great and excellent*" qualities that his apologist ascribes to him? Are such indeed consistent with the moral conception of a being whose whole existence is admitted to consist in treachery, equivocation, and perfidy? Is there even an attempt made by Tieck himself to enumerate them? We look in vain for a reference to any but his kingly bearing, his eloquence, and his self-possession, when Laertes, incensed by the news of Ophelia's death, and his father's murder, bursts into the palace, and threatens the anointed majesty of Denmark. The first is hardly worth contesting; for, assuredly, so factitious and accidental a

point can scarcely be seriously mentioned as a redeeming quality; his eloquence, again, we are disposed to think with Horn, consists generally of mere rhetorical commonplaces, which neither come from, nor reach the heart; and, as for his dignified confidence when assailed by Laertes, we would say, he knew his man well—he knew him to be a mere brawling gallant of the day, as weak, unprincipled, and vacillating, as he was noisy and wordy; he knew there is a certain "divinity doth hedge a king;" and confident of the strength by which he was supported, and of the moral weakness of his adversary, he remains untroubled. Is there any thing in all this that for one moment gives us an idea of any real courage, or any true self-reliance in his character?

But to return to the progress of the play. The scene in the audience-chamber is followed by the monologue,

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

a monologue expressive of the profoundest melancholy and disgust of life, yet immediately succeeded by the scene with Horatio, which opens in a cheerfully—almost jesting tone. "It is a traditional, and almost ineradicable error," says Horn, "that a serious and melancholy character can never, either in speech or action, be otherwise than melancholy. Nature and truth know nothing of such a position, but the very reverse. As an eye directed for twenty-four hours without interruption to a single point would become blind, so the mind of the unfortunate would destroy itself if his grief could find no relaxation; if wit and humour did not stand so close even to the deepest melancholy. Experience should have taught us that there is nothing wittier than—despair!"

Polonius comes next upon the scene, and here again Tieck differs from most other commentators, and we think, also, from common sense. Not contented with trying to repel the exploded idea of Polonius being a mere buffoon, he is determined to exalt him into a most profound, respected, and able statesman. True, Polonius may have been a very excellent privy counsellor in his day—

though even then no Solomon—but he is evidently *passé*; he draws on his memory, not his judgment, for his wise saws and excellent advices to his son and daughter, which no one can doubt he is now delivering for the thousand and first time. But Ophelia;—here, indeed, is metal more attractive—what is her situation? What is the nature of that relation in which she stands to Hamlet? Of all Tieck's offences, what we can least forgive him is his treatment of the character of Ophelia, and of that of Hamlet, in his supposed relation to her. He begins, of course, after the manner of commentators, with finding all his predecessors totally in the wrong.

"Of all the characters, that of Ophelia appears to me to have been the most misunderstood. It may be difficult, since the poet has rather hinted at than expressed it, to give any clearness to this enchanting combination, in which vanity, coquetry, the influence of the senses, love, art, and seriousness, deep melancholy, and madness, show themselves in succession, or at the same moment. If, however, I do not misapprehend his purpose, the poet meant through the whole piece to indicate, that she had, in the intoxication and abandonment of passion, already yielded to the prince so much, that the warnings and hints of Laertes come too late. It is worthy of the great poet, that this relation of the parties, like so many others in the piece, remains an enigma; but it is only in this point of view that Hamlet's conduct attains its full bitterness, or Ophelia's grief and madness, its consistency."

We will do Tieck the justice to add, that his proofs are ingeniously put together—though, after all, they prove nothing. What point in Ophelia's character is not sufficiently explained by the simple consideration, that she had early surrendered her young heart to the "rose and expectancy of the fair state;" that he in happier times had loved her once, and led her to believe so; that now, with a heart lacerated by misfortune, distracted by doubt, oppressed by the load of a mighty undertaking laid upon it, without the power of execution, he seems to have forgotten the past, and that his language breathes only bitter irony,

suspicion of female virtue or constancy; that this wild commotion of mind in her supposed lover soon appears converted into madness; that her father is dead, murdered by that lover—her brother gone—not a friend left to protect, to advise, or to console? Is there not in all this, working on a frame of unusually nervous tenderness, a sufficient explanation of her grief and madness; and in the madness itself, a sufficient explanation of all these equivocal expressions which escape from her in the eclipse of reason? Is it necessary to add to all this, as a cause, the consciousness of guilt, the misery occasioned by seduction?

But Tieck not only gratuitously and most indefensibly assumes the guilt of Ophelia, but as a consequence goes on to deny that Hamlet really feels any affection for her: he maintains on the contrary, that throughout the piece Hamlet expresses nothing but contempt both for her and her father, whom he looks upon as a mere go-between, who had sacrificed his daughter to his own ambition. Horn remarks with more justice, "The extent and degree of Hamlet's love it may be difficult to determine, but he who loved his great father with such reverential tenderness, could not in another and voluntary attachment be false to himself. It may be admitted that filial tenderness occupies the first place in his mind, and it is true that when this father, his prop and stay, is gone, though his love for Ophelia is not extinguished, the element of peace and tranquillity in which it might have flourished, disappears. Still, however, I would repeat, that even the circumstance that Hamlet pours out all the weight of his despair and his incipient madness upon Ophelia, speaks in favour of his love; though love indeed in its most miserable form, which existing in a wounded spirit cannot help lacerating in turn." "The dialogue with Ophelia is the sequence of the soliloquy 'To be or not to be,' and borrows from it its tone and colouring. In the state of mind in which Hamlet feels himself, love appears something too lovely for this miserable world: despair dare not love, but rather finds a wretched pleasure in tormenting the object of its affection. It is thus that Hamlet breaks out, in the bitter-

ness of his agony, against her and against himself; and that the nunnery seems to him the only refuge to which he can advise her to fly. The tragic pity which this produces is raised to its height by the concluding words of Ophelia: she is now as desolate as he, nay, perhaps more so; she has not lost her lover; he is not dead; for that might, through a deep, calm, and perennial sorrow be endured—but the object of her affections is suddenly converted before her eyes into a frightful and grinning maniac. She laments his madness, and is unconscious how soon she is herself to become its victim.”

Even the strangely cold expression of Hamlet on hearing of Ophelia's death, “What! the fair Ophelia”—affords no argument against the reality or the original depth of his affection. At this moment he is a fugitive escaped from shipwreck, sick in body and in mind; his thoughts are occupied with a thousand things, his spirits as in a dream are all bound up; the words at first awaken no sensation, he replies to them in a state of half-consciousness—but when the reality breaks upon him, when he sees the innocent object of his youthful affection, whose heart he had helped to break, laid in the cold grave before him, then the torrent bursts through the icy crust that covers it; and even in the passionate vehemence, exaggeration, and insane violence of the scene that follows; the wildness of his language, and the scuffle in the grave, we perceive exactly the result which love, remorse, disgust at the factitious exhibition of feeling by her brother, and some tinge of incipient insanity in himself, might, under such circumstances, be expected to produce in a mind like that of Hamlet. But if it be not easy to account for Hamlet's apparent indifference to the tidings at first, how much would the difficulty be increased on the supposition of Tieck? How deep would then be our contempt for his selfishness and cruelty throughout in his treatment of his victim! But we need say no more of a conjecture which is felt at once to revolt against the views of Shakspeare, as well as all the better feelings of our nature.

No part of Schlegel's criticism is more characteristic than his observations on the speech recited by the

player, in the scene which follows Ophelia's description of Hamlet's interview with her. To most readers, it certainly appears a piece of unmeaning bombast. On this Schlegel remarks, “As one example of the many niceties of Shakspeare which have never been understood, I may allude to the style in which the speech of the player respecting Hecuba is conceived. It has been the subject of much controversy among the commentators whether this was the composition of Shakspeare himself, or borrowed from others, and whether, in the praise of the piece of which it is supposed to be a part, he was speaking seriously or merely meant to ridicule the tragic bombast of his contemporaries. It never occurred to them that this speech must not be judged of by itself, but in connexion with the place where it was introduced. To distinguish it as *dramatic* poetry in the *play* itself, it was necessary that it should rise above the dignified poetry of the play, in the same proportion that the theatrical elevation of the rest does above simple nature. Hence Shakspeare has composed the play in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antitheses. But this solemn and measured tone did not suit a speech in which violent emotion ought to prevail; and the poet had no other expedient than the one of which he made choice—overcharging the pathos. The language of the speech in question is certainly falsely emphatical; but yet this fault is so mixed up with true grandeur, that a player, practised in calling up in himself artificially the imitated emotions, may certainly be carried away by it. Besides, it will hardly be believed that Shakspeare knew so little of his art as not to be aware that a lengthened epic relation of a transaction that happened so long before as the destruction of Troy, could neither be dramatic nor theatrical.”

Of the play itself which follows,—the device by which Hamlet resolves “to catch the conscience of the King,”—Tieck observes, “It is in the power of the performer of the part to render this scene one of the most striking in the piece. The King has again collected his energies. If he is still troubled, he is able at least to conceal it in the presence of the

court. He talks in a friendly manner to Hamlet, jests with the Queen, or with the other ladies and nobles. He is so occupied, indeed, with merriment and conversation, that he pays no attention to the pantomime, in which, according to the custom of the old English theatre, the whole coming incidents of the play were shadowed out. But Hamlet's repeated hints at last awaken his attention. Since Hamlet cannot control his emotion, he feels there must be something of importance in the piece, something which has some allusion to himself. When the poisoner enters—when the brother is murdered, even as he had murdered his own—when he sees this, and cannot doubt at the same time that his crime is no longer a secret, then conscience outbreaks through all his hypocrisy; he flies in terror as before a spectre. The developement, the artful preparation for this event—and yet its sudden and striking arrival, must, if well represented, give an extraordinary interest to the scene, and render the King unquestionably the chief object of interest. But to bring out the full effect, it would be well if the scene could be arranged as it was in the theatre of Shakspeare. The King and Queen should be seated on a raised bench behind, but not at too great a distance from the spectators—Ophelia by their side—Hamlet on a stool at her feet: then we should escape the sight of the small stage behind, which ruins the poet's intended effect. Shakspeare, on the contrary, intended this second tragedy to be played in the foreground, without curtain, or any preparation whatever. The king and queen in this miniature tragedy played in profile; and indeed the audience were not particular even if they occasionally turned their backs on the assembled court. Thus the King and his attendant party were always kept fully before the eye of the spectators.*

Tieck, indeed, is always happy when he has to speak of stage effect, or propriety of representation. His observations on the Ghost are full

of good sense. He blames the monotonous recitation which is common in the part. "The dead Hamlet, it is true, has no longer flesh and blood, but he has all the human passions of anger, jealousy, and desire of revenge. Even though modified, therefore, the pathos of the part must shine through—there must be anger in his words, and vehemence in his gestures. In London, the Ghost was absolutely ridiculous in both theatres, so unmeaningly did he stalk up and down, and repeat his part as if he had been reading a lecture." In the famous dialogue between Hamlet and his mother, the ghost, he thinks, ought to appear not in armour as is usually the case, but in his ordinary dress.† Ghosts like men have a sense of propriety and fitness; the spirit appeared in arms upon the platform, among the armed guard, because in such garb it had been usually seen by them, but in the bedroom of the Queen he ought to appear in the dress most suited to the place, "in his habit as he lived."

We think there is much ingenuity in another of Tieck's conjectures as to the proper manner in which the fencing scene between Hamlet and Laertes ought to be represented. The difficulty arises from the stage-direction. "In scuffling *they change rapiers*, and Hamlet wounds Laertes." Every one feels that there are strong improbabilities connected with the supposition, that an actual change of the rapiers should take place during the scuffle; besides, that the change not being of a kind which can be made palpable to the audience, must be considered as an entirely undramatic incident. Tieck's conjecture (which, by the way, adds another base feature to the character of his *protégé* the King) is, that Claudius, since the occasion when Laertes, at the head of the populace, had made his way into his palace, and threatened his person, has become almost as great an object of hatred and jealousy to the King as Hamlet; his wish therefore is, like that of Iago in speculating on the chances of the encounter between Roderigo and Cassio, that in the duel both

* Dramaturgische Blätter, vol. i. p. 69.

† Tieck's view is supported by the stage-direction, in the quarto edition of 1603, "Enter the Ghost in his night gown."

should fall. "Either way it makes for him." He supposes, therefore, what certainly appears by no means improbable, that after each stage of the assault the rapiers are laid by for a time, while the combatants refresh themselves by walking up and down, and that by the contrivance of the King the page or attendant to whom in the meantime they are intrusted, on a sign from him, makes the exchange, and delivers the poisoned foil to Hamlet. In this way the puzzling word, "*they* change," is supposed to refer not to the combatants but to the attendants.

But in making this passing observation we are anticipating:—for we have yet got no farther in the regular course of the play than the masterly scene of fiery eloquence, deep pathos, and spiritual terror—in the apartment of the Queen. Hamlet has left the chamber where Claudius is vainly attempting to pray; he will not kill him in a situation where the chance is, that if dismissed from earth he "goes to Heaven;" he will wait till he can find him "drunk, asleep, or in his rage," engaged in some act "that has no relish of salvation in it—then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven." But in all these purposes of refined and fearful revenge, these resolutions to kill the soul as well as the body, Hamlet is, in truth, representing his own state of mind and his own determination as darker and more hideous than they are. Could we believe them to be real, our pity for him would merge in horror and disgust; but, in truth, he shrinks from murder, above all, from murder while the victim is communing with Heaven; he feels he cannot now do the deed, he puts off its execution indefinitely, and then endeavours to excuse his delay and irresolution even to his own mind, by dwelling on the more complete and awful vengeance which the future may afford.

On his mother's summons he enters her apartment, where the unfortunate Polonius is concealed.

"The Queen begins the conversation, exactly as is generally the case in real life under similar circumstances. Feeling the consciousness of her own crime, she takes the initiative in reproach, for she knows her son's

weakness, and how easily he may be shaken from his purpose. For once, however, she errs, for he is now at the highest pitch of his moral strength; and terrified by the unusual force of his expressions, she cries for help. Polonius, concealed behind the arras, hurries to her assistance, and is stabbed by Hamlet. This situation may be said to embody one of the profoundest tragic epigrams which ever poet devised. The poor, half honest, half prudent, half witty, half foolish old man, so in love as it were with life, might have plausibly calculated on some ten or twenty years longer of existence; and now in a moment he is hurried off, entangled in his own intrigues, detected in the *honourable* employment of listening—an undertaking which he had volunteered merely to draw some fresh complimentary phrase from the flattering king: while again, in regard to Hamlet, the most energetic moment of his life is lost,—since he accomplishes nothing by the only *action* to which he rouses himself but a miserable murder, a crime which is only productive of farther misery. He wishes to hurl the cruel usurper from his throne; and at this moment he might have done so, for he has for the first time screwed his courage to the sticking point: but a ruthless fate mocks the waverer; and he wastes the whole fulness of his strength in killing—a fly, which he might have swept away with his pocket handkerchief.

"Hamlet at the moment feels but imperfectly the crime of which he has been guilty; nay, he seems at first to succeed in making it the subject of brief but bitter jests before he addresses himself to rouse and shake the heart of his mother. He does so with an eloquence, whose fire, like that of Hecla, breaks through snow, and rages the more fearfully that it has been so long suppressed. The Queen is unable to stop the stream of his discourse; but her son can say nothing more cutting than what, in the few moments of clear perception which remain to her, she had doubtless often said to herself. But now in the moment of the most vehement excitement of the nephew against the uncle, the spirit of the ancient monarch appears again to whet his blunted purpose, a moment which,

for its simple and touching greatness, is perhaps unparalleled. Gertrude, however, perceives not the spirit—for impurity can perceive nothing spiritual; she believes, on the contrary, that her son's language is that of madness; and though he establishes the contrary by the clearest proofs, the scene ends without any determinate counsel on his part, or any decided resolution on hers.”*

With the fourth act of the tragedy the progress of the piece begins to lag; and Horn justly remarks, that both the fourth and fifth acts partake fully as much of the character of the epic poem or romance as of the drama. We see in them little more than rapidly succeeding events, situations, flashes of character, incidents brought about without the will of the actors or against it. No clear aim or object any where appears in view. Something of mental disease seems to pervade every one of the actors in these scenes as well as Hamlet; a feeling of general inconstancy, insincerity, and treachery begins to oppress the mind with despondency, and prepares for us that rapidly succeeding series of mortal catastrophes which crowd the latter pages of this tragic volume. In such a mood, we are in a humour to “talk of graves;” and the scene with the gravedigger in the churchyard, with its strange current of mad humour flowing across the darkest channels, and making matter for merriment out of every thing calculated to awe and appal the mind, seems only in keeping with the chaotic and mouldering nature of all around us.

“The scene with the gravedigger, in the commencement of the fifth act,” says Horn, “has always been popular. Who, indeed, could resist this philosopher, who turns all philosophical thinking into jest; this wit, who scatters his sallies, his quirks, and quiddities abroad, as he casts the earth about with his shovel? Let us not, however, rest satisfied with being merely delighted, for a deep tragic meaning is to be found lurking in the background.

“It seems to me as if the whole foundation of this great world-drama were breaking up at the close of the

fourth act; it shakes beneath us at every step, and as from some soil of naphtha, flames burst forth at the tread of every powerful footfall. The world, as Hamlet himself says, is out of joint, and none is near to bring the confusion into order (except Fortinbras, who is still occupied with his expedition against Poland.) The miserable usurper has entered into a new scheme of poisoning, with the scarcely less miserable Laertes, and both have displayed no inconsiderable accomplishments in that detestable study. A country so situated may be said to be without a government, and fast hurrying to decay. What consequence can follow? Methinks there is nothing we should more naturally look for under such circumstances than a churchyard scene; and there is an agreeable relief in meeting there with one sound and healthy being among so many diseased, who even from the grave itself can jest at the grave and all the world. In the scene with his assistant, and afterwards with Hamlet and Horatio, he appears with the pride and the complacency of a king; he aspires to play the despot; he lays down the laws of suicide in all time coming—declares himself and his own trade to be the noblest in the world—treats his assistant like a bondman—gives his opinion roundly as to Hamlet's folly, and still more so as to that of all Englishmen; and all this the sneering insolent rogue is allowed to do, because he is the only sound-hearted and sound-headed being whom we meet.

“It may be asked, what has Hamlet to do in the churchyard? How came he there?—for as yet he knew not that the funeral procession of Ophelia was to follow. Hamlet is indeed intent upon one object, the punishment of the King; but fully aware of his own weakness, he seems willing to leave the execution of his intent to fate or chance; he, who never completely lived, is now, as it were, half dead, and feels himself most at home among the dead and the tombs. He broods with a real pleasure over ideas of corruption, yet even here the perfect individuality of his character is never forgotten, as for instance in his allusion to the jaw-

bone of Cain, the first murderer. Not only, however, does the intervention of the Gravedigger prevent any feeling of monotony in these contemplations of death and decay, but the presence of Horatio—assists in relieving the funeral effect upon the reader. The excellent, but somewhat limited Horatio, obviously dislikes the whole scene by which he is surrounded; his practical turn of mind shows him immediately, that all those fine speculations of Hamlet on death and on the different skulls which he handles, lead to nothing, and he is anxious to be gone. Instead of endeavouring, by any high idea, to elevate his speculations above the corruption by which they are surrounded, he never appears so poor and destitute of ideas as now. His exclamations, —‘It might, my lord’—‘Ay, my lord’—‘Not a jot more, my lord,’ &c. are the miserable commonplaces of the barrenest conversation; nay, he appears in the light of a ridiculous pedant, when, in reply to Hamlet’s question, ‘Is not parchment made of sheepskin?’ he replies, with the most technical gravity, ‘Ay, my lord, and of calves’ skins too.’ This question he can resolve, but it is plain that Hamlet’s beautiful address to the skull of Yorick makes little or no impression on his mind.

“And now Ophelia’s funeral procession enters. We had loved her living; we are now to receive assurance that she no longer needs our pity, and can strew fairer flowers on her grave than those which the Queen scatters there. For the last time, at the sight of her pale corpse, is Hamlet roused into noble energy, as all true grief is, when it stands side by side with the loud, but empty affectation of sorrow. If we feel a momentary emotion when Laertes springs into his sister’s grave, it is dispelled the instant he begins to talk of Pelion and Olympus. It is by this empty and hollow show of grief that Hamlet is excited; he feels that, ill as he may have often acted, *his* grief is purer, deeper, and more real; he feels that he, too, has often dealt too much in words—but always in solitude—in self-delusion; he has never laid claim to the character of a hero by

the wordy vehemence of his language in public, or the theatrical exaggeration of his feelings. Hence the moral, if not physical, superiority he maintains over Laertes in the contest in the grave—hence the interest awakened by his touching protestation,

‘I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.’”

Horn sees, in the arrival of Fortinbras and his elevation to the Danish crown by the dying voice of Hamlet, that principle of consolation which, to most readers, appears to be so much wanting in Hamlet; that prospect of calm feeling and steady action on which the mind seeks to repose after the sea of troubles in which it has been involved. An edifice of gigantic proportions, but of no coherence or regularity, which must shortly have crumbled into dust of its own accord, has just been crushed to pieces; but out of its ruins is to arise one more firmly based, more compactly built, beneath whose roof men feel that they can seek for shelter, against whose solid pillars and strong built walls they can lean with safety. As Hamlet is speculation personified, so Fortinbras is the representative of action; he says little or nothing. Yet from first to last he is represented as an important character; and his appearance at last upon the scene of slaughter, treachery, and crime, is like the return of sunshine after a tempest—of order after convulsion. All this is doubtless true, so far as it goes. But after all, the gloom of the tragedy is too deep to be dispelled by this ray of consolation; our thoughts are rather in the coffin with Hamlet and Ophelia, than on the throne with Fortinbras; there is nothing by which they are elevated “above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth,”—changeable and troubled “as in the best it is,”—to the sphere where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest, where the enigma of existence is rendered clear; for clouds and thick darkness rest over it even to the last, and the hollow voice of blind chance alone replies to our anxious questionings of the future in the words of the dying Hamlet,—“The rest is Silence.”

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXXI.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

*Scene—Penetralia of the Lodge—Time, ae wee short hour ayont the Twal—
Present, NORTH and SHEPHERD.*

SHEPHERD.

It was nae safe in you, sir, to gie a' your domestics the play for a hale month in hairst, and to leeve incog a' alane by your single sel', in this Sanctum, like the last remaining wasp in its nest, at the close o' the hummin' season ;—for what if you had been taken ill wi' some sort o' paralysis in your limbs, and been unable to ring the alarm-bell for succour ? Dinna ye see that you micht hae expired for want o' nourishment, without the neighbourhood ha'in' had ony suspicion that a great licht was extinguished, and that you micht hae been found sittin' in your chair, no a corp in claes, but a skeleton ? You should really, sir, hae mair consideration, and no expose your freens to the risk o' sic a shock. Wull you promise ?

NORTH.

You forget, James, that the milk-lassie called every morning, and eke the baker's boy—except, indeed, during the week I subsisted on ship-biscuit and fruitage.

SHEPHERD.

You auld anchorite !

NORTH.

Such occasional abstraction, my dear James, I feel to be essential to my moral and intellectual well-being. I cannot do now without some utter solitude.

SHEPHERD.

But folk 'll begin to think you crazy—and I'm no sure if they would be far wrang.

NORTH.

At my time of life, James, it matters not much whether I be crazy or not,—indeed one so seldom sees a man of my age who is not a little so, that I should not wish to be singular—though, I confess, that I have a strong repugnance to the idea of dotage. Come, now, be frank with your old friend, and tell me, if the oil in the lamp be low, or if the lamp itself but want trimming ?

SHEPHERD.

Neither. But the lamp's o' a curious construction—a self-feedin', self-trimmin' lamp—and, sure aneuch, at times in the gloom it gies but a glimmer—sae that a stranger micht imagine that the licht was on its last legs—

but would sune start to see the room on a sudden bricht as day, as if the window-shutters had been opened by an invisible hand, and let in a' the heavens.

NORTH.

I never desire to be brilliant.

SHEPHERD.

Nor does the Day.

NORTH.

Nor the Night.

SHEPHERD.

There lies the charm o' their beauty, sir, just as yours. There's nae ostentation either in the sun, or in the moon, or in the stars, or in Christopher North.

NORTH.

Ah! you quiz!

SHEPHERD.

There's the sun. Hoo often does he keep out o' sicht through the greatest part even o' a lang simmer day! True, ye aye ken, withouten ony science, whereabouts he is in the sky; for that face o' his canna be sae entirely hidden that our een dinna hear it silently speak.

NORTH.

A mixed image, James—a——

SHEPHERD.

Soft, sweet, laigh murmur, as it were, o' licht. I'm alludin', the noo, to the sun far ben in heaven on a serene day—when, if you could suppose a human ee openin' for the first time on natur', the human being would think the air was the sun o' which he had read in the Bible, and perhaps imagine that St Mary's loch was what was ca'd licht! Or possibly he micht include in his idea the greenness o' the hills, out or in the water; but whatever he thocht or felt, we canna doubt that he would be happy as a seraph, and utter a thanksgiving to the Invisible.

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd, I forget and forgive your banter in the beauty of such images—so purely Scottish.

SHEPHERD.

Whare's the sun in a thunner-storm? You micht absolutely believe he was afraid o' bein' struck by the lichtnin'.

NORTH.

That's an original thought, if ever there was one. Ha! ha! ha! James.

SHEPHERD.

Wha the deevil ever heard a man afore lauchin' at the shooblime?

NORTH.

Why, that's another! I must begin to look serious.

SHEPHERD.

Knawin', like a great chemist as he is, that water's a non-conductor, and naturally abhorred by the electric fluid—when the tempest's at its hicht, and threatens to tak the sky by storm——

NORTH.

That is the third.

SHEPHERD.

——and to escalate the verra citadel into which he has retired——

NORTH.

Fourth.

SHEPHERD.

——the sun commands the clouds to become rain and droon the lichtnin'!——

NORTH.

Fifth.

SHEPHERD.

——And then sallyin' frae the dungeon-vaults of that celestial stronghold, he shows his unharmed head all glittering wi' golden hair, mair beautifu' than an angel's, while earth lauchs back to heaven, and from all her groves hymn-

eth the Lord of Light and Love in choirs of gratulation that gladden the blue lift and the green hills wi' holy echoes !

NORTH.

The half-dozen.

SHEPHERD.

O' whattt ?

NORTH.

Of original ideas.

SHEPHERD.

Na—you're turnin' the tables on me noo, sir.

NORTH.

Well—well—let it be so.

(*By his thumb on the rim NORTH makes revolve the Circular, so that he and the SHEPHERD exchange jugs.*)

SHEPHERD.

I ca' that selfish. A drap could wersh dregs at the bottom o' yours, and mine fu' to the brim o' het, strang, stingin' toddy ! But ae gude turn deserves anither. (*Initates NORTH in his management of the orrery, and restores the planetary system into its former position in space.*)—Is that you, my bonnie jug ! Let me kiss your hinnie mou ! That's a kind cretur !

NORTH.

Then the moon, James ?

SHEPHERD.

Why, sir, she aften comes out o' her bower when the sun is shinin', frae pure modesty and bashfulness, that nane may see her takin' a walk, happy to be eclipsed into obscurity by that omnipotent licht.

NORTH.

Seven.

SHEPHERD.

In that resemblin' yoursell, sir, wha are fond o' my society in a' its splendour, that, like the Leddy Moon in presence o' the Lordly Sun, you may escape notice, in your ain quate and cozey neuck, contented wi' your ain somewhat pallid face, while the general gaze is concentrate on mine glowing wi' mair roseate colours.

NORTH.

Eight.

SHEPHERD.

And hae na ye seen her on a clear blue nicht, when she couldna help re-joicin' in her beauty, and there could be nae use in denyin' that she knew hoo exceedin' fair she was, Mother o' Pearl o' the Firmament—

NORTH.

Nine.

SHEPHERD.

Hae na ye seen her then acceleratin' her pace to meet the lagging clouds, and divin' intil the heart o' the first mass she met, carin' naething for the disappointment o' the shepherds sprinkled owre the hills, sae that she enjoy for a while her beloved retirement, like a princess shunnin' a people's gaze, and layin' hersell doon in a bed wi' white curtains, and white sheets, but no half sae white as her ain lovely limbs, for they are o' lilies—and what whiteness is like that o' lilies, whether they grow in the garden, or in the loch ?

NORTH.

Ten.

SHEPHERD.

And yet she's no aye sae blate—for hae na you and me aften seen her shinin' in the sky, mair like the sun than the moon, brichtenin' and brichtenin' while we continued to gaze, as if she were resolved in her queenly heart to domineer—I had amaist said to tyrannise—in the divine power o' her beauty over all upward eyes—outfacing her worshippers till they wink't, if no under her lustre yet under her loveliness—and turned awa' perhaps quite overcome—to relieve their hearts by a look o' the Evening Star ?

NORTH.

Eleven.

SHEPHERD.

What's a' the ships that ever sailed the sea to her—what's a' the isles that slumber on the sea—what's a' the birds, though God kens they are beautifu', that, on the bosom o' that sea or o' thae isles, alicht and fauld up their pennons spotless as the snaw! She heeds them not—for to her the sea is but a mirror in which her heart is gladdened by the beauty o' her countenance; and that she may enjoy her gaze on hersell she chains in saft, shinin' fetters the charmed world o' waves!

NORTH.

The dozen, by Diana!

SHEPHERD.

As for the stars—never cou'd my heart decide whether they were fairest risin', settin', or studded, stationary sparkles, in the sky, like diamonds on the slate-roof o' a human dwellin'.

NORTH.

Second Series. Number One.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to see you dinna start at the comparison. For what's bonnier than the yellow glintin' diamonds on the blue slate-roof o' a human dwel-lin'—laigh though the riggin' be? And what forbids that they should be likened to the starry splendour on the cope o' highest heaven?

NORTH.

Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

The same hand formed those in the earthern mine, that hung these on the celestial vault—and then methinks, sir, that the laigher roof, as the heart keeps narrowin' and hallowin' its feelings in domestic peace, is something even mair sacred—seein' that God gied us sic shelter that aneath it we might sing his praise—than the far-aff roof star-spangled—the roof, as it were, o' the boundless universe. For 'tis the roof o' ane's ain wee dearest warld, whare every thing is suitable in its significance—I had amaist said insignificance—but ae great thocht made me change the word,—for are we not immortal—though born to die!

NORTH.

I have lost count, my dearest Forester, of the original and delightful ideas you have been pouring forth this last half hour, and hope this shovel of oysters will be to your taste. Nothing, after all, like the open-stitch shovel for roasting natives.

(Scrapes off half a hundred natives on the Shepherd's plate—and half a hundred on his own.)

SHEPHERD.

Prime. As I look on a risin' star I feel the same as if listenin' to a soarin' laverock—I wud think, as the star sets ahint the hill, I saw the bird drappin' earthward to its nest.

NORTH.

Love you best, James, to gaze on them clear or in mist—in scores or in thousands?

SHEPHERD.

I seldom noo, sir, gaze on them ava. It is sufficient to ken that they are there—their presence abune is impressiv on my heart, though my een be on the grund as I am trudging hame outowre the hills, or atween my yad's lugs as I'm trottin' along the bridle-roads wi' a tight rein for fear he comes doun and breaks his knees—nae unusual occurrence. If they're dimmish, which they may be without bein' misty, that's nae positive sign that it will rain the morrow—but when wannish it will surely be wat, and as I never yet kent rain thrown awa in the Forest, I'm aye glad to see them wannish; for sae far frae being then sickly, 'tis a symptom o' health, and indeed diseases there are nane amang the heavenly lights, nor did a single ane o' them a' ever send doun to earth but a blessing on man and beast. I canna thole noo to luik lang on a refulgent star—it maks me sae melancholy—but

frequently sic a ane obleeges me to see it—singlin' itsell out frae the rest as if it wished a' the warld below to admire it, and then I pause, and wi' a sigh give it a silent benediction. When they hae ta'en possession o' the skies in thousands—and that tens o' thousands are aften visible at ance to my naked een, I shall continue to believe in spite o' a' the astronomers that ever peep't through telescops—'tis then that I hae nae fear to tak a lang steady look at the nocturnal heavens. A's sae cheerfu' as weel's sae serene—sae merry, I had amaist said, as weel's sae majestic—a' sae gay, sir, as weel's sae glorious—that a temper'd joy diffuses itsell through a' my bein', and the man admires like a child the illuminated sky palace o' nature.

NORTH.

The Material Universe! and is there nothing beyond? Where is the abode of Spirit? And what is Spirit?

SHEPHERD.

O sir! surely ye are no a materialist!

NORTH.

No, indeed, James. It has been argued by materialists that we know nothing at all about what we call Spirit—but believe me, my dear friend, that we know as much of it as we do of Matter.

SHEPHERD.

Do you say sae, sir?

NORTH.

In the first place, James, it is probable that we have generally included in the notion that may have been in our mind at any time we have been meditating on our inner being, the idea of some action proceeding; that we have not conceived of Spirit as something in a state of utter rest, but rather in motion, or with thought awake in it, or with inclination of love or aversion, or under the affection of pleasure or pain, or as exercising agency on some other being?

SHEPHERD.

Be sae gude as to speak affirmatively, sir, if you please, and no interrogatively—for it's my desire no to teach but to learn.

NORTH.

Well—James—that act—the idea of which I conceive has commonly been in our minds when we have spoken of Spirit—was not conceived of by us as impressed on this being at the instant by some other being; if it was motion, we did not think that the being was merely driven along by a force extraneous to itself, in which it had no participation, but that it moved itself; if the act conceived of was agency exercised upon some other being—the Spirit exercising it was not thought of as a mere passive instrument transmitting that agency from some other being, not as a mere powerless, will-less medium of agency, but as itself operating; if it was an act of thought, we did not suppose it merely carried on in it by extraneous energy without its participation, but as proceeding by faculty of its own; if it was a movement of love, aversion, will in any kind, we still thought of it, however called forth, as proceeding from itself; if imagined in the mere passive state of impressed pleasure or pain, we considered that passion as terminating on sense of its own—in a word, as centring on itself; nay, do not rub your forehead, as if you were perplexed, for I appeal to your consciousness, is it not even so?

SHEPHERD.

Dinna ask me—but go on, sir.

NORTH.

Now, James, these are all ideas, I affirm, of very strong, positive, and most important realities. What then may that be which always appears to our minds the deficiency in our conception of Spirit—which makes the conception to our reflection appear unsatisfactory—nay, which at times makes us doubt if indeed we have it at all?

SHEPHERD.

Clear up that to my contentment, sir, and you'll mak me happy a' the rest o' the nicht.

NORTH.

We say, then, that we can conceive a notion of the being of Matter, but not a notion of the being of Spirit.

SHEPHERD.

The materialists say sae.

NORTH.

What conception then, I ask, have we of the being of Matter? Probably there comes before our mind the image of something extended and opake?

SHEPHERD.

Just sae.

NORTH.

If we make the conception a little more intense, then the conception of that property by which body is displaced or displaces is superadded?

SHEPHERD.

Just sae.

NORTH.

If we were to think farther, quality after quality is superadded, till the idea is of some definite known substance?

SHEPHERD.

This table.

NORTH.

Just so, James. Or by effort of the mind we may proceed in the other direction, endeavouring to abstract the idea to the utmost; we can dismiss the idea of opacity, and conceive matter as transparent; we can reduce the idea of extension to the most indivisible atom. In all such cases it is obvious that our conception of matter is the mere recovery to the mind of some remains of actual impression made on the sense.

SHEPHERD.

It would seem sae—just sae, sir.

NORTH.

The conclusion, I apprehend, must be, that the conception we think we have of the being of Matter, is a conception either of past impressions of sense, or of an apprehended power to affect the sense with impressions; but the moment we attempt to conceive of that Something having power to affect the sense—to conceive of it in any way absolutely distinct from the remembered impression of sense, we find that we are entirely unable to shape such a conception—and we acknowledge, that of the being of Matter itself, we really have no more conception than of the being of Spirit!

SHEPHERD.

That seems sound logic.

NORTH.

Therefore, my dear Shepherd, we cannot call it an imperfection in our conception of Spirit, that we do not conceive its mode of being, since you see we do not conceive it even of Matter.

SHEPHERD.

Conclusive.

NORTH.

What we miss, then, in the conception of Spirit, is, I believe, nothing else than that shadowy image of Matter, derived from sense, which unavoidably attends upon the conception of Matter.

SHEPHERD.

Even o' a ghost.

NORTH.

A good illustration. If this be true, then, all that is really deficient in our conception of Spirit is that which it could not by any possibility include, namely, the image of an impression on sense!

SHEPHERD.

Let the materialists answer that. That's a bane for them to mumble till their jaws are sair.

NORTH.

But, my dear James, I claim your ear for a few minutes more.

SHEPHERD.

You'll no be angry if I eep eatin' awa' at the oysters ?

NORTH.

Not at all. If the two conceptions of Matter and Spirit be examined in more particular comparison, it will perhaps be found, that what to our first apprehension of them makes the difference of the power of conceiving them so indissoluble, are the two circumstances—first, of the excessive complexity of impressions—the body of impressions, if it may be called so—that we derive from the forms of material being with which we are most familiar—and, secondly, that the great qualities of its weight and impenetrability make such powerful and overcoming impressions upon those bodies from which the mind receives the materials of all its conceptions. These are circumstances in the conception of material being which must needs affect strongly the opinion of the mind which has not been practised to analyze its conceptions, but which it puts away, one by one, as it becomes familiar with the process of resolving its complex impressions into their elements.

SHEPHERD.

My genius is rather synthetical than analytic, I suspeck, but I'm no carin'.

NORTH.

Now, Spirit, James, presents no such complex aggregate of impressions embodied together, and therefore does not rise as a full conception to the mind, but has to be slowly produced. Thus, it appears to me that there is nothing defective in the conception of Spirit which it could possibly include. All that is defective, in our knowledge of it, is, that its properties are not manifested to sense ; but that is the very ground of its character, and its essential distinction from Matter, of which the sole character that we can give, is, that it is being, of which the properties are manifested to sense.

SHEPHERD.

If that's no truth, then welcome falsehood.

NORTH.

Spirit is conscious of itself, and that consciousness is the sole ground of our belief in its being.

SHEPHERD.

And what else would fules seek ?

NORTH.

Firmer than all rocks. Oh ! what is the whole life of the human creature but continual self-consciousness, varied in ten thousand times ten thousand ways ! This Spirit, united by life to material being, sees no Spirit but itself ; but it sees living bodies like its own—warm in life—springing with motion—gestures, look, voice, speech answering to its own ; and it believes them to bear Spirits like itself—beings of will, love, wrath, tears.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna rin aff into description ; but haud up your head, and stick to the soobject, like a Scots thrissle, tall as a tree.

NORTH.

We believe, then, in a kind of being distinct from Matter, because we cannot help it. We have no other resource, and we choose to call it Spirit. That there is power, energy, will, pleasure, pain, thought, we know ; and that is all that is necessary to the conception of Spirit, except one negation—that it is not cognizable to sense. All we have now to ask ourselves is, " Is this being, that feels, wills, thinks, cognizable by sense ? If so, by what sense ? " If there is no account to be given, that this thinking, willing, feeling being was ever taken cognizance of by sense, it seems at least a hard assertion to say it *is* so cognizable—an assertion at least as hazardous as to say it is not.

SHEPHERD.

Ten thoosand million times mair sae.

NORTH.

If you consider, then, my dearest Shepherd, what is our reasoning when we form to ourselves a belief of Spirit, it is simply this—" Here is Matter which I know by my senses. There is nothing here which appears to me

like what I know in myself. My senses, which take cognizance of Matter, show me nothing of the substance which thinks, or wills, or feels. I believe, then, that there is being, which they cannot show me, in which these powers reside. I believe that I am a spirit."

SHEPHERD.

"Plato, thou reasonest well."

NORTH.

From the moment the child is conscious of power within himself, of thought, sense, love, desire, pain, pleasure, will, he is beginning to gather together in one the impressions, feelings, and recollections which he will one day unite in conception under the name of Spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Mysterious life o' weans !

NORTH.

Ah ! that deep and infinite world, which is gradually opened up within ourselves, overshadowed as it is with the beautiful imagery of this material world, which it has received into itself and cherishes ! Ah ! this is the domain of Spirit. When our thoughts begin to kindle, when our heart dilates, the remembrances of the works of Spirit pour in upon us : let me rather say, my Shepherd, the Sun of Spirit rises in its strength, and consumes the mist, and we walk in the joy of his light, and exult in the genial warmth of his life-glorifying beams.

SHEPHERD.

Simpler, simpler, simpler, sir.

NORTH.

Oral need not be so correct as written discourse. But I take the hint, and add, if it be asked why it is hard to us to form the conception, why we nourish it with difficulty, why our minds are so slow to reply when they are challenged to speak in this cause, it is because they are dull in their own self-consciousness.

SHEPHERD.

That's a better style.

NORTH.

The Spirit, which feeds the body with life, itself languishes. It has not learnt to awaken and cherish its own fires. It is only when strong conception seizes upon its powers, and swells them into strength, that it truly knows, and vividly feels itself, and rejoices, like the morn, in its own lustre.

SHEPHERD.

Eyeing the clouds as ornaments, and disposin' them as fits its fancy in masses, or braids, or specks—a' alike beautifu'.

NORTH.

Illustrating the line in Wordsworth—

"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

SHEPHERD.

Weel—weel—aye quottin' Wordsworth.

NORTH.

Oh the blind breasts of men ! Because in the weakness of our nature we cannot rend ourselves enough from sense, we often seek to clothe the being of Spirit in the vain shadows of material form ! But we must aspire to a constant conviction that at the verge and brink of this material nature in which we stand, there is an abyss of being, unfathomable to all our thoughts ! Unknown existences incomprehensible of an infinite world ! Of what mighty powers may dwell there—what wonders may be there disclosed—what mutation and revolution of being or what depths of immutable repose, we know nothing. Shut up in our finite sense, we are severed for a while, on our spot of the universe, from those boundless immortalities. How near they may be to us we know not, or in what manner they may be connected with us—around us or within us ! This vast expanse of worlds, stretching into our heavens many thousand times beyond the reach of our powerfulest sight—all this may be—as a speck of darkness !

SHEPHERD:

I wuss Dr Chaumers heard ye, sir.

NORTH.

I wish he did. And may we, with our powers fed on Matter and drench'd in Sense, think to solve the question of what being may be beyond? Take upon us impiously to judge whether there be a world unsearchable to us, or whether this Matter on which we stand be all? And by the measure of our Sense circumscribe all the possibilities of creation, while we pretend to believe in the Almighty? If where we cannot know, we must yet needs choose our belief, oh! let us choose with better hope that belief which more humbles ourselves; and in bowed down and fearful awe, not in presumptuous intelligence, look forth from the stillness of our souls into the silence of unknown Being!

SHEPHERD.

I may weel be mute, sir. Sit nearer me, sir, and gie me your haun'—and lay't on my shouther, if you're no quite dune.

NORTH.

I would fain speak to the youth of my native land, James—

SHEPHERD.

And dinna they a' read the Noctes?

NORTH.

—and ask them—when the kindling imagination blends itself with Intellectual Thought—when the awakened, ardent, aspiring intelligence begins in the joy of young desire to lift itself in high conception to the stately minds that have lived upon the earth—when it begins to feel the pride of hope and power, to glow with conscious energy, to create thoughts of its own of the destinies of that race to which it rejoices to belong—do not then, I ask them, all the words which the mighty of old have dropped from their kindling lips concerning the Emanation of the Eternal Mind, which dwells in a form of dust, fall like sparks, setting the hope of immortality in a blaze—

“The sudden blaze
Far round illumines heaven?”

If, while engaged in the many speculations in which our studious youth have been involved, they suffer themselves to be dragged for a time from that primal belief, do they find a weight of darkness and perplexity come over them, which they will strive in vain to shake off?—But as soon as they re-awaken to the light of their first conviction, that heavy dream will be gone. “I can give no account”—such an one might say—“nor record of this conviction. I drew it from no dictate of reason. But it has grown upon me through all the years of my existence. I cannot collect together the arguments on which I believe, but they are for ever rising round me anew, and in new power, every moment I draw my breath. At every step I take of enquiry into my own being, they burst upon me in different unexpected forms. If I have leaned to the side of the material philosophy, every thing that I understood before was darkened—my clearest way was perplexed. I believed at first, because the desire of my soul cleaved to the thought of its lofty original. I believe now, because the doctrine is a light to me in the difficulties of science—a clue in labyrinths otherwise inextricable.”

[*Knocking at the front door and ringing of the front-door bell, as if a section of guardians of the night were warning the family of fire, or a dozen devils, on their way back to Pandemonium, were wreaking their spite on Christopher's supposed slumbers.*]

SHEPHERD.

Whattt ca' ye thattt?

NORTH (*musings*.)

I should not wonder were that Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

Then he maun be in full tail as weel's figg, or else a Brecarious. (*Uproar rather increases.*) They're surely usin' sledge-hammers! or are they but cain' awa' wi' their cuddie-heels? We ocht to be gratefu', howsomever, that they've settled the bell. The wire-rop's brak.

NORTH (*gravely.*)

I shall sue Southside for damages.

SHEPHERD.

Think ye, sir, they'll burst the door?

NORTH (*smiling contemptuously.*)

Not unless they have brought with them Mons Meg. But there is no occasion for the plural number—'tis that singular sinner Southside.

SHEPHERD.

Your servants maun be the Seven Sleepers.

NORTH.

They have orders never to be disturbed after midnight.

(*Enter PETER, in his shirt.*)Peter, let him in—show him ben—and (*whispers Peter, who makes his exit and his entrance, ushering in TICKLER in a Dreadnought, covered with cranreuch.*)

NORTH and the SHEPHERD are seen lying on their faces on the hearth-rug.)

PETER.

Oh! dear! oh! dear! oh! dear! what is this! what is this! what is this! Hae I leaved to see my master and Mr Hogg lyin' baith dead!

TICKLER (*in great agitation.*)

Heavens! what has happened! This is indeed dreadful.

PETER.

Oh! sir! oh! sir! it's that cursed charcoal that he wou'd use for a' I cou'd do—the effluvia has smothered him at last. There's the pan—there's the pan! But let's raise them up, and bear them into the back-green.

(*PETER raises the body of NORTH in his arms—TICKLER that of the SHEPHERD.*)

Stiff! stiff! stiff! could! could! could! dead! dead! dead!

TICKLER (*wildly.*)

When saw you them last?

PETER.

O, sir, no for several hours! my beloved master sent me to bed at twelve—and now 'tis two half-past.

TICKLER (*dreadfully agitated.*)

This is death.

SHEPHERD (*seizing him suddenly round the waist.*)

Then try Death a wrastle.

NORTH (*recuperated by the faithful PETER.*)Fair play, Hogg! You've hold of the waistband of his breeches. 'Tis a dog-fall. (*The SHEPHERD and TICKLER contend fiercely on the rug.*)TICKLER (*uppermost.*)

You deserve to be throttled, you swineherd, for having wellnigh broke my heart.

SHEPHERD.

Pu' him aff, North—pu' him aff—he'll thrapple me! Whr—whr—rrrr—whrrrr—(*SOUTHSIDE is choked off the SHEPHERD, and takes his seat on the sofa with tolerable composure. Exit PETER.*)

TICKLER.

Bad taste—bad taste. Of all subjects for a practical joke the worst is death.

SHEPHERD.

A gran' judge o' taste! Ca' you't gude taste to break folk's bell-rops, and kick at folk's front doors, when a' the city's in sleep?

TICKLER.

I confess the propriety of my behaviour was problematical.

SHEPHERD.

Problematical! You wad ha'e been cheap o't, if Mr North out o' the window had shot you dead on the spat.

NORTH (*leaning kindly over TICKLER, as SOUTHSIDE is sitting on the sofa, and insinuating his dexter hand into the left coat-pocket of TIMOTHY's Dread-Nought.*)Ha! ha! Look here, Mr Hogg! (*Exhibits a bell-handle and brass knocker.*) Street robbery!

SHEPHERD.

Hamesucken!

NORTH.

An accomplished Cracksman!

TICKLER.

I plead guilty.

SHEPHERD.

Plead guilty! What brazen assurance! Caught wi' the *corpus delicti* in the pouch o' your wrap-rascal. Bad taste—bad taste. But sin' you repent, you're forgi'en. Whare hae you been, and whence at this untimorous hour hae you come? Tak a sup o' that. (*Handing him the jug.*)

TICKLER.

From Duddingstone Loch. I detest skating in a crowd—so have been figuring away by moonlight to the Craggs,

SHEPHERD.

Are you sure you're quite sober?

TICKLER.

Quite at present. That's a jewel of a jug, James—But what were you talking about?

SHEPHERD.

Never fash your thoomb—but sit doon at the side-table yonner.

TICKLER.

Ha! The ROUND! (*Sits retired.*)

SHEPHERD.

I was sayin', Mr Tickler, that I canna get rid o' a belief in the metta-seekozies or transmigration o' sowles. It aften comes upon me as I'm sittin' by mysell on a knowe in the Forest; and a' the scenery, steadfast as it seems to be before my senses as the place o' my birth, and accordin' to the popular faith where I hae past a' my days, is then strangely felt to lose its intimate or veetal connexion wi' my speerituality, and to be but ae dream-spat amang mony dream-spats which maun be a' taken thegither in a bewilderin' series, to make up the yet uncompleted mystery o' my being or life.

NORTH.

Pythagoras!

SHEPHERD.

Mind that I'm no wullin' to tak my bible-oath for the truth o' what I'm noo gaun to tell you—for what's real and what's visionary—and whether there be indeed three warlds—an e o' the ee—an e o' the memory, and an e o' the imagination—it's no for me dogmatically to decide; but this I wull say—that if there are three, at sic times they're sae circumvolved and confused wi' ane anither, as to hae the appearance and inspire the feelin' o' their bein' but ae warld—or I should rather say, but ae life. The same sort o' consciousness, sirs, o' my haen experimentally belanged alike to them a', comes owre me like a threefauld shadow, and in that shadow my sowle sits wi' its heart beatin', frichtened to think o' a' it has come through, syne the first far-awa glimmer o' nascent thocht connectin' my particular individuality wi' the universal creation. Am I makin' mysell understood?

TICKLER.

Pellucid as an icicle that seems warm in the sunshine.

SHEPHERD.

Yet you dinna see my drift—and I'm at a loss for words.

TICKLER.

You might as well say you are at a loss for oysters, with five-hundred on that board.

SHEPHERD.

I think on a cave—far ben, mirk always as a midnight wood—except that twa lichts are burnin' there brichter than ony stars—fierce leevin lichts—yet in their fierceness fu' o' love, and therefore fu' o' beauty—the een o' my mother, as she gently growls o'er me wi' a pur that inspires me wi' a passion for milk and bluid.

TICKLER.

Your mother! The man's mad.

SHEPHERD.

A lioness, and I her cub.

NORTH.

Hush—hush, Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

I sook her dugs, and sookin' I grow sae cruel that I could bite. Between pain and pleasure, she gies me a cuff wi' her paw, and I gang head owre heels like a bit playfu' kitten. And what else am I but a bit playfu' kitten? For we're o' the Cat kind—we Lions—and bein' o' the royal race o' Africa, but ae whalp at a birth. She taks me mewin' up in her mouth, and lets me drap amang leaves in the outer air—lyin' down aside me and enticin' me to play wi' the tuft o' her tail, that I suppose, in my simplicity, to be itsell a separate hairy cretur alive as weel as me, and gettin' fun, as wi' loupes and springs we pursue ane anither, and then for a minute pretend to be sleepin'. And wha's he yon? Wha but my Father? I ken him instinctively by the mane on his shouthers, and his bare tawny hurdies—but my mither wull no let him come ony nearer, for he yawns as if he were hungry, and she kens he would think naething o' devourin' his ain off-spring. Oh! the first time I heard him crunch! It was an antelope—in his fangs like a mouse—but that is an after similitude—for then I had never seen a mouse—nor do I think I ever did a' the time I was in the great desert.

NORTH (*removing to some distance.*)

Tickler, he looks alarmingly leonine.

SHEPHERD.

I had then nae ee for the picturesque—but out o' thae materials then sae familiar to my senses, I hae mony a time since constructed the landscape in which my youth sported—and oh! that I could but dash it aff on canvass!

NORTH.

Salvator Rosa, the greater Poussin, and he of Duddingstone, would then have to “hide their diminished heads.”

SHEPHERD.

A cave-mouth, half-high as that o' Staffa; but no fantastic in its structure like thae hexagonals—a' ae sullen rock! Yet was the savage den maist sweet—for frae the arch hung down midway a mony-coloured drapery, leaf-and-flower-woven by nature, who delights to beautify the wilderness, renewed as soon as faded, or else perennial, in spite o' a' thae suns and a' thae storms! Frae our roof strecht up-rose the trees, wi' crowns that touched the skies. There hung the umbrage like clouds—and to us below how pleasant was the shade! From the cave-mouth a green lawn descended to a pool, where the pelican used to come to drink—and mony a time hae I watched crouchin' ahint the water-lilies, that I micht spring upon her when she had filled her bag—but if I was cunnin' she was wary, and aye fand her way back unskathed by me to her nest. A' roun' was sand; for you see, sirs, it was an oasis—and I suspect they were palm-trees. I can liken a leaf, as it cam waverin' doon, to naething I hae seen sin' syne but a parachute. I used to play with them till they withered, and then to row mysell in them, like a wean hidin' itsell for fun in the claes, to mak its mither true it was na there—till a' at ance I loup't oot on my mither the Lioness, and in a mock-fecht we twa gaed gurlin' down the brae—me generally uppermost—for ye can hae nae idea hoo tender are the maist terrible o' animals to their young—and what delicht the auld she ane has in pretendin' to be vanquished in even-doon worryin' by a bit cub that would be nae mair than a match for Rover there, or even Fang. Na—ye need na lift your heads and cock your lugs, my gude douggies, for I'm speakin' o' you and no to you, and likenin' your force to mine when I was a Lion's whalp.

ROVER and FANG (*leaping up and barking at the SHEPHERD.*)

Wow—bow—wow—bow—wow—wow.

NORTH.

They certainly think, Tickler, that he must be either Wallace or Nero,

SHEPHERD.

Sae passed my days—and a happier young hobblethoy of a Lion never

footed it on velvet pads along the Lybian sands. Only sometimes for days—na weeks—I was maist desperate hungry—for the antelopes and sic like creturs began to get unco scarce—pairtly frae bein' killed oot, and pairtly frae bein' feared awa'—and I've kent us obleeged to dine, and be thankfu', on jackal.

TICKLER.

Hung up in hams from the roof of the cave.

SHEPHERD.

But that was no the warst o't—for spring cam—as I felt rather than saw—and day or nicht—sleepin' or waukin'—I cou'd get nae rest—I was verra feverish and verra fierce, and keepit prowlin' and growlin' about—

TICKLER.

Like a lion in love—

SHEPHERD.

I could na distinctly tell why—and sae did my mither, wha lookit as if in gude earnest she wad tear me in pieces.

TICKLER.

Whattt?

SHEPHERD.

She wou'd glare on me wi' hergreen een, as if she wanted to set fire to my hide, as you may hae seen a laddie in a window wi' a glass settin' fire to a man's hat on the street, by the power o' the focus—and then she wou'd wallow on the sand, as if to rub aff ticks that tormented her—and then wi' a shake, garrin' the piles shower frae her, wou'd gallop down to the pool as if aboot to droon hersell, and though no in general foad o' the water, plowter in't like the verra pelican.

TICKLER.

“Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.”

SHEPHERD.

The great desert grew a' ae roar! and thirty feet every spang cam lowpen, wi' his enormous mane, the Lion my father, wi' his tail, tuft and a', no perpendicular like a bull's, but extended horizontally ahint him, as stiff's iron, and a' bristlin'—and fastened in his fangs in the back o' the Lioness my mother's neck, wha forthwith began caterwauling waur than a hunder roof fu's o' cats, till I had amaist swarfed through fear, and forgotten that I was ane o' their ain whalps.

TICKLER.

“To show how much thou wast degenerate.”

SHEPHERD.

Sae I thocht it high time to leave them to devoor ane anither, and I slank aff, wi' my tail atween my legs, intil the wilderness, resolved to return to my native oasis never mair. I looked back frae the tap o' a sand-hill, and saw what micht hae been, or not been, the croons o' the palm-trees—and then glided on till I cam to anither “palm-grove, islanded amid the waste,”—as Soothey finely says—where instinct urged me to seek a lair, and I found ane—no sae superb, indeed, as my native den—no sae magnificent—but in itsell bonnier and brichter and mair blissfu' far—safter, far and wide a' around it, was the sand to the soles and pawms o' my paws—for an event befel me there that in a day elevated me into Lionhood, and crooned me wi' the imperial diadem of the Desert.

TICKLER.

As how?

NORTH.

James!

SHEPHERD.

In the centre o' the grove was a well—not dug by hands—though caravans had passed that way—but formed naturally in the thin-grassed sand by a spring that in summer drought cared not for the sun—and round about that well were some beautifu' bushes, that bore flowers amaist as big's roses, but liker lilies—

TICKLER.

Most flowery of the feline!

SHEPHERD.

But, oh heavens! ten thousand million times mair beautifu' than the gorgeous bushes 'neath which she lay asleep! A cretur o' my ain kind! couchant! wi' her sweet nose atween her forepaws! The elegant line o' her yellow back, frae shoulder to rump, broken here and there by a blossom-laden spray that depended lovingly to touch her slender side! Her tail gracefully gathered up amang the delicate down on which she reposed! Little of it visible but the tender tuft! Eyes and lips shut! There slept the Virgin of the Wild! still as the well, and as pure, in which her eemage was enshrined! I trummled like a kid—I heard a knockin', but it did na wauken her—and creepin' stealthily on my gruff, I laid mysell, without growlin', side by side, a' my length alang hers—and as oor fur touched, the touch garred me at first a' grue, and then glow as if prickly thorns had pleasurablely pierced my verra heart. Safely—safely pat I ae paw on the back o' her head, and anither aneath her chin—and then laid my cheek to hers, and gied the ear niest me a wee bit bite! When up she sprang higher in the air, Mr Tickler, than the feather on your cap when you was in the Volunteers; and on recoverin' her feet after the fa', without stayin' to look around her, spang by spang tapped the shrubs, and afore I had presence o' mind to pursue her, round a sand-hill was out o' sight!

NORTH.

Aye, James—joy often drops out between the cup and the lip—or, like riches, takes wings to itself and flies away. And was she lost to thee for ever?

SHEPHERD.

I lashed mysell wi' my tail—I trode and tore up the shrubs wi' my hind paws—I turned up my jaws to heaven, and yowled in wrathfu' despair—and then pat my mouth to the dust, and roared till the well began to bubble—then I lapped water, and grew thirstier the langer I lapped—and then searched wi' a' my seven senses the bed whare her beautifu' bulk had lain—warmer and safter and sweeter than the ither herbage—and in rage tried to bite a bit out o' my ain shoulder, when the pain sent me bounding aff in pursuit o' my lovely lioness—and lo! there she was stealin' alang by the brink o' anither nest o' bushes, far aff on the plain, pausin' to look back—sae I thocht—e'er she disappeared in her hiding-place. Round and round the brake I careered, in narrowing circles, that my Delicht should not escape my desire, and at last burst crashin' in upon her wi' ae spang, and seized her by the nape o' the neck, as my father had seized my mother, and pinned her down to the dust. But I was mercifu' as I was strang; and being assured by her, that if I wou'd but be less rampawgeous, that she would at least gi'e me a hearin', I released her neck frae my fangs, but keepit a firm paw on her, till I had her promise that she wou'd agree to ony proposal in reason, provided my desiguns were honourable—and honourable they were as ever were breathed by bosom leonine in the solitary wilderness.

NORTH.

“I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.”

SHEPHERD.

We were perfectly happy, sir. Afore the hinny-moon had filled her horns, mony an antelope, and not a few monkeys, had we twa thegither devoored! Oh, sirs! but she was fleet! and sly as swift! She woud lie couchin' in a bush till she was surrounded wi' grazin' edibles suspectin' nae harm, and ever and anon ceasin' to crap the twigs, and playin' wi' ane anither, like lambs in the Forest, where it is now my lot as a human cretur to leevil! Then up in the air and amang them wi' a roar, smitin' them dead in dizzens wi' ae touch o' her paw, though it was safter than

velvet—and singlin' out the leader by his horns, that purrin' she micht leasurely sook his bluid—nor at sic times wou'd it hae been safe even for me, her lion and her lord, to ha'e interfered wi' her repast. For in the desert, hunger and thirst are as fierce as love. As for me, in this respect, I was mair generous, and mony is the time and aft that I hae gi'en her the tid-bits o' fat frae the flank o' a deer o' my ain killin' when she had missed her aim by owrespringin't—for I never ken't her spang fa' short—without her so much as thankin' me—for she was ow're prood ever to seem gratefu' for ony favour—and carried hersell, like a Beauty as she was, and a spoiled Bride. I was sometimes sair tempted to throttle her—but then, to be sure, a playfu' pat frae her paw could smooth my bristles at ony time, or mak' me lift up my mane for her delicht, that she might lie down bashfully aneath its shadow, or as if shelterin' there frae some object o' her fear, crouch pantin' amang that envelopement o' hairy clouds.

TICKLER.

Whew!

NORTH.

In that excellent work the Naturalists' Library, edited by my learned friend Sir William Jardine, it is observed, if I recollect rightly, that Temminck, in his Monograph, places the African Lion in two varieties, that of Barbary and that of Senegal—without referring to those of the southern parts of the continent. In the southern parts there are two kinds analogous, it would seem, to the northern varieties—the yellow and the brown, or, according to the Dutch colonists, the blue and the black. Of the Barbary Lion, the hair is of a deep yellowish brown, the mane and hair upon the breast and insides of the fore-legs being ample, thick, and shaggy; of the Senegal Lion, the colour of the body is of a much paler tint, the mane is much less, does not extend so far upon the shoulders, and is almost entirely wanting upon the breast and insides of the legs. Mr Burchel encountered a third variety of the African Lion, whose mane is nearly quite black, and him the Hottentots declare to be the most fierce and daring of all. Now, my dear James, pardon me for asking whether you were the Senegal or Barbary Lion, or one of the southern varieties analogous to them, or the third variety, with the mane nearly black, that encountered Mr Burchel?

TICKLER.

He must have been a fourth variety, and probably the sole specimen thereof; for all naturalists agree that the young males have neither mane nor tail-tuft, and exhibit no incipient symptoms of such appendages till about their third year.

SHEPHERD.

Throughout the hale series o' my transmigration o' sowle I hae aye been equally in growth and genius extraordinar' precocious, Timothy; and besides, I dinna clearly see hoo either Buffoon, or Civviar, or Tinnock, or Sir William Jarrold, or Jeems Wulson, or even Wommel himself, familiar as they may be wi' Lions in plates or cages, should ken better about their manes and the tuft o' their tails, than me wha was ance a Lion *in propria persona*, and hae thochts o' writing my ain Leonine Owobiography wi' Cuts. But as for my colour, I was neither a blue, nor a black, nor a white, nor a red Lion—though you, Tickler, may hae seen sic like on the signs o' inns—but I was the TERRIBLE TAWNEY o' TIMBUCTOO!!!

TICKLER.

What! did you live in the capital?

SHEPHERD.

Na—in my kintra seat a' the year roun'. But there was mair than a sugh o' me in the metropolis—mony a story was tauld o' me by Moor and Mandingo—and by whisper o' my name they stilled their cryin' weans, and frichtened them to sleep. What kent I, when a lion, o' geography? Nae map o' Africa had I ever seen but what I scrawled wi' my ain claws on the desert-dust. As for the Niger, I cared na whether it flawed to meet the risin' or the settin' sun—but when the sun entered Leo, I used instinctively to soom in its waters, and I remember, as if it had been yesterday,

loupin' in amang a bevy o' black gurlies bathin' in a shallow, and break-fastin' on ane o' them, wha ate as tender as a pullet, and was as plump as a patrick. It was lang afore the time o' Mungo Park—but had I met Mungo I wou'd na hae hurt a hair o' his head—for my prophetic sowle would hae been conscious o' the Forest, and however hungry, never wou'd I hae harmed him wha had leaved on the Tweed.

NORTH.

Beautiful. Pray, James, is it true that your lion prefers human flesh to any other—nay, after once tasting it, that he uniformly becomes an anthropophagus?

SHEPHERD.

He may or he may not uniformly become an anthropophagus, for I kenna what an anthropophagus is; but as to preferring human flesh to ony ither, that depends on the particular kind o' human flesh. I presume, when I was a lion, that I had the ordinar' appetencies o' a lion—that is, that I was rather abune than below average or par—and at a' events that there was naething about me unleonine. Noo I cou'd never bring mystammach, without difficulty, to eat an auld woman—as for an auld man, that was out o' the question, even in starvation. On the whole I preferred, in the long run, antelope even to girl. Girl dootless was a delicacy ance a fortnicht or thereabouts—but girl every day would hae been —

TICKLER.

Toujours perdrix.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae. Anither Lion, a freen' o' mine, tho', thocht otherwise, and used to lie in ambuscade for girl, on which he fed a' through the year. But mark the consequence, why he lost his senses, and died ragin' mad!

TICKLER.

You dont sae so?

SHEPHERD.

Instinctively I ken't better, and diversified my dinners wi' zebras and quaggas, and such small deer, sae that I was always in high condition, my skin was aye sleek, my main meteorous; and as for my tail, wherever I went, the tuft bore aff the belle.

NORTH.

Leo—are you, or are you not a cowardly animal?

SHEPHERD.

After I had reached the age o' puberty my courage never happened to be put to ony verra severe trial, for I was aye faithfu' to my mate—and she to me—and jealousy never disturbed our den.

TICKLER.

Any cubs?

SHEPHERD.

But I cou'dna hae wanted courage, since I never felt fear. I aye took the sun o' the teegger; and, though the rhinoceros is an ugly customer, he used to gie me the wa'; at sicht o' me the elephant became his ain trumpeter, and sounded a retreat in amang the trees. Ance, and ance only, I had a desperate fecht wi' a unicorn.

NORTH.

So he is not fabulous?

SHEPHERD.

No him, indeed—he's ane o' the realest o' a' beasts.

TICKLER.

What may be the length of his horn, James?

SHEPHERD.

O' a dagger.

TICKLER.

Shape?

SHEPHERD.

No speerally wreathed like a ram's horn—but strecht, smooth, and polished, o' the yellow ivory—sharper than a swurd.

Hoofs?

TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

His hoofs are no cloven, and he's no unlike a horse. But in place o' nicherin' like a horse, he roars like a bull; and then he leeves on flesh.

TICKLER.

I thought he had been omnivorous.

SHEPHERD.

Nae cretur's omnivorous but man.

NORTH.

Rare?

SHEPHERD.

He maun be verra rare, for I never saw anither but him I focht. The battle was in a wood. We're natural enemies, and set to wark the moment we met without ony quarrel. Wi' the first pat o' my paw I scored him frae shoulder to flank, till the bluid spouted in jettees. As he ran at me wi' his horn I jookit ahint a tree, and he transfixt it in the pith—sheathen't to the verra hilt. There was nae use in flingin' up his heels, for wi' the side-spang I was on his back, and fastenin' my hind claws in his flank and my fore-claws in his shouthers, I began at my leisure devooring him in the neck. She sune joined me, and ate a hole into his inside till she got at the kidnies—but judgin' by him, nae animal's mair tenawcious o' life than the unicorn—fon when we left him the remains were groanin'. Niest mornin' we went to breakfast on him, but thae gluttonous creturs, the vulturs, had been afore us, and he was but banes.

NORTH.

Are you not embellishing, James?

SHEPHERD.

Sic a fack needs nae embellishment. But I confess, sirs, I was, on the first hearin o't, incredulous o' Major Laing's hain' found the skeleton stickin' to the tree!

NORTH.

Why incredulous?

SHEPHERD.

For wha' can tell at what era I was a lion? But it pruves that the banes o' a unicorn are durable as airn.

NORTH.

And Ebony an immortal wood.

TICKLER.

Did you finish your career in a trap?

SHEPHERD.

Na. I died in open day in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo.

TICKLER.

Ha, ha! baited?

SHEPHERD.

Na. I was lyin' ae day by mysell—for she had disappeared to whalp among the shrubs—waitin' for some wanderin' waif comin' to the well—for thirst is stranger than fear in them that dwell in the desert, and they will seek for water even in the lion's lair—when I saw the head o' an unknown animal high up among the trees, browzin' on the sprays—and then its lang neck—and then its shouthers—and then its forelegs—and then its body droopin' doon into a tail like a buffalo's—an animal unlike ony ither I had ever seen afore—for though spotted like a leopard, it was in shape liker a unicorn—but then its een were black and saft, like the een o' an antelope, and as it licket the leaves, I kent that tongue had never lapped bluid. I stretched mysell up wi' my usual roar, and in less time than it taks to tell't was on the back o' the Giraffe.

AMBO.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

SHEPHERD.

I happened no to be verra hungry—and my fangs—without munchin'—pierced but an inch or twa deep. Brayin' across the sand-hills at a lang

trot flew the cameleopard—nor for hours slackened she her pace—till she plunged into the Black river—

TICKLER.

The Niger.

SHEPHERD.

—Swam across, and bore me through many groves into a wide plain, all unlike the wilderness round the Oasis we had left at morn.

NORTH.

What to that was Mazeppa's ride on the desert-born !

SHEPHERD.

The het bluid grew sweeter and sweeter as I drank—and I saw nâething but her neck, till a' at ance staggerin' she fell doon—and what a sight ! Rocks, as I thocht them—but they were houses—encirclin' me a' round—thousan's o' blackamoors, wi' shirts and spears and swurds and fires, and drums, hemmin' the Lion—and arrows—like the flyin' dragons I had seen in the desert, but no, like them, harmless—stingin' me through the sides intil the entrails, that when I bat them brak ! You asked me if I was a cooard ? Was't like a cooard to drive, in that condition, the hale city like sheep ? But a' at ance, without my ain wull, my spangin' was changed into sprawlin' wi' my fore feet. I still made them spin—but my hind legs were useless—my back was broken—and what I was lappin', sirs, was a pool o' my ain bluid. I had spewed it as my heart burst—first fire grew my een and then mist—and the last thing I remember was a shout and a roar. And thus, in the centre o' the great square o' Timbuctoo, the Lion died !

NORTH.

And the hide of him, who is now the Ettrick Shepherd, has for generations been an heir-loom in the palace of the Emperor of all the Saharas !

SHEPHERD.

Nae less strange than true.—Noo, North, let's hear o' ane o' your trans-migrations.

NORTH.

"Some Passages in the Life o' a Merman ?"

SHEPHERD.

If you please.

NORTH.

Another night, James; for really, after such painting and such poetry—

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, sir. I never insist. Oh ! hoo I hate to hear a bash insist ! Insistin' that you shall tell a story—insistin' that you shall sing—insistin' that you shall tak anither jug—insistin' that you shall sit still—insistin', in short, that you shall do the verra thing, whatever it happen to be, that ye hae declared a dizzen times that you will be danged if you do do—dang him ! droon him ! deevil droon him ! canna he haud his foul tongue, and scart his sawte head without ony interruption, and be thankfu'—and no—

NORTH.

James ! James ! James !

SHEPHERD (*laughing*.)

Beg your pardon, sir; but only yestreen at a pairty I was "sae pestered wi' a popinjay," that I'm ashamed to say I forgott mysell sae far as to dash a jug o' het water in his face—and tho' he made an apology, I fin' I haena forgien him yet—was I red in the face ?

NORTH.

Ratherly.

SHEPHERD.

What's this ? What's this ? See, the floor's in an inundation ! Is that your doin', Mr Tickler ?

TICKLER.

What the deuce do you mean, Hogg ? My doing ?

SHEPHERD.

Yes—it is your doin'. A stream o' water comin' frae you a' owre the

Turkey carpet—and reachin'—see tull't—the rim o' the rug. What sort o' mainners is this, to force your way at midnight into an honest man's house, and spile a' his furnitur? There you sit at the Round, in your dreadnought, like a Norway bear, and never tak thocht hoo the snaw, and the crancreich, and the icicles hae been meltin' this last hour, till the floor's a' soomin'!

TICKLER.

You can cross at the ford.

NORTH.

James—let it seep. Shall we have some beef-à-la-mode, James?

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Thus.

(NORTH flings into the bright smokeless element slice after slice of the Round, previously well salted and peppered—they fizz—fry—and writhe like martyrs in the fire.)

SHEPHERD.

There's a bauld, a daurin' simplicity in that, sir, that reminds ane o' the first elements o' cookery, as yet no an airt, far less a science, anterior to the time o' Tubal-Cain.

NORTH.

They have a flavour, when done so, James, superior far to that imported by the skill of a Kitchener or an Ude. They are more thoroughly searched by the fire—and in fact imbibe the flavour of fire.

SHEPHERD.

I wuss they mayna be smeeket!

NORTH.

Try.

(NORTH extricates the fry from the fire with the tongs, and deposits them in layers on a platter. TICKLER forsakes the side-table—joins the circular—and as he is helping himself to beef-à-la-mode, the SHEPHERD entangles his fork with SOUTHSIDE'S, and pins down the savoury slice.)

SHEPHERD.

I despair o' meetin' wi' gude mainners in this rude and boisterous ward.

NORTH.

By the way, my dear James, I should like to hear you on National Manners.

SHEPHERD.

The mainners o' a' nations are equally bad.

NORTH.

That may be true, but surely they are different—and I desire to hear the Shepherd on their distinctive qualities, and on the causes that have modified—

SHEPHERD.

And transmogrified the original Adam?

NORTH.

You have it, James.

SHEPHERD.

And you ken sae little o' human natur, or mak sae little allooance for its infirmities, as seriously to expect me to enter intil sic a feelosophical and historical innquiry wi' this fry afore me?—wi' my mouth comin' into unremittin' contact wi' the maist delicious o' a' dishes—beef à-la-mode, according to Christopher—or, as I micht ca't, North's feu-de-joy?

NORTH.

We shudder at the enormities of American manners, and bless our stars that we were born in Scotland; yet are we little better than savages—

SHEPHERD.

Little better than savages, said ye, sir?

NORTH.

Come, don't fly into a passion, James.

SHEPHERD.

We're no half sae gude. Savages, as far as mainners are concerned, are your only gentlemen.

NORTH.

Right.

SHEPHERD.

Wha ever heard tell o' a Red Indian takin' the word oot o' your mooth, or contradictin' ye in a lood vice, or tellin' ye to your face that you was an ignorawmus—a bundle o' exploded prejudices—an' o' the auld schule, whase day was gane by—ahint the age by half a sentry—in plain terms, a fule?

NORTH.

No white man.

SHEPHERD.

Nae Red Indian, whether Cherokee, Iroquois, or Mowhawk, ever disgraced himself by insultin' you in that gate—as I hae been mony hunder times insulted by some upsettin' whalp o' a bit sma' Embro shopkeeper, a' his life occupied a' day in tyin' broon paper parshels wi' twine.

NORTH.

I cannot sit still, James, and hear you abuse the shopocracy—the most enlightened constituency——

TICKLER.

Waur hawk, Ponto! No politics, Kit.

SHEPHERD.

Ten-pounder, indeed! The whalp's no even a clerk—and sweeps the shop he serves—yet has the impudence to cock his shub nose in the face o' the Ettrick Shepherd.

NORTH.

Whose genius has swept the Forest.

SHEPHERD.

But let's soar higher up society, and tak' the Embro' shopkeepers as a class—and there's nane ither mair respectable—what sae ye till their mainners?

NORTH.

The manners of many—of almost all I know—at least with whom I dine—are as agreeable as their minds are enlightened.

SHEPHERD.

Are ye satarical, sir?

NORTH.

I should be ashamed of myself if I were, James.

SHEPHERD.

But then, sir, your freens are the *elite*.

NORTH.

Why, I believe that is true—though they are not all Tories.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! if you kent some that I ken—you wou'd fent.

NORTH.

Is the smell so very strong?

SHEPHERD.

I was na thinkin' o' the smell—though, noo that you mention't, it is sometimes strong indeed—but o' their a' roarin' through ither as if they were gawn to fa' to the fechtin'—wi' their een starin' in their head—and their faces, red, blue, and purple—excepp the lad in the jaundice—and this they ca' arguin'! Na, a' the while they're a' arguin' on the same side. For you see, sir, they're Whigs and Radicals, and are a' unanimously insistin' on sinkin' a' minor differences, and bringin' a' their energies to bear on the common enemy—that is us, sir, you, and me, and Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke o' Wellington——

TICKLER.

Waur hawk, dogs!

SHEPHERD.

I cou'd forgie them their tenets—for they're only seekin' to overturn Church and State—and every noo and then a bit sticket minister-lookin' cretur—but wha's a clerk in some excise or custom-house—cries out, wi' a vice like a corn-craik—"It's a speculative question, Mr Hogg." Speculative or practical, I cou'd forgie them their tenets, and without ony symptom o' impatience, hear them drive the Bishops out o' the House o' Lords—then destroy the House o' Lords itself, that is, the Peerage as a legislative body—na, banish the King and the Royal Family to Van Diemen's Land, and set up a Republic, wi' a President—wha micht be dear aneuch at that soom—wi' three hundred pounds sterling per annum and a free house, including coal and candle. I repeat, I cou'd forgie their tenets—for I'm a leeberal, and can range wi' pleasure through a' latitudes o' opinion on the sphere o' thocht—but oh! sir! are na sic *mainners* maist offensive? And wou'd I be a Christian if I were na indignant wi' a company that a' nicht lang never ance lost the opportunity o' my openin' my mouth, without thrustin' their rotten Radicalism doon my thrott?

NORTH.

Why visit?

SHEPHERD.

Whatt? wou'd you hae me to refuse an invitation to denner frae an auld freen—to meet a wheen auld freens—merely 'cause their *mainners* are no sae polished as ane cou'd wish, and thae clever chieles no sae considerate, as micht be expectit frae their education, o' ane's feelin's as connected wi' his political principles?

NORTH.

Pray what has been their education?

SHEPHERD.

They can a' read, and write, and keep byeuks. I'm no denyin' their pree-
vilege to lay doon the law on government and religion, nor their ability to do sae—I was only compleenin' o' their *mainners*—which is the soobject o' our present discourse—and agreein' wi' you that the tone in mony a tradesman's parlour in the modern Athens—as far as *mainners* are concerned—is probably rather below that o' the cabin o' an American steam-boat on the Mississippi.

NORTH.

Do not say, James, that you agree with me in that opinion—for I have not said a single word about the matter.

SHEPHERD.

What say ye, then, sir, to the *mainners* o' leeterary men?

NORTH.

If you mean, James, literary men by profession—regular authors—then we must speak first of those who conduct the periodical press, and latterly of those who devote themselves to what are called Works.

SHEPHERD.

You'll hae some diffeeculty, sir, in makin' oot that distinction wi' a difference; for whare's the author of what is ca'd a wark that has nae dabbled mair or less in the dailies, the weeklies, the monthlies, and the quarterlies?

NORTH.

Let me consider—(*putting his finger to the organ of Memory.*)

SHEPHERD.

If there be ony such, they'll pruve a set o' auld foggies, that hae passed their lives in writin' what naebody reads; and wi' a' due estimation o' the worth o' posthumous fame, I think that maun be a disconsolate occupation, and likely to bring down their grey heads wi' sorrow to the grave.

NORTH.

I could mention a few who have established a reputation by works that are in every good library. But——

SHEPHERD.

There's Southey, the first man of letters in Europe, now that Sir Walter is gone—poet, historian, and philosopher——

NORTH.

He is—but I give up the distinction, and speak now simply of writers who have achieved a high place in literature. The manners of all such men, as far as my experience goes, are delightful, and, at the same time, their superiority as conspicuous in the intellectual intercourse of social life as in the productions of their genius.

SHEPHERD.

Are you serious, sir?

NORTH.

Perfectly so, James. Dugald Stewart, indeed, has written that he seldom or never found that a great philosopher excelled in conversation, and that as for poets, or men of genius in the realms of imagination, he had almost always been painfully impressed by their comparative inferiority when not under the inspiration of the Muse, who visited them, it would appear, only during the hours of composition. At all other times they were dullish, or idiotic, or, at best, commonplace.

SHEPHERD.

I daursay the Professor was na far wrang in the case o' great philosophers; but what great poets, may I ask, did he number amang his acquaintance?

NORTH.

I cannot say—I believe—for one—Thomas Campbell.

SHEPHERD.

And is he na bricht?

NORTH.

Why, his conversation is not pitched on the same key as his Ode to the Mariners of England, or Lochiel's Warning.

SHEPHERD.

Heaven forbid!

NORTH.

But he is one of the wittiest of the witty—when in spirits, lavish of happy thoughts—elegant in his illustrations, and in his manner, I should say, graceful; his easy and unambitious talk characteristic at once of the scholar and the man of the world.

SHEPHERD.

Thamas Cammel, a man of the world!

NORTH.

Yes, James. For in what society would not the Author of the Pleasures of Hope be welcome—in what sphere or circle the Poet of Wyoming not be a shining star?

SHEPHERD.

True, sir.

NORTH.

A man of genius is always a man of genius, and unless he has been too much of a recluse, pleasant and instructive in all companies worthy of him, but he rarely desires to play first fiddle—

SHEPHERD.

There should never be a first fiddle in a private concert.

NORTH.

Right.

SHEPHERD.

Nae Paganini. Yet it's nae unusual thing to hear some Cockney o' a cratur—an Embro' Cockney—(what for, sir, dinna ye cut up the Embro' Cockneys?)—no only playin' first fiddle—but solo fiddle—and whether in ambition or imbecillity, restrictin' himsell to ae string. But the true Musicianer—that is the man o' real genie, or tawlent, or learnin', or wisdom—for a' sic are nature's musicianers—interexchange instruments in harmonious amity—and without byeuks afore them—but by a natural ear for music, wi' which heaven has endowed their souls—keep for ever a' in perfect tune, whatever be the piece they may be performin'—and if ane is left in a solo by himsell, it's because the rest hae ceased to play, in order

that they may hear some spontaneous strain in which his peculiar genie is known to excel, and at its close, a' the company, till then still and silent, expresses its gratitude by a gentle murmur, the sweetest sort o' applause.

NORTH.

Tickler—is not that happy? Asleep.

SHEPHERD.

Dozin' in a dreadnocht! Bot for his face you micht suppose him a Bear—and bot for his figure you micht tak' him for a Whaup. For it's mair like a neb nor a nose.

NORTH.

Without literature or manners, I hardly see how a man can be a gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me. But mony a man has a sufficient share o' literatur' that does na like to let it oot, especially in presence o' you or me, sir; but it colours his conversation, for a' that, and there's a charmin' modesty, sir, in some men o' fine edication, that gies a mild yet manly character to a' they inobtrusively say in the course o' an evenin', leavin' on the minds o' them that kens what's what, a far stranger impression o' their lecterary abilities and information, than the lang harangues o' your declamatory chiefls, wha, frae an ower-anxiety to appear somebody abune common, only succeed in showing you that they are sumphs.

NORTH.

There is something, James, to my mind, not a little laughable in the exclusive idea many minds have formed and expressed of good society.

SHEPHERD.

Something no a little laithsom. Them that uses the term are contemptible coofs.

NORTH.

Not always coofs, James—though I grant contemptible. Of late years, one hears even of men of genius—who in their works write for the whole world—yet who would be uneasy to be seen familiarly mixing in the circles of the middle ranks.

SHEPHERD.

Wha were their pawrents?

NORTH.

People in trade—and in a small way—in the soft or hard line—sugar or shagreen—retail-dealers in treacle or tin—collaterally connected, perhaps by blood, with a Dean of Guild or a Provost, whose memory still survives in their native borough, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, and whose title is still legible on a decent freestone slab in its kirkyard. They affect “good society,” forsooth—and strut before splendid mirrors in “fashion’s most magnificent saloons,” forgetful of the far happier days, in which their only “mirror for magistrates” was a pail of water, in whose stream—before washing its face and hands—the household set its cap or shaved.

“Who would not weep, if such a man there be?”

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?”

SHEPHERD.

Wha’s Atticus?

NORTH.

All society—every society—is good—that is composed of men and women of good character, good manners, and good education—and there are many millions of such men and women.

SHEPHERD.

And, thank Heaven! the nummer’s increasin’ in Britain every year.

NORTH.

Among them there are, it is true, degrees rather than distinction of rank, and every person of common sense knows his proper place on one or other of the levels of the social system, to which, by birth or profession, he more peculiarly belongs; and *there* lies “the haunt and main region” of his life. *There*—are his habitualities—his familiarities—his domesticities.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna dislike thae words, though rather oot o' the common usage.

NORTH.

As long as he cherishes them, and prefers them to all else, he is true to his order.

SHEPHERD.

Gude, sir—verra gude.

NORTH.

Should he desert them, he is a traitor.

SHEPHERD.

A sowleless sumph.

NORTH.

At least a heartless slave; and on his neck ere long he will experience the tyrant's heel. Men of genius, James, lose all the glory it can confer on personal character, by separating themselves from their natural connexions, when these happen to be comparatively humble, to associate with the great in power, the high in rank, or the opulent in riches; and for such distinction as "good society" can confer, or such enjoyment as "good society" can impart, sacrifice that feeling of independence which accompanies *propriety*; a comprehensive term, including many observances, which, though when taken singly, are but small, yet collectively are of mighty import for happiness and virtue.

SHEPHERD.

I wou'dna be asleep the noo, like Tickler, for ten pounds.

NORTH.

James, a man may degrade himself equally by leaving his own sphere, either for a higher or a humbler than that to which he properly and mainly belongs; and if to him a kind Providence has assigned the golden mean, by all that is most sacred to the human heart, let him adhere to his lot with unspeakable gratitude, best shown by fidelity without a flaw to the persons and the things (and for sake of persons, how holy things become!) that compose it, and constitute it a happy little world, circumscribed by lines of light that make it at once a prison and a paradise.

SHEPHERD.

No for twenty pounds.

NORTH.

I shall not say another word, my dear James, on the effect on the whole character of the man inevitably produced—and that, too, in no long time—by an exclusive or undue association with *coteries*—and they deserve no better name—that absurdly assume to themselves the irrational title of "good society," though I have, in the little I have said, merely hinted it; and I need not be more prolix on the—

SHEPHERD.

Prolix! You're at ance fluent and concease.

NORTH.

—on the evil as inevitably produced to the moral and intellectual frame, by stepping out of our own sphere into what, without offence, may be called an inferior one—a lower one—in respect to the habits and mental cultivation, at least, of those who properly belong to it, and in it are respectable and worthy the respect of all men. Intimacies with our inferiors in station—and we have all our stations—are not unfrequently even of an endearing kind, when they have originated in some of those pleasant circumstances that in early life bring naturally together those whom in after-life there would have occurred nothing to unite, but whom, indeed, all the ordinary usages of the world keep but too much asunder. O sweet companionship in boyhood between the children of the poor and rich, the high and the humble!

SHEPHERD.

At schule!

NORTH.

A thousand thoughts, James, are crowding in upon my mind—a thousand feelings stealing in upon my heart—when I—

SHEPHERD.

They're no croodin' in and stealin' in, sir, but they're risin' up, linked thegeather, frae the inner recesses o' brain and briest.

NORTH.

—when I think, James, of the character of our countrymen, and the great changes, for good or for evil—

SHEPHERD.

Haply, sir, for baith—that are likely to tak place in't, frae the great changes wrocht, and no yet owre, on the Constitution by the Bill o' Reform, which, to tell you the truth, I never hae read. Pray, Mr North, where can a body get a copy?

TICKLER.

Waur sheep! Hector.

SHEPHERD.

Huts-tuts. Mayna we take a pick at politics?

TICKLER.

No, sir. Obey the law.

NORTH.

I trust we shall for ever love our country, hap what may—and that shaken as they are, we Conservatives—

SHEPHERD.

A mighty band.

NORTH.

—shall be able to support our Institutions—

SHEPHERD.

Secular and religious—o' Church and State. I've seen a spire, though built o' granite, trummle in the tempest, like a fishin'-rod—yet there was nae mair danger—whatever might be the fear—o' its being blawn owre than Tintock. There's the Eddystane Lighthouse, that I never saw, but I hae read Smeaton's account o't—him that was the arkitekt—and its construckit after the bole o' a tree. They say it is felt by the folk high up in the licht-room, to shake as if it swayed, when ae great sea after anither rides owre the tap o't, and the foam cries hurraw as it thinks it droons the Star. But there it stauns in spite o' a' the wildest wunters, and will staun for centuries, shinin' in its steady smiles on gratefu' ships. Sae wull it be wi' the religious institutions o' our sea-beat isle. Oh! sir! if they were tappled doon in ruins, the laun' wou'd be waur than the sea—and darker and stormier—and then the verra state itsell, sir, woud suffer shipwrack—though that may be an Eerish bull—and no a single life-boat—though that maybe another—wou'd put aff to save us a' frae sinkin' into perdition.

NORTH.

I cannot yet think that our countrymen are irreligious—but I trust that they are still united, more closely and firmly than they know, by many sacred sympathies that will yet survive all this hubbub, and stabilitate the structure of social life, by preservin' in extremity that of our political and pious institutions, that for ages have breathed back on the natural character the spirit out of which they arose.

SHEPHERD.

What is Love o' Kintra but an amalgamated multitude o' sympathies in brethren's hearts!

NORTH.

Yes, James, you speak well. The love of our country is not so much an attachment to any assignable object, as it is our participation in that whole Spirit which has breathed in the breasts of that whole race of which we are sprung.

SHEPHERD.

Yes, Christopher, you speak well. It is the Sympathy of Race.

TICKLER.

Philosophers!

NORTH.

All patriotism roots itself round those objects by which we are most essentially bound to our race—of our own and of past generations. How

sacred the ties by which we are bound to our Mother Country! Think of a party of poor Indians, forced to quit their homes, bearing with them the dear bones which, reburied in their new place of settlement, would make it, by that mighty magic, holy to them, even as their Natale Solum! Think of the People, who, when upbraided with continually flying before Alexander, said, "Let him pursue us to the Tombs of our Fathers, and he will then know whether we always fly!"

SHEPHERD.

The Sceethans, said ye? Faith, there they wad hae shawn Sandy hoo till fecht.

TICKLER.

Alexander the Great called Sandy by the Ettrick Shepherd at a Noctes Ambrosianæ!

SHEPHERD.

I care nae mair for Alexander the Great than I do for Tappitourie.

NORTH.

Hence the Arab with his roving tent has yet a country.

SHEPHERD.

And in his seal-skin breeks the Eskymaw.

NORTH.

Hence with the Romans that feeling kept pace with their destinies—from their mud huts to their marble palaces—

TICKLER.

Dum Domus Æneæ capitoli immobile saxum
Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.

NORTH.

Ah! Timothy! why didst thou not recite the two preceding lines, so beautiful—

TICKLER.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possint
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo!

NORTH.

Thank you, my friend. Ay—the desire and forethought of the sympathy of others, in its own consciousness of itself, may be more easily conceived of those whose genius exercises itself in pacific arts, than of those whose glory begins in desolation. We can well imagine that the sculptor or the painter, while he looks himself with delight on the beautiful forms that are rising into life beneath his hand, feels rejoicingly that other spirits, framed by Nature with souls like his own, will look with the same emotion on the same forms, and thank him to whose genius they owe their enjoyment. And most of all with the great poets! What a divine emotion must have been the consciousness which Virgil felt of the pleasure which his verse would inspire, when, having celebrated in one of the most beautiful passages of all his poetry, the perilous and fatal adventure of those two friends, and closed their eyes in death, his heart broke forth into that affecting and sublime ejaculation! He prophesied falsely of the duration of the Roman greatness; but he committed no error in prophesying his own fame; and the delight which he felt himself in the tender and heroic picture he had drawn, is felt as he believed it would be by numberless spirits, and will be felt till the end of time. He knew too that he should win from all ages, with love for his fallen heroes, some fond and grateful affection for him who had sung so well the story of their fortunes—he saw the everlasting light of glory shining through his own transient tears.

SHEPHERD.

Gude. But are na ye wannerin' frae the soobject?

NORTH.

No. I am diverging circularly but to return. When the warriors of Forest Germany, James, had met in some central spot in their annual assembly, they returned each to his own home, more bound to his country, because one and all had participated in an act of the people.

SHEPHERD.

Our Saxon progenitors!

NORTH.

If all the circumstances, James, are considered which mix in this passion —

SHEPHERD.

What'n passion, sir?

NORTH.

Patriotism! such as the attachment to old institutions, to manners, to national peculiarities of speech and dress, it will be found that they have all their power by means of sympathy.

SHEPHERD.

As I said.

NORTH.

As you said, and with even more than your usual eloquence. It is not simply that old recollections are gathered upon them——

SHEPHERD.

Though that's much——

NORTH.

——but that by them each man feels himself with vivid reality to belong to his people. On any other ground on which patriotism may be founded, it may seem to have something unsubstantial and illusory; but once shown to be founded thus, it is apparent that it can only decay when one of the most important principles of our nature is in decay.

SHEPHERD.

Sympathy, or the power o' feelin' along wi' a' our brethren o' mankind, but mair especially them that hae flourished and faded awa' among the flowers of our ain soil, in a' the best emotions o' natur' continuous in their characteristic current frae the cradle to the grave!

NORTH.

Good. How else, my dear Shepherd, can we comprehend that extraordinary passion of patriotism felt in old times! You know—nobody better—what infinite causes concurred in such states to give immense power to that sympathy by which each man felt himself united to all his countrymen. We thus understand the importance attached by the Greeks to their national games, which otherwise would appear extravagant, or even absurd—the price to the first-fallen of the war—of their civic funeral, and their oration pronounced in the hearing of all the people of Athens.

SHEPHERD.

A' the nation lamentin' and exultin' for sake o' ae man!

NORTH.

We understand the value of pillars, on which their names were inscribed and read—of statues, in which their features were still looked upon by thousands of living eyes——

SHEPHERD.

Glowerin' on the eemages o' the glorious dead, till they too kindled wi' the houp o' ae day bein' glowered at by heroes yet unborn! Posthumous fame! posthumous fame! Oh, sirs! but it's a mystery that nae patriot wou'd seek to analeeze, but rather alloo't to remain in its shooblime simplicity, connectit wi' a feelin' shooblimer still, the immortality o' the soul.

NORTH.

Think on the feelings a nation of heroes entertain for their greatest Hero.

SHEPHERD.

Far, far ayont their individual part in the cause or the success, but no ayont the dilatation o' spirit and power ilka ane o' them feels frae his ain union wi' the power and the will o' a' thae conquerin' myriads whom he heads! He, their leader, sir, is the centre roun' which a' their passions revolve, like planets roun' the sun.

TICKLER.

Hollo, James!

SHEPHERD.

Whattt! Do you think, you coof, that their attachment is a' for himsell alane? Na. In him, sir, a' their ain micht and their ain majesty is bund

up in ae veesible eemage. He is your only true, and, at the same time, ideal representative o' his kintramen; and at mention o' him, their hearts burn within them, and the licht o' patriotism illumines the land far and wide,—and, in danger, is concentrated intil fire, that rins alang the earth, devoorin' a' that wou'd resist it like stubble, till the rear-guard o' the invaders is extinguished wi' a fizz in the sea. O heavens! at sic a time hoo the pressure o' common mortality is thrown aff! hoo its bands hae fallen awa'! The fears, the pains, the sorrows, the anguish, that tak hauld on weak natur, hae at ance ceased, when all are sustained and strengthened by ae consentin' passion, fearsomer to faes than thunner growlin' frae the sky it blackens—gladsomer to freens than the lauch o' morn—

TICKLER.

——“ Seems another morn,
Risen on mid-day.”

SHEPHERD.

Gude! Milton.

NORTH.

Yes, James, that is our country—not where we have breathed alone; not that land which we have loved, because it has shown to our opening eyes the brightness of heaven, and the gladness of earth; but the land for which we have hoped and feared,—that is to say, for which our bosom has beat with the consenting hopes and fears of many million hearts; that land, of which we have loved the mighty living and the mighty dead; that land, the Roman and the Greek would have said, where the boy had sung in the pomp that led the sacrifice to the altars of the ancient deities of the soil.

SHEPHERD.

And therefore, when a man he wou'd guard them frae profanation, and had he a thoosan' lives, would pour them a' oot for sake o' what some micht ca' superstition, but which you and me and Southside, sittin' there wi' his great grey een, wou'd fear na', in the face o' heaven, to ca' religion.

TICKLER.

Hurra!

SHEPHERD.

I but clench my nieves.

NORTH.

James, the Campus Martius and the Palæstra——

SHEPHERD.

Sir?

NORTH.

——where the youth exercised Heroic Games, were the Schools of their Virtue; for there they were taking part in the passions, the power, the life, the glory that flowed through all the spirit of the nation.

SHEPHERD.

O' them, sir, the ggemms at St Ronan's are, but on a sma' scale, an imperfect eemage.

NORTH.

Old warriors and gowned statesmen, that frowned in marble or in brass, in public places, and in the porches of noble houses—trophied monuments, and towers riven with the scars of ancient battles—the Temple raised where Jove had stayed the Flight—or the Victory whose expanded wings still seemed to hover over the conquering bands—what were all these to the eyes and the fancy of the young citizen, but characters speaking to him of the great secret of his Hopes and Desires—in which he read the union of his own heart to the heart of the Heroic Nation of which he was One?

SHEPHERD.

My bluid's tinglin' and my skin creeps. Dinna stap.

NORTH.

And what, James, I ask you, what if less noble passions must hereafter take their place in his mind?—what if he must learn to share in the feuds and hates of his house or of his order? Those far deeper and greater feel-

ings had been sunk into his spirit in the years when it is most susceptible, unsullied, and pure, and afterwards in great contests, in peril of life and death, in those moments of agitation or profound emotion in which the higher soul again rises up, all those high and solemn affections of boyhood and youth would return upon him, and consecrate his warlike deeds with the noblest name of virtue that was known to those ancient states.

SHEPHERD.

What was't ? Eh ?

NORTH.

Patriotism.

SHEPHERD.

Oo ay. Say on, sir.

NORTH.

Therefore how was the Oaken Crown prized which was given to him who had saved the life of a citizen !

SHEPHERD.

And among a people too, sir, whare every man was willin' at a word to die.

NORTH.

Perhaps, James, he loved not the man whom he had preserved ; but he had remembered in the battle that it was a son of his country that had fallen, and over whom he had spread his shield. He knew that the breath he guarded was part of his country's being.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, saw ye ever sic een ?

NORTH.

Look at the simple incitements to valour in the songs of that poet who is said to have roused the Lacedemonians, disheartened in unsuccessful war, and to have animated them to victory. "He who fights well among the foremost, if he fall shall be sung among his people ; or if he live, shall be in reverence in their council ; and old men shall give place to him ; his tomb shall be in honour, and the children of his children."

SHEPHERD.

Simple incitement, indeed, sir, but, as you said richtly, shooblime.

NORTH.

Why, James, the love of its own military glory in a warlike people is, indeed, of itself an imperfect patriotism.

SHEPHERD.

Sir ? Wull ye say that again, for I dinna just tak it up.

NORTH.

Believe me, my dear Shepherd, that in every country there is cause for patriotism, or the want of such a cause argues defects in the character and condition of the country of the grossest kind. It shows that the people are vicious, or servile, or effeminate——

SHEPHERD.

Which only a confounded leear will ever say o' Scotsmen.

NORTH.

The want of this feeling is always a great vice in the individual character ; for it will hardly ever be found to arise from the only justifiable or half-justifiable cause, namely, when a very high mind, in impatient disdain of the baseness of all around it, seems to shake off its communion with them. I call that but half-justifiable.

SHEPHERD.

And I, sir, with your leave, ca't ategither unjustifiable, as you can better explain than the simple Shepherd.

NORTH.

You are right, James. For the noblest minds do not thus break themselves loose from their country ; but they mourn over it, and commiserate its sad estate, and would die to recover it. They acknowledge the great tie of nature—of that house they are—and its shame is their own.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir ! but you're a generous noble-hearted cretur !

NORTH.

In all cases, then, the want of patriotism is sheer want of feeling; such a man labours under an incapacity of sympathizing with his kind in their noblest interests. Try him, and you shall find that on many lower and unworthier occasions he feels with others—that his heart is not simply too noble for this passion—but that it is capable of being animated and warmed with many much inferior desires.

SHEPHERD.

A greedy dowieg and a lewd ane—in the ae case, snarlin' for a bane—and in the ither, growlin' for the flesh. I scunner at sic a sinner.

NORTH.

Woe to the citizen of the world!

SHEPHERD.

Shame—shame—shame!

NORTH.

The man who feels himself not bound to his country can have no gratitude.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo selfish and cauld-hearted maun hae been his verra childhood!

NORTH.

I confess that, except in cases of extreme distress, I have never been able to sympathize with — emigrants.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna weel ken, sir, what to say to that—but mayna a man love, and yet leave his country?

NORTH.

My dear James, I see many mournful meanings in the dimness of your eyes—so shall not pursue that subject—but you will at least allow me to say, that there is something shocking in the mind of the man who can bear, without reluctance or regret, to be severed from the whole world of his early years—who can transfer himself from the place which is his own to any region of the globe, where he can advance his fortune—who, in this sense of the word, can say, in carrying himself, “omnia mea mecum porto.”

SHEPHERD.

That's na in my book o' Latin or Greek quottations.

NORTH.

Exiles carry with them from their mother country all its dearest names.

SHEPHERD.

And a wee bit name—canna it carry in it a wecht o' love!

NORTH.

Ay, James, the fugitives from Troy had formed a little Ilium, and they had, too, their little Xanthus.

TICKLER.

“Et avertem Xanthi cognomine rivum.”

SHEPHERD.

You're twa classical scholars, and wull aye be quottin' Greek. But for my part,—after a' those eloquent diatribes o' yours on the pawtriotism o' the auncients, I wud na desire to stray for illustrations ae step oot o' the Forest.

TICKLER.

Aren't ye all Whigs?

SHEPHERD.

Some o' a' sorts. But it's an epitome o' the pastoral warld at large—and the great majority o' shepherds are Conservatives. They're a thinkin' people, sir, as ye ken; and though far frae bein' unspeculative, or unwilling to adopt new contrivances as sune's they hae got an insicht intil the principle on which they wurk, yet a new-fangle in their een's but a new fangle; and as in the case o' its bein' applied to a draw-well, they wait no only to see how it pumps up, but hae patience to put its durability to the proof o' a pretty lang experience, sae in the political affairs o' the State—they're no to be ta'en in by the nostrums o' every reformer that has a plan o' a new, cheap constitution to shaw, but they fasten their een on't as

dourly as on a dambrodd; and then begin cross-questionin' the chiel—quack or else no—on the vawrious bearings o' the main-springs, wheels, and drags; and as sune's they perceive a hitch, they cry ha! ha! ma lad! I'm thinkin' she'll no rin up hill—and if ye let her lowse at the tap o' ane, she'll rattle to the deevil.

NORTH.

And such too, my dear sir, don't you think, is the way of thinking among the great body of the agriculturists?

SHEPHERD.

I could illustrate it, sir, by the smearin' o' sheep.

TICKLER.

And eke the shearing.

SHEPHERD.

Say clippin'. The Whugs and Radicals assert toonfolks are superior in mind to kintra folks. They'll be sayin' neist that they're superior to them likewise in body—and speak o' the rabble o' the Forest as ither people speak o' the rabble o' the Grassmarket. But the rural riff-raff are in sprinklings, in sma' families, and only seen lousin' ane anither on spats formin' an angle on the road-sides. Findlay o' Selkirk has weel nigh cleaned the coonty o' a' sic—but in great toons, and especially manufacturin' anes, there are hale divisions hotchin' wi' urban riff-raff, and it's them ye hear at hustins routin' in a way that the stots and stirks o' the Forest would be ashamed o' theirsells for doin' in a bare field on a wunter day, when something had hindered the hind frae carryin' them some fodder to warm their wames in the snaw. The salvation o' the country, sir, depends on the——

TICKLER.

This will never do, North—this is too bad. See, tis six!

NORTH—(*rising, and giving his guests each his candle.*)

We shall hear you another time, my dear Shepherd—but now——

SHEPHERD.

The salvation o' the kintra, sir, depends on the——

NORTH—(*touching first one spring and then another, while fly open two panels in the oak wainscotting.*)

You know your rooms, gents. The alarm bell will ring at twelve—and at one lunch will be on the table in the Topaz. I wish you both the night mare—(*touches a spring, and vanishes.*)

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler! I say the salvation of the country—baith gane!—I'm no sleepy—but I'll rather sleep than soliloqueeze—(*vanishes, while GURNEY comes out like a mouse, and begins to nibble cheese.*)

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXII. FEBRUARY, 1835. Vol. XXXVII.
PART II.

Contents.

ANCIENT SCOTISH POETRY. No. I. DUNBAR,	287
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. CHAP. XI. THE DEVIL'S GULLY,	319
THE SKETCHER. No. X.	336
LE PÈRE GORIOT, A TRUE PARISIAN TALE OF THE YEAR 1820,	348
SONNET ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,	353
THE LAND OF THE CHOUAN,	354
LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG,	373
A GLANCE AT THE GERMAN ANNUALS FOR 1835,	386
THE MAGIC KEY,	391
SKETCHES BY H.B. FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.	
No. II. L—D B——M TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, ESQ.	410
A WHIG AS HE OUGHT TO BE—A PURE OLD WHIG,	412
DANA'S BUCCANEER,	416
THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS,	428

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXII. FEBRUARY, 1835. Vol. XXXVII.

PART II.

ANCIENT SCOTISH POETRY.

No. I. DUNBAR.

It may be said, we think, without subjecting ourselves to the imputation of blind national partiality, that in modern times, Scotland has kept pace with England in poetical genius, and that in no other light can they be regarded with more pleasure as sisters. Within the last century, she has produced her due number of true poets—of poets who drew their inspiration from her own skies, and from the condition and character of her own life. The most illustrious of them have been national poets, from Thomson to Scott. Between those two great lights, how many, less indeed, but large, intervene, to which we may point with pride in our own firmament! Nay, one other light is now shining there, from which all obscuring mists and clouds have been long blown away for ever, that burns as bright and ample as they in its own region—the star of Burns. In all the heavens there is no where else, indeed, to be seen such another luminary—the instellation of the noblest spirit that ever had its mortal dwelling in a peasant's breast. He was the greatest poet of the people, by far, that the whole world can show—and if Scotland has reason to feel some shame—though such is not our opi-

nion—for any thing in her treatment of her glorious, but wayward child—has she not done all a country could do to expiate the fault—by her life-deep love of his poetry—and by her gratitude as deep for the good his genius has done her by purifying and elevating those thoughts and feelings which at once constitute and consecrate the patriotism of her virtuous sons?

We have not been slow to express our unbounded admiration of the genius of the great poets of England. She has long been a far mightier land than ours—the mightiest of all lands—and it pleased Providence that she should produce—Shakespeare. On that one name alone she can take her stand—above all rivalry with the rest of the human race. Hers too, is Milton—“that mighty orb of song;” and hers, Wordsworth, who magnificently called him so—and hers, the sage Spenser—Three Spirits in their wisdom comparable but to one another—urns from the same golden urn drawing each its own light—yet each shining with its own peculiar lustre, because of the peculiar clay of which each is composed—the finest clay in which heavenly emanation has ever been enshrined. Scot-

land can show no such poets as these Three—nor can the earth. Yet she may well exult in many of her gifted sons; and “if we be spared,” we hope, ere long, to speak lovingly of them—of their lives and of their works—of the living and of the dead—“Keeping their memories green within our souls.”

But we wish to prepare the way for that Series of illustrated Essays, by another Series of the same kind, on the Scottish bards of the olden time. It may be true enough that some three or four hundred years ago, Scotland was not a very highly civilized country—nay, that Scotsmen were in some senses a set of savages. If so, their poetry will be found to be at least curious, if not even interesting; if not so, we may learn from it what really was the advancement of mind and manners among our bold progenitors, who flourished after their own fashion, during those rather remote eras, both in arts and arms. Warton thought he should be guilty of a partial and defective representation of the poetry of England, were he to omit mention of the Scottish writers who adorned the fifteenth century, “with a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet, since Chaucer and Lydgate, more especially as they have left striking specimens of allegorical narration, a species of composition which appears to have been for some time almost totally extinguished in England.” And among them he justly gives the highest place to DUNBAR. Ellis and Campbell have confirmed the judgment of the historian of English poetry; and Sir Walter Scott, after many enthusiastic encomiums on his various powers, has finely said, “The genius of Dunbar and Gawin Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance.”

We have now, for the first time, a complete edition of the works of this distinguished old “Makar,” from the man on the whole best qualified to give it of all our Scottish antiquaries—Mr David Laing. He is entirely free from pedantry and pretence—and from the sin that—strange as it may seem—has beset so many students of our antique lore, in which, along

with much quaintness no doubt, there breathes a bold simplicity—in all its best specimens—which contrasts—greatly to the disadvantage of those who are commentators rather than illustrators—with the affected and conceited style of the school of that Celt-abhorring Goth, John Pinkerton. Mr Laing has all his life long addicted himself to such reading, from a love of the knowledge accessible only in records often rare and latent—and he has brought his stores to bear—most successfully—on the elucidation of ancient manners and customs, that in such writings, as Dunbar’s, and his brother “Makars,” are frequently alluded to in but a few words, of which the unlearned can make nothing—or familiarly and heartily expatiated on in profuse imagery, unintelligible, perhaps, or nearly so, because of their being now obsolete, but amusing in the highest degree, when explained in short note or comment by one who, like Mr Laing, has made himself master not only of the language, but of the history of the times.

It is well known that the early miscellaneous poetry of Scotland has been preserved chiefly by means of two manuscript collections—Bannatyne’s and Maitland’s. From them selections from Dunbar’s Poetry have been published with various degrees of accuracy, by successive editors—the earliest being in the “Evergreen,” by Allan Ramsay (1724), and the latest—1802—in the “Chronicle of Scottish Poetry,” by Sibbald. Mr Laing, of course, had direct recourse not only to those MS. collections, but to all others, (and among them Asloane’s MSS. written during the minority of James V., (in 1515,) and consequently of an earlier date than any of the other collections,) known to contain any relics of Scottish poetry—nor in the course of his enquiries did he overlook the printed fragments which had issued from the press of Chepman and Myllar—by whom—in the year 1507—printing was first introduced and practised in Scotland—and which includes several of Dunbar’s poems, printed, most likely, under his own inspection. With the illustrations of all the most learned enquirers into early Scottish history, from Lord Hailes to Robert Jamieson, he is as much at home, as a

quidnunc is with the newspapers of the present day—and therefore, whether we look to his learning, his talents, or his taste, he has shown himself an admirable editor of Dunbar—whom George Ellis—writing some thirty years since—pronounced to be Scotland's greatest poet.

The First Volume contains every poem ascribed to Dunbar in the early MSS.—printed entire, and without mutilation, from what appeared to the editor to be the best copy, while the various readings are given in the notes. In this arrangement it was not practicable to attempt any thing like a chronological order, or even to adopt a minute separation of them into several classes. But poems of the same character are brought together as nearly as possible—that is, those of an Allegorical, Satirical, and Humorous character are followed by such as have a reference to the Poet himself, whether in the form of Complaints, or of Addresses to James the Fourth for preferment, while his Moral and Devotional pieces form the sequel of the Collection. The Poems in the Second Volume consist of—Poems ascribed to Dunbar—(such as that admirable tale the *Freiris of Berwik*)—the *Flying of Dunbar and Kennedy*—and the Poems of Walter Kennedy. The Glossary which is appended, while it has received considerable aid from Dr Jamieson's "Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language," may be regarded as little more than an enlargement of that which accompanies Lord Hailes' Volume, (*Ancient Scottish Poems*), and it pleases us to hear Mr Laing say, "it has afforded me much satisfaction in having been enabled to follow the footsteps of an editor who, for learning, research, and judgment, was one of the brightest ornaments of our country during the last century."

It is indeed remarkable, as Mr Laing observes, that three centuries should have elapsed, from the death of such a poet to the date of this, the first entire edition of his works. During his own age, he received the homage due to his genius, in admiration and in imitation; yet to such total and absolute neglect was he doomed, during the period that elapsed between the year 1530, when Sir David Lyndsay mentions him among the poets then deceased, and

the year 1724, when Allan Ramsay published a collection of his poems, that with one solitary exception, (in the Adhortation by Henry Charteris, 1568,) no allusion, not so much even as the mere mention of his name, can be discovered in the whole compass of our literature! His name is not to be found in Bale, Dempster, David Buchanan, Sibbald, Mackenzie, or any other early writer on the literary history of Scotland. And in Bishop Tanner's *Bibliotheca*, (1748,) the "*Tabill of Confession*"—tedious stanzas of little merit—is the only work attributed to Dunbar. Save the various but obscure hints contained in his own verses, and which Mr Laing has very skilfully brought together in a Memoir, little or nothing remains to give us even a few glimpses into the personal history of a man now acknowledged to hold so conspicuous a place in the literature of his country—we know not the year he died—nor indeed the year he was born—nor in what burial place was his tombstone, "with its forlorn *hic jacet*"—now doubtless reduced to dust!

Notwithstanding, Mr Laing has, "from the various but obscure hints contained in his own verses," composed an exceedingly interesting Memoir of what we must even call his Life! In many of his poems, Dunbar gives vent to his private feelings and sentiments, suggested by incidents which they serve to illustrate—and these do throw considerable light on his personal character, though not much on his personal history. According to his own words—in the *Flying*—he was a native of Lothian—

"I tak on me ane pair of Lowthiane
hippis;

Can fairer Inglis mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can blabbar with thy Carrik
lippis."

It has been inferred, from a passage in one of Kennedy's satires, that the village of Salton, in East Lothian, was Dunbar's birthplace, but that notion originated in an error of Allan Ramsay. Mr Tytler (*Lives of Scottish Worthies*) fixes his birth about the year 1465; but Mr Laing shows satisfactorily, we think, that it was not later than 1460—and is of opinion that the circumstance of his alleged descent from the Earls of March, in connexion with his own avowal respecting his birthplace—especially as no

other persons of the same baptismal name can be traced during the whole of that century—adds some strength to the conjecture of his having been either the son or nephew of William, son of that Sir Patrick Dunbar of Beill, who signalized himself on many occasions, and in 1426 was one of the hostages for James the First.

In the year 1475, when he was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, he was sent to St Andrews, the most flourishing seat of learning and science at that period in Scotland. This fact Mr Laing has ascertained from the old registers of the University, in which the name of William Dunbar is entered, in 1477, among the *Determinantes*, or Bachelors of Arts, in St Salvador's College, a degree which students were not entitled to claim until the third year of their attendance; and two years later, 1479, the name of William Dunbar again occurs in the registers as then having taken his degree of Master of Arts. He is uniformly styled *Maister* William Dunbar, that designation, till a late period, being exclusively appropriated to persons who had taken that degree at some university. Of his subsequent history, for nearly twenty years, we possess no satisfactory information; but he tells us that at an early period of his life he had embraced the Order of St Francis. That order of Friars Grey was divided into Conventuals and Observantines; and the latter had an establishment in Edinburgh, endowed by James the First, about 1446, where divinity and philosophy were regularly taught, and there, Mr Laing thinks it highly probable, that Dunbar might have spent some of his earlier years. But the life of a friar, though not an unjolly one, was not in all respects congenial with his disposition, as he lets us know in his account of an interview with which he had been favoured by his Satanic Majesty, who, as is usual with him, assumed the seeming of a saint on this occasion, St Francis himself,

“With ane religiouse abbeit in his hand.”
The Old One was exceedingly importunate with him that he should put on the friar's habit, and “refuiss the world.” But Maister Dunbar, without suspecting who was his visitor, declares—

“Off full few freiris that hes bene sanctis
I reid;
Quhairfor ga bring to me ane bischoppis
weid,
Gife evir thow wald my saule yeid unto
hevin.”

The Devil attempts to reason with him, but Dunbar will not suffer him to proceed—and squabbles him in such style that the Gentleman in Black throws off Sanct Francis, and as he vanishes “in stynk and fyrrie smowk,” takes along with him all the house-end. The recusant awakes and finds it was but a dream.

Maister William, in his “Visitation,” informs the enemy that he spoke from experience of the Friar's life, when he called it a bad preparation for Heaven.

“Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
The dait thair of is past full mony a yeir;
For in to every lusty toun and place,
Off all Yngland, from Berwick to
Kalice,
I haif in to thy habeit maid gud cheir.

“In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
In it haif I in pulpet gone and preihit
In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canter-
berry;
In it I past at Dover oure the ferry,
Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple
teichit.

“Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and
wyle;
In me wes falset with every wicht to
flatter,
Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly
watter;
I wes ay reddly all men to begyle.”

Mr Laing observes that it might have been—and we think there can be no doubt of it—to this period of Dunbar's life that Kennedy alludes, in his *Flyting*, when he taunts him with his pilgrimage, as a pardoner, begging in all the churches from Ettrick Forest to Dumfries. It is not known how long he continued to lead that kind of life, nor how he employed himself after he had relinquished the character of Friar, nor do his poems throw any light on the circumstances which first brought him into connexion with the Scottish Court.

It seems certain, however, that Dunbar had visited foreign lands be-

fore he became the Court Poet. In his first reply to Kennedy, he asserts that the "Flyter" was afraid to show his malice until the sails had been spread, and the winds, in the moonless time of the year, had driven the vessel out of its reckoning many hundred miles, "by Shetland, Zealand, and the Northway coast," to deserts where all on board were nearly famished; yet, says he, "I shall come home and lay thy boast." Indeed, according to another passage in the Flyting, it would seem from Kennedy's words, that the vessel in which Dunbar had sailed from Leith had been wrecked on the coast of Zealand, where he was left in such distress that he had to "sit supperless," and to cry "Caritas, pro amore Dei!" from door to door. Mr Campbell, we think, says that the burden of Kennedy's song is still Dunbar's poverty; and we suppose he was of Juvenal's opinion, that poverty has nothing harder in it than that it makes men ridiculous.

Obscure as the Flyting is in many of its allusions, Mr Laing's knowledge of ancient history enables him to see through some of them altogether unmeaning to uninstructed eyes; and says that there can be no doubt that when the concluding portion was written by Kennedy, Dunbar was residing in Paris. The mention of the ship Catherine, when compared with a notice in the Treasurer's Accounts for July 1491, renders it more than probable, he says, that Dunbar was in the train of the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Money-penny, then sent on an embassy to France; as the ambassadors returned at the end of November that same year, Dunbar might have been left behind in Paris during the winter season, for the purpose of crossing the Alps in the further prosecution of 'the erandis' of his royal master; for, as Kennedy says, he could not at that time cross Mount Bernard for wild beasts, nor get over Mounts Scarpre, Nicholas, and St Gothard for the snow; and since no lord would take him into his service, he is advised to remain in Paris with "Maister Burreau," or the public executioner, and assist in hanging criminals at the rate of half a franc a-piece. But after such gratuitous

advice, Kennedy thus addresses the King:

"Hie Soverane Lord, lat never this sin-
full sot
Do schame, fra hame, vnto your nation;"

words which evidently corroborate the supposition of Dunbar's having been employed in the King's service on some foreign mission.

Mr Laing likewise directs our notice, in corroboration of the same supposition, to various passages of his poetry, in which he is supplicating the King for preferment in the church. In one place he tells his Majesty that had he been so disposed, he might have obtained employment abroad; and in another, urges him to bestow compensation on his "auld servitouris;"—on him who

"Throw all regionns has been hard tell,
Of quhilk my writing witness beirs;"

and when contrasting his own small reward with his long and "leill service," he adds:

"Nocht I say this, by this countrie,
France, Ingland, Ireland, Almanie,
Bot als be Italie and Spaine,
Quhilk to consider is ane paine."

These allusions to the countries visited by Dunbar while employed in the King's service, which include the chief parts of Europe, will readily suggest, says Mr Laing, the nature and character of his employment. James the Fourth maintained a constant and friendly intercourse with the courts of France, Flanders, Spain, Denmark, and other countries; and Dunbar probably was employed in the course of these embassies as "ane clerk;" as the literary attainments of the clergy, who were almost the only class of men who then received any thing like a liberal education, eminently recommended them to the service of foreign negotiations:

In the Privy Seal we find, under date of August 15, 1500, a grant by the King to Dunbar of an annual pension of ten pounds, until he be provided with a benefice of forty pounds or more yearly—and the regular payment of this salary half yearly, with occasional gratuities bestowed on him by the King's command, show that during the life of

James he must have resided almost constantly in Edinburgh. From the Treasurer's Accounts, however, we learn that Dunbar must have visited England at the close of the year 1501; for among the half-yearly pensions due at Martinmas, when Dunbar's name occurs, it is added, "quhillk was payit him after he came furth of England." Mr Laing delights to mention this, because it shows that in all probability Dunbar accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the King's marriage, in October, 1501, and that he remained to witness the ceremony of affiancing the Princess Margaret, which took place at St Paul's Cross, with great solemnity and splendour, on the 25th January, 1502. Under this supposition, Mr Laing adds, we can have little hesitation in believing that Dunbar was the person then styled "*THE RHYMER OF SCOTLAND*," who twice received L 6, 13s. 4d. as a reward from Henry VII. Perhaps he sung the Affiancing—but if so, the Lay has perished, along, no doubt, with many others famous in their time. The Princess Margaret remained in England till July, 1503; and three months before her arrival in Scotland—on the 9th of May—Dunbar composed the "*Thriissill and the Rois*"—one of the most beautiful, and certainly the noblest of all Prothalamia.

Scotland must have been all on fire at the prospect of such nuptials. The King, with all his failings, was a king after her own heart—gay, handsome, generous, accomplished, brave—carrying himself, towards all other states, with the pride of a sovereign who knew the unconquerable character of his people, and gloried in the strength of his ancestral throne, built on the rock of his people's affections. He was about to ally himself with the daughter of England—and as the two kingdoms had been so long and frequently arrayed against each other in deadliest conflict—by such an union the haughty spirit of the nation exulted to think that there might be established, on the highest and most honourable of all grounds, amity and peace. The preparations for the royal nuptials had been making for many months—all the land was astir

with loyal and patriotic joy—and the genius of the poet, kindled from within and from without, sung the auspicious event, of which "*Far off the coming shone*," in prophetic strains of sustained inspiration. "If," says Mr Tytler, with his usual eloquence and animation, "we may judge from the superior preparations, and the costly dresses of the nobles, as they appear in the ancient records, the marriage must have been celebrated with uncommon pomp and magnificence; and amidst the various presents and hymeneal offerings, which on that joyous occasion were laid at the feet of the Princess, few would be more beautiful or appropriate, than Dunbar's fine allegorical vision, '*The Thistle and the Rose*.'" Mr Tytler describes, from a well-known memoir in Leland's *Collectanea*, many interesting particulars of the King's reception of his affianced—and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of mentioning, that the Princess having left Dalkeith, nobly accompanied and in fair array, the King met her, mounted on a bay horse, running at full speed as he would run after the hare, and surrounded by a troop of his nobles. On reaching the capital, he mounted a palfrey, having placed the Princess on a pillion behind him, in which honest and antique fashion, says Mr Tytler, the gallant monarch rode through the good town to his palace, amid the acclamations of his people. Next day the marriage took place in the Palace of Holyrood—James being in his thirty-third, and Margaret in her fourteenth year. In his description of the King's first interview with his bride at Dalkeith, Young, the English herald, seems to have been struck with the length of James's beard; his young bride was probably a little annoyed by it, for on the day after the marriage we find that the gallant Monarch employed the Countess of Surrey and her daughter Lady Gray to clip his beard, for which service these noble tonsors received—the first, thirty-five ells of cloth of gold, and the last, fifteen ells of damask gold—more than Dunbar received, we suspect, for his noblest Song.

The Poet describes himself as lying asleep at daybreak in May, and reproved by Aurora, who bears a

singing Lark on her hand, for slumbering after morn-rise. May herself stands by his bedside, the most beautiful Impersonation of the most beautiful of the Months, to be found in poetry, and asks why he has been deaf to the summons of Aurora. Somewhat ungraciously he excuses himself on account of the inclemency of the season, and May, soberly smiling, bids him rise and follow her, which he does into a garden redolent and resonant of all delight—for all flowers are there, and the birds are singing like the morning stars. Nature herself then appears to the Poet, and for his sake bids Eolus calm the air, and Neptune the sea, and Jove the sky. No sooner said than done—and then she wills that all her worshippers—animate and inanimate—shall hail her advent—and do obedience to her “their Makar.” She sends the roe to bring the beasts, the swallow to collect the birds, and the Yarrow to summon the flowers. In the twinkling of an eye they are all in the May-garden. And first and foremost of them all is the Lion—

“Reid of his cullour, as the ruby glance;
On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
With flour-de-lycis sireulit lustely.”

The Lady lifts up his clear claws, and letting him lean on her knee, crowns him with a diadem of “radyous stonis most ryall for to sé”—who but the Scottish King? She enjoins him to “exercise justice with conscience,” and on no account ever to let the little “suffer scaith or scorn from the great.” So to rule is indeed the divine privilege—the divine obligation—that is the divine right of Kings. And Nature closes her charge to the Lion with what Warton well calls “a beautiful stroke, indicating the moral tenderness of the Poet’s heart”—

“And lat no bowgle with his busteous
hornis

The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his
pryd,

Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.”

Soon as Lady Nature ceases to speak, all beasts, great and small, fall down at the Lion’s feet, and cry, “*Lawd! Vive le Roy!*”

“And he did thame ressaif with princely
laitis,

Quhois noble yre is *parcere prostratis.*”

She then crowns the Eagle King of

Fowls—another image of the Scottish King—sharpening his pennons—or, as Warton chooses to call them, talons—like steel darts—and enjoining him to be just to fowles of all degree.

“And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.”

Lady Nature then calls on all the Flowers to hold up their heads and hear—and first flower of all, she beholds the AWFULL THRISSIL. Seeing him already “keepit with a busche of speiris,” and “able for the weiris,” she makes him her champion—and who but Scotland’s King?

“A radius croun of rubeis scho him
gaif,
And said, ‘In feild go furth, and fend
the laif.’”

Reader! did you ever see a SCOTISH THRISSIL? What height are you? “Six feet four on my stocking soles.” Poo—a dwarf! Stand up with your back to that stalk. Your head does not reach above his waist—he hangs high over you—“his radius croun of rubeis.” There’s a Flower! eyeing the sun like an angry star that will not suffer eclipse either from light or shadow—but burns proudly—fiercely—in its native lustre—storm-brightened—and undishevelled by the tempest in which it swings. See it stoops beneath the blast within reach of your hand. Grasp it e’er it recoil aloft—and your hand will be as if it had crushed a sleeping wasp-swarm. But you cannot crush it—to do that would require a giant with an iron-glove. Then let it alone to dally with the wind, and the sun, and the rain, and the snow—all alike dear to its spears and rubies—and as you look at the armed lustre you will see a beautiful emblem and a stately of a people’s warlike peace. The stalk indeed is slender, but it sways without danger of breaking in the blast—in the calm it reposes as gently as the gowan at its root. The softest leaf that enfolds in silk the sweetest flower of the garden, not greener than those that sting not if but tenderly you touch them, for they are green as the garments of the Fairies that dance by moonlight round the symbol of old Scotland, and unchristened creatures though they the Fairies be, they pray the stars to let

drop from heaven on the AWFUL THRISSEL, all the health and happiness that is in their wholesome and gladdening dews.

And what is now Nature's loving advice to this foremost Flower of all the world? To love only "herbs of vertew and of odour suet!" To let no rude nettle be fellow to the goodly floure-de-luce! No wild weed "compair hir till the Lilleis nobleness!" But far beyond and high above all other flowers, to honour the Rose! "The fresche Rois of culour reid and quhyt." And who is she but Margaret of England—for the Roses of York and Lancaster are now blended into one English Rose—and she is to sleep in the bosom of the Scottish King! Alas! Poets after all are not prophets—else had Dunbar's eyes now been wet with tears. He lived to see the Thrisseil neglect the Rois.

"So full of blisful angelik bewty, Imperiale birth, honour, and dignité;"—and to mourn without solace over Flodden's fatal overthrow! In reading now this part of the allegory, we remember that passage in *Marmion* about King James, and Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.

"And thus for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair,
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd

The ruin of himself and land.
And yet, the worst to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen
Were worth one pearl-drop bright and sheen
From Margaret's eyes that fell
His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour!"

Lady Nature then turns her visage to the Rose, saying to her, "O, lusty dochter most benyng!" In lineage illustrious above the Lily—giving, says Warton, "the preference to Tudor above Valois." She crowns "this cumly queen" with "clarefeid stonis,"

"Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;"

A mighty line, in itself a poem. The flowers and the birds all at once hail their queen with lovely lays of gratulation—for it is known to all who have ears, that the flowers can sing as sweetly—though not so loudly as the merle, the mavis, and the lave-rock—nay, as the nightingale—"but all the birdis song with sic a schout"—that the poet awoke!

We had not thought of giving the poem entire—for if we had, we should not, perhaps, have presented you with this imperfect attempt at abridgement of the unabridgeable beauty of the strain, but that you may know the power of Dunbar—here it is—as he wrote it.

"Quhen Merch wes with variand windis past,
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it wes delyt:

"In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Me thoecht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,
In at the window lukit by the day,
And halsit me, with visage pail and grene;
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomereng,
Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

"Me thoecht fresche May befoir my bed up stude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht attair of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun, and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys;
Quhyll all the house illumynit of hir lemys.

“ Slugird, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;
 Yit nocht incessis thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

“ Quhairto, quoth I, sall I up ryse at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing;
 Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair sorrow;
 Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring:
 So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

“ With that this Lady sobirly did smyle,
 And said, Upryse, and do thy observance;
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
 For to diseryve the Rois of most plesance.
 Go sé the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
 Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

“ Quhen this wes said, departit scho, this Quene,
 And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;
 And than me thocht, full hestely besene,
 In serk and mantill [eftir hir] I went
 In to this garth, most dulce and redolent,
 Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis sueit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

“ The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt tressis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blisfull face,
 Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

“ And as the blisfull sounne of cherarchy
 The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;
 The birdis did with oppin vocis cry,
 O luvaris fo, away thow dully nycht,
 And welcum day that confortis every wicht;
 Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora schene,
 Haill princes Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

“ Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld,
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
 And that no schouris [snell] nor blastis cawl
 Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold:
 Scho bad eik Juno, goddess of the sky,
 That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

“ Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir hir Hienes suld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew, most and leist,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As thay had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

“ With that annone scho send the suiyst Ro
 To bring in beistis of all conditioun ;
 The restles Suallow commandit scho also
 To feche all foull of small and greit renown ;
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,
 Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,
 Quhilk did furth swirk als swift as ony arrow.

“ All present wer in twynkling of ane é,
 Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befoir the Quene ;
 And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,
 Was callit thair, and he, most faire to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir dame Nature come, and did inclyne,
 With visage bawld, and corage leonyne.

“ This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliverance,
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance ;
 On feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With flour-de-lycis sirkulit lustely.

“ This Lady liftit up his cluves cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to sé ;
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,
 And the cheif protector in woddis and schawis ;
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keep the lawis.

“ Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir piscence ;
 Do law elyk to apis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
 The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

“ Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
 All kynd of beistis in to thair degré,
 Atonis cryit, lawd, Vive le Roy,
 And till his feit fell with humilité ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewté ;
 And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

“ Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,
 As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,
 And mak á law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis ;
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
 Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

“ Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris :
 Upone the awfull THRISSIL sho beheld,
 And saw him kept with a busche of speiris ;
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,
 And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif :

“ And sen thow art a King, thow be discreit ;
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
 As herb of vertew, and of odour sueit ;
 And lat no nettil vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce ;
 Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness,
 Compar hir till the lilleis nobilness :

“ Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt :
 For gife thow dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Considering that no flour is so perfyte,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blisful angeilik bewty,
 Imperiall birth, honour and dignité.

“ Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage,
 Fro the stok ryell rysing fresche and ying,
 Bot ony spot or macull doing spring :
 Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,
 For oure the laif thy bewty is renounnd.

“ A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht,
 This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclois
 Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht ;
 Quhairfoir me thoct the flouris did rejois,
 Crying, attonis, Haill be thow richest Rois !
 Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of Flouris,
 To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

“ Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
 Quhois mirthfull soun wes mervelus to heir ;
 The mavyis sang, Haill Rois most riche and richt,
 That dois up flureiss under Phebus speir ;
 Haill plant of yowth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
 Haill blosome breking out of the blud royall,
 Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall :

“ The merle scho sang, Haill Rois of most delyt,
 Haill of all flouris quene and soverane :
 The lark scho sang, Haill Rois both reid and quhyt,
 Most plesand flour, of mighty cullouris twane :
 The nyctingail sang, Haill Naturis suffragane,
 In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,
 In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

“ The commoun voce up raise of birdis small,
 Apone this wyis, O blissit be the hour
 That thow wes chosin to be our principall ;
 Welcome to be our Princés of honour,
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,
 Our peax, our play, our plane felicité ;
 Chryst thé conserf frome all adversité.

“ Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnyt me about
 To sé this court ; bot all wer went away :
 Then up I lenyt, halflingis in affray,
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,
 Off lusty May upone the nynt morrow.”

Warton, who understood and felt the beauty of this delightful allegorical Protholamion to the utmost, yet makes on it two "general observations," that had been better omitted, according to his usual practice of spoiling his rich analyses, by indifferent criticism. "Although much fine invention, and sublime fabling," quoth the Laureate—"are displayed in the allegorical visions of our old poets—yet this mode of composition, by dealing only in imaginary personages, and by excluding real characters and human actions, necessarily fails in that chief source of entertainment which we seek in ancient poetry—the representation of ancient manners." Pray, why should the representation of manners be the chief object (we are exposing Warton's nonsense by showing it in a stronger light) of ancient poetry, and not of modern poetry? The manners of an age are surely not all in which human beings take a lively interest. An allegorical picture of human feelings and character, if true to nature, is for ever charming, independently of mere manners, and may well disregard them, as of no avail. Nay, true allegory deals but with the permanent and the essential; and if it meddle with manners at all, it can only be with such as are universal—or that can be regarded with general sympathy. We should rather say, that if it adopts any peculiar system of manners, they must be subservient to, and illustrative of the main design—as in the Faery Queen. But if the allegory do not require them, and be perfect without them, nobody is entitled to find fault with it, because of their absence. In the Thrissill and the Rois, the poet could not have introduced manners without marring the perfect consistency and unity of his Dream. The characters of beast, bird, flower, King James, and Queen Margaret, are true to nature—and what more would you have? It is singular enough that Lord Hailes makes the same objection to Dunbar's Golden Targe. "It is rich in description and allegory; but it will not afford much entertainment to those who, *in obsolete poems*, seek for the manners of a remote age." Seek for manners where you may reasonably expect to find them—and you will find

them where the Highlandman found the tongs.

Warton's second "general observation immediately resulting from the subject of this poem," is one which, he says, "illustrates the present and future state of Scotch (Scottish) Poetry. The marriage of a Princess of England with a King of Scotland, from the new communication and intercourse opened between the two courts and kingdoms by such a connexion, must have greatly contributed to polish the rude manners, and to improve the language, literature, and arts of Scotland." It did not. Warton himself, in a passage in the same chapter—alluded to not far on in this article—truly said that England had had no such poet as Dunbar since the time of Chaucer. And as for the influence of the English Court on Scotland, Mr David Laing well says, "that James the Fourth, by his personal accomplishments, and chivalrous disposition, combined with a love of splendour and profuse liberality little commensurate with his limited means, had attracted to his Court persons of rank and influence, as well as those who were distinguished for learning or genius. Neither the Queen, nor the few English attendants who remained with her, appear to have contributed in any degree towards exciting or fostering intellectual acquirements; and long before her arrival in Scotland, our native poets had raised themselves to a rank far above any of the English followers of Chaucer. In short, the whole tone and character of the literature of that period presents a striking contrast to that of England." That is spiritedly said; and though their poetry is almost all dead and gone—dust like themselves—Dunbar could not in that affecting Lament, "The Death of the Makars," have so mourned over his tuneful brethren—had they not possessed much of that genius which—under a happier destiny—has made his works as well as his name immortal.

THE GOLDYN TERGE is a moral allegory, and a fine one—and though like the Thrissil and the Rose—familiar to all lovers of our Old poetry—we daresay, like it unknown to ninety and nine in the

hundred of the most enamoured worshippers of our New. Its subject is the Power of Love. Dunbar, like all other great poets, was an early riser. He used to lie in bed till about ten or eleven o'clock in winter—but all the rest of the year, to get up, according to the weather, from three to six—never later. In May his hour of orisons was the laverock's. That was the hour and season, when falling asleep on flowers to the music of the birds, and the murmuring of the waters, he saw a vision or a dream. Prosaic people do not walk out of a May morning to fall asleep, but keep treading a beaten path to get an appetite for breakfast. Poetical people, in the indolence of delight, often lie down the first thing they do after getting up, and with the bank of a brae for a bed, and a

bunch of primroses for a pillow, “through dream and vision do they sink,” lovelier by far than the work of sleep fuming in feathers, for created or rather inspired by the “balmy breath of incense-breathing morn”—by the “innocent brightness of the new born day”—by sweetest and softest touches awakening their souls through their senses. For the light steals through their eyelids accompanied with imagery at once material and ideal—music enters their ears which in slumber transmit it to the listening imagination made more divine in that hush—and the fragrance of the dewy prime seems breathed into the brain more direct from heaven. Do not the opening stanzas of the Goldyn Terge prove that it was even so with Maister William Dunbar?

“Bryght as the stern of day begouth to schyne,
 Quhen gone to bed war Vesper and Lucyne,
 I raise, and by a rosere did me rest;
 Up sprang the goldyn candill matutylene,
 With clere depurit bemes cristallyne,
 Glading the mery foulis in thair nest;
 Or Phebus was in purpur cape revest
 Up raise the lark, the hevyns menstrale fyne
 In May, in till a morow myrthfullest.

“Full angellike thir birdis sang thair houris
 Within thair courtyns grene, in to thair bouris,
 Apparatit quhite and red, wyth blomes suete;
 Anamalit was the felde wyth all colouris,
 The perly droppis schuke in silvir schouris;
 Quhill all in balme did branch and levis flete
 To part fra Phebus, did Aurora grete;
 Hir cristall teris I saw hyng on the flouris,
 Quhilk he for lufe all drank up with his hete.

“For mirth of May, wyth skipkis and wyth hoppis,
 The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
 With curiouse notis, as Venus chapell clerkis:
 The rosis yong, new spreding of thair knoppis,
 War powderit brycht with hevynly beriall droppis,
 Throu bemes rede, birnyng as ruby sperkis;
 The skyes rang for schoutyng of the larkis,
 The purpur hevyn oure scallit in silver sloppis
 Ouregilt the treis, branchis, leivis and barkis.

“Doun throu the ryce a ryvir ran wyth stremys,
 So lustily agayn thair lykand lemys,
 That all the lake as lamp did leme of licht,
 Quhilk schadovit all about wyth twynkling glemis;
 That bewis bathit war in secund bemys
 Throu the reflex of Phebus visage brycht;
 On every syde the hegeis raise on hicht,
 The bank was grene, the bruke was full of bremys,
 The stanneris clere as sternis in frosty nycht.

"The cristall air, the sapher firmament,
 The ruby skyes of the orient,
 Kest beriali bemes on emerant bewis grene;
 The rosy garth depaynt and redolent,
 With purpur, azure, gold, and goulis gent
 Arrayed was, by dame Flora the quene,
 So nobily, that joy was for to sene;
 The roch agayn the ryvir resplendent
 As low enlumynit all the leves schene.

"Quhat throu the mery foulis armony,
 And throu the ryveris soun that ran me by,
 On Florais mantill I slepit as I lay,
 Quhare sone in to my dremes fantasy
 I saw approach agayn the orient sky,
 A saill, als quhite as blossoum upon spray,
 Wyth merse of gold, brycht as the stern of day;
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustily,
 As falcoun swift desyrouse of hir pray.

"And hard on burd unto the blomyt medis,
 Among the grene rispis and the redis,
 Arrivit scho, quhar fro anon thare landis
 Ane hundreth ladyes, lusty in to wedis,
 Als fresch as flouris that in May up spredis,
 In kirtillis grene, withoutyn kell or bandis:
 Thair brycht hairis hang gletering on the strandis
 In tressis clere, wyppit wyth goldyn thredis,
 With pappis quhite, and mydlis small as wandis."

Who are they—those ladies "with pappis quhite, and mydlis small as wandis?" Among and above the rest, the visionary poet sees Venus, and Aurora, and Flora, and Juno, and Latona, and Proserpina, and Diana, and Clio, and Thetis, and Pallas, and Minerva, and Fortuna, and Lucina—and they have all crowns on their heads—so that each is "brycht as Lucifera." What are they doing and about to do? What brings them here? O foolish question to ask of a Dream! There they are—and they are all beautiful now beneath Scottish as long ago beneath Grecian skies—and what more could the poet desire! Beauty gives birth to Beauty—and should they disappear without speaking—their celestial smiles are sufficient for the bliss of a dream. Who is she that next comes shining forwards?—who but May, between her sisters April and June, all Three walking up and down the garden, among the music of birds mirthfuller and mirthfuller as the garden glows beneath their feet! Then the poet sees Nature present May with

— "a gown

Rich to behald, and nobil of renoun,
 Off eviry hew undir the hevin."

Her silent offspring salute Nature—
 and of that salutation how exquisite
 is the Poet's breath!

"And eviry blome on branch, and eke on
 bonk,
 Opnyt and spred thair balmy levis donk,
 Full low enclynnyng to thair Quene so
 clere,
 Quham of thair nobill norising thay
 thonk."

The "foulis" too first sing in jubilee—and then salute "on the samyn wyse" Dame Flora, and after her Venus, "Lufis mychty Queen." To her

"Thay sang ballettis in lufe, as was the
 gyse,
 With amoureuse notis lusty to devise,
 As thay that had lufe in thair hertis
 grene;
 Thair hony throtis, opnyt fro the splene,
 [heart]
 With werblis suete did perse the hevinly
 skyes,
 Quhill loud resownyt the firmament serene."

But, lo! another Court, of which
Cupid is the king—

“ Wyth bow in hand ybent,
And dredefull arrowis grundyn scharpand
square :

Thare saw I Mars, the god armypotent,
Aufull and sterne, strong and corpolent ;
Thare saw I crabbit Saturn ald and haire,
His luke was lyke for to perturb the aire ;
Thare was Mercurius, wise and eloquent,
Of rethorike that fand the flouris fair.”

There too Priapus, Phanus, Janus,
Neptunus, Eolus, Bacchus, the “glad-
dir of the table,” and Pluto, “the
elrich Incubus,”

“ In cloke of greene—*this Court usit no
sable.*”

What a power of joy in these last
four words! The Gods with song,
lute, and harp, win the goddesses to
dance—and the poet can no longer
lie in his concealment—for

“ Their observance rycht hevynly was
to here ;

Then crap I throu the levis, and drew
nere.”

Venus spies the intruder, and bids
the rural company of archers arrest
him—but who are they ?

“ Than ladyes fair lete fall thair mantillis
grene,

With bowis big in tressit hairis schene,
All sudaynly thay had a felde arrayit,
And yit rycht gretly was I noucht af-
frayit,

The party was so plesand for to sene !”

The Band advance against him with
bent bows—Beauty, Fair Having,
Portrature, Plesance, and Chere,
against whose assault

“ Than come RESOUN, with schelde of
gold so clere,

In plate and maille, as Mars armypotent,
Defendit me this nobill chevallere.”

Then joined the archers Youth,
and her young virgins Innocence
and Modesty, (Schameful Abasing)
and Drede and Obedience ; but they
are all harmless against RESOUN’S
GOLDYN TERGE. Then were they
joined by Swete Womanhood,—of
whom the poet says,—

“ Of artilyé a world scho did in bring,
Servit wyth ladyes full of reverence.”

And those ladyes are Nurture, Low-
liness, Contenance, Patience, Good
Fame, Steadfastness, Discretion,
Considerance, Benign Look, Mild
Chere, and Soberness, but their

efforts too are all vain against
the GOLDYN TERGE. A reinforce-
ment arrives under High Degree,
followed by Estate and Dignitye,
Comparison, Honour, Noble Array,
Will, Wantonness, Renown, Liberty,
Richess, Freedom, and Nobility,
marching under high banners, and
discharging as they come a cloud of
arrows. They too are repulsed ; and
Venus brings up her reserve, formed
of Presence, Fair Calling, Cherish-
ing, and Homeliness, whom Beauty
joins

“ With all the choise of Venus chevalry,”
under the guidance of Dissymulance:
But though

“ The schour of arowis rappit on as
rayn,”

and Perilous Presence

“ The bataill brought on bordour hard
us by,”

they yet make no impression on the
Goldyn Terge. We cannot now do
better than borrow the words of
Warton. “ At length Patience, by
whom the poet understands that
irresistible incentive accruing to the
passion of love by society, by being
often admitted to the company of
the beloved object, throws a magi-
cal powder into the eyes of Reason,
who is suddenly deprived of all his
powers, and reels like a drunken
man. Immediately the poet receives a
deadly wound, and is taken prisoner
by Beauty, who now assumes a more
engaging air, as the clear eye of
Reason is growing dim by intoxica-
tion. Dissimulation then tries all
her arts on the poet ; Fair Calling
smiles on him ; Cherishing soothes
him with soft speeches ; New Ac-
quaintance embraces him awhile,
but soon takes her leave, and is
never seen again. At last Danger de-
livers him to the custody of Grief.”
Eolus blows his bugle—the pa-
geant breaks up—the enemy reem-
bark—but celebrate their triumph
with a discharge of artillery, re-
echoed by the rocks as if “ the rain-
bow brak”—they weigh anchor—
and with a fair wind soon leave—
as Allan Cunninghame would say—
“ Old Scotland on the lee.”

The conception of the Goldyn
Terge is wonderfully vivid, but the
execution is imperfect ; and Dunbar
can scarcely be said to have suc-

ceeded in the main object of the allegory. The attacks made on the shield that intercepts from him all the arrows of his enemies awaken, in our minds at least, little moral interest, and their ineffectual repetition is to us wearisome, although there be here and there some exquisite touches, and pregnant lines. Dr Henry, or rather his continuator, like Hailes and Warton, complains, "that the allegorical genius of our ancient poetry often discovers a sublime invention, but it has intercepted what is now more valuable, the representation of genuine character, and of the manners peculiar to ancient life." This English and Scottish howl for ancient manners is especially absurd, when set up against Dunbar; for judging from his Remains, it would appear that he was by far too fond of depicting manners, and that to please the taste of King and court, rather, perhaps, than to indulge his own, in his delineation thereof, though often extremely humorous, and infinitely spirited, his fancy was apt to run riot among images so very indecorous, that though the Scottish Judge of Session, and the English Poet Laureate, who were neither of them fastidious, might have tolerated, nay, even enjoyed them, common decency, to say nothing of natural repugnance, and a regard to his cloth, must for ever have screened them—enamoured as he was of ancient manners—from the eyes of Dr Henry the divine. We say nothing more of the unreasonable injustice of complaining that one thing is not another, than hint how glum would have looked the Doctor had you complained, in his hearing, that his history was not absolutely out and out an equal number of volumes of sermons. The worthy Doctor makes some amends, however, for this folly, by the wisdom conspicuous in the following reflection—"The Golden Targe has a merit in its brevity which few allegorical poems possess." The merit of brevity is indeed great, out or in the pulpit. But for all that, the action of the Golden Targe is too brief, proportionably to the other parts of the poem; nor is it in any way worthy of the beautiful and splendid poetry of the Introduction.

We expect from all that glorious description of nature and of her divinities, if not a higher adventure, one more nobly sustained; and nobody, we think, can have fully felt the poet's power in the Introduction, and delivered up his imagination to the delightful dreams it inspires, without a sense of disappointment on coming to the action, which accompanies him to the close. The action is huddled and hurried, and with all Dunbar's attempts to vary it, its sameness is excessive; and though considering the number of troops engaged in it, certainly it is short, and therefore was satisfactory to Dr Henry, yet too much time is lost in reading over the muster roll. Nor can we reconcile our fancy to the idlesse of the gods and goddesses in that garden to which they had voyaged from afar. We hope they were not idle, and amusing themselves, as they listed, in its blissful bowers. Yet how could they be happy without Venus? As a whole, then, the Goldyn Terge is much inferior to the Thrissill and the Rois, which is as perfect as any thing in Spenser. But it would be hard to say which breathes—shines—glows—burns the more intensely with the balm, bloom, and brightness of nature. And in both is prevalent a purity, and delicacy, of sentiment, congenial with the Morn.

To return to Dunbar himself—he appears, says Mr Laing, "to have lived on terms of great familiarity with the King, and to have participated freely in all the gaieties and amusements of the Scottish Court; his sole occupation being that of writing ballads on any passing event which might serve to awaken his fancy or imagination, and thus contribute to the entertainment of his royal master." That royal master was no niggard to his servants; nor can we believe he was ungenerous to Dunbar. On the 17th of March, 1504, the poet first performed mass in the King's presence, whose offering on the occasion was seven French crowns, or L.4, 18s. in Scottish money—handsome payment enough—and supposing our friend was paid as handsomely for all other jobs—he needed not to have had always an empty purse. At Martinmas 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*; the King having ordered it to be increased to the

annual sum of L.20,—and three years afterwards it was raised to L.80, to be paid as before, at the stated terms of Martinmas and Whitsuntide during his life, “or until he be promoted to a benefice of L.100 or above.” “The grand object of Dunbar’s ambition,” says Mr Laing, “was preferment in the church. It is somewhat amusing to consider with what ingenuity and address he varies his petitions, whether in the form of a satirical or pathetic appeal to the King, or simply as a congratulation on the New Year, or whether under some humorous personation he brought forward his request, still the burden of Dunbar’s song was a benefice.” We entirely agree with Mr Laing in thinking that the true cause of the bard’s non-preferment was the King’s reluctance to be deprived of his company at court. His Majesty would not have stood such incessant badgering about a benefice, had he not been loath to lose so bright a genius—nay, had he not loved the man. As for Dunbar himself, we are ourselves disposed almost to doubt his being very desirous to give up his L.80 a-year at court, where he must have been a darling, for L.100 a year, with a cure of country souls. Yet as years wore on, (and by that time he was fifty,) he must have looked to the future not without those fears that make the heart sink in the midst of merriment—for who knows what a day may bring forth? “With all his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit”—says Mr Laing, feelingly—“Dunbar had reached a period of life, when he must have felt more keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependent on court favour. Had the Scottish monarch not been desirous of retaining Dunbar as a personal attendant, he would have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the king’s hands—for it has been well observed, ‘that it must have been a pure priesthood indeed, to whom Dunbar would not, in his maturer years, have done honour.’” Dunbar is no blate in urging his suit—and sometimes he does so very touchingly—and not the less so on account of the humour of his pathos. In

some lines “To the King, quhen many Benefices vakit,” he familiarly and opportunely asks,

“Schir! quhiddir is it almess mair,
To give him drink that thristis sair;
Or fyll ane full man quhyll he brist;
And lat his fallow die for thrist,
Quhylk wyne to drink als worthie wer?”

“It is no glaid collatioun
Quhair ane makis mirrie, ane uther
lukis doune;
Ane thristis, ane uthair playis cope out;
Lat anis the cope go round about,
And wein the covanis bennisoun.”

In another Address to the King, the burden of the song still is, “My panefull purse so prikillis me.” The thought of its utter emptiness of all but pain comes across him, when he sets himself to dance or sing, and worse than that,

“Quhen men that hes purssis in tone,
Passis to drynk or to disjone,
Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
And say, ‘That I will fast quhill none;
My panefull purse so prickillis me.’”

“I haif inquiryt in mony a place,
For help and confort in this cace,
And all men sayis, My Lord, that ye
Can best remeid for this mal-eiss,
That with sic panis prikillis me.”

In another Address to the King—for they seem to have been endless—he complains that

“Sum swaillis swan, some swaillis duik,
And I stand fastand in a nuike.”

But the finest mixture of satire and sadness, pathos and fun, despondency of spirit, and discursiveness of fancy is in the stanzas with the burden, of “Excess of thocht dois me mischief.” We cannot afford to quote it all—for we intend yet to quote largely—but it would appear there was need in those days of Church Reform. Dunbar says he used to be dandled on his nurse’s knee to the song of “Dandely, Bischoffe, Dandely,” yet now that age is grieving him, “ane sempill vicar I can nocht be!” And who hold benefices, to the exclusion of him, the scholar, and the poet, and companion of his King?

“Jok that wes wont to keep the stirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
With ane fals cairt in to his sleif,
Worth all my Ballatis undir the birkis:
Excess of thocht dois me mischief.

"Twa curis or thré hes upolandis Michell,
With dispensationis bund in a knitchell;
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with totum, and I with nichell!
Excess of thocht dois me mischief."

In the "World's Instabilitie," which gives a sad picture of the times—coloured by spleen and the black melancholy—yet nevertheless we doubt not too true—he spares neither high nor low degree—and according to his wont, when addressing or dedicating to the King, ends with a word for his own poor self, whose wishes are as humble as his hopes are faint.

"Greit Abbais grayth I nill to gather,
Bot ane kirk scant coverit with hadder;
For I of lytill wald be gane;
Quhilk to consider is ane pane!"

But the most singular, and not the least affecting of his supplications is, "To the King—the petition of the Grey Horse, auld Dunbar." He beseeches his master

"Schir! lett it nevir in toun be tald
That I should be ane Yuillis yald!"

Pinkerton printed "that I should be an *howlis hald*," and asks, "is *howlis hald* a ruin—an owl's habitation?" And, what pray, if it were? What sense would there be in Dunbar's beseeching the king not to let it be told that he should be an owl's habitation? Sibbald conjectured ingeniously, and naturally too, that it might have been written "*ane outler hald*," that is an old outlier in all weathers. The words in the MS. may have that signification—a horse at Yule in the straw-yard—or in the bare field. Yet Mr Laing quotes a curious passage in a communication from his friend, the learned and ingenious Robert Jamieson, that may give a different meaning to the words. "A superstition prevailed in Morayshire, about fifty years ago, to the effect that no female would leave her work in the *draik* (i. e. unfinished) on Christmas Eve, for fear she should be *Yule's yaud*. Every girl was to finish the stocking she was knitting, the flax upon her rock, and in good time, upon Christmas Eve, and then put every thing in order, all over the house, before going to bed, otherwise she should be *Yule's yaud* during the next year; but whether in the idea that the *yaud* or mare was

to be ridden by Yule, the Night Mare, or the Fairies, I cannot say."

TO THE KING.—THE PETITION OF THE
GRAY HORSE, AULD DUNBAR.

"Now Lufferis cummis with largess lowd,
Quhy sould not palfrayis thane be prowde,
Quhen Gillettis wilbe schomd and schroud,
That ridden ar baith with lord and lawd?
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"Quhen I was young and into ply,
And wald cast gammaldis to the sky,
I had beine bocht in Realmes by,
Had I consentit to be sauld.
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"With gentill hors quhen I wald knyp,
Thane is thair laid on me ane quhip,
To colleveris than man I skip,
That scabbit ar hes cruik and cald.
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"Thocht in the stall I be nocht clappit,
As cursouris that in silk beine trappit,
With ane new hous I wald be happit,
Aganis this Crystinmes for the cald.
Schir, lett it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"Suppois I war ane auld yaid aver,
Schott furth our clewchis to pull the claver,
And had the strenth off all Stranaver,
I wald at Yuill be housit and stald.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"I am ane Auld Horse, as ye know,
That evir in duill dois dring and draw;
Great court horse puttis me fra the staw,
To fang the fog be frith and fald.
Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"I haif run lang furth in the feild,
On pastouris that ar plane and peild;
I mycht be now tane in for eild,
My beikis ar spruning hé, and bauld.
Schirr, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"My mane is turned in to quhytt,
And thair of ye have all the wytt!
Quhen uther horse had bran to bytt
I got bot griss, knip gif I wald.
Schirr, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

"I was nevir dautit into stable,
My lyf hes bene so miserable,
My hyd to offer I am able,
Far evill schom strae that I reive wald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

"And yitt, suppois my thrift be thyne,
Gif that I die your aucht within,
Latt nevir the Soutteris have my skin,
With ugle gumes to be gnawin.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!

"The Court hes done my curage cuill,
And maid me [ane] forriddin Muill;
Yett, to weir Trappouris at this Yuill,
I wald be spurrit at everie spald.

Schir, latt it nevir in toun be tald,
That I sould be ane Yuillis yald!"

A Yuillis yald Grey Dunbar was not suffered to be—for attached to the Petition is a Reply, in the form of a mandate, addressed to the Treasurer by his Majesty; but whether the words were actually written by the King himself, or added in his name by Dunbar, as an ingenious mode of enforcing his request, the reader, quoth Mr David, must be left to his own imagination. In modern orthography they run thus:—

"After our writings, Treasurer,
Take in this Grey horse Old Dunbar,
Who in my aucht, with service true,
In lyart changed is his hue;
Gar house him now against this Yule,
And busk him like a Bishop's mule;
For, with my hand, I have indost
To pay whate'er his happings cost."

Misery is often mirthful, it is true; yet we cannot bring ourselves, after all, to believe that the writer of such lines as these, and a hundred others in the same strain, was miserable more than men in general. Every condition in life has its drawbacks and its "downdrachts;" and we should have had only a different set of complaints and supplications from Dunbar had he got a "kirk scant coverit with hadder"—only a different set still, perhaps, had he been appointed "greit abbais grayth to gather." Many a day and night of joy he must have had with the merry monarch—and we wish we could print his "Dance in the Quenis Chalmer"—but really the humour of the fifteenth century—when "the King kept court in Holyrood"—was such as the Shepherd himself would not now venture on in the maddest

moments of a Noctes. We cannot think that the Queen herself was present at such sayings and doings; her Majesty's servants must have usurped her Chalmer while she was in Hall. Mr Thomas Campbell remarks, with his usual felicity, that in the works of the northern makers of the fifteenth century there is a gay spirit, and an indication of jovial manners, which forms a contrast with the covenanting national character of subsequent times. But he adds that their coarseness is excessive and offensive, beyond even the occasional gross humour of Chaucer. Skelton himself, though more burlesque in style, is less outrageously indecorous in matter, than Sir David Lyndsay; and at a period, says Mr Campbell, "when James IV. was breaking lances in the lists of chivalry, and when the court poets of Scotland might be supposed to have possessed ideas of decency, if not of refinement, Dunbar at that period addresses the Queen, on the occasion of having danced in her Majesty's chamber, with jokes which a beggar-wench of the present day would probably consider as an offence to her delicacy." There is another address to the Queen (by the by this is not one) far worse than the Dance in its unintelligible coarseness—for the humour of the Dance, broad as it is, is rather ludicrous than loathsome—and it is impossible not to laugh at the awkward capers of "Schir Jhon Sinclair new cam out of France"—of "the stakerin' like ane strummell aver" of Maister Robert Schaw—or of Maister Almaser (almoner,) "ane hommeltjommeltj joffeller," whose behaviour extorted an ejaculation from John Bute, the Fule. Of Dame Dawtiebour, who "made such mirgeounis with hir hippes," we decline farther to speak; or of the Queen's Dog, when he "begowthe to rax;" but of Dunbar himself, and Maistress Musgraffe, with whom our erudite friend, Dr Irvine, opines, and with good reason, that the bard was sorely smitten, and indeed, head over ears in love, we must quote a couple of stanzas.

"Then cam in Dunbar the makkar;
On all the flure thair was naine frakkar,
And there he daunsit the dirrye dantoun;

He hoppet lyk a pillie wantoun,
 For luiff of Musgraiße, men tell me ;
 He trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun :
 A mirrear dance mycht na man see.

"Than cam in Maistriss Musgraiße ;
 Scho mycht haiff lernit all the laiffe ;
 Quhen I saw hir sa trimlye dance,
 Hir guid convoy and countenance,
 Than, for hir saik, I wissit to be
 The grytast erle, or duik, in France :
 A mirrear dance mycht na man see."

Nobody knows—not even David Laing—what sort of dance was the Dirrye Dantoun—but from the next line, which he says "will not bear particular explanation," he infers that the Dirrye Dantoun was "a dance wholly unbecoming in a person of Dunbar's age and character." What a "pillie wantoun" is, we have not the slightest idea, and therefore none of the manner in which it hops. Dunbar tells us "he trippet, quhill he tint his pantoun," and we, in our simplicity, as Mr Laing in his, supposed that to be a slipper, shoe, or pump. But we observe that Mr Patrick Tytler gravely interprets it "pantaloon." If Dunbar, in the dance with Maistriss Musgraiße, really "tint his pantaloon," never wasso unusual and uncomfortable an occurrence dismissed in such few words, and we hope his fair partner instantly picked them up as he was hopping like a pillie wantoun, and presented them to the poet, at the close of the Dirrye Dantoun, with a blushing smile.

We, ourselves, have been hopping, we dare say, like a pillie wantoun, rather a little way aside from our subject—but we beg to return to it, in spite of our good friend David's inference, "that it is wholly unbecoming in a person of our age and character," dancing the Dirrye Dantoun—and to direct attention to another sportive effusion of Dunbar's—blamelessly addressed to the Queen. James Dog, or Doig, had long been a trusty, active, and confidential person in his Majesty's domestic service; and after the King's marriage he was transferred to the establishment of the Queen's household. Dunbar must have been in the habit of receiving a gown, or dress, at Christmas; as on more than one occasion he received, by the King's command, a sum of money, "because he wanted his gown

at Yule." The Queen seems to have ordered him a doublet or suit of clothes from the royal wardrobe, but Mr Dog, or Doig, having scrupled to give it, was, says John Pinkerton, "hitched into a rhyme, and thus stands as a skeleton in the Surgeon's Hall of Fame." The Goth is equally conceited and acute on the lines that follow—(we print both the poems) saying, "this is a sharp satire in the piercing mode of pity, and was written, as the colophon tells us, when Doig *had pleisit him*. If so, whether was it most dangerous to displease or to please Dunbar?"

OF JAMES DOIG, KEIPER OF THE QUENIS
 WARDROP. TO THE QUENE.

"The Wardraipper of Venus boure,
 To giff a dowblett he is als doure,
 As it war off ane fute syd frog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !

"Quhen that I schawe to him your
 markis,
 He turnis to me again, and barkis,
 As he war wirriand ane hog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !

"Quhen that I schawe to him your wri-
 ting,
 He girnīs that I am red for byting ;
 I wald he had ane haveye clog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !

"Quhen that I speik till him freindlyk,
 He barkis lyk ane midding tyk,
 War chaissand cattell through a bog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !

"He is ane mastyf, mekle of mycht,
 To keip your wardroippe over nycht,
 Fra the grytt Sowdan Gog-ma-gog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !

"He is owre mekle to be your messan,
 Madame, I reid you get a less ane,
 His gang garis all your chalmeris schog :
 Madame, ye heff a dangerouss Dog !"

OF THE SAID JAMES, QUHEN HE HAD PLEISIT
 HIM.

"O gracious Princes, guid and fair !
 Do weill to James your Wardraipair ;
 Quhais faithfull bruder maist freind I
 am :
 He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

"Thocht I in ballat did with him bourde,
 In malice spak I never ane word,

Bot all, my Dame, to do you game :
He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

“ Your Hienes can nocht get ane meter,
To keip your wardrope, nor discreter,
To rule your robbis, and dress the same :
He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

“ The wyff, that he had in this innys,
That with the tangis wald break his
schynnis,
I wald scho drownit war in a dam :
He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

“ The wyff that wald him kuckold mak,
I wald scho war, bayth syd and bak,
Weill batteret with ane barrow tram :
He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.

“ He hes sa weill doin me obey
In till all thing, thairfoir I pray,
That nevir dolour mak him dram :
He is na Dog ; he is a Lam.”

Mr Laing has, as we said, very judiciously brought together all the compositions containing any reference to the Poet himself ; and there is one of three very simple stanzas that we are sure you will feel with us to be very affecting—now that you know the sort of life Dunbar had been long leading at Court. It is entitled, “ On his Heid-ake,” and it too is addressed to the King. Such a headache was in truth rather a heart-ache—but the two diseases oftenest go together—and it was so now with poor Dunbar—Auld Grey Dunbar—yet in years he was not very old—for when the King was slain—his beloved but unbefriced bard was but a few years over fifty—an age at which now-a-days even Poets are—or think themselves—young—in the prime, if not in the bloom of life.

ON HIS HEID-AKE.

“ My heid did yak yesternicht,
This day to mak that I na micht,
So sair the magryme dois me menyie,
Perseing my brow as ony ganyie,
That scant I luik may on the licht.

“ And now, Schir, laitlie, eftir Mess,
To dyt, thocht I begowthe to dress,
The sentence lay full evill till find,
Unsleepit in my heid behind,
Dullit in dulness and distress.

“ Full oft at morrow I upryse,
Quhen that my curage sleiping lyis,
For mirth, for menstrallie and play,
For din, nor dancing, nor deray,
It will nocht walkin me no wise.”

These surely are very touching lines indited by such a man—but there is sublimity in his “ Meditation on Wynter.” It is placed by Mr Laing last in the series, and solemnly ends Volume First ; yet he imagines it to have been written about the year 1507, when Dunbar composed the “ Lament for the Makars ;”—we presume, on account of the same mournful spirit breathing through both compositions, as if inspired by the same sorrow. From one line—“ How glad that ever I dyne or soup,” an inference has been drawn that Dunbar in the latter period of his life was in a state of such destitution as often to want his regular meals. But Mr Laing thinks—and we trust truly—that the words do not warrant any such inference—and that the simple and obvious meaning of the passage is, that with whatever gratification he might dine or sup, nothing could prevent him from remembering that Death was at hand, neither the gold which was laid up in his coffers, the wine which was in his goblet, nor the happiness which he enjoyed as a lover. Pinkerton says well, “ that the addresses of the several personifications to him are fine—that of age pathetic—and that of death even sublime”—and Ellis, “ that it is pleasant to observe in this fine poem the elastic spirit of Dunbar struggling against the pressure of melancholy ; indeed it appears that his morality was of the most cheerful kind.” By and by, we shall see it was indeed so ; but there is no cheerfulness in these verses—though the poet’s heart, at the close, desires to escape from the heaviness that oppresses it, and prays summer to come, that he “ may leif in some disport”—but that is not morality—it is passion.

MEDITATIOUN IN WYNTIR.

“ In to thir dirk and drublie dayis,
Quhen sabill all the Hevin arrayis,
With mystie vapouris, cluddis and
skyis,
Nature all curage me denyis
Off sangis, ballattis, and of playis.

“ Quhen that the nycht dois lenthin
houris,
With wind, with haill, and havie schouris,
My dule spreit dois lurk forschoir ;
My hait for languor dois forloir,
For laik of Summer with his flouris.

" I walk, I turne, sleip can I nocht,
I vexit am with havie thoct;
This World all our I cast about,
And ever the mair I am in dout,
The mair that I remeid have socht.

" I am assayit on everie syde,
Dispair sayis ay, In tyme provyde,
And get sum thing quhairon to leif;
Or with grit troubill and mischeif,
Thow sall in to this Court abyde.

" Than Patience sayis, Be nocht agast:
Hald Hoip and Treuthe within thé fast;
And lat Fortoun wirk furthe hir rage,
Quhen that no Rasoun may assuage,
Quhill that hir glass be run and past.

" And Prudence in my eir sayis ay,
Quhy wald thow hald that will away?
Or craif that thow may have no space
Thow tending to an uther place,
A journey going everie day?

" And then sayis Age, My friend cum
neir,
And be nocht strange, I thé requier:
Cum, Brudir, by the hand me tak,
Remember thow hes compt to mak
Of all the tyme thow spendit heir.

" Syne Deid castis up his yettis wyd,
Saying, Thir oppin sall ye byd;
Albeid that thow were never so stout,
Undir this lyntall sall thow lowt:
Thair is nane uther way besyd.

" For feir of this all day I drowp;
No gold in kist, nor wyne in cownp,
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffis blys,
May lat me to remember this:
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

" Yit, quhan the nycht begynnys to schort,
It dois my spreit sum part confort,
Off thoct oppressit with the schouris.
Cum, lustie Symmer! with thy flouris,
That I may leif in some disport."

It is true, however, as Ellis has said, "that Dunbar's morality was of a cheerful kind;" and among the many moods of his mind—even the sad ones—there often broke in cheerful lights upon the shadows—making the checkered bright on the whole—beautiful and happy—"the image of a poet's dream." What can be finer than the pious poem, entitled,

NO TRESSOUR AVAILIS WITHOUT GLADNESS.

" Be mirry, Man, and tak nocht far in mynd
The wavering of this wrechit World of sorrow;
To God be humill, and to thy freynd be kynd,
And with thy nyctbouris glaidly len and borrow;
His chance to nycht it may be thyne to morrow;
Be blyth in hairt for ony aventure,
For oft with wyse men it hes been said aforgow,
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

" Mak thé gud cheir of it that God thé sendis,
For Warldis wrak but weillfair nocht availis;
Na gude is thyne, saif only [that] thow spendis,
Remenant all thow brukis bot with bailis:
Seik to solace quhen sadnes thé assailis;
In dolour lang thy lyfe may nocht indure,
Quhairfoir of confort set up all thy sailis;
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

" Follow on petie, fé trouble and debait,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
For Warldly honour lestis bot a cry;
For trouble in erd tak no mellancoly;
Be riche in pacience, gif thow in gudis be pure,
Quho levis mirry he levis michtely;
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

" Thow seis thir wretchis sett with sorrow and cair,
To gadder gudis in all thair lyvis space;
And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,
And of thair riches bot the keeping hes:
Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
Quhillk of thy wyning no labour had nor cure,

Tak thow example, and spend with mirriness ;
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour.

" Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
Bot meit, drynk, clais, and the laif a sicht,
Yit to the Juge thow sall gif compt of all ;
Ane raknyng rycht camis of ane ragment small :
Be just and joyus, and do to none injure,
And Trewth sall mak thé strang as any wall ;
Without Glaidnés availis no Tressour."

The Rewl of Anis Self—on Deming—How sall I Governe me—On Content—Advice to spend anis awin Gude—and many others, are written in a strain at once wise and cheerful—and fully justify Warton in saying that the genius of Dunbar was peculiarly of "a moral and didactic cast." There is great compression of thought, and conciseness of expression in the following weighty, but easy-moving lines.

BEST TO BE BLYTH.

" Full oft I muse, and hes in thoct,
How this fals World is ay on flocht,
Quhair no thing ferme is nor degest ;
And when I haif my mynd all socht,
For to be blyth me think it best.

" This world evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun sa fast hir quheill dois cary ;
Na tyme but turning can tak rest,
For quhois fals change suld none be sary ;
For to be blyth me think it best.

" Wald men considir in mynd rycht weill,
Or Fortoun on him turn hir quheill,
That erdly honour may nocht lest,
His fall less panefull he suld feill ;
For to be blyth me think it best.

" Quha with this world dois warsill and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thocht he in lordship be possest,
He levis bot ane wrechit lyfe ;
For to be blyth me think it best.

" Off warldis gud and grit richness,
Qubat fruct hes man bot mirriness ?
Thocht he this world had eist and west,
All wer povertie but glaidness ;
For to be blyth me think it best.

" Quho suld for tynsall drowp or dé,
For thyng that is bot vanitie ;
Sen to the lyfe that evir dois lest,
Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee :
For to be blyth me think it best.

" Had I for warldis unkyndness
In hairt tane ony heaviness,
Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
I had bene deid lang syne dowlless :
For to be blyth me think it best.

" How evir this world do change and vary,
Lat us in hairt nevir moir be sary,
Bot evir be reddy and addest,
To pass out of this frawfull fary :
For to be blyth me think it best."

Dunbar, we have seen, did not stand on much ceremony with the King ; and from other compositions he appears to have been indeed more than a familiar—a fearless subject. Pinkerton remarks on the "Complaint to the King," that it is "written in a great passion." No such thing. We do not believe that any Poet ever wrote a copy of verses in a great passion. John himself sometimes wrote prose in a passion, but oftener in cool malignity or conceited impudence. Dunbar wrote poetry either in mirth or sadness,—in imagination's joy, or in righteous indignation. In the "Complaint to the King" there are fiery outbreaks of that latter feeling ; but they alternate with flashes of fancy ; and in his abuse of knaves and blockheads, honoured and prosperous, when good men were pining in want and neglect, the copiousness of his vocabulary shows, that he was in full possession of himself and all his faculties, during his accumulated castigations of vice and folly. Pinkerton is equally out in his critique on the "Remonstrance to the King"—which he does not condescend to print, and which Mr Laing has now for the first time given to the public from the Maitland MSS., when he calls it "an angry address, mentioning the names of the many officers, flatterers, &c. about the Court, and reproaching the King that he had no place. Consisting almost

solely of abusive names, and being nearly the same with the Complaint, it was not transcribed." It is as unlike as may be to the "Complaint;" and Mr Laing justly conceives it to be one of the most curious of Dunbar's productions, from its presenting such a singular picture of the Court. It may well satisfy all those who wish in poetry but pictures of manners.

DUNBAR'S REMONSTRANCE TO THE KING.

"Schir, ye have mony servitouris,
And officiaris of dyvers curis;
Kirkmen, courtmen, and craftismen
fyne;

Doctouris in jure, and medecyne;
Divinouris, rethoris, and philosophouris,
Astrologis, artistis, and oratouris;
Men of armes, and vailyeand knyghtis,
And mony uther gudlie wichtis;
Musicianis, menstralis, and mirrie singaris;

Chevalouris, callandaris, and [Frenshe]
flingaris;

Cunyouris, carvouris, and carpentaris,
Beildaris of barkis, and ballingaris;

Masounis, lyand upon the land,
And schip wrichtis hewand upone the
strand;

Glasing wrichtis, goldsmythis, and lapidaris,

Pryntouris, payntouris, and potingaris;

And all of thair craft cumming,

And all at anis lawboring,

Quhilk pleisand ar and honorable;

And to your Hienes profitable;

And richt convenient for to be,

With your hie regale Majestie;

Desserving of your Grace most ding

Bayth thank, reward, and cherissing.

"And thocht that I, amang the laif,

Unworthy be ane place to have,

Or in thair nummer to be tald,

Als lang in mynd my wark sall hald!

Als haill in everie circumstance,

In forme, in mater, and substance,

But wering, or consumptioun,

Roust, cankar, or corruptioun,

As ony of thair werkis all,

Suppois that my reward be small!

"Bot ye sa gracious ar, and meik,

That on your Hienes followis eik

Ane uthir sort, more miserabill,

Thocht thay be nocht sa profitable:

Fenyeouris, fleichouris, and flatteraris;

Cryaris, craikaris, and clatteraris;

Sonkaris, gronkaris, gledaris, gunnaris;

Monsouris of France, gud clarat cunnaris;

Innoportoun askaris of Yrland kynd;

And meit revaris, lyk out of mynd;

Scaffaris, and scamleris in the nuke,

And hall huntaris of draik and duik;

Thrimlaris and thriftaris, as they war
woid,

Kokenis, and kennis na man of gude;
Schulderaris, and schowaris, that hes no
schame,

And to no cunning that can clame;

And can non uthir craft nor curis

Bot to mak thrang, Schir, in Your duris,

And rusche in quhair thay counsale heir,

And will at na man nurtir leyr:

In quintiscence, eik, ingynouris joly,

That far can multiplie in folie;

Fantastik fulis, bayth fals and gredy,

Off toung untrew, and hand evill dredle:

Few dar of all this last additioun,

Cum in tolbuyth, without remissioun.

"And thocht this nobill cunning sort,

Qubom of befor I did report,

Rewardit be, it war bot ressoun,

Thairat suld no man mak enchessoun:

Bot quhen, the uthir fulis nyce,

That feistit at Cokelbeis gryce,

Ar all rewardit, and nocht I,

Than on this fals world I cry, Fy!

My hart neir bristis than for teyne,

Quhilk may nocht suffer nor sustene,

So gritabusoun for to sé,

Daylie in Court before my é!

"And yit, more panence wald I have;

Had I rewarde amang the laif;

It wald me sum thing satisfie,

And less of [my] malancolie

And gar me mony falt ouersé,

That now is brayd befor myn é:

My mynd so fer is set to flyt,

That of nocht ellis I can indyt;

For owther mane my hart to breik;

Or with my pen I man me wreik;

And sen the tane most nedis be,

In to malancolie to dé,

Or lat the vennim ische all out,—

Be war, anone, for it will spout,

Gif that the tryackill cum nocht tyt

To swage the swalme of my dyspyt."

"The right divine of kings to govern
wrong,"

is here rather more than speculatively questioned; Dunbar shows he was no sycophant; and James that he could bear to hear the truth. That it was the truth we know from the Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer. Opening them at random—with Mr Tytler—we find the king, on the 11th February, 1488 (then not twenty years of age) bestowing nine pounds on Gentle John, the English Fule; on the 10th of June, we have an item to the English pypers, who played to the King, at the castle gates, of eight pounds eight shillings—double what he paid Dunbar for saying Mass for the first time—

On the 31st of August, Patrick Johnston and his fallows, that playit a play to the king in Lithgow, receive three pounds; Jacob the sutor; the king of Bene; Swanky, that brought balls to the king; twa wemen that sung to his highness; Witherspoon, the fowlar, that told tales and brought fowls; Tom Pringill, the trumpeter; twa fitheralis, that sang Grey Steil to the king; the broken-backit fiddler of St Andrews; Quhissilgybhourie, a female dancer; Wat Sangster; young Radman, the sutor; the wife that kept the Hawk's Nest in Craighforth; Willie Mercer, who lap in the stank by the king's command; and innumerable others, the like of whom, so saith the poet, were preferred to him—to the end of the chapter; for the "Remonstrance" could not have been written before 1507, as it mentions "printers," unknown till that date in Scotland. But let us not stop here, but, in justice to James, quote a most picturesque passage from Mr Tytler's *Scottish Worthies*:—

"The same records not only corroborate Dunbar's description, but bring before us, in fresh and lively colours, the court itself, with its gay and laughter-loving monarch. Let not history deride the labours of the patient antiquary; for never, in her moments of happiest composition, could she summon up a more natural and striking picture than we can derive from these ancient and often neglected records. We are enabled, by the clear and authentic lights which they furnish, to trace the motions of the court and of its royal master, not only from year to year, but to mark the annals of every day. We see his Majesty before he rises on the new-year's morning; we stand beside his chamberlain, and see the nobles, with their gifts and offerings, crowd into the apartment; nor is his favourite, gentle John, the English fool, forgotten, who brings his present of cross-bows; then enters the King of Bene, enacted by Tom Pringle; Jok Goldsmith chants his ballat below the window; the gysars dance; and in the evening the Bishop of Glasgow, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Chancellor, and the Treasurer, play at cards with his Highness.

"Such are but a few of the characteristic touches of these remark-

able records. They would furnish us with a thousand more, had we time or limits to detail them. They enable us to accompany the prince to his chapel royal at Stirling; we see the boys of the choir bending down to remove his spurs, and receive their accustomed largesse; we follow him in his progresses through his royal burghs, and listen to the thanks of the gudewife of the king's lodging, as the generous prince bestows his gratuity; we climb the romantic crag on which St Anthony's chapel is situated, and almost hear his confession; we can follow him into his study, and find him adding to the scanty library which was all the times permitted even to a king—the works of Quintillian and Virgil, and the sang-buiks in which he took so much delight; his shooting at the butts with his nobles; his bandying jokes with his artillerymen; his issuing to the chase or the tournament, from his royal castles of Stirling or Falkland, surrounded by a cavalcade of noble knights and beautiful damsels; his presence at the christening of the Earl of Buchan's son, and the gold piece which he drops into the caudle,—all are brought before us as graphically as at the moment of their occurrence. And whilst our interest is heightened and our imagination gratified by the variety and brilliancy of the scenery which is thus called up, we have the satisfaction to know that all is true to nature, and infinitely more authentic than the pages even of a contemporary historian."

These vivid imaginings and picturings form no inappropriate introduction to the verses we are now about to quote,—*"Dunbar's Dirige to the King at Stirling."* But the King's addiction to all kinds of quacks is most ludicrously illustrated in a well-known ballad we cannot quote, *"The Freir of Tungland."* About this personage Mr Laing gives us some curious information, chiefly from notes furnished him by his friend, James Chalmers, nephew of George. He appeared in Scotland in 1501; and previous to his appointment as abbot in 1504, in the Treasurer's Accounts is variously styled, *"The French Leich," "Maister John, the French Leich," "Maister John, the French Medicinar,"* and

"French Maister John." At the same time there is mention made of "the Leich with the curland hair," and of a John Francis—undoubtedly different quacks. From the Abbot, King James imbibed a strong passion for alchymy, and had a furnace of his own at Stirling—expending large sums in attempts to make "Quinta Essentia," which would convert other metals into gold. Dunbar must have been greatly incensed, if not mortified, when such an adventurer was elected Abbot of Tunland, in Galloway. On September 27, 1507, an embassy was sent to France; and, as Lesly informs us in his English history, (printed by the Bannatyne Club,) the Abbot "tuik in hand to flie with winges, and to be in Fraunce before the saidis ambassadouris, and to that effect he causet mak ane pair of wingis of fedderis, quhilkes beand fessinit upon him, he flew of the castelle wall of Strivelling, but shortlie he fell to the grund, and brak his thee bane; bot the sugh thairof he ascrivit to that thair was som hen fedderis in the winges, and quhilk yornit and covet the mydding and not the skyes." To abridge Dunbar's ballad on this achievement would be an idle attempt—but the vein of humour is rich indeed—and so is the poetry—and it has often occurred to us that this, and a few other productions of Dunbar's genius in its happiest humorous hours, may have inspired the only genius at all comparable to his—on such sort of themes—in our day—that of Mr. now Professor Tennant—the inimitable author of *Anster Fair*.

From this digression—if it be one—let us return to the *Dirige*—a profane parody—we must call it with Mr Laing after Sir Walter Scott—of the services of the church to which Dunbar belonged; yet the excuse Mr Laing suggests is not invalid, that at that period the "license given to such open violations of religious observances, as took place under the direction of the Lords of Misrule, or Abbots of Unreason, might have rendered such satirical offences, as this *Dirige*, less obnoxious." It may have been unpardonable in Dunbar to write it; but as for him to whom it was addressed, we know that his character was composed of strange contradic-

tions or inconsistencies—alluded to in his usual masterly style by Sir Walter in *Marmion*.

"I said he joyed in banquet hour;
But 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower;
If, on a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his heart in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so, 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry."

"He was wont," says Sir Walter, in a note, "during his fits of devotion, to assume the dress, and conform to the rules of the order of Franciscans; and when he had thus done penance for some sin in Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably, too, with no unusual inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which at other times he subjected himself." Not only was it his wont to make such pilgrimage, and dree such penance at Stirling, but at the shrine of St Ninian at Whithorn in Galloway, and of St Duthac in Ross shire—deeming, no doubt, that they atoned for all his sins of sensuality and idleness. To relieve the King out of such purgatory, "the Service of the *Dirige*" is here burlesqued; and a humorous contrast drawn between the opulence, the good living, and the amusements which Edinburgh afforded, with the absence of all such in Stirling.

DUNBAR'S DIRIGE TO THE KING AT
STIRLING.

"We that ar heir in Hevins glory,
To yow that are in Purgatory,
Commendis us on our hairty wyiss,—
I mene we folk in Parradyiss,
In Edinburgh with all mirriness,
To yow in Strivilling in distress,
Quhair nowdir plesance nor delyt is,
For pety thus ane Apostill wrytis.

"O ye Heremeltis, and Hankersaidillis,
That takis your pennance at your tabillis,
And eit is nocht meit restorative,
Nor drynkis no wyne confortative,
Bot aill, and that is thyn and small;
With few coursis in to your hall,
But cumpany of Lordis or Knychtis,
Or ony uder gudly wichtis,
Solitar walkand your allone,
Seing no thing but stok and stone;

Out of your panefull Purgatory,
To bring yow to the bliss of glory,
Off Edinburgh, the mirry toun,
We sall begyn ane cairfull soun ;
Ane DIRIGE devoit and meik,
The Lord of bliss doing beseik
Yow to delyver out of your noy,
And bring yow sone to Edinburgh joy,
For to be mirry amang us :
And sa the DIRIGE begynis thus.

LECTIO PRIMA.

" The Fader, the Sone, and Haly Gaist,
The mirthfull Mary, virgine chaist,
Of Angellis all the ordouris nyne,
And all the Hevinly Court devyne,
Sone bring yow fra the pyne and wo
Of Strivilling, every court manis fo,
Agane to Edinburghs joy and bliss,
Quhair wirschep, walth, and weillfair is,
Play, plesance, and eik honesty :
Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

" Tak consolatioun in your pane,
In tribulatioun tak consolatioun,
Out of vexatioun cum hame agane,
Tak consolatioun in your paine.
Out of distress of Strivilling toun
To Edinburghs bliss, God mak yow
boun !

LECTIO SECUNDA.

" Patriarchis, Profetis, and Appostillis
deir,
Confessouris, Virgynis, and Marteris
cleir,
And all the Saitt Celestiall,
Devotely we upoun thame call,
That sone out of your panis fell,
Ye may in Hevin heir with us dwell ;
To eit swan, cran, pertrik, and plever,
And every fische that swymis in rever ;
To drynk with us the new fresche wyne,
That grew upoun the rever of Ryne ;
Fresche fragrant Clairettis out of France,
Of Angerss, and of Orliance,
With mony ane course of grit dyntie :
Say ye Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

" God and Sanct Jeill, heir yow convoy
Baith sone and weill, God and Sanct Jeill,
To sonce and seill, solace and joy,
God and Sanct Jeill heir yow convoy.
Out of Strivilling panis fell,
In Edinburghs joy, son mot ye dwell !

LECTIO TERTIA.

" We pray to all the Sanctis of Hevin,
That are aboif the sterris sevin,
Yow to deliver out of your penance,
That ye may sone play, sing, and dance
Heir in to Edinburgh, and mak gud cheir.
Quhair welth and weillfair is but weir,

And I, that dois your panis discryve,
Thinkis for to vissy yow belyve ;
Nocht in desert with yow to dwell,
Bot as the angell Sanct Gabriell,
Dois go betwene, fra Hevinis glory,
To thame that ar in Purgatory,
And in thair tribulatioun,
To gif thame consolatioun,
And schaw thame quhen thair panis ar
past

Thay sall till Hevin cum at last ;
And how nane deservis to haif sweitness,
That nevir taistit bitterness :
And thairfoir, how suld ye considir
Of Edinburghs bliss, quhen ye cum hiddir,
But gif ye taistit had befoir
Of Strivilling toun, the panis soir ?
And thairfoir, tak in patience
Your penance, and your abstinence,
And ye sall cum, or Yule begin,
In to the bliss that we are in :
Quhilk grant the glorious Trinitie !
Say ye, Amen, for Cheritie.

RESPONSIO.

" Cum hame, and dwell no moir in Stri-
villing,
From hyddouss Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair fische to sell is non bot spirling,
Cum hame, and dwell no more in Strivil-
ling.

" Et ne nos inducas in temptationem
de Strivilling :

Sed libera nos a malo ejusdem.

Requiem Edinburgi dona eis, Domine,
Et lux ipsius luceat eis.

A porta trinitatis de Strivilling,
Erue, Domine, animas et corpora eorum.
Credo gustare vinum Edinburgi,
In villa vinentium.

Requiescant statim in Edinburgo. Amen.

Domine, exaudi orationem meam :

Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

OREMUS.

" Deus qui justos et corde humiles ex
omni eorum tribulatione liberare digna-
tus es, libera famulos tuos apud villam de
Strivilling versantes a poenis et tristitiis
ejusdem, et ad Edinburgi gaudia eos per-
ducas. Amen."

" To the Merchantis of Edin-
burgh" is a satire of a harmless kind,
and will be read, we fear not, with
pleasure, by the present burghers of
our good town, even if it should be
felt to be not without its application
to themselves and their Modern
Athens. It is printed now, for the
first time, from Reidpeth's MSS., and
is the more curious, as we have no
other description, of so early a date,
of " Mine own romantic town."
We should like to see it illustrated

by our ingenious friend, Robert Chambers, who has thrown so much light on the character of our city's structure, during the changes it has been undergoing—going—gone—during a later period down to our own day—and who is so familiarly conversant with the traditions, and the domestic antiquities of all the lowlands of Scotland. Mr Laing says, that even those who remember the High Street and Luckenbooths, previous to the first alterations which took place in the Parliament Square and the neighbourhood of St Giles's Cathedral, before the removal of the Tolbooth, the Kraims, and other adjacent buildings, will be fully sensible of the correctness of the poet's description.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF EDINBURGH.

"Quhy will ye, MERCHANTIS of renoun,
Lat EDINBURGH, your nobill toun,
For laik of reformatioun
The commone proffeit tyne and fame?

Think ye nocht schame,
That ony uther regioun
Sall with dishonour hurt your Name!

"May nane pass throw your principall
Gaittis,

For stink of haddockis and of scaittis;
For cryis of carlingis and debaittis;
For sensum flyttingis of defame:

Think ye nocht schame,
Befoir strangeris of all estaittis
That sic dishonour hurt your Name!

"Your stinkand Scule that standis dirk,
Haldis the lycht fra your Parroche Kirk;
Your foirstairis makis your housses mirk,
Lyk na cuntray bot heir at hame;

Think ye nocht schame,
Sa litill polesie to work
In hurt and sklander of your Name!

"At your hie Croce, quhair gold and silk
Should be, thair is bot crudis and milk;
And at your Trone but cokill and wilk,
Pansches, pudingis of Jok and Jame:

Think ye nocht schame,
Sen as the world sayis that ilk
In hurt and sclander of your Name!

"Your commone Menstrallis hes no tone,
Bot Now the day dawis, and Into Joun;
Cuningar men man scherve Sanct Cloun,
And nevir to uther craftis clame:

Think ye nocht schame,
To hald sic mowaris on the mounie,
In hurt and sclander of your Name!

"Tailyouris, Soutteris, and craftis vyll,
The fairest of your streitis dois fyll;
And merchandis at the stynkand Styll
Ar hamperit in ane hony came:

Think ye nocht schame,
That ye have nether witt nor wyll
To win your self any bettir Name!

"Your Burgh of beggaris is ane nest,
To schout thai swenyouris will nocht
rest;

All honest folk they do molest,
Sa piteuslie thai cry and rame:

Think ye nocht schame,
That for the poore hes no thing drest,
In hurt and sclander of your Name!

"Your proffeit daylie dois incress
Your godlie workis less and less;
Through streittis nane may mak pro-
gress,

For cry of cruikit, blind, and lame:

Think ye nocht schame,
That ye sic substance dois possess,
And will nocht win ane bettir Name!

"Sen for the Court and the Sessioun,
The great repair of this regioun
Is in your Burgh, thairfoir be boun
To mend all faultis that ar to blame,

And eschew schame;
Gif thai pass to ane uther Toun
Ye will decay, and your great Name!

"Thairfoir strangeris and leigis treit,
Tak nocht ouer meikle for thair meit,
And gar your Merchandis be discreit,
That na extortiouunes be proclaime,

Awfrand ane schame:
Keip ordour, and poore nychtbouris be it,
That ye may gett ane bettir Name!

"Singular proffeit so dois yow blind,
The common proffeit gois behind:
I pray that Lord remeid to fynd
That deit into Jerusalem;

And gar yow schame!
That sum tyme ressoun may yow bind,
For to [reconqueis] yow guid Name."

We have not yet noticed the most remarkable perhaps of all Dunbar's poems—the most vigorous and original—the Dance of the Seven Deidly Synnis. Many a time and oft have they been painted, in poems and pictures, but never before nor since with such *gusto*. Hailes and Warton speak of Callot's designs—his lordship thinking that Dunbar's excel "his explanatory peacocks and serpents;" and the Laureate being satisfied with saying that the Dance exhibits "a group of figures touch-

ed with the capricious but spirited pencil of Callot." This is all sad stuff. The Dance is equal, in its way, to any thing in Spenser. Caprice and spirit are not its characteristics; in design and execution it is diabolically grotesque and infernally wicked. The poet in a trance has a vision of Heaven and of Hell. Of that of Hell alone he writes, and tells us that he saw there Mahoun, and heard him cry ane Dance,

"Off Schrewis that were nevir schrevin,
Aganis the feist of Fasternis evin."

Harlots and Priests come flocking, and all the fiends welcome them to Hell with grimaces. But they are not the dancers; they are but the lookers on. The Dancers are Pryd, Yre, Invy, Cuvatyce, Sweirnes, Lichery, Gluttony—but they do not go through any figure—dancng "promisky," indeed—each on his own bottom—and in his own style. Mahoun bade them

"Kast up gamountis in the skiys,
As varlotis dois in France;"

but more than one performs a sort of Highland fling—with variations—at that time popular, we presume, in hell. Pryd has on his tail,

"Mony prowde trumpours with him trip-
pit,
Throw skaldand fyre, ay as thay skip-
pit
Thay gyrnd with hyddouss granis."

Yre too is followed by a furious rabble rout, like O'Connell. Invy dances disconsolately all by himself; not so Cuvatyce—for

"Catyvis, wrechis, and ockeraris,
Hud-pykis, hurdaris, and gadderaris,
All with that warlo went."

Sweirnes, "lyk a sow out of a mid-
ding," had with him

"Mony sweir bumbarde belly huddroun,
Mony slute daw, and slepy duddroun;"
and as he drew them after him in a chain, Belial lashed their loins, and because they were "slow" of feet, quickend them in the fire. Idleness led Lichery, "berand lyk a bagit horse," and

"Thair wes with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stynkand fowll tramort,
That had in syn bene deid;
Quhen thay wer enterit in the Dance,
Thay wer full strenge of countenance,
Lyke tortchis byrnannd reid!"

Gluttony, too, had behind him his unwieldy worshippers; so that it must have required a wizard's eye—like Dunbar's—to distinguish the Seven Deidly Synnis among the crowd of followers that surrounded them among the fires of hell. There was no music.

"Na menstrallis playit to thame but dowe,
For glé-men thair wer haldin owte,
Be day, and eik by nycht;
Except a menstrall that slew a man,
Swa till his heretage he wan,
And enterit be breif of richt."

We tremble to print the poem—but if you have never read it, you see by these glimpses that it is in ghastly keeping with the subject. Each Deidly Sinne is figured before the eye by a few fearless strokes that at once invest him with his most hideous and hateful attributes; the Seven pass before you in the portraiture of the magic lantern; but your own imagination must hold them all together in the dance, and each man's imagination will show a different series of evolutions in the lurid lights of those unquenchable fires. It is meant that they shall all be merry—each Sinne after his kind—for it is the gayest Festival in all the year—and, as in duty bound, they all do their best to please Mahoun. Dunbar does not say so—but we happen to know that the Devil walked a minuet with the Sultana of the Harlotts, while some scores of priests, "with bair shevin nekkis," were boiling with jealousy, as their backs were baked by heedlessly standing too near the principal furnace.

The Dance of the Seven Deidly Synnis is followed by a Tournament. "The Justis betuix the Tailyzour and Sowtar"—conducted according to the laws of chivalry—and the poet lavishes all his genius on the encounter. Never was there such an accumulation of ludicrous images; and it is not possible to help roaring with laughter at the very coarsest of all coarsenesses with which the champions are clothed—so irresistible is the torrent of degrading incidents that befoul the fight. We cannot for shame tell what noise it was that awoke the poet from his trance,

"Quhar throw I walkinnit of my trauns;
To put in to rememberans,
Micht no man me resist,

To dyte how all this thing befell,
Before Mahoune, the heir of hell :

Schirris, trow it gif ye list."

But Dunbar was not satisfied with what he had yet written of this Tournament. He felt exultingly that both poems were good—as the Shepherd would say, "Strang, strang, strang;" and he must needs beg pardon of all the Tailors and Souters in Scotland for having, in these their representatives, insulted the two gentle crafts. He therefore wrote a third poem—a palinode—"Amendis to the Tailyeouris and Sowtaris"—in which he raises them above all the rest of humanity, and represents them as gods—*minorum gentium*.

Mr Laing well remarks, that "he who could, with the view of enlivening the sports of Holyrood, produce such a living picture as the Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins, and then pass, without effort, to conjure up in the infernal regions an exhibition of such broad and coarse humour as the mock tournament between a Tailor and a Sutor, might truly be regarded as a poet whose imagina-

tion was capable of any effort whatever; at one time revelling uncontrolled in the fields of allegory—upon other occasions rising from some homely exhibition of the ordinary events of life, and reaching even the 'brightest heaven of invention.'" He compares his genius with that of Burns. In strength of satire, richness of humour, vivid description of external nature, and characteristic delineations of life and manners, it would be difficult, he thinks, to say which is entitled to the highest praise. The comparison might be carried from their genius to their fate! But we have no opportunity now to draw such a parallel. Both poets were often reckless—but both had profound impressions of religion—and some of Dunbar's pious poems are eminently beautiful. We conclude with the "Merle and Nightingale," which is one that has always delighted us, and which, besides its great poetical merit, assuredly bears on every stanza the stamp of sincerity and truth.

"THE MERLE AND THE NYCHTINGAIL.

" In May, as that Aurora did up spring,
With cristall ene chasing the cluddis sable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing
A sang of luve, with voce rycht comfortable,
Agane the Orient bemis amiable,
Upone a blissful brenche of lawryr grene;
This wes hir sentens sueit and delectable,
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

" Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aisure skyis licht;
Qubhair did, upone the tothir syd, persew
A Nychtingaill, with suggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok schone:
This wes hir song, and of a sentens trew,
All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

" With notis glaid, and glorious armony,
This joyfull Merle so salust scho the day,
Quhill rong the woddis of hir melody,
Saying, Awalk, ye luvaris of this May;
Lo fresche Flora hes flurest every spray,
As Nature hes hir taucht, the noble Quene,
The feild bene clothit in a new array:
A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

" Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man
Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
Hir sound went with the rever as it ran

Out throw the fresche and flureist lusty vail :
 O Merle ! quoth scho, O fule ! stynt of thy tail,
 For in thy song gud sentens is thair none,
 For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill
 Of every Luve bot upone God allone.

“ Seiss, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingaill :
 Sall folk thair yowth spend in to holiness ?
 Of yung sanctis growis auld feyndis but fable.
 Fy ! Ypocreit, in yeiris tendirness,
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois express,
 That crukit aige makis one with yowth serene,
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyverss :
 A lusty lyfe in Luvis aervice bene.

“ The Nychtingaill said, Fule, remembir thé,
 That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
 The luve of God most deir to man suld be ;
 That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
 And deit him self fro deid him to succour ;
 O quhithir wes kythit thair trew luve or none ?
 He is most trew and steidfast paramour,
 And Luve is lost bot upone him allone.

“ The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewté
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having,
 Bot gif he wald that they suld luvit be ?
 To luve eik Natur gaif thame inclynnung ;
 And He of Natur that wirker wes and king,
 Wald no thing frustir put, nor lat be sene,
 In to his creature of his awin making :
 A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

“ The Nychtingaill said, Nocht to that behufe
 Put God sic bewty in a ladeis face,
 That scho suld haif the thank thairfoir, or luve,
 Bot He the wirker, that put in hir sic grace ;
 Off bewty, bontie, richness, tyme, or space,
 And every gudness that bene to cum or gone,
 The thank redoundis to Him in every place :
 All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

“ O Nychtingaill ! it wer a story nyce
 That luve suld nocht depend on cherité ;
 And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
 Than luve mon be a vertew, as thinkis me ;
 For ay to luve invy mone contrair be :
 God bad eik luve thy nichtbour fro the splene,
 And quho than ladeis suetar nychtbouris be ?
 A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

“ The Nychtingaill said, Bird, quhy dois thow raif ?
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,
 Him to foryet that hir sic vertew gaif,
 And for his hevin rassaif hir cullour quhyt :
 Hir goldin tressit hairis redomyt,
 Lyk to Appollois bemis thocht thay schone,
 Suld nocht him blind fro luve that is perfy ;
 All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

“ The Merle said, Luve is cause of honour ay,
 Luve makis cowardis manheid to purchase,
 Luve makis knychtis hardy at assey,

Luve makis wrechis full of lergeness,
 Luve makis sueir folkis full of bissiness,
 Luve makis sluggerdis fresche and weill besene,
 Luve changis vyce in vertewis nobilness ;
 A lusty lyfe in Luvis service bene.

“ The Nychtingaill said, Trew is the contrary ;
 Sic frustir luve it blindis men so far,
 In to thair myndis it makis thame to vary ;
 In fals vane glory thai so drunken ar,
 Thair wit is went, of wo thai ar nocht war,
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
 Fame, guddis, and strenth : quhairfoir weill say I dar,
 And Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

“ Than said the Merle, Myne errour I confess ;
 This frustir luve all is bot vanité ;
 Blind Ignorance me gaif sic hardiness,
 To argone so agane the varité :
 Quhairfoir I counsall every man, that he
 With luve nocht in the feindis net be tone,
 Bot luve the Luve that did for his luve dé :
 All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.

“ Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and clear :
 The Merle sang, Man, luve God that hes thé wrocht.
 The Nychtingaill sang, Man, luve the Lord most deir,
 That thé and all this warld maid of nocht.
 The Merle said, Luve him that thy lufe hes socht,
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone.
 The Nychtingaill sang, And with his deid thé bocht :
 All Luve is lost bot upone Him allone.

“ Thane flew thir birdis our the bewis schene,
 Singing of luve amang the levis small ;
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene,
 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest, and in travaill :
 Me to reconfort most it dois availl
 Agane for luve, quhen luve I can find none,
 To think how song this Merle and Nychtingaill,
 All Luve is lost bot upone God allone.”

CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. XI.

THE DEVIL'S GULLY.

I WAS extremely puzzled to conjecture what could have become of the brig—that she had vanished was certain—and as for poor Captain Hause, he was in a truly pitiable state, quite stunned with the suddenness and severity of the blow, so that he was altogether unable to think or act for himself—“Come, Hause, my lad,” said I, encouragingly, “this won’t do; rouse yourself, man, and let us see what’s to be done.” At this he slowly rose up in the canoe, and after rubbing his eyes, and pressing his forehead, as if he had awakened out of some horrid dream, the effects of which he was endeavouring to shake off; but the instant he was no longer in doubt as to the reality of his misfortune, he cast the slough of his despondency, and with terrific energy tore off his jacket and neckerchief, and dashing both into the water, along with his hat, he threw himself headlong after them, and was only prevented from accomplishing his purpose of self-destruction by my dragging him on board again by the leg, and then holding him in the canoe by main force.

“I say, my men,”—to the black canoeemen—“pull to that big timber-ship, will ye?”

“Ay, ay, massa,” rejoined the poor fellows; “only hold dat poor mad buccra hand—take care him don’t get at we, please, massa—white so-marry when him blod up, bad enough—but when buccra beside himself, for true and true—heigh, de devil, massa.”

We soon got alongside of the Québec ship. Several of the crew, in their dirty canvass trowsers, red flannel shirts, and night-caps, were standing at the gangway, apparently observing us.

“You are the mate of this ship,” said I to a good-looking young man, who was leaning over the side, neatly dressed in a blue jacket, check shirt, duck trowsers, and straw hat.

“I am, sir—can I be of any service to you?”

“I wish you would lend a hand to get this poor fellow up the side. He is very ill, you see; and if I try to take him ashore I am persuaded he will jump overboard. He has endeavoured to do so already.”

“You need not be afraid of me, Mr Brail,” here chimed in the poor skipper himself, as he seated himself in the stern sheets with forced composure. “It is over now, sir, and I am quite cool; but get up, if you please, and I will follow you—you are quite right, sir, the people of this ship *may* be able to give us some information.”

I clambered up the high side of the vessel, and was immediately followed by Hause and three of the negroes belonging to the canoe.

“I am sorry Captain Batten is not on board, gentlemen,” quoth the mate; “but is there any thing I can do for you?”

My companion was still unable to speak for himself. He had sitten down on a carronade, resting his head on his hand, the very picture of despondency.

“Why, it is a strange story altogether,” said I; “but did you notice when the brig, that anchored close to you yesterday afternoon, got under weigh this morning?”

“I did, sir. I was on deck at the time.”

The Captain lifted up his head at this for a moment, but presently relapsed into his former state of apparent stupor.

“I noticed two boats,” continued the mate, “I suppose from the shore, full of people, go to her from the other side of the bay, and smart chaps they were apparently—they loosed sails, and set them in regular man-of-war fashion, and all the time you could have heard a pin drop. I will do them or the crew the credit to say that I never saw a brig got under way more handsomely in my life. I had no conception they could have got the anchor up so speedily.”

“Anchor up,” groaned Hause;

"why, *there—there* is the anchor, cable and all," pointing to the buoy. "The brig is run away with by some piratical rascals, sir," cried he; increasing his exclamation to a roar—"the cable has been slipped—oh, I am ruined, I am ruined—for ever ruined—the sweet little Ballahoo has been cut out by pirates—as sure as fate, the bloody pirates are off with her," and he burst into a passion of tears, and wept like the veriest child.

"I really cannot say," rejoined the mate of the timber-ship, most distressingly cool and composed; "but she was in sight within this half hour from the deck. Here, steward, hand me the captain's glass—I think I shall be able to make her out from the maintop still."

This seemed to rouse poor Hause, who had relapsed into his mute fit; and he was in the top in an instant. "Hand me up the glass, my good fellow," cried he impatiently to the mate, who was ascending the rigging leisurely, with the glass slung at his back by a leather strap—"the glass, if you please, the glass—here I see her down to leeward there—there, see—just over the Point." And the poor fellow took a long, anxious look towards the offing, steadying the telescope against one of the topmast shrouds, and speaking very quickly all the time, as I have seen one do in a fever, to the mate, who stood by him in the top.

"Well, captain," I sung out, "what do you see?"

He did not answer me; but the mate of the ship did. "He says he sees the brig, sir, standing under a crowd of sail to the northward and westward—two small craft, like coasters, in company."

"Ask him to take a good look at these last, will ye?"

A pause. "One is a schooner, he says, sir."

"And the other?"

"A felucca, sir."

"I thought so, by all that is unfortunate." And I turned away, walking aft very fast, when the mate's voice from the top, hailing the deck, evidently in great alarm, arrested me, and glued me to the planks.

"Johnstone, Johnstone!"—This was to one of the ship's people,—

"come up here; come up into the top—quick, or he will be over!" And the next moment the telescope fell smash at my feet. I could see that Hause had cast himself down in the top, and was grovelling convulsively on his face. At length, in his struggles, one of his legs hung over; and I thought he would have slipped through the mate's fingers, and been dashed to pieces by the fall. I looked up enquiringly.

"He's in a fit, sir," cried the mate.

"Well, well, seize him in the top then—seize him in the top."

But it was unnecessary; the poor fellow got over this paroxysm also, to which the calmness of despair succeeded, and presently he came down on deck.

"I will give you no more trouble, Mr Brail; I am in my right senses again, although I am ruined for ever, and all owing to my infernal folly in not sleeping on board."

"Well, my good fellow," said I, "I question very strongly if your *sleeping* on board would have made the smallest difference. If she has been forcibly carried off,—and I am sorry to say it looks very like it,—the party must have been too strong to have allowed *your* resistance to have been of any avail. In fact, the first thing they naturally would have done would have been either to have secured you below, or given you a more effectual quietus—you understand me. So nothing here is so bad, but it might have been worse. You are better as you are surely than a prisoner, or amongst the fishes in the bay?"

But I was cramming his ear against the stomach of his sense.

"Those on deck would not have been caught in this way had I been on board, take my word for it, sir."

"Probably not, probably not. But who does the brig belong to?"

"To myself, sir—entirely."

"And she was insured?"

"Yes, fully; but since she had arrived, of course the underwriters are not liable for her having been cut out. Besides, sir, it will be made out a deviation, as we were bound for Kingston, and had no right to make for Montego Bay; although, God knows, we did all for the best."

"These are questions that I cannot well answer. As to the deviation, I fear you are right, although, as you say, you did it for the best; and if the underwriters be liberal-minded men, this should weigh with them, and I do hope they will settle. However, cheer up, man, and let us go and make our depositions before the authorities, and send off information of the event to the admiral at Kingston, and to your agent there, as well as to the outports, to take all the chances of informing some of the squadron of the transaction. You are bound to take every measure likely to afford a chance of the recovery of the brig and property. But the poor Dons, have they been kidnapped as well as the crew?"

"All on dem—ebery one on dem carry go along wid dat terrible pirate willain," quoth one of the negro canoe-men.

"Aye, Quashie," said I, for I had forgotten the blackies altogether, "what do *you* know about it?"

"I knows dis massa—dat Jack, and Aby, and Pico dere, was all out fis wid me in de canoe dis wery marning, jost as de moon was setting, when one buccra hail we fram de beach—'Canoe ahoy,' him say.—'Hillo,' say we."

"Very well, my good man, get on, get on."

"So me shall, massa; so him hail again, 'Canoe, ahoy,' him say—and 'Hillo,' say me, Bill, once more."

"So, and you took him on board?" said I.

"You had better give him his own way, sir, or you will never get to the end of his yarn," chimed in the mate of the timber ship. I saw he had a better knowledge of the negro character than I had, so I resolutely held my tongue. "Go on, then, Bill, since that is your name, get along your own way."

"So him hail we de tird time—'Canoe, ahoy,' him say. I hope massa notice dat him sing out 'Canoe, ahoy' for de tird time—'Hillo,' say I for de tird time too—massa will mark I say 'Hillo' for de tird time too."

"Yes, yes."

"Wery good. 'I wants a shove out to one wessel in de offing,' say de woice, for by dis time one cloud come over de moon, and we couldn't

see nobody none at all—'We is fissing, and can't come,' say Pico."

"Never mind your fissing—here is one golden hook for you—here is eight dollar for de put on board."

"Ho, ho, now we understand," taught I,—'He, he, better more as fis whole night dis is,' say Jack. So we leave de lines, at one buoy, and pull for de beach, where we find one buccra tan up dere wid portmanteau on him shoulder, and all fine dress as if for one ball. He toss in de portmanteau widout any more palaver—wery heavy him was, for de same was break Pico shin."

"To be sure him do," said Pico, here showing where the black cuticle was flayed off the cucumber shank.

"Now you see one wessel, wid white sail out yonder?" him say when him sit down in de starn sheet—'No,' say all we, 'we see noting,' and no more we did, massa.

"Bery well—pull right out of de bay den—one dubloon if you pulls to please me,' say he."

I here looked at poor Hause, forgetting he had been helplessly drunk, when the canoe passed us as we sat below the orange tree.

"Well, massa," continued the negro, "when we reach de offing de trange buccra tood up in de starn, take off him hat, and look all about, 'dere,' say he, pointing wid him tretch out hand, 'dere dey are, you see dem now, pull for dat nearest wessel."

"Where, where, where?" Pico poke him head out into de dark night, and so do Jack, and so do Aby, and so do me—all tan up wid neck tretch over de gonwale like so much goose looking for de picaniny coming wid Guinea corn. So, tink I, what good yeye dat buccra mos hab, for none of us yet no shee noting, but, ha, ha, presently de moon give us one leetle shine, and, I see, I see."

"What the deuce did you see?" said I, losing all patience, and raising my hand threateningly—Quashie, thinking I was going to strike him, now tumbled out his words fast enough.

"I shee one larsh ship well out in de offing—one leetle rogueish looking felucca close to, and one big top-sail schooner between dis one and de larsh ship." Here seeing it was a

false alarm on my part, he relapsed into his former drawling verbosity. "Well, we pull for de smallest of de tree—see no one on deck but de man steering and two boy—de trange buccra shomp on board—'Now tank you, my lad,' him say quite shivil—'dere is de dubloon I promise—here, boy, give dem poor fellow a horn of grog a-piece.'—'Si Señor,' say de boy—fonny ting, I taught, for de boy to hanswer him in Panish—we drink de grog—now shove off—good by—go home, and sleep,' said de trange buccra—but instead we come back to our nets, massa—before daybreak we come ashore, and when de captain dere engage de canoe, we taught it was for join de brig in de offing, (for after we came back from sell our fis we hear she was gone,) until we see she was too far out, and instead of being heave too, was bowl along six knots wid de first of de sea breeze."

"How came you to know captain Hause was the master of the brig?" said I.

"Because I was in de pilot canoe dat was come aff to you yesterday—and it make me wery mosh surprise to see de captain expect to find de brig at anchor dis forenoon, for I never dream she could be go widout his leave. I was tink for true it was him send him off at gon-fire, becuse I see just before day broke, what I tink was two sore boat wid peoples, as if he had sent help, to up de hanker cleverly—dat all I knows, massa—will buss de book pan dat." And I believe the poor fellow spoke the truth.

It was now evident beyond all shadow of doubt that the Ballahoo had been run away with by pirates, and it was equally clear that nothing could be done with any chance of success in the way of venturing to follow her in an unarmed craft.

As for poor Hause, it would have been downright cruelty if I had left him that forenoon. So I told Cousin Teemoty to put up the gig, as I found I should be unable to leave Montego bay that day at any rate, and I hurried to Sally Frenche's in order to write to the admiral an account of the transaction.

When I got there I found Mr Twig

and his friend Mr Flamingo, seated at a sumptuous breakfast. "Good morning, gentlemen—melancholy news for you this morning. This poor man's brig—the vessel I came in—has been run away with in the night by pirates."

"By pirates!" said Flamingo; "impossible, Mr Brail, you are joking surely. I would as soon believe that Jacob Twig there had been stolen in the night."

"And do you mean to say I would not have been worth the stealing, Felix?"

I assured them that it was a melancholy fact, and no jest, but neither would believe that there was any piracy in the affair—"Piracy—poo, poo, impossible—barratry of the crew—barratry to a certainty."

"No," quoth Hause; "I would trust the poor fellows with all that I am worth—Heaven knows that's little enough now. The mate is my own brother-in-law, and the second mate is my nephew, my own sister's son. No barratry, sir; no, no."

"Well, well," said I, "you have shown, gentlemen, a desire to oblige me already. I now will put you to the proof."

Here they laid down their coffee-cups and rose, wiping their muzzles with their napkins most resolutely.

"Say the word, Mr Brail," quoth both in a breath, with their mouths full, and munching away all the time—"how can we be of service?—with our persons or purses? We West Indians have such a slippery tenure in this country, that one does not much grudge perilling either," continued Jacob Twig.

"Thank you. All I want at present is, that you should have the goodness to put Mr Hause and me in the way of making our depositions before your chief magistrate."

"The Custos of the parish?" quoth Twig. "Certainly—and fortunately he is here in Montego Bay at this moment. He was at Rose-apple's last night."

"I know where to find him," said Mr Flamingo. "He is always at old Jacob Munroe's store about this time, when at the bay. So, *allons*."

And in a twinkling we were on our way to lay our troubles before

the great functionary, an extensive planter in the neighbourhood.

"Pray, where is Mr Turner, the gentleman from Falmouth who brought that ominous Mr Wilson to the ball, to be found?" said I, as we stumped along, larding the lean earth, for it was cruelly hot.

"Well thought of," said Don Felix. "He lodges usually at Judy Wade's. Why, there he is in *propria persona*, standing in the front piazza."

"How do you do, Turner? You will have heard the row on the bay?"

"What, about the brig having been cut out? Oh yes; it has flown like wild-fire."

"Pray, is Mr Wilson still with you?"

"No, to my surprise, (I will confess) he is not. It seems he came home before me from Roseapple's, packed his portmanteau, paid half of our joint bills, and bolted!"

"Honour amongst thieves," whispered Twig to me——

"But where he is gone I can't tell. He *did* intend to have started for Kingston to-day at one time, but last night he said he would put it off until to-morrow."

"There again," said I, looking at Jacob, who seemed to think it was his cue.

"He must be a bit of a rogue that same Wilson; so I hope he is no friend of yours, Turner, *my dear fellow*," quoth Twig—and here he told him of all that had occurred, and what we suspected.

Mr Turner, who was a most respectable man, was highly incensed at having been so grossly duped, and willingly accompanied us to the place where we expected to find the Custos.

We were on our way, when the mate of the timber ship overtook us, running very fast.

"Gentlemen, piracy is not the worst of it—piracy is not the worst of it. *There has been murder committed.*"

"Murder!" quoth Jacob Twig—"the deuce there has."

"Murder!" quoth Don Felix—"worse and more of it."

And, "murder!" quoth I Benjie. "Where, my good man?—and what proof?"

"Come with me, gentlemen," said

the still breathless seaman. "The ship's boat, with Captain Batten himself in it, is lying at the wharf. Come with me, and you shall see yourselves that it is as I say."

We reached the wharf, and immediately pulled straight for the brig's buoy.

As we got between it and the sun, which was now declining in the west, we witnessed a very uncommon appearance.

The Ballahoo had let go her anchor in five fathoms water, so clear, and the sand at the bottom so white and free of weeds or rocks, that when we were about a cable's length distant from the anchor, it appeared from the refraction of the sun's rays, to be buoyed up, and to float on the surface of the gentle swell that rolled in from the offing—the shank, flukes, and stock twisting and twining, and the cable waving in its whole length, as if the solid anchor had been a living thing in the fangs of a gigantic watersnake. When we got right over the anchor, at about three fathoms to windward of it, we saw a dark object, of the size of a man's body, glimmering and changing its shape, from the jangle of the water. At the request of the mate I shaded my eyes with my hands, and held my face close to the surface, when the indistinct appearance, as I looked steadily, settled itself into the figure of a sailor, floating, as near as I could judge, midway between the bottom and the surface, suspended in the water, as the fable alleges Mahomet's coffin is in air.

"It has drifted," said the mate, "since I was here before, and is now much nearer the surface—see, see!"—and presently the dead corpse, as if some sudden chemical decomposition had taken place, sent up a number of bubbles, and then rose rapidly to the surface with a bob, (if in so serious a matter one may use such an expression,) where it floated with the breast bone, and the face flush with, and dip dipping on the surface of the swell, and driving out small concentric circles, that sparkled in the sun all round. *The throat was cut from ear to ear.*

"Great God," cried poor Hause, as he passed his arm round the neck of the dead body, and raised it out of the water—"my poor mate—my

poor mate! Ay, ay—he would have the morning watch sure enough. A fearful watch has it been to him.”

We carried the body to the wharf, and left it there, covered with a boat-sail, and once more proceeded to wait on the Custos.

The place we expected to meet him at was a sort of vendue store, the small open piazza of which, fronting the street, was lumbered with bales of Osnaburghs, open boxes of handkerchiefs, pieces of Irish linens, and several open barrels of mess beef, pork, pickled mackerel, herrings, and shads. We navigated through these shoals with some difficulty, and considerable danger to the integrity and purity of our coat skirts. At length we reached the interior.

There was a passage fronting us, that ran right through the house from front to rear, on each side of which were raised sparred partitions of unpainted pine boards, covered with flour and weevils, and hung with saddlery, mule harness, cattle chains, hoes, and a vast variety of miscellaneous articles used on an estate.

Through the spars on the left-hand side, I saw a person, in a light-coloured jacket and trowsers, perched on the top of a tall mahogany tripod, and seated at a small, dirty, hacked-and-hewen mahogany desk, with a pen behind his ear, and his hands full of papers, busy apparently with some accounts.

But there seemed to be a dark *sanctum-sanctorum* beyond him, of some kind or another, railed in separately, the spars festooned with dusty spider-webs, and raised several steps above the level of the floor. Here, in the obscurity, I could barely discern a little decrepit figure of a man, like a big parrot in a cage, dressed in a sort of dark-coloured night-gown and red night-cap.

We all sat down unconcernedly to wait for his Honour, as if this had been some common lounge, or a sort of public coffee-house,—some on tops of barrels, others on bales or boxes; but neither of the two persons at the desks moved or took the smallest notice of us, as if they had been accustomed to people constantly going and coming.

“Where is your master?” said

Twig at length to a negro that was tumbling goods about in the piazza.

“Dere him is,” quoth Snowball—“dere in de contin hose;” indicating the direction by sticking out his chin, both paws being occupied at the time in rolling a tierce of beef.

“I say, Jacob Munroe,” sung out Twig—“how are you, old boy? Nuzzling away in the old corner, I see.”

“Hoo are ye? Hoo are ye the day, Mr Twig?” said a small husky voice from the sanctum.

I happened to sit a good deal farther back in the passage than the others of the party, (farther *ben* I believe they would call it in Scotland,) and thus could hear the two quill drivers, who were evidently unaware of my being within ear-shot, communing with each other, while my companions did not.

“Saunders,” quoth the oldest man from the sanctum, “hae ye coonted the saydels?”

“Yes, uncle, twice over, and there is still one amissing.”

“Vara extraordinar,” rejoined the small husky voice from the dark corner—“Vara extraordinar.”—Then, after a pause—“Hae ye closed aw the accounts, Saunders?”

“No, sir.”

“Whilk o’ them are open yet?”

“Mr Wanderson’s.”

“Yin,” said the voice.

“Jolliffe and Backhouse.”

“Twa.”

“Skinflint and Peasemeal.”

“Three.”

“His honour the Custos.”

“Four.”

“And Gabriel Juniper.”

“Ay, there’s five o’ them. Weel-a-weel, Saunders, we maunna lose the value of the saydel at no rate—sae just clap in, ‘item, *one* saydel’ to ilk ane o’ the five ye hae read aff the noo seriawtim—they’ll no aw ob-jeck—an e will surely stick—maybe mair.”

I was a good deal amused with this, and while the others were inspecting some sets of harness, and the quality of several open boxes of soap, I could not resist drawing nearer, under the lee of the partition, to enjoy the fun of the thing. Presently Twig joined me.

The conscience of the younger of the two invisibles seemed to rebel

somewhat at this national and characteristic method of balancing an account, and making gain of the loss of a saddle.

"Really, uncle, *none* of these parties got the saddle, I am positively certain of *that*."

"It's no my fawt if they didna—we canna lose the saydel, Saunders; by no mainer of means."

"Oh, but sir," persisted the other, "Mr Wanderson, for instance, a person you always speak so highly of!"

"Haud yere tongue, sir, and do as I bid ye—it'll no be charged again yere conscience, and yere no the keeper o' mine."

I was amazingly tickled at this.—After a pause, "Hae ye charged the saydels yet, Saunders?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, doggedly; "yes, all charged, and I'm just closing the accounts."

"Close nane o' the accoonts—the devil's in the lad wi' his hurry—close nane o' the accoonts, sir—so noo charge twa three odd things till each o' the five, just to smoor the saydel, ye ken—what are ye glowering at—do ye no understaun yere mither tongue—to mak the charge less noticeable, ye gawmarel."

"Really, sir," said the younger of the two, "I have not the courage to do so unjust an action of myself."

"Haud yere tongue, and write what I dictate, then, sir—wha's first? Ay, Mr Wanderson. Let me see—an FL hinge, and a negro lock, and a bottle of blister flies, to Mr Wanderson. He's always giving poor people help and medicine, and he'll neer notice them. Wha's neist?"

"The Custos, sir."

"Ay, the Custos," said the voice; "a jovial chiel is his honour—so, so—just clap doon, item, twa corkscrews. He's no very muckle gien to payin', but ne'er mind—I'll screw it out o' him in rum and plantains." And here the creature laughed an "eldritch laugh," sounding more like keck, keck, keck, than any common cackinnation. "Wha's neist?"

"Jolliffe and Backhouse."

"Ay, braw English lads are they baith, leeberal chiels, and fond o' guid eating—clap a round o' Jew beef on the tap o' *their* saydel."—Keck, keck, keck. "Wha's neist?"

"Skinflint and Peasemeal, sir."

"Bah—nasty Scotch bodies," (and what may you be, thought I;) "and well I wot I would be glad to saydel them"—keck, keck—"but they'll no be fitted that gate, I trow—they are owre gleg; sell them a loose, and if he wanted a leg or the fud—my certie, let abee findin' it oot, they wad plea it afore they payed it—sae pass them ower. But wait awee—I am loath to let Skinflint escape after aw. Hoo mony grunstones did their cart ca' for the other day?"

"Two dozen, sir."

"Twa dizzen—twa dizzen grunstones did ye say?—herd ony mortal the like o' that—four-and-twenty grunstones! What can they do wi' sae mony? they maun surely mack soup o' them, or feed their negers wi' them, or maybe they grind their noses on them"—keck, keck—"Did you send an invoice wi' the cart, Saunders?"

"No, sir; the man went away without it."

"Very weel."

"The cart upset on the way home, sir, and broke several of the stones, I hear."

"Better and better—mak the *twa* dizzen *three*, Saunders; surely they'll no piece the broken anes thegither to check the tally—the extra dizzen will aboot balance a saydel, Saunders. So, if we canna fit them wi' a saydel, we'll tak a ride aff them bare-backed."—Keck, keck, keck. "Wha's neist?"

"Gabriel Juniper, sir."

"Fashionous, drucken, neerdoweel—wash his saydel down wi' a gallon o' gin and twa o' brandy. He'll no be able to threep wi' me, for he's amaist aye drunk noo—syne he couldna keep his ain saydel the last time I saw him on horseback, it's but richt he should pay for the lost ane"—Keck, keck, keck. "Noo, Saunders, yere a decent lad, sae satisfy yere conscience, and mind ye gie up, in shape o' discoont, at the settlement, the amount o' aw the fictitious items, *barring* the saydels and the grunstones, though—mind that—*barring* the saydels and the grunstones. Noo, soom up and close, ye deevil—soom up and close."

"Ah, Custos," said Mr Turner, as the gentleman we were waiting for entered, "glad to see you, glad to see

you." Here, having explained how matters stood, his honour retired with us into Jacob Munroe's back store.

"Well, namesake, how are you?" said Twig to the old man who owned the small voice, and who now emerged and became visible, as he crept before us and opened the door.

"Oo, fine, Maister Twig, fine—did ye fin the accoots against Roaring River and Hector's Folly estates aw correct, Mr Twig?"

"Yes, all correct, all correct; only you have charged me a saddle too many."

The old withered anatomy looked with a quizzical leer of his eye at him, as much as to say, "you have overheard me, master Twig—but I am rich, and don't care."

"Saunders," cried the old man, "I say, Saunders, bring the ink and *ae* chair for the Custos and the gentlemen," as if we all could have sat upon *one*; "and, Abrahamaam," to one of the store negroes, "shool away that shell into a corner, and gie them room."

"Shell," said I, in some surprise; "why, is that great mass all tortoise-shell?"

"Atweel is it, young gentleman; at least it is the shell of the hawk's-bill turtle, which is the same thing. That's the last cargo of the Jenny-nettles, frae the Indian coast—she sould be up again aboot this time, if she be na *cacht* by they incarnate deevils o' peerates—but she's weel assured, she's weel assured. Why, Saunders!—whar the deevil are ye, Saunders?"

"Here, sir," said the young man whom I had seen at the desk, as he entered with writing materials in one hand, a chair for his *Honour* in the other, and a Bible (as he naturally concluded that some depositions on oath were to be taken) *in his teeth*. I paid no particular attention to him until he startled me by suddenly dropping the chair on Twig's toes, exclaiming, as he caught the Bible in his hand, "Gude hae a care o' us, Mr Brail, is this you yeersel?"—And lo, who should stand before me, but our old friend Lennox.

"Why, old shipmate, how are you?—I am glad to see you; but I thought you had turned coffee-planter by this time?"

"And so I have, sir. My uncle there sends me up the end of every week to superintend his plantation in the mountains; but I am here for the most part of my time in the store, helping him. But where are you lodging, Mr Brail? I hope you will permit me to call on you; for I see you are likely to be engaged at present."

I told him where I staid, and in a few words what the reader knows already regarding my Jamaica expectations and the cause of my visit; farther, that I was about leaving town, but that I would not fail having a chat with him soon, as I would no doubt be often at the bay.

The Custos, after taking our depositions, wrote to the admiral at Port-Royal, and to correspondents of his at all the outports, with an outline of the circumstances, in case any of His Majesty's ships should be there; and in the meantime it was determined that poor Hause, after giving his underwriters in Kingston notice of his calamity, should remain at Montego bay until it was seen what would turn up; and here I must do old Jacob Munroe justice. Before the meeting broke up, he in our presence invited poor Hause to stay in his house as long as it suited him. Lennox, seeing I was surprised at this, whispered in my ear, that, "Snell as his uncle was in business matters, the auld-farrant body had a warm heart still to a fellow-creature in distress."

"Come along, Mr Brail," said Flamingo—"as we cannot make a start of it this evening now, let us adjourn to our friend Sally's and see what entertainment she can provide for us; and then hey for Bally-windle at day-break to-morrow."

However, our troubles were not over for that day; for we had not proceeded fifty yards on our way to our lodgings, when an ugly bloated drunken-looking white man, with great flabby yellow cheeks, that shook as he walked like flannel-bags full of jelly, and in a most profuse perspiration, driven forth, I make no doubt, by a glorious rummer of grog, came up to us, and touched both of us on the shoulder—most people are rather sensitive regarding a touch thereabouts, so we faced suddenly round.

"I warn you both, gentlemen, to attend a coroner's inquest at Jacob Munroe's wharf."

"The deuce you do?" said I. "Pray, what authority have you for this, my fine fellow?"

"The coroner's warrant, sir," producing it.

"Oh, we are nailed, Mr Brail," quoth Don Felix. "Crownor's Quest law is not to be disputed—no use in kicking. So pray, my good man, do you want any more jurors?"

"Indeed, I do, sir. You are the first I have warned as yet."

"Oh, then, do you see that red-faced gentleman coming round the corner there?"

"I do," said the man.

"Then bone him *instantan*, or he will bolt." This was no less a personage than Jacob Twig again. The man on this made a detour, and took our friend in flank, but the moment Jacob saw him he seemed to suspect his object, and began to walk down the street very fast, followed by the constable. There was a narrow turning to the right, near to where we stood, that led amongst a nest of *nanny* houses, as they are called, inhabited by brown free people, which was quite closed up by a party washing clothes and a girl milking a cow beyond them. How Jacob was to escape, if his evil genius should prompt him to try this channel, I could not conceive. As yet his sense of propriety had only allowed him to get into a very fast walk. Shamming deafness, however, all the while to the reiterated shouts of the constable to "stand in the King's name," but the moment he opened the lane, off he started, with the long skirts of his frogged coat streaming in the wind, and his little glazed hat blazing in the sun like a meteor, or the steel headpiece of one of Bonaparte's cuirassiers.

There was an old woman stooping down over her tub, right fronting him, that is, facing him in an Irish fashion, for she looked t'other way from him, and two younger ones similarly employed on each side of her. How he was to clear them and their tubs, and the cow beyond, was the puzzle, as the projecting eaves of the two lines of small houses whose inmates were thus employed, nearly met overhead. However, we

were not left long in suspense. Massa Twig now quickened his pace, and clapping his hands on the old lady's shoulders, cleared her and her tub cleverly by a regular leap-frog, *tip-ping* the heads of the two young women, on each flank with his toes, and lighted at the feet of the girl who was milking the cow, which had not time to start before he followed up the fun by vaulting on her back; and charging down the lane through the tubs and over the prostrate constable, passing us like a whirlwind, the quadruped funking up her heels, and tossing the dry sand with her horns, as if *startled* by a myriad of gad-flies. Both Flamingo and I strained our eyes to follow him, as he came along like smoke, careering down the lane that ended in the sea.

"Why don't he throw himself off?" said I; "the frantic brute is making straight for the water—it will drown him if he don't."

"Jump off, man—jump off," roared Don Felix. But with the speed of lightning there was Jacob Twig of the Dream, in St Thomas in the East, flashing and splashing in the sea. Presently, both biped and quadruped were in deep water, when they suddenly parted company, and all that we could see was a glazed hat and a red face, and a redder face and a pair of horns, making for the shore again as fast as they could.

"Now Twig is cheap of that," quoth Flamingo. "He is always aiming at something out of the way; but see, there are people about him, so he is safe. And now, Master Constable, lead the way, if you please."

However *we* were boned, and could not escape, so having lost sight of him, we waited until the poor constable, a German, had gathered himself up and joined us.

"Who is dat mans, as is mad?" quoth he as soon as he could speak.

"Mr Purvis of Tantallon, near Lacovia," said Flamingo, as grave as a judge.

"What a thumper," thought I Benjie.

We arrived at the wharf, when the coroner immediately impanelled the jury, and we proceeded to view the body of the poor fellow who had been murdered. It was lying on

the wharf, covered with the sail as we had left it, from under which, notwithstanding the short time it had been exposed, thick fetid decomposed matter crept in several horrible streams, and dripped into the clear green sea beneath, through the seams of the planking, where the curdling blue drops were eagerly gobbled up by a shoal of small fish, while a myriad of large blue-bottles rose with a loud hum from the cloth, as it was removed on our approach, but only to settle down the next moment more thickly than before on the ghastly spectacle.—Bah.—Even in the short period that the body had been in the water the features were nearly obliterated, and the hands were much gnawed—three fingers were gone from the left. The windpipe and gullet were both severed with a horrible gash, and there was a deep bruised indentation across the forehead, as if from the heavy blow of a crow-bar, or some other blunt weapon.

There was no doubt on earth but that the poor fellow had been surprised, and met his death by violence, and so suddenly that he could not give the alarm; so a verdict was accordingly returned of “wilful murder, by a person or persons unknown.”

By the time we returned to our lodgings we found Massa Twig fresh rigged after his exertions, and as full of frolic and oddity as ever.

“Did you ever see a female bull so well actioned before, Felix?” said he.

“Never,” replied his friend—“took the water like a spaniel too—must be accustomed to the sea—an Alderney cow, I suppose, Twig, eh?”

This evening passed on without any thing further occurring worth recording.

Next morning Lennox came to see me off, and gave me all his news.—I was exceedingly glad to learn that the poor fellow was so happily situated, and promised to call on him the first time I came to the bay.

While lounging about the piazza before breakfast, I noticed our friend Quacco busily employed cleaning a fowling-piece.

“Whose gun is that, Quacco?”

“Massa Flamingo’s, sir.”

“Let me see it—a nice handy affair—Purdy, I perceive—comes to

my shoulder very readily, beautifully.”

“Wery clever leetle gone, for sar-tain, massa; but all de caps dem spoil, sir. See de powder—percussion dem call—quite moist, and useless.” By this time he had fitted on one of the copper caps, and snapped the piece, but it was dumb. “I am going to fill de caps dem wid fresh powder, massa. I is armourer, as well as waiting gentleman—oh, ebbery ting is I Quacco.”

Here Flamingo and Twig came in.

“Good morning, Mr Brail.”

“Good morning.”

“All ready for the start, I see,” said Twig. “Why, Felix, what is Mr Brail’s man doing with your gun?”

“Cleaning it, and filling these caps a new with fresh percussion powder: the old has mildewed, or got damp, he tells me. Indeed, the last time I shot, it was not one in three that exploded.”

“Sally make haste and get breakfast,” bawled Twig. “Do you hear?”

“Yes, massa,” squeaked Sal from the profundities of the back premises.

“Why, Felix,” continued our friend, “there has been another burglary last night: My *spleuchan*, as Rory Macgregor calls it, has been ravished of its treasures.”

“How poetical you are this morning!—mounted on your Pegasus, I see,” rejoined Felix.

“Better that than the horned animal that led me such a dance yesterday,” quoth his friend, laughing. “But, joking apart, your man Twister must have mistaken my tobacco for his own: He has emptied my tobacco-pouch as sure as fate, for none of my own people eat it; and your fellow has always that capacious hole in his ugly phiz filled with it—with my prime patent chewing tobacco, as I am a gentleman.”

“Really,” said Felix, who detested tobacco in all shapes as I learned afterwards, with an accent conveying as clearly as if he had said it—

“I am deuced glad to hear it. Confound it, are we never to get breakfast? But when did you miss it, Jacob?”

“Why, when we got out to ride

over mount Diablo, when the boys were leading the gig-horses,—don't you recollect that I had to borrow Twister's spurs, as Dare-devil always requires a persuader when a donkey is in the path, and there were half-a-dozen, you know? So, stooping to adjust them, out tumbled my spleuchan, it appears. I did not know it at the time, indeed, not until we were getting into the gig again, when Twister handed the pouch, that was so well filled when it dropped, as lank and empty as your own carcass, Flam."

"Poo, poo! what does it signify?" said his ally. "A fair exchange, Twig—tobacco for spurs, you know—a simple *quid pro quo*."

"Shame!" said Jacob; "I thought you were above picking up such crumbs, Felix. But here is breakfast—so, come."

We finished it; and as we were getting ready, I noticed Quacco and Massa Twig in earnest confabulation, and both apparently like to split with suppressed laughter. At some of the latter's suggestions, our sable ally absolutely doubled himself up, while the tears were running over his cheeks. Immediately afterwards, Quacco began to busy himself, poking and paring some pieces of Jacob's patent flake tobacco with a knife, and then stuffing it into the latter's tobacco-pouch. However, I paid no more attention to them, and we started; my cousin Teemoty driving me in a chartered gig.

We shoved along at a brisk rate, close in the wake of Mr Twig's voiture, and followed by a *plump* of black cavaliers—a beautiful little sumpter-mule, loaded with two port-manteaus, leading the cavalcade; while Mr Flamingo's servant Twister pricked ahead, for the twofold purpose of driving the mule and clearing the road of impediments, such as a few stray jackasses, or a group of negroes going to market, neither of whom ever get out of one's way.

After proceeding about ten miles, the road wound into a cocoa-nut grove close to the beach: indeed, the beach became the road for a good mile, with the white surf rolling in and frothing over the beautiful hard sand, and quickly obliterating

all traces of the wheels. Macadam was at a discount here. One beautiful peculiarity of the West India seas is, independent of their crystal clearness, they are always brimfull—no wastes of slush and slime, no muddy tideways. The sea-breeze was whistling through the tall trees, making their long feather-like leaves rustle and *rattle* like a thousand watchmen's alarms sprung in the midst of a torrent of rain, or a fall of *peas*.

"Hillo! what is that?" as a cocoa-nut fell bang into the bottom of my gig, and bounded out again like a foot-ball.

"Oh, only a cocoa-nut," said Twig, looking over his shoulder with the usual knowing twist of his mouth, but without pulling up.

"Only a cocoa-nut! But it would have fractured a man's skull, I presume, if it had struck him."

"A white man's, certainly," quoth Flamingo, with all the coolness in life, as if it had fallen a hundred miles from me, in place of barely shaving the point of my nose: "But suppose we go and bathe until they get dinner ready yonder. Let us send the boys on to the tavern to order dinner. We are within two miles of it, Jacob—eh?"

"No, no," quoth Twig; "come along a quarter of a mile further, and I will show you a nook within the reef where we shall be safe from John Shark, or rather the sharks will be safe from Flamingo's bones there. He would be like a sackful of wooden ladles tossed to them. The fish would find him as digestible as a bag of nutcrackers, seasoned with cocoa-nut shells—ah!—but come along, come along. Oh such a bath, Mr Brail, as I will show you!"

We left the cocoa-nut grove, and when we arrived at the spot indicated we got out to reconnoitre. There was a long reef, about musket-shot from the beach at the widest, on the outside of which the swell broke in thunder, the strong breeze blowing the spray and flakes of frothy brine in our faces, even where we stood.

The reef, like a bow, hemmed in a most beautiful semicircular pool of green-sea water, clear as crystal, its surface, darkened and crisped by

tiny blue sparkling wavelets. The forest, if I may so speak, of coral branches and seaferns that covered the bottom even where deepest, seen distinctly in every fibre at a depth of three fathoms, was perfectly alive, and sparkling with shoals of fishes of the most glowing colours, gamboling in the sun, bird-like amongst the boughs, as if conscious of their safety from their ravenous comrades outside, while nothing could be more beautiful than the smooth sparkling silver sand as the water shoaled towards the beach. The last was composed of a belt of small transparent pebbles, about ten yards wide, overhung by a rotten bank of turf of the greenest and most fragrant description, that had been only sufficiently undermined by the lap lapping of the water at tempestuous spring-tides, (at no time rising here above three feet,) to form a continuous although rugged bench the whole way along the shore.

"Now, if one was riding incautiously here, he might break his horse's leg without much trouble," quoth Don Felix.

"Why, Jacob, speaking of horsemanship, how did you like your style of immersion yesterday?—a novel sort of bathing-machine, to be sure."

"You be hanged, Felix," quoth his ally, with a most quizzical grin, as he continued his peeling.

"Do you know I've a great mind to try an equestrian dip myself," persisted his friend. "Here, Twister—take off Monkey's saddle, and bring him here."

"Oh, I see what you would be at," said Jacob. "Romulus, bring me Dare-devil—so"—and thereupon, to my great surprise and amazement, it pleased my friends to undress under a neighbouring clump of trees, and to send the equipages and servants on to the tavern, about half a mile distant. They then mounted two led horses, bare-backed, with watering bits, and, naked as the day they were born, with the exception of a red handkerchief tied round Mr Twig's head and down his redder cheeks, they dashed right into the sea.

As cavalry was an arm not so much in my way, I swam out to the reef, and there *plowtering* about in the dead water, just on the land side

of it, enjoyed the most glorious shower-bath from the descending spray, that flew up and curled far overhead, like a snow storm, mingled with ten thousand miniature rainbows. I had cooled myself sufficiently, and was leisurely swimming for the shore.

"Now this is what I call bathing," quoth Twig, as he kept meandering about on the snorting Dare-devil, who seemed to enjoy the dip as much as his master—"I would back this horse against Bucephalus at swimming."

Here Flamingo's horse threw him, by rearing and pawing the water with his fore legs and sinking his croup, so that his master, after an unavailing attempt to back him again, had to strike out for the beach, the animal following, and splashing him with his fore paws, as if he wanted to get on *his* back by way of a change.

"And that's what I call swimming," roared Don Felix. But he scarcely had uttered the words when the horse made at him in earnest, and I thought he had struck him with the near fore foot.

"And that's what I call drowning," thought I, "or something deuced like it."

However, he was a good swimmer, and got to shore safe.

Master Twister had been all this time enacting groom of the stole to the two equestrian bathers, and so soon as he had arrayed them, we proceeded to the tavern, dined, and after enjoying a cool bottle of wine, proceeded on our journey to Ballywindle, which we hoped to reach shortly after nightfall.

The sun was setting, I had shot ahead of my two cronies and their outriders, I cannot now recollect why, and we were just entering a grove of magnificent trees, with their hoary trunks gilded by his setting effulgence, when Twister's head (he had changed places with Cousin Teemoty, and was driving me) suddenly gave a sharp crack, as if it had split open, and a tiny jet of smoke puffed out of his mouth—I was all wonder and amazement, but before I could gather my wits about me, out he jumped into the dirty ditch by the side of the road, and popped his head, ears and all, below the stagnant green

scum, while his limbs and all that was seen of him above water quivered in the utmost extremity of fear.

As soon as Twig and Flamingo came up, I saw that neither they nor Serjeant Quacco could contain themselves for laughter. The latter was scarcely able to sit his mule—at length he jumped, or rather tumbled, off, and pulled Twister out by the legs; who, the instant he could stand, and long before he could see for the mud that filled his eyes, started up the road like a demoniac, shouting, “Obeah, Obeah!” which frightened the sumpter-mule that he was by this time alongside of, so that she turned, and came down, rattling past us like a whirlwind, running foul of the stem of one of the cocoa-nut trees, when lo, the starboard portmanteau she carried burst and blew up like a shell, with an explosion louder than a pistol-shot, and shirts, trowsers, night-caps, and handkerchiefs, of all colours, shapes, and sizes, were shot hither and thither, upwards and downwards, this side and that, until the neighbouring trees and bushes were hung with all manner of garments and streamers, like a pawnbroker’s shop.

Twig shouted, “There — that’s your share of the joke, Felix—there goes your patent portmanteau with the Bramah lock—see if the very brimstones in which you gloried be not streaming like a commodore’s broad pennant from the top of the orange tree. The green silk night cap on the prickly pear—and the shirts, and the vests, and the real bandanas—ha, ha, ha!”

“Ay, ay,” shouted Flamingo, who had dismounted and was endeavouring to catch the mule as she careered through the wood towards the sea, kicking and flinging in a vain attempt to disentangle herself from the other portmanteau, which had now turned under her belly, and the sumpter-saddle that hung at her side; “and there goes your kit, Jacob, an offering to Neptune, bodily, mule and all”—as poor mulo dashed into the surf, after having threaded through the stems of the trees, without farther damage.

The cause of all this was a mystery, but presently friend Quacco enlightened me. He had, with Mr

Twig’s sanction, charged certain of the pieces of patent tobacco in the *spleuchan* with several small quantities of detonating powder, wrapped up in gold-beater’s leaf, as a trap for Master Twister, who was suspected of making free with it,—the issue, so far as he was concerned, has been seen; but in the hurry of coming away and packing up, instead of placing the bottle containing the powder in Mr Flamingo’s gun-case, where it should have been, he hurriedly dropped it into his portmanteau as Twister was packing it, so that when the sumpter-mule jammed between the trunks of the trees after it took fright, it exploded and blew up.

“I say, Massa Twister, you never make free with my patent tobacco.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” roared poor Twister, holding his jaws with both hands — “Oh, massa, my tongue blow out — my palate blow down — de roof of my mouse blow up — and all my teets blow clean gane — Oh no, massa, never, never will touch him no more, massa — never, never no more.”

“I’ll answer for it you don’t, my boy,” quoth Jacob.

After picking up the fugitive and clambered garments as well as we could, we travelled onwards for about two miles, when we struck inland, and as the night fell entered a dark tree-shaded ravine, with a brawling brook rushing through the bottom, ascending by a narrow road scarped out of the red earth of the hill side.

“Now, Mr Brail, give your horse the rein—let him pick his own steps, if you please; for the road is cruelly cut up by the weather and waggons hereabouts, and none of the widest either as you may *feel*, for you can’t see it.”

I took his advice, and soon found the advantage of it, as we came to several groups of negroes sitting invariably on the inner side of the road, which I would certainly have been tempted to avoid at my own peril; but my horse was not so scrupulous, for he always poked his nose between them and the bank, and snorted and nuzzled until they rose and shuffled out of our way, either by creeping to the side next the ravine or up on the bank; presently the road widened, and we got along more comfortably.

I could not but admire the thousands and tens of thousands of fire-flies that spangled the gulf below us, in a tiny galaxy; they did not twinkle promiscuously, but seemed to emit their small green lights by signal, beginning at the head of the ravine and glancing all the way down, in a wavy continuous lambent flash, every fly as it were taking the time from his neighbour ahead. Then for a moment all would be dark, until the stream of sparkles flowed down once more from the head of the valley, and again disappeared astern of us; while the usual West India concert of lizards, beetles, crickets, and tree toads, filled the dull ear of night with their sleepy monotony.

By and by the night began to be heavily overcast, and as we entered below some high wood the darkness would have become palpable had it not been for the fire-flies,—even darkness which might have been felt.

"I must heave to until I get my bat's eyes shipped, Mr Twig," said I;—"I can't see an inch before my nose."

"Then send Flamingo ahead, my dear fellow, for if he sees the length of his, we shall do—his proboscis is long enough to give us warning of any impediment."

"What a glowworm-coloured light some of these insects give," quoth I: "See that one creeping up the handle of my whip—it comes along with its two tiny burners like the lights in a carriage meeting you."

"Come, you must get on though, since we have not room to pass—no time to study natural philosophy," said Twig; and I once more fanned my horse into a gentle trot, with very much the sensation of one running through an unknown sound in the night, without either chart or pilot.

After a little, I saw a cluster of red fire-flies, as I thought, before us. "Oh, come along—I see now famously."

"Oh massa, massa!"—Crack!—I had got entangled with a string of mules going to fetch a last turn of

canes from the field, the red sparks that I had seen ahead having proceeded from the pipes in the mouths of the drivers. However, there was no great damage done.

The rain now began to descend in torrents, with a roar like a cataract.—"What uncommonly pleasant weather," thought I. "Why, Mr Twig, you see I am a bad pilot—so, do you think you have room to pass me now? for, to say the truth, I don't think I can see an inch of the road, and you know I am an utter stranger here."

He could not pass, however, and at length I had to set Master Teemoty to lead the horse.—Presently I heard a splash.

"Hillo, cousin Teemoty! where have you got to?"

"De Devil's Golly,* dat has been dry like one bone for tree mont, hab come down, massa—dat all."

"Come down," said I; "I wish it had stayed up."

"Ah!" said Twig,—and we are to sleep here in the cold and damp, I suppose—the fellow's a fool, and must have got off the path into some puddle. We are a mile from the Gully—let me see"—and before you could turn Massa Jacob was splashing up to the knees alongside of Massa Teemoty. However, he was right—it was only a streamlet—and we got across without much difficulty; but in ten minutes the roar of a large torrent, heard hoarse and loud above the sound of the rain, gave convincing proof that the Gully was down, and that with a vengeance. We now found ourselves amongst a group of negroes, who had also been stopped by the swollen stream. There was a loud thundering noise above us on the left hand, which (we had now all alighted) absolutely shook the solid earth under our feet, as if in that direction the waters had been pitched from the mountain side headlong over a precipice. From the same quarter, although quite calm otherwise, a strong cold wind gushed in eddies and sudden gusts, as if from a nook or valley in the hill side, charged with a thick, wetting spray, that we could feel curling and boil-

* Gully—ravine or river course.

ing about us, sometimes stronger and sometimes weaker, like the undulations of a London fog. Close to our feet we could hear the stream tearing past us, with a great rushing and gurgling, which was occasionally intermingled with the rasping and crashing of trees and floating spars, as they were dashed along on the gushes and swirls of the stream; while every now and then the warm water (for so it felt in contrast to the cold damp night-breeze) surged a foot or two beyond its usual level, so as to cover us to the ankle, and make us start back, and immediately it would ebb again. It was some time, amidst this "groan of rock and roar of stream" before we could make out any thing that the negroes about us said.

"Hillo," cried Twig—to be heard by each other we had to shout as loud as we could—"hillo, friend Felix, here's a coil—what shall we do—sleep here, eh?"

"We shall sleep soft, then," roared his friend in reply.

"As how, my lord?"

"Why, you may have mud of all consistencies and of any depth."

"But had we not better try back," I continued, as I really began to think it no joke remaining where we were all night.

"A good idea," said Twig.

"About ship, then," quoth Flamingo.

"Wery good plan, wery good plan," shouted Cousin Teemoty; "but"—

"But, but, but—oh, confound your *buts*," roared Twig; "*but what*, sir?"

"Oh," said Tim, whose dignity was a little hurt, "noting, noting—no reason why massa should not return—only Carrion-crow gully dat we lef behind will, by dis time, be twenty time more *down* as dis."

"And so it will—the boy is right," rejoined Jacob; "what is to be done? Stop—I see, I see."

"The deuce you do! then you have good eyes," quoth Felix.

"I say, Flamingo, pick me up a stone that I can sling, and hold your tongue; do, that's a good fellow."

"Sling? where is the Goliath you mean to attack?"

"Never you mind, Flam, but pick me up a stone that I can tie a string to, will ye?—There, you absurd

creature, you have given me one as round and smooth as a cricket-ball; how can I fasten a string round it?—give me a longish one, man—one shaped like a kidney-potato or your own nose, you blundering good-for-nothing—ah, that will do. Now, some string, boys—string."

Every negro carries a string of one kind or another with him in the crown of his hat, and three or four black paws were in an instant groping for Jacob Twig's hand in the dark with pieces of twine.

"Hillo, what is that?" as an auxiliary-current, more than ankle deep, began to flow down the road with a loud ripple from behind us—"Mind we are not in a scrape here!" cried I.

"If we be, we can't better it," shouted Twig—"Here, gentlemen—give me your cards, will ye?"

"Cards—cards!" ejaculated Flamingo and I in a breath.

"Yes—your calling-cards; do grope for them—make haste."

He got the cards, and all was silent except the turmoil of the elements for a few seconds. At length, in a temporary lull of the rain, I thought I heard the shout of a human voice blending with the roar of the stream.

"Ay, ay," cried Jacob—"there, don't you hear people on the other side?—so here goes."

"Hillo, who the deuce has knocked off my hat?" cried Flamingo.

"Why don't you stand on one side then, or get yourself shortened by the knees? such a steeple is always in the way," bawled Twig. "Leave me scope to make my cast now, will ye—don't you *see* I want to throw the stone with the cards across amongst the people on the opposite bank—There," and he made another cast—"ah, I have caught a fish this time—more string Teemoty—more string—or they will drag it out of my hand. Now some one has got a precious pelt on the skull, as I am a gentleman, with the kidney potato, Felix; but he understands us, whoever he may be that has got hold of it—feel here—how he jerks the string without hauling on it—wait—wait!"

Presently the line was let go at the opposite side, and our friend hauled it in—it had been cut short

off, and neither stone nor cards were attached to it.

"Now you shall see how my scheme will work," cried Jacob. However, near a quarter of an hour elapsed, during which time, we distinctly heard shouting on the other side, as if to attract our attention, but we could not make out what was said.

At length we observed a red spark, glancing and disappearing like a will-o'-the-wisp as it zigzagged amongst the dark bushes, down the hillside above. Presently we lost sight of it, and all was dark again. However, just as I began to lose all hope of the success of Massa Twig's device, the light again appeared coming steadily down the road opposite us. It approached the impassable ford, and we now saw that it was a lantern carried by a negro, who was lighting the steps of a short squat figure of a man, dressed in a fustian coat and nankeen trowsers, with an umbrella over his head. "I've caught my fish—I've caught my fish—Rory Macgregor himself, or I am a baboon," shouted Twig, as the party he spoke of came down to the water's edge, and, holding up the lantern above his head, peered across the gulley with outstretched neck, apparently in a vain attempt to make us out.

By the light we saw a whole crowd of poor, drenched, stormstaid devils, in their blue pennistone great-coats, shivering on the opposite bank. The white man appeared to be giving them instructions, as two of them immediately disappeared up the hillside, whence he had descended, while several of the others entered a watchman's hut that we could observe close to the waterside, and fetched some wood and dry branches from it, with which they began to kindle a fire under a projecting cliff, which soon blazed up brightly, and showed us whereabouts we were.

The scene was striking enough. A quantity of dry splinters of some kind of resinous wood was heaped on the fire, that now blazed brilliantly in massive tongues of flame that glanced twining up the fissures, and scorching into sudden blackness the lichens that grew on the face of the grey rock that overhung the road, licking, like fiery serpents, the

tortuous fretwork that spread like a net over the face of the bald stone, of the naked roots of the trees that grew on the verge of the bank above, and lighting up the fringe of grass roots depending from the narrow roof of dry red earth that projected like eaves over the brink of the precipice.

The bright glare, and luminous smoke of the fire, in which a number of birds, frightened from their perches, glanced about like large sparks, blasted the figures of such of the negroes as stood beyond it into the appearance of demons—little Rory Macgregor looking, to use his own phrase, like *the devil himself*, while those of them who intervened between us and the fire seemed magnified into giants—their dark bodies edged with red flame, while every tree, and stock, and stone appeared as if half bronze and half red-hot iron—a shaddock tree looked as if hung with clusters of red-hot cannon balls.

Our own party was very noticeable. I was leaning on the neck of my gig-horse, with his eyes glancing, and the brazen ornaments of his harness flashing like burnished gold. Abreast of me were Massas Twig, Flamingo, and Cosin Teemoty, wet as *much* and quite as steamy, to use a genteel phrase, with our cold drenched physiognomies thrust into the light, and the sparkling rain-drops hanging at our noses; Jacob's glazed hat glancing as if his caput had been covered with a glass porringer; while the group of mounted negroes and led horses in the background, with the animals pawing and splashing in the red stream that ran rippling and twinkling down the road, with the steam of our rapid travelling rising up like smoke above them, looked like a cavalry picquet on the uneasiness-like.

On our larboard hand the mountain ascended precipitously, in all the glory of magnificent trees, sparkling with diamond water-drops, and stupendous rocks and all that sort of thing, with the swollen waters thundering down a deep dark cliff over a ledge of stone about thirty feet high, in a solid mass, that in the fall took a spiral turn, as if it had been ejected from a tortuous channel above, and then sending up a thick

mist, that rose boiling amongst the dark trees—the torrent roared, and tore along its overflowing channel in whirling eddies that sparkled in the firelight from the foot of the fall towards where we stood, the red stream appearing, by some deception of the sight, to be higher in the middle than the sides and semifluid, as if composed of earth and water, while trees, and branches, and rolling stones were launched and trundled along as if borne on a lava stream. As we looked, the bodies of two bullocks and a mule came past rumbling and tumbling, legs, tails, and heads, over and over, in much admired confusion.

On the starboard hand the ravine sank down as dark as Erebus; and now the weather clearing, disclosed in that direction, through storm-rents of the heavy clouds, shreds of translucent blue sky, sparkling with bright stars; and lo! the fair moon once more, her cold pale green light struggling with the hot red glare of the fire, as she reposed on the fleecy edge of that dark—

“Confound it, what’s that—what’s that, Mr Twig?”

“An owl, Master Brail—an owl that the light has dazzled, and that has flown against your head by mistake—but catch, man—catch”—as he sprang into the water up to the knees to secure my hat, that the bird of Minerva had knocked off—and be hanged to it. “An owl may be a wise bird, but it is a deuced blind one to bounce against your head as unceremoniously as if it had been a pumpkin or a calabash.”

Little Rory Macgregor had all this time remained at the edge of the stream, where he squatted on his hams like a large bull-frog, and began to shout at the top of his voice; but it was all dumb show to us, or very nearly so, as we could not make out one word that he said.

Flamingo immediately confronted him, assuming the same attitude—(“See how he has doubled up his

long legs—there—said the grasshopper to the frog,” quoth Twig to me)—and made most energetic signs a-la Grimaldi, that he wanted some food and drink.

Rory nodded promptly, as much as to say, “I understand you;” indeed it appeared that he had taken the hint before, for the two men that we had seen ascend the mountain-road now came down again, one carrying a joint of roast meat and a roast fowl, and the other with a bottle in each hand.

The puzzle now was, “how were the good things to be had across?” but my friends seemed up to every emergency. In a moment Flamingo had ascended a scathed stump that projected a good way over the gully with Twig’s string and stone in his hand, the latter enabling him to pitch the line at Rory’s feet, who immediately made the joint of meat fast, which Don Felix swung across, and untying it, chucked it down to us who stood below; the fowl, and the bottle of rum, and the bottle of lemonade, or beverage, as it is called in Jamaica, were secured in like manner.

“So,” said our ally, “we shan’t starve for want of food anyhow, whatever we may do of cold.” But we were nearer being released than we thought, for suddenly, as if from the giving way of some obstruction below that had dammed up the water in the gully, it ebbed nearly two feet, and we promptly availed ourselves of this to pass over to the other side of the Devil’s Gully, which, notwithstanding that the water had subsided so much, was a work of no small difficulty, and even considerable danger. Having thanked Mr Macgregor, who owned a very fine coffee property in the neighbourhood, for his kindness, we drove rapidly out of the defile, now lit by the moon, and in a quarter of an hour found ourselves amongst the *Works*; that is, in the centre of the mill-yard of Ballywindle.

THE SKETCHER.

No. X.

A LOVE for solitude is a symptom of our fallen nature, for it was the first effect of man's sullenness; but it is a symptom I have never discovered in myself, though I lack not my full share of proofs of that our sad condition. If, when alone, I can say with a clear conscience, that I have not an evil spirit, I cannot well deny that I have a fearful one. Nature overpowers me—her magnitude is awful, and she teems with minute mysteries that mock and forbid my scrutiny. I am apt to feel as if the rocks would topple down on me, as if the waters would rise and overwhelm me, their voice is a threatening disapprobation—and should there be a silence, it is like the suspense of an impending danger, arresting the attention of all around, rocks, woods, water becoming sensitive creatures, conscious expectant witnesses of my ruin.

If in a deep and shaded valley, a sudden light gleam and pass across it, it is to the imagination as a lamp of a searching angel, in quest of the guilty, or rebellious—if, in the midst of sunshine, a shadow stretch across the landscape, it is as of some embodied demon that is riding the clouds, and the moving darkness is terrific. The very trees are full of eyes to spy out, and tongues to tell of our ways, and the bare rocks are as tablets on which sentence may be written in characters cognizable to agents invisible. I said above, that a love for solitude was a symptom of our fallen nature—yet Milton, in his Eve, makes it precede that unhappy condition. Eve first desired it—and, in her daring self-confidence rejecting the warnings, the remonstrance, and forsaking the guardianship, the loving presence of her husband, that should have been her only desire, bounded away to solitude, and there the Tempter assailed her, and she fell. It is against his judgment in yielding to Eve's wishes, and affectionate excusings of her desire to be severed from him even for a moment, that Adam says—

"For solitude sometimes is best society."

He had previously said—

"But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate—to short absence I *could*
yield"—

much converse satiate!—Oh! Eve, Eve, as painted by Milton, frail, uncertain creature. Converse of your beloved satiate!—Was Adam's conversation tedious? did she want more knowledge, fatal knowledge, than he had to bestow—could she thus early, be weary of

"This sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,

To brute denied, and are of love the soul—
Love, not the lowest end of human life?"

There is poetry, for it is luminous with truth. This blessed intercourse of looks and smiles should have been far dearer and sweeter to her, than Lectures on Philosophy, or all the volumes of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge that have been bewildering the brains of her daughters since the fatal experiment. Perhaps she did not know her own motives, or covered them under a sense of imaginary duties, or Adam would not have said, "*if much converse perhaps thee satiate.*" It is often enough to feel the presence of a companion without any interchange of speech—but there is in that case, always an imaginary interchange of thought. Whatever passes through the mind *may* be communicated, and we almost delude ourselves into a belief that it is.

See two rough colts, divided by a paling, how near to it they feed—though the grass there be coarser, and intermixed with nettles—how they chafe and neigh, and show uneasy motion if they lose sight of each other. The better sort of animals dislike solitude. Crimes are first meditated in solitude. Even after-repentance requires an admonitory attendant voice, and for lack of it, will we make a second self of conscience, and address ourselves, as it were, in and under that ideal presence. Look at the trembling wretch in Bewick's Vignette, solitary, by moonlight, fancying that he

sees a grinning fiend in the trees he is passing. It is strange—but some there are who seek solitude—love it, or affect to love it—to me it is always painful.

“O solitude, where are the charms!
That sages have found in thy face.”

There you see native instinct will show itself. The Poet has absolutely made a personification, and, therefore, a companion of solitude. Whenever a poet begins his false panegyric thus—“O solitude,” you may be sure he is a hypocrite, and longing for a companion, whom he does not choose to name. We will not be alone, and if we are debarred the bodily presence of a companion, we conjure up to ourselves demons, or angels, that walk beside us in love, before us as guides, or behind us to our horror, and seldom, indeed, is it that we are so happily attuned, that the former appear to the music of our thoughts; or, if they do, it is but to regret their visionary nature. So thought Coleridge:

“Like one that in a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn’d round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.”

Ancient Mariner.

Pictor has been the sole cause of my venting my spleen on solitude. He was engaged to go to Linton for letters, and promised to overtake me—immediately after breakfast; I slung my portfolio at my back, with all the requisites of the “innocent art,” and leisurely took the way towards Waters Meet. I did not cross the wooden bridge, mentioned in my last, but continued the path to the left of the river. For the space of about half a mile after leaving the weir, the scenery is not interesting; as seen from the path, it wants fluent lines, and decided character, and the river itself is too much cut up and broken. There are, however, even in this place, isolated parts, that, taken from the whole, (and a Sketcher’s eye will soon note them,) are excellent studies.

After passing a very narrow way, between the rocky bank, and a large tabular mass of stone, you will suddenly turn to the left, and at every step, find the scenery open upon you in commanding beauty. The

river becomes a very striking object of admiration. You will no longer see its continuous course as before, over a wider bed, amid fragments all too much alike.

But you will see it partially—here, most beautiful and varied falls; there, in deep pools, edged with moving white lines, soon losing themselves in deep browns—and beyond, the whole bed will be intercepted by richest foliage of large trees, meeting, as it were, from bank to bank, through whose boughs, here and there, a bright streak, or a more transparent blue, will indicate the course of the water. The very first fall, after the sudden turn to the left, should be well studied, both from above and below; and also viewing it, looking towards Lynmouth, and in the contrary direction as it crosses the river obliquely to the eye, there is a thin greenish transparent line very distinctly marked, separated from the deep brown water, at whose edge the fall commences, and from the mass of white foam immediately succeeding it, that is the peculiar feature of this fall, and by its peculiarity endows it with life, so that you wonder not that in the fabulous spirit of poetry, the heathen mythology admitted the semi-deified personification of rivers. I have made many studies here, and have often been much tempted to encounter the danger of making perilous way, down among broken ledges, and gullies that run down to the deep water, above the little fall. But prudence overcame the desire of adventure, and I have tried to make my way to it from below. Having descended some distance, before reaching the fall, where there is little difficulty, I have endeavoured to creep along over a ledge of rock directly above the foam—but it was too narrow, and the peril and astounding noise filled me with a fearful awe, and often has the attempt been in vain. I have likewise waded through the stream itself, where not very deep, and reaching the opposite bank, climbed over some large fragments to the top of the fall, but could never go beyond, though it was plain to see, that the precipitous rock, terminating in a broad ledge, running perhaps a hundred yards or more, and shutting in the stream here, would afford some excellent studies for the pen-

cil. It is on the left bank, and by the ledge I have mentioned, that I would entreat those gentlemen who, as I have before mentioned, take so great an interest in Lynmouth, to cut a pathway, not very perceptible, but so as to make a safe access to the enclosed scenery beyond it.

This little fall, however, seen from below, near the point beyond which it is not safe to venture, will not escape the eye or the hand of the Sketcher. The rich vale growing from the opposite bank, and throwing its boughs across, and the gleams of light seen under them, and the rocks in shade dimly seen, and the light trees edging the broken descent of the high hill beyond them, will delight for form and colour, and somewhat task the skill of the practised Sketcher. I did not, on this former occasion of which I am now speaking, descend, though I was fairly free of the river, and of all the nymphs' bathing places, having once paid the penalty of my scrutiny; for, having reached the opposite side, endeavouring to climb by help of too slight a branch, it gave way with me, and if any invisible water-nymphs did take me in their arms, they did not let me out of them till they had thrice made me pay low obeisance to them in their liquid abodes. I had just time in falling, when my companion (for I had one then, though not in suffering) sportively cried, "Exit with a *bow*." I did not, like Homer's Thief o' Grain in a similar predicament, tear or pull my hair, *τὴν δὲ χεῖρας*, nor wring my hands, but I did wring my clothes, which needed not my hands to tear. I remained long about the spot, and though the glaring light was not favourable, I could not avoid making a coloured sketch, thinking Pictor would soon find me thus employed. I was, however, disappointed, and proceeded some way further, and, descending, reached the water's edge; it was here shallow and gentle, "singing a quiet tune," such as might just improve silence, and no more. I began to feel the chilling spell of solitude upon me, and was too restless to work. I sat myself down on the shadowy side of a large stone, against which I leaned; others were between me and the stream, whose moving onward was scarcely heard. I could here see the path by

which Pictor would come; but from all below I was completely sheltered, though little probability did there appear of my being disturbed. I could not conjecture of companions, but the mute stones that were immovably fixed in quietness around me. In this position, solitude brought visions, coloured with the sickly hue of melancholy. Now, gentle brother or sister Sketcher, admire how small a thing will shake the nerves under the influence of loneliness! Had you been just where I was, and had known that a companion was within sight, or hearing, or reach, even so only that to your sense the air, the trees, the woods, the rocks, the waters, had been conscious of a human presence and companionship, you might not have been startled as I was, and as was a poor dumb creature too, as guiltless of intentional offence as the harmless Sketcher;—a poor sheep that I had not seen, and that made no noise with her footing, unsuspecting that living creature worse than herself was within her beat, had reached the very stone against which I lay; and, poor lonely thing, missing, perhaps, her companion, opened her innocent mouth close to my vacant ear, and uttered a deep baa! It may have been a weakness, perhaps, that I ought to be ashamed of; but I love truth, and own that I trembled and started up, my heart palpitating fearfully, and away started the eloquent beast. She looked back at me for a moment, and thinking, perhaps, that I did not look much like a butcher, more leisurely scrambled up the bank, and one or two scraggy creatures came to hear all she had to relate, and they *baaed* away together in so gentle a manner, that I flattered myself I might thus translate it:—"It is only an innocent Sketcher, and that tribe always love us poor sheep." I had not well recovered my quiet presence of mind when Pictor made his appearance on the path; he was soon seated by me. I learned from him that a most melancholy event had occurred—the death of a worthy man of the Preventive Service, who had the preceding evening fallen over Countisbury Cliff—his body had been just found. I then recollected the evening before having seen him on the bridge, on the point of as-

cending the hill, when I went past Mr Rowe's house, and sat some short distance from the base of the cliff, among fragments that had fallen from above. How well now I recollect, when looking towards the sea, admiring the evening setting quietly in, and listening to the more lazy drone of the waters, that sleepily, as it were, at intervals, fell upon the shore; how well I remember being twice or thrice startled by something like a moan among the rocks behind me, so that each time, as the sound came, I looked behind. I could not think of it seriously, but it startled me; it rather excited my imagination than any real apprehension that it arose from any poor sufferer. Ah, thought I, it is the earth's parting farewell to the setting sun. Then, in the wanderings of fancy, I pictured the lover, Polyphemus, moving seaward from his melancholy cliffs in his hopeless passion for his Galatea. Images came fast, and those moans, that now, I fear, were uttered in the dying agony and suffering of that poor man, were but as tones of music, with which my fancy could almost unfeelingly sport, and conjure up things—how unreal!

Pictor. This melancholy event led me, before keeping my engagement with you, to walk up Countisbury Hill to see the spot from which he must have fallen. I staid there some time, looking down over the rocks into the precipitous and narrow ravine. Though under the impression of this distressing occurrence, I could not but admire the scene before me. There was the broad expanse of water, terminated by the Welsh hills, beautifully blue, amid many delicate and changing hues. The water was so ærial in colour, that it quite deceived us as to its depth of tint, discovered by the relief with which the rocks stood out against it. They were much varied in hue, by the intermixture of small herbage and stone on the projecting tops that were under the eye; yet the water was much deeper in tone, but it was a green, almost celestial, like an amalgamation of ether with the liquid element, and across it ran the shadows of floating clouds, variegating with semi-purple streaks the broad expanse. There was neither boat nor sail in sight. The scene seemed tenanted alone by in-

numerable hawks or kites, that floated up from the abysses, flew round the rugged points, and dropped again into the deep shadows, with their occasional wild cry. There was something in their searching flight and peculiar cry that seemed to connect them with the melancholy tale of the day, and I shall long remember it, both through them and the tones, hues, and character of the scenery which I studied under such strange impressions,

Sketcher. I have often remarked how deceptively deep are the tones of the water, from the point of view you have described, and have often thought this ærial delusion had not escaped Claude, by whom I have seen it most faithfully represented. You will be best aware of the depth of tone in nature, or in pictures, by its comparison with a piece of white paper, which I before mentioned. Look now at some of the lightest objects about us, the grey stone, the lighter parts of this flowing water, and hold your white paper against them, and we shall find their intensity of tone quite surprising. The fact is, nature does more by brilliancy, depending chiefly on texture, than by positive light of her colouring.

Pictor. The old masters seem certainly to have studied this working of nature's hand, and, consequently, most of their pictures are of a low tone. They seemed never to forget that there is a something interposed between the eye and the raw colour that subdues, and yet, at the same time, makes it bright.

We now left the river side, and again reached the path leading to Watters Meet; but finding the sun very powerful, and being desirous of cool shelter, we descended at the point where the valley takes a sudden turn to the right, for I well knew, and had often enjoyed, the shade of the spot we were approaching. There was no path, but yet nothing formidable to obstruct our way; a very few steps brought us within shelter from the sun's rays. About us lay picturesque large stone masses, moss-covered, and among them the smaller, as it were, half buried round the roots of the trees, that, like them, were earth-coloured, and edged with verdant and close fringe.

The colour of the scene, as a whole, was a cool green, set off and deepened throughout by the solemn brown of earth, and bank, and antique boles of trees, between which were seen the silver streak of the water (itself of the general hue of the scene) as it glided to the rocky ledge that crossed the river irregularly in the direction over which it fell, and went forward with similar interruptions, till it emerged bright into the sunshine, that forming the centre picture, yet occupying no great space, heightened and determined the character of the shade of the picture. Yet was this sunshine among foliage, stone, and water, not an isolated spot; it had touches that, too small for interruption, just tenderly edged, here and there, the deep toned moss, and ran most delicately behind the boles of the trees, that shot out, and looked over the stream. There was just enough of these faint gleams to be a connecting chain of light, that not only prevented the centre from being too attracting a spot, and therefore destructive of quietness, but satisfied the mind that the shade we were under *was* shade, and not the indistinct and gloomy obscurity of an unblest spot. The trees here were many, and some rather large, and the position and ground from which they grew gave the idea of the outskirts of a larger wood. Pictor was delighted, and was soon at work, and remarked how greatly he was facilitated in his sketching such a scene by the remarks I had made on opaque and semi-opaque colours, and the partial mixture of chalk.

Sketcher. Do you remember seeing a little drawing of mine of this very scene?—a transparency. Under those trees to the right I had put in a figure in white, sitting close by the water, of which you remarked, that being somewhat transparent, it wanted substance—and some one remarked that the discovery gave the figure a mystery that pleased him the more.

Pictor. I remember it well—it is a subject admirably adapted to that manner. One is so disgusted with the horrid performances of the upholstering manufactory blinds, that in hall, and on staircase, hide nothing so bad as themselves, and put there as an ingenious, yet illiterate im-

prover, inflicted on conspicuous ground a modern ruin, as he truly said, as an eyesore. We are, I say, so disgusted with these sort of things that approach too near to art without being picture, that I was delighted to see you had rescued transparent painting from contempt. You have practised it much; now, tell me how you work.

Sketcher. The work is, I assure you, very fascinating, and the delusion, I think, greater than any other style of painting or drawing. If our best artists would take to it, you would see surprising things. There is the greatest power, for you may have any gradation of texture, from the greatest clearness to perfect opacity. And how can the glorious sunsets be more truly given? Then the moon, in all her characters, appears perfectly at the command of the pencil; whether you choose her to sail with oblique and anxious look, through the pathless and interminable heavens, or more majestically, with her retinue of spirits invisible, under their canopies of illuminated cloud chariots; or whether over mountain's brow, just rising and throwing her silver light broadly over the tops of the matted woods, with her soft and playful beams, kissing some gentle brook, silencing the broad leafy counterpanes of fairies' beds. Earth, air, and water, seem all within the power and magic of this art. Old attempts of former days could scarcely be called pictures, for they had no colour; but in those I saw, colours in all varieties, and true to nature, were given. And why not paint on both sides of your paper, and you will produce variety of tone and colour, similar to glazing in oil? for the darkest objects, use opaque colour, it matters not what; but the great thing to attend to is, never to use any oil or varnish, or any thing of that kind, for the transparent parts—trust to your paper—by scraping it on one side, or both, as you may want it; and if it be scraped on both sides, you may add much to the effect by placing a thin paper, coloured, as may be required, at the back. It is very agreeable evening work—I have done all mine by a single candle—and seldom find that they need much retouching for the more perfect light in which they may be

exhibited. Besides, there is a domestic charm in it. You sport freely with your colours, effects rapidly grow, creatures spring at your command, whilst music or reading is charming your ear or your mind, and the fireside and the lights are in themselves cheerful. You are under the inspiration of the better feelings, that kindle and almost create genius, and throw endearment of memory and sweet association on its productions.

Pictor. Do you not think it would be as well to defer to that social illumination of night, this lecture on art, and now to take the invitation of Nature that is so delightfully courting us? nor will she be jealous, as fools suppose, of fascinating art. They come and dwell together with harmony, and make the three graces; or if nature be more fond of rambling in shade and in sunshine, through glade and forest, she is happy to retire many a night within the elegant domicile of art, and comes forth in the morn to walk the hills, breathing in her buoyant spirits learned airs, till the winds take them up, and fill the woods with Handel's Pastorale, which, if some gifted clown should chance to hear, he would think himself possessed, and henceforth be "the Gentle Shepherd."

Sketcher. A poetical metamorphosis, indeed, and worthy an Ovid.

Pictor. And think you such changes never take place? There are strange influences and strange powers. What think you of "Cymon the clown who never dreamed of love?"

Sketcher. Simply that such a character never touched this earth; first, as senseless as one of its clods, and then under any influence became the man of mental grasp and energy uncontrollable. It is a fiction that nothing but the consummate skill of the poet, hurrying over the incredible, and so putting the contrast before you, forcing the mind of the reader into circumstances of instant action, and breathless interest, that it may not dwell upon the impossibility, so that poor Cymon is as much lost as if he had never been in the poem, and if at any time remembered, it is but in the spirit of gallantry, that would pay a compliment to the power of beauty with a flattering

willingness, that would not have the truth too narrowly looked into. There is a state of mind in which it gives a sort of poetical credence to what it knows to be false. Poets and painters understand this, and with management, bend all minds to these whimsical creeds. There is, when we are willing to be deceived, but small difference between the "vero" and the "*ben trovato*," and so it is, in this tale of Cymon; express but a doubt, and the lover of romance will, in his indignant gallantry, exclaim,—

"Chi dice mal d'amore

Dice la falsità!"

Pictor. You have made me, at least, satisfied with my imperfect sketch, which I therefore pronounce finished, for what may not be true to nature may be true to fancy. How like to a beautiful emerald is the green in the water to the right, and how set, as if by no unskilful hand, not in gold, because it is costly, but, as it were, in an enclosure of brown, polished wood, deepened in parts by inlet ebony; and that there may be no suddenness (what some, by the by, would aim to effect) in the contrast of this dark upon the small circle of reflected sky, and we see no sky above, see how the interspersed dotting of the leafage softly mirrored, breaks the hardness, and brings the dark and light together without offence; and how cool and luminous is the small bluish-grey circular line of the sky, that with its outward rim plays undulatingly from and into the mellow and deeper tones of the river's visible bed. It is like Dian's crescent rising over the yet coloured hills; for where the queen of night walks visibly in her own favoured regions, earth wears not sable at her presence.

Sketcher. "Hung be the heavens with black," is no command of hers. I have seen a sweet picture by Albano, in which this truth is admirably understood—it is landscape, strictly speaking; for though the figures are beautiful, especially in colour, the chief charm is in the landscape, which you would pronounce to be under some pervading influence of borrowed light, even if there were no figures to tell the story—which is of Diana and Endymion—flying cupids are directing the beauteous

queen to the sleeping shepherd. The crescent on her bow is, as you describe that bright rim of sky, a jewelled purity. The picture is most poetically coloured; though rich and varied, and low-toned, highly luminous, with just that faint dimness over unimportant objects, that must yet be visible, though unobserved, that serves to make a magic brightness of all that is without its boundaries, and blending all together in harmonious softness. If it be thought moonlight, it is on the chosen territory where Diana touches with her sandal'd feet the flowered green, where neither fog nor vapour, mildew nor damp, cover or blight the minutest particle of the blessed colours which Nature first gave. I said that the picture was low in tone—it was purposely so, that it might be soft and imposing, favoured with that unintruding light, that might best suit the sentiment. But your idolizers of effect, of contrast, of the daring reform, or impudence of art, would have despised its unassuming modesty.

Pictor. And though we have here in this lovely scene before us shade and sunshine, yet is there no violent contrast; there is more of brilliancy than light. I have read books on art, that prescribe, no matter what your sentiment or subject, the exact quantities of light and shade and half tone; and that with finger and thumb accuracy print the very places they shall occupy; mapping Nature's face as phrenologists do human heads.

Sketcher. And with as little reason as Mr Shandy discovered Wit and Judgment in the knobs of his chair, by his simple fiat—"Let this knob be Wit, and that Judgment." This previous determination of quantities is as absurd as would be the attempt to chain down all poetry to one measure, and without licenses—to remodel the Iliad, and convert its hexameters into iambs—to distribute the flats and sharps by unerring rule for every air—to read a lecture of conformity to the sun in mid heaven, that he clip his shadows by the square, and threaten him with Procrustes's bed—that he, as well as his sister, the Moon, shine only by borrowed light, to be supplied by Ignorance. But this is one of the conceits of the "Effect Artists." I

will venture to affirm, that there is *no one rule* for light and shade. The feeling that variously puts syllables and words into verse,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe"—

that by notes determines melody and harmony in music—that marries sound to sense, and seeks appropriate expression—delights in a wide range, and loves alike variety and simplicity, and nothing more than to see them united.

Pictor. It appears to me that the law of *composition*, of which you have treated so fully, if there be any feeling in the mind to point out what the general tone should be, is all that is required for particular applications of light and shade, inasmuch as they are to be subservient to the subject as a whole, and to all the parts of it.

Sketcher. I think so. I have often heard the complaint, that few writers on art give *practical* instructions; and those authors whom I have read treat it too mechanically. There are rules, without doubt; but they should be blended with the poetry of the art, from which, in fact, they must arise. And hence more is required than the experience of the mere practical painter. He should have acquired more than the easel will teach him—he should be acquainted with the best poetry, and have the gift of it in himself. Did you ever hear Rippingille speak on art? I never heard his lectures, but I know he took much pains with some. I know no one more qualified. His conversations on those subjects are always excellent, and rendered fascinating by the sparks of genius, that made every thing he said vivid.

Pictor. Why does he not publish what he has drawn up?

Sketcher. I never knew in any one powers so versatile. I have seen sketches, compositions of his, of a high poetic character of pathos and feeling, superior to any thing he has painted.

Pictor. But perhaps his orders were for more common life.

Sketcher. That may be often the painter's unhappiness. But you do not seem disposed to be very industrious with your pencil;—you use your colours with great certainty, and sketch therefore rapidly; it has

this disadvantage, that you are not continuously for so long a time admiring any one subject, as the more slow artist.

Pictor. I know not that; for it does not follow that *all* the time of the less rapid artist is employed in admiration; it may be in surmounting some difficulties, having little reference to beauties, or in learning to see—in acquiring, not in using and enjoying taste. It is well to have leisure to admire more fully after the sketch be made, and then to lie with half-closed eye, and bid your fancy go on her search into every nook and cranny for thoughts, and for things invisible but to the mind's eye, which ventures thus to peep through the visual organ, and retreat again to the laboratory of its creation—the brain; then opening again your refreshed eyes to the scene, it will, as it were, rush upon your sight, eager to be admired, arrayed in the conceptions of poetry. I love to loiter where I have sketched, so let us not seek Waters Meet to-day. We have passed, not far from hence, a sheltering rock in front of the stream, facing the woods, and with a peep of the blue and golden hills through the foliage, as it follows the river's course, which we did not stay to admire as we should. There are moss-cushioned low seats, and tables of the same manufacture; let us walk some way down the stream, and we shall ere long find the rest of our party in the path above, and they shall join us here, and the scene will be still more delightful.

Nothing could be more agreeable than *Pictor's* proposal. We accordingly slowly retraced our way by the margin of the stream, and through the wood, that threw out overarching branches above our heads. There was no positive path, nor could we venture to walk with any fixed observation of the scene; the ground was throughout interrupted with moss-covered stones of various sizes, over and by which we had to make footing as we could. Now, to a Sketcher, there is no disadvantage in these obstacles; for there is some little relief, (and that is a bad term, for there is no weariness,)—there is, as it were, a dropping of the curtain, and the drawing it up again; and every time we do stop, and look up or before us, we have presented to

us the more new and distinct picture, which is thus unmingled with vivid impressions of scenes immediately preceding. We soon reached the rock, the boundary of more entangled ground that we had before passed; from which point to the wood I have been describing, the landscape looking down the river for a small space is in sunshine; and we see above us, on the left, the high hill, with its rocky points and wooded recesses, over whose tops the light flowed, gleaming and touching the ground, here and there settled on the leafage (made by it very distant) of the trees that hung over the river. The tints over the hill, becoming more aerial towards the summit, were very striking; and the little secluded and almost inaccessible nooks amid the rocks high up, deep in shade and sylvan retirement, took magic from uncertainty, and gave a longing and a scope to fancy. Near this rock the river has a small descent; the ledges of rock cross the water irregularly, so that there are several inner gullies, through which the stream, with various force and rapidity, glides or hastens. There are many studies here, and the small stemmed and light and waving trees and shrubs, some with large, round, distinctly pencilled up-shooting, and others with taper and pendant leaves, held communication with the waters, as if they were moving, smiling, living witnesses of their play and beauty, and listeners to their music. Having fixed upon our station, we returned, and, descending by a sudden dip in the ledge which I have spoken of, soon reached again the deep shade. Through this we passed, loitering. The wood is of no extent, and we soon came upon more open ground, not, however, without the richness and occasional shelter of trees. As here we had a command of the path; we remained, and I was busy with my portfolio and pencils, studying some exquisite passages in the stream, paying little attention to the accompaniments. This practice I would strongly recommend to young sketchers—to study a few bushes *only*, or some broken ground, or, as I did, water only. The eye and hand will be thus greatly improved. Here I had the benefit of the presence of my friend *Pictor*, and he of absence;

for, addressing him as he was leaning over the stream, not far from me, I received no answer, and soon found that he was indulging fancy—I doubted not that he was sketching from nature in rhyme. Seeing him at length move, I conjectured rightly that his reverie was over, and embodied in substance poetical. As our party could not reach the rock for some time, Pictor proposed, before our return, to proceed somewhat further down the course of the stream. We did so. It would be tedious were I to describe all the *pictures* that attracted us;—we were satisfied that much was laid up in store for many days, and rather admired than sketched. The wood was now, for the most part, on the opposite side of the river, and the trees were larger; the edges of the little falls, and windings round the obstructing stone fragments in the shallow parts, marked with white and grey streaks, as the stream pursued its way towards Lynmouth, and the sea, set off by the dark masses of the wood that here threw out dark, and there lighter branches, more strongly to show the deep greens and the sombre trunks of old trees dimly seen amid the foliage, not unfrequently in reflection, while from the larger and nearer bodies rose upper branches, breaking into the sky, thick and matted with ivy, while into all this mass of foliage, young and tender ash and alder shot forth their light and graceful leafage, as they grew from the fissures of a neck of rock, at the base of whose broken and steep sides the transparent many-coloured stream was gliding and gently descending, and flowing away with a visible course into the dark shade under the foliage from whose deepest recesses a returning eddy brought back in line, and of different sizes, balls of froth, that without onward passage moved round and round, the larger as they circled increasing in their outer wall, hollow within, the sport and mystery of the stream, of which the motionless extended branches seemed observant, the gleams of the rich brown ground behind the trees, partially and faintly seen, the high hill on the left with its peculiarities before described, and in its turning forming a back ground of ultramarine tints

over the foliage in front—all these together, and seen in variety of positions, offered innumerable and excellent studies.

But this part of the river should not be seen at mid-day—and were the scenes below accessible, not very far hence, to the point that was so much the subject of the last number, I make no doubt that there would be a very great variety, (for I have with great difficulty, made discoveries to warrant the observation,) and probably there is not a river in the kingdom which would afford in so short a course so many beauties.

We had little time to spare, but I could not resist making one coloured study. This was the scene. The bed of the river here is one mass of rock, which in the centre being elevated, forms a grotesque island, speaking in relative proportion, a dorsum immane, of an uneven surface, furrowed. It resembles the back of some monstrous antediluvian tortoise, or unknown prodigy, that had seen chaotic slime, and after having for ages been imbedded, is now washed, and left dry and bare in the midst of the river. At its termination nearest the eye, the water fell a few feet, blending its transparent colours with the foam, and went away with a roaring as if it were the voice of the creature, and as if life were under the stony crust. Fancy might have engendered in you a fear to trust yourself to the monster's back. Nor can we wonder that the poet should take a whale's back for an island, under the *quid libet audendi* privilege. I was seated near the fall, and looking up the stream, under the boughs in the distance (if that term may be applied to a scene somewhat close) was seen the sparkling foam of another small fall, beyond which the river was hidden, where the wood commences, of which I treated above, and which winds round to the right. Nearer to this point, on the opposite bank, a tall and graceful ash grows amid fragments of rock, whose top, from the point where I sketched the scene, was light and feathery, over the more thick foliage of the trees that bent downward to the stream. On my left was high wood, rising directly from the water, but little

was seen of the upper trees, as the lower were so near the eye. Their boles were dark, yet in parts lighter than the ground behind them, which was in deep shade, and the branches that were thrown out from them, seemed eagerly to touch the liquid mirror, in which they were reflected. I say liquid mirror, for if a mirror could have motion, and life, and the varying complexion of life, as this had, the term would be appropriate. On my right, an oak grew fantastically over the stony bank, almost horizontally, and was intermingled with the boughs of the opposite trees; above those more distant, the terminating ridge of the hill was seen, and the path that turns suddenly to the right, towards Waters Meet, was just distinguishable as a small red line. The opposite range of hills, taking the direction of Waters Meet, was the enclosing barrier of the scene, whose top was in broad yellow light, against the grey, yet warm sky, of which only so much was seen, as might serve to set off the warmer hues. I did not now hope to make a satisfactory sketch, but I could not resist the temptation of dashing away with my colours. It is sometimes difficult to analyze a sense of pleasure. What was the charm of the picture? what the poetry? for though of many beauties, the scene was *one* in character. It was of a fabulous river throwing off and around it the spell of dreams, confounding dates, dissolving time, blending vague thoughts into poetic vision; as of a river, whose every drop might be charmed, flowing fresh from the near source and fountain-head of enchantment, amid the golden hills, whose taste and sprinkling might transform or restore the human image; and the delusion would take its tone, for good or ill, from the cast of sunshine, or gloom, that might pass across it. While at work, suddenly looking up, at no great distance above the trees, huge wings extended, that again were raised upward, flapped awhile, and the object dropped amongst the foliage. I was at first startled, for the boughs hid the body, nor did I for a moment discover what it was. There might have been the fell Enchanter, and the presence of the Hippogriff might

have been conjectured from the wings, as "*ex pede Herculem.*" I was not, however, long allowed such wild scope, for Pictor, lying not far from me, was roused by the vision thus descending, one knew not whence. He stood up for the scrutiny, and soon asked if I had noticed the beautiful heron that had come to visit us. I was curious to know what Pictor would consider the character of the scene, and asked him therefore what figures would suit my sketch. He paused a few moments. "Should they be human?" said he. "I doubt. What think you of a hunter and his dogs in the act of transformation to stone, as they touched the stream, nearly over which, and at the other side, shall be a deer that has escaped—a gentle creature, whom the bending leaves would seem to worship? Or what think you of its being a scene for one of the two fountains of Love and Hatred—

—'due fontane

Che di diverso effetto hanno liquore

Ambe in Ardenna, e non sono lontane.'

I was satisfied that we did not think very differently, and went on busily sketching, while Pictor, inspired by the Poet of Ferrara, sang with power, and with tenderness, airs of "choice Italian;" and away went the river, taking up the music, cadence after cadence, now loitering in listening quietness, and now hurrying away again wildly, and twisting and twirling in dream-like change the floating strains, till the spirit of dream came over me too, and then the syrens by the sea-shore caught the music. I saw in vision the moon rise, and their white forms dimly seen in their shadowy cave, and they sang to the steamers and other vessels in mid-channel, that instantly dropped their moonlit sails, and were not seen, till with the coming tide their hulls neared the little pier of Lynmouth, dark as listening porpoises upon the shining waters. What height of absurdity the dreamy influence might have reached, it is hard to say. I had already descried a painted barge, with a virgin band in pure white, standing at the prow, as in Rogers's last Illustrations, and should have handed them every one on shore,

had not Pictor destroyed the illusion, and reminded me that it was time to seek our party.

We were very soon on our return, joined our party at the rock, and soon commenced our enjoyment of

the rest of the day in music and social converse—for the latter, the spot being most favourable. The guitar was, as usual, in frequent use, and Pictor sang his song of the Bower.

THE BOWER.

O, the spot where I met my own true love
Is the sweetest spot on earth;
It is not where the wild herds rove,
Nor the scene of idle mirth.

O, 'tis a shady, quiet, spot,
Where not a sound is heard,
Save the silvery voice of the busy brook,
And the song of the gentle bird.

O sweet is the green, above and around
O sweet is the leaf and flower;
But sweeter is she, that a spell has wound,
To make it a fairy-bower.

The flaring sun-beams pierce it not,
Yet it beams with verdant light,
As if angel's feet had touch'd the spot,
And had left it ever bright.

During our pastime, we were much struck with a splendid display of a very common object, if we can call that a common object, which, of its kind, is remarkable for beauty. In the midst of shade, near where we sate, a gleam had broken through the trees above, of a golden brightness, illuminating a circle, to which the green bank around was a rich frame. In the very midst arose a stately thistle from among some large dock leaves; the top expanded most gracefully—nothing was present to interfere with the queen-like wonder—innumerable were the little dotted leaves about it (but without a flower,) and these so small as to attract no notice, and served only to give texture to the bright background—for the whole circle was illumina-

ted—and that alone. It struck us all as a phenomenon, and it was as if some spirit had assumed a sudden metamorphosis into the floral kingdom, and its glory had not departed from the spot in which the change had been willed and effected. What was very striking was the colour, for though it seemed to be set in this green gold, itself retained its cooler green, and yet was not conspicuous in the contrast.

"All around us," quoth Pictor, "is Poetry. Its very spirit pervades Nature and Art.—It lurks in this little instrument" (taking the guitar) "as in grave and cavern; even this poor thing may speak oracularly—and deserves our praise. So here is my song to it:—

THE LYRE.

'Mid flickering sun and shade,
A lyre was idly laid,
Where the air with the waters play'd,
But not for their sake would the Spirit awake
That therein his bed had made.

' Youth, in the morning ray,
Glistening came that way,
And gaily bad " Good day,"
And staid not to fling across the string
His fingers, but walk'd away.

' Pleasure, with careless eye,
And with a jocund cry,
Came tripping, and pass'd it by.
But the Spirit was stirr'd, nor by voice nor word,
And the low wind did but sigh.

' Then camè stately Pride,
Up with a lordly stride—
Took the lyre, but look'd aside—
Struck full and fast—and away he pass'd—
And the spiritless discord died.

' Then mad Ambition came,
And swore all sound was tame—
But the 'streperous trump of Fame ;
And turn'd from the string as a worthless thing,
That might his honour shame.

' Now, in the quiet eve,
Love came there to grieve,
That Hope should e'er deceive :
And the Spirit awoke at his gentle stroke,
And cried—" Believe, believe."

' Then sweetest notes upflew,
All things greener grew,
As under Heaven's own dew—
And the waters along they flow'd with song,
And music around them threw.

' Stretch'd on holy ground,
By loved sepulchral mound—
Friendship heard the sound ;
And rose in the light of the starry night,
And a sweeter solace found.

' Love, from his grassy seat,
Awed, her rose to greet,
And checking his hand discreet,
More softly play'd—and his lyre he laid,
Down at her silvery feet.

' Since then the Spirit that slept
Within, hath wakeful kept ;
Soothing the hearts that wept—
As Friendship and Love, like spirits above,
Have hallow'd the chords they swept.' "

It was late ere we returned home ; it was a glorious evening, and we enjoyed it to the last moment.

LE PÈRE GORIOT.

A TRUE PARISIAN TALE OF THE YEAR 1830.

IN the Rue Neuve St Genevieve is situated the house of Madame Vauquer. Over its *port cochere* the passer-by may see written, in large letters, "MAISON VAUQUER," and immediately underneath, "*pension bourgeoise pour les deux sexes et autres.*" The street falls just at this place into the Rue des Bourguignons, but by a descent so sudden and rapid that carriages rarely pass that way. This circumstance adds to the silence which reigns perpetually over the narrow and close-crowded streets or lanes, which choke up both space and air between the dome of the Val de Grace, and the dome of the Pantheon. These two monuments, from the ghostlike population which surround but frequent them not, seem to possess a melancholy gravity more than properly belongs to them; and the jaundiced tints which are reflected upon the atmosphere from their cupolas, agree well with the condition of the inhabitants, who look sick of life; yet withal respiring it anxiously in one of the most dingy corners of the earth. This region, though in the neighbourhood of thronged and busy quarters, appears by some invisible line to be marked and separated from them. One no sooner enters it, than one feels one's self away, far away, out of the bustle of a great city, and plunged at once into a profound, solemn, sombre retreat. The streets, from the absence of all concourse and business, are invariably dry, if not clean; grass grows along the mildewed walls; the passengers look sad; the gayest man, on traversing this tristful spot, feels his spirit overclouded; the sound of a carriage wheel is almost an event; the houses, like their occupants, seem oppressed with the weight of time and care, and impervious to any ray of sunshine, which, indeed, when it does get admittance, looks like the smile of a sick man, softening sadness, but inspiring no joy; the shops exhibit the mere necessities of animal life,—no stir, no bustle, no enterprize; hardly activity enough to procure the mere means

of subsistence. Yet actual want appears not to be felt. This would give a picturesqueness to the scene, and be an absolute relief from the contemplation of the still, inanimate, unchecked existence, which the inhabitants of this dim nook crawl through, like flies through a chilly, misty winter. Such is the fitting scene of the tale which we are about to relate; or, to speak more correctly and modestly, of the sombre and touching incident we are about to record.

We will not here describe the *pension* of Madame Vauquer; it would merit a chapter apart. It was one of those decayed, decrepid establishments which are only to be found in Paris, and are there numerous; a sort of hospital for broken-down fortunes, where the worsted veterans of the world retire to hide, and if possible to forget, their defeats; voluntarily to entomb hope, and to subsist upon such damaged shows of well-being as economy can wrest from resigned poverty; a squalid, sickening spectacle, where are to be seen faded follies and superannuated vices—merely fetid lees and dregs, but retaining their impure vitality to the last, and that by sheer dint of a *philosophy* which deems such living exhibitions of decay highly edifying. Occasionally, however, a stray student, too poor to procure elsewhere a decent shelter, may be found in these vaults of the living.

It is necessary to say a word or two of the mistress of the establishment to which we at present allude. She was, at the time referred to, a woman of about fifty years of age, and bore a faint resemblance to that numerous class of ancient dames who have *seen better days*. Her glassy eye and physiognomy, neutral betwixt innocence and guilt, spoke her plainly to belong to the debateable ground between them,—ready to do any thing to better her condition—to betray a Georges or a Pichegrew, if a Georges or a Pichegrew there were to be betrayed. Never-

theless, she was a good sort of woman at bottom, said her lodgers, with whom she coughed, complained, scolded, grunted, talked scandal, and was consoled thereby, in concert, and so had all their sympathies. Her husband, she said, had lost all his fortune in commercial speculations—he had used her very ill—he had left her only eyes to weep, and her house to support her—she had suffered all that human nature could suffer, and so was exempted from the duty of feeling for any misfortunes but her own.

At the period at which this little story commences, (1820,) this dame had several domesticated lodgers, whereof it is needful here to make mention only of two. The first was a student. In this class of customers Madame Vauquer had little pleasure. They paid usually but seventy francs per month for their board and lodging, and ate, she thought, too much bread; in both of which particulars Eugene Rastignac had incurred her severe displeasure. He was a young man from the environs of Angoulême, and had come to Paris to study the law. His family was noble, but so poor that they submitted to many privations in order to allow him 1200 francs yearly, which was necessary for his maintenance in Paris. Eugene was in person decidedly handsome. His countenance spoke of the southern provinces; his complexion was clear, his hair black, his eyes blue. His manners and deportment did not belie his noble extraction; and, amidst all the depressions of poverty, there was an aristocratic ambition and elevation in his views and pretensions. If, on ordinary days, his vestments were somewhat worn, and negligently put on, he could sometimes display the toilet of an elegant young man. Habitually he wore an old surtout, a waistcoat which had seen service, a tarnished black cravat, tied, or rather knotted, after the fashion of students, pantaloons somewhat bare, and boots which had been resoled or fronted, as the case might be.

But the principal personage of this little history is the *Père Goriot*. He had been a lodger with Madame Vauquer since 1814, having then first retired from business. He

had paid sixteen hundred francs a-year for his entertainment, and seemed to think a few coins more or less a trifle beneath his consideration. At this period he was called, respectfully, Monsieur Goriot. His well-furnished wardrobe, the massive pieces of plate, and abundance of trinkets he possessed, inspired universal respect and homage. His appearance, though his manners were always most humble, denoted a man in easy, and even affluent circumstances. He wore habitually a blue coat of fine cloth; a clean white waistcoat, changed daily, protected amply the upper region of his rotund and prominent stomach, over which dangled a heavy chain of gold, to which were suspended rings and seals of great value; a diamond pin served him for a shirt button, and the golden snuff-boxes, some of which were inlaid with precious stones, captivated the benevolence and esteem of all who had the privilege of taking a pinch therefrom.

But times changed with Monsieur Goriot. His precious superfluities gradually disappeared. Towards the end of the second year he begged to be lodged on the second floor, and to have his rent reduced to twelve hundred francs. So strict an economy had become necessary, that he would have no fire in his room during the winter. The Widow Vauquer asked to be paid in advance, which was done, and from this time she called her lodger *le Père Goriot*. The rich merchant had now become, in the opinion of his fellow lodgers, little better than a rogue, a swindler, a man of mysterious means. No one knew who or what he was. His taking up his abode in such a house with his former wealth was unaccountable; his sudden poverty equally so. In fact, the very worst suspicions and conjectures were entertained of him, and his silence, his humility, the patience with which he bore all taunts and insults, invited to their repetition, and made him an object of real aversion to the whole house. But this aversion went not so far as to cause his banishment; he paid his rent, and besides, was useful as an object on whom every one might expectorate his ill humour, or sharpen his wit.

But the opinion of this unhappy old man, which appeared the most probable, and was generally adopted, was one suggested by Madame Vauquer, who had her own private motives for whetting the ill will of others against him; viz., that whilst she believed him wealthy, she had set her widow's cap at him, and met with a prompt and decided repulse. According to her, the *Père Goriot* was an old libertine of the most depraved tastes; and it was on the following facts that the widow grounded her suspicions.

A few months previous to his reduction of his expenditure, and before she had risen from her bed, the widow had heard one morning upon the stairs the rustling of a silk robe, and the light step of a young female, who went straight to the door of Monsieur Goriot, which was left; it appeared, purposely open. Immediately afterwards, the house wench, Salope, came to tell her mistress that a girl, too pretty to be modest, had slipped like an eel from the street into the kitchen, and asked for the apartment of Monsieur Goriot. Madame Vauquer and her cook-maid thereupon set themselves immediately to listen, and overheard some words tenderly pronounced during the visit, which lasted some time. When Monsieur Goriot conducted *his lady* (as they called her) to the door, Salope took her basket, feigning a mission to market, that she might follow the amorous couple.

"Oh, Madame," said she, on her return, "old Goriot must be finely rich for all that, to carry it on so, for at the corner of the street there was a splendid equipage which the lady got into."

At dinner the house dame was determined, if possible, to get into the secret.

"You are beloved, it seems, by the ladies," said she, "Monsieur Goriot; and, parbleau! it must be confessed that your taste is good, for your fair visitant of this morning was beautiful as an angel."

"It was my daughter," replied the old man, his countenance lit up with an expression of pride; but the lodgers, like lodgers in a Parisian boarding-house, were too vicious to give credence to his words.

A short time after, Monsieur Go-

riot received another visit from another beautiful female, of much too distinguished an air, concluded and firmly believed the lodgers, to be his daughter. These two ladies, coming sometimes of an evening and sometimes in a morning, being always differently dressed, and but indistinctly seen, were converted by the malicious gossip, and corrupted imaginations of the boarders, into dozens of females.

"What, another!" cried Salope, every time she opened the door to these visitants, and the words were echoed through the house. Now, although the widow saw nothing extraordinary in Monsieur Goriot's conduct whilst he paid sixteen hundred francs for his maintenance, her virtue took instantly the alarm when he paid but twelve hundred, and she questioned him insolently upon the visits he received.

"They are only from my daughters," replied the old man.

"What! have you then a dozen daughters," retorted the widow, tauntingly.

"I have only two," returned the lodger, with the humility of a ruined man, submitting quietly, with a broken spirit, to all spurns and indignities.

"Daughters indeed!" was the rejoinder.

Towards the end of the third year the *Père Goriot* again reduced his expenses, and ascended to the third story; paying only seventy francs a-month for his entertainment. At the same time he discontinued to take snuff, and went with his hair unpowdered. His countenance, which secret sorrow seemed to sadden more and more every day, took a desolate and disconsolate cast; he became thin; his old clothes hung loosely about him; his forehead became doubly wrinkled; his features angular and fleshless; his eyes dull and sunken. To some he inspired horror, to others pity.

One evening after dinner, Madame Vauquer, addressing him in a mocking tone, said, "How is it, *Père Goriot*, that your daughters come no more to see you?"

The old man started at the question, as if he had been burnt with an hot iron, and replied, in an accent full of emotion, "They come

sometimes;" upon which brutal laughs and jests circulated round the board; but the old man heard them not; he seemed to be sunk in an incurable senile sorrow and discouragement, and heeded nought. The lodgers, however, it must be confessed, did not know the extent of their cruelty. The reasoning of their hostess had prevailed with them.

"If," said she, "the *Père Goriot* had daughters as rich as these ladies appear to be who came to see him, he would not be in my house on a third floor, paying seventy francs a-month, and clothed little better than a beggar." Yet in spite of this excuse, one must have lived in a French boarding-house, and have become, by frequent intercourse, acquainted with the indecency and corruption of the French mind, to understand how such premises, as we have hinted at, could possibly exist. What is related here nevertheless is *all true*.

We must now return to Eugene de Rastignac. Being of noble parentage, (a circumstance considered at that period,) he was admitted into the highest society of Paris. His cousin, the Marchioness de Beauseant, had taken him under her protection, and introduced him advantageously into the *beau monde*. One evening, at a brilliant *soirée* at her hotel, he had met the beautiful Countess Anastasia de Bostaud, and his imagination had been perfectly captivated and subdued by her beauty and wit. Having returned home to his little miserable chamber, in vain did he attempt to devote the night to study. His head was too exalted by the splendid scene he had just left, and his blood too agitated to be capable of dull, sober application. A vapour of bright colours spread like a veil before his sight, and out of it emerged distinctly the form of the lovely countess, which continued so to haunt and enchant his senses, that feeling himself incapable of any thing but a reverie of sweet emotions, he was resigning himself complacently to the delicious influence, when a sigh or a groan, it might be called either, struck his ear. It came from the next room, where the *Père Goriot* lodged. A stream of light under his door showed that he was yet up. The student advanced towards the door,

and through a yawning crevice saw the old man engaged in a singular occupation. His table was turned upside down on the floor, and on the wooden bar which united the two legs, the old man was, with the help of a thick rope, nearly as thick as a cable, crushing a beautiful massive piece of plate into a bar, as it seemed, to have it converted into ingots.— "The first gift of my poor wife," murmured he, when he had accomplished his task. "I would rather dig the earth the rest of my days than part with it; but it must be done; the bill must be taken up to-morrow." Then regarding his work with unutterable sadness, and with tears in his eyes, he blew out his candle, and the student heard him get heavily into bed. In a few moments more he heard a loud aspiration, followed by these words, "My poor child, my poor dear child!" and the student heard no more.

The next morning Eugene de Rastignac hastened to pay his devoirs to the beautiful Countess Anastasia. Arrived at her hotel, on passing through the antichamber to the saloon, he heard the sound of the Countess's voice, that of the *Père Goriot*, and a kiss. Immediately afterwards the *Père Goriot* passed him.

"I am delighted to have seen my old acquaintance here," said Eugene to the Countess, as he entered the saloon, followed by her husband, Monsieur de Rastand.

"How!" exclaimed the Countess, quickly.

"Why, I have just met my fellow-lodger, *le Père Goriot*, passing through your antichamber."

At the sound of the disrespectful monosyllable *père*, the Count, who was making up the fire, threw the tongs from him as if he had been burnt, and replied, "You might, sir, have said Monsieur Goriot."

The Countess blushed deeply, but seeing the displeasure of her husband, only added, in a low embarrassed tone of voice, "It is impossible to know any one who is dearer to us."

The poor student now perceived that he had committed some great blunder. The conversation became cold and constrained, and so unpleasant and awkward did he feel his position, that he was glad to cut his

visit short. The Count attended him to the door with a profusion of bows; but before he was perfectly out of hearing, turned and said to the porter, "If that gentleman should ever present himself here again, neither the Countess nor I can be at home to him."

Eugene, curious to have the mystery which seemed to connect such a poor contemptible old man as the *Père Goriot* with the brilliant Countess Anastasia explained, hastened to his cousin, the Marchioness de Beauseant, in the hope that she might be able to read him this riddle. He found her at home, and at once entered on the subject.

"I have," said he, "in some way greatly offended the Rastands by mentioning the name of a Monsieur Goriot, whom we call familiarly *Père Goriot*."

"Why, what a child you must be," cried the Marchioness; "do you not know that the Countess was a Miss Goriot?"

"What! *Père Goriot* the father of the Countess!" exclaimed the student, in an accent of surprise and horror.

"Yes, yes, her father," rejoined the Marchioness, "and a very good father too. The good man has two daughters, on whom he dotes. He gave to each of them a marriage portion of six hundred thousand francs, married the eldest, Delphine, to a rich German banker, the Baron de Nucingen, and the youngest, Anastasia, to the Count de Rastand, and they have both rewarded him by almost denying him. Of his large fortune he reserved to himself only a revenue of from eight to ten thousand francs, and I am told that even this has been diminished by farther sacrifices he has made to pay some debts of Delphine's, which she wished to keep concealed from her husband. The good man thought, by giving up all to establish his daughters so magnificently, he should secure to his old age two homes in which he would be adored; but in less than two years he was banished from the houses of his sons-in-law."

Eugene thought of the scene he had witnessed in the old man's room the night before, and the tears came into his eyes. The marchioness seeing him interested, continued. "I

recollect," said she, "perfectly well the history of this Goriot. He was president of his section during the Revolution. He was wise enough to anticipate the great scarcity, or famine it might be called, and commenced his fortune at that time, by selling corn at ten times the price which it cost him. The Committee of Public Safety divided with him no doubt his gains. He began life as a simple apprentice to a grocer. Being active, diligent, and enterprising, he bought in a short time his master's business, and laid the foundation of his wealth by selling *pâtes d'Italie*, which were to be found at the grocer's, and were selling at a high price and in all quietness, whilst the people were committing murder for bread at the doors of all the bakers' shops. Having so acquired a capital, he was able to speculate largely, and nothing, it is said, could surpass his intelligence in his particular branch of commerce. He exported, imported from Sicily and the Ukraine; had large magazines, and distributed from them through all the provinces of France. All the details of his extensive business were superintended with a precision and intelligence which might lead one to believe the man capable of higher things. Every emergency was foreseen and provided for. Activity, enterprise, caution, boldness, and success, marked all his commercial speculations, and in the corn market he was the undisputed monarch to whom all bowed. But taken out of his specialty he became the most ordinary of ordinary men, absolutely stupid, incapable of understanding an argument, or of enjoying any of the pleasures of the intellect. The traffic of corn absorbed all his intelligence, and all his affections were equally absorbed by his wife and his daughters. There are men capable only of a single sentiment, but that is sublime from its profound singleness and purity. Such is Goriot. He loved his wife with a love passing what romance can imagine; the love of a powerful, pure, untaught mind, which has but one only object. His wife died, and he became a real widower. His affections centered themselves in his daughters. He idolized them. He gave them the education of princesses, with a for-

tune equivalent, and nature had given them great personal beauty. He married them, as I have told you, not from ambitious views, but because they loved their husbands and their husbands loved them. This is the only motive the simple good man could understand. The poor man thought then that he should pass the remainder of his days in their society, in the only happiness that his heart was capable of conceiving; that of beholding their felicity. And so it happened for a short time. Under the empire his sons-in-law could tolerate him. But when the Bourbons were restored, he became an eye sore to the banker, and still more so to Rastand. His daughters still loved him, and do so perhaps yet; nevertheless, they were a little ashamed of his plebeian manners, and got into the habit of only asking him to their houses when they had no one with them. Their father saw this, and perhaps half voluntarily, half in consequence of the hints he received, banished himself from their presence. They saw each other, however, sometimes, but their almost clandestine visits are becom-

ing less and less frequent. The daughters are immersed in pleasure and luxury, whilst the father is pining, *alone* and almost forgotten, in an obscure vile corner, with only one sentiment—one nerve in his heart,—*love of them*, which will kill him." Eugene de Rastignac walked home profoundly touched by the melancholy tale he had heard. His fellow lodgers observing his serious air, rallied him with the supposition that he had met with frowns from his mistress. "Not so," replied he, "but I have shut against myself the doors of the Countess de Rastand, by telling her that her father dines at our table." The *Père Goriot* cast down his eyes, and turned aside to wipe them. "You have thrown some snuff into my eye," said he to his neighbour.

The other lodgers looked at each other with astonishment; the *dénouement* was now complete, and it is to be hoped that it procured for the unhappy father ever afterwards, in his melancholy retreat, that respect and reverence which he so amply merited.

SONNET ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY LADY EMMELINE STEUART WORTLEY.

HONOUR to those who toweringly aspire,
 Who wreak their energies on loftiest aim—
 Who seek to build a proud and deathless name,
 Nor know in steep Adventure's paths to tire—
 August their end, and pure their high desire.
 Honour'd be all who urge so bright a claim,
 Whose spirits soar so gallantly for Fame—
 Whose bosoms glow with such a sacred fire!
 But honour most to *him*, who *now* at the height
 And summit of all proudest minds pursue—
 Still nobly doth his past achievements slight,
 While aught of excellent remains to do—
 Him—to whom Fame—whose flight mocks th' eagle's flight—
 Can bring no triumphs fresh—no honours new!

THE LAND OF THE CHOUAN.

September, 1833.—STARTED from Meurice's, and at four, on one of the loveliest mornings of this loveliest season of the year. An old curiosity had beset me to visit the Vendée; but two nights before, I had concluded the pages of the *Rochepaqueleir Memoirs*, the finest monument to national character since the days of Clovis, and worth all the chivalry of the Duguesclins, the Bayards, and the Henris besides. I had inspired something of my own feeling on the subject into an old English friend of mine, a veritable *Jean Bull*, cynical to the midriff, and by no means inclined to flatter any thing or any body, either in or out of France. My next convert was a young Spanish *attaché*, in the suite of the embassy, giddy, good-humoured, and thoughtless as one of his own mountain goats, but enthusiastic in his admiration of romance, wherever it was to be found. He was delighted with my proposal to spend a few weeks in traversing the departments of the west, the last land of romance in Europe; in other words, the only land where soldiers fight without pay, nobles run the chance of being shot for conscience sake, and the name of a banished king goes for something.

Saw Paris under new circumstances; perfectly silent—not a tongue stirring in the most talking city on earth. The look of the streets equally new. The multitude makes all the difference between Paris *la belle*, and Paris *la laide*. The caps and bonnets, the eternal chatter, the whirl of the equipages, the Messieurs and Mesdames *Calicots*, the general restless rush of the multitude, the kissing and quarrelling,—all are as essential to the true view of Paris as actors are to the life of the stage. Paris without bustle is Paris no longer. As it now stood, in the early light, soundless and sightless, it showed nothing but what might pass for the ruins of Babel; another Tadmor in the desert—rows of wild walls, grey, grim, and desolate. Ossian might have strung his harp over them to his old song,

"The fox looked out of the window, and the thistle waved upon the battlements." The Spaniard compared it to a candle-light beauty, who judiciously trusts her wrinkles, rouge, and ringlets to the dawn. The Englishman more roughly called it Newgate without its bars.

As we passed along the place in front of the Garde Meuble, the Englishman enquired of a passing gendarme by what name it *now* went. The gendarme did not seem to comprehend the joke of this spot of many names—Louis Quinze, De la Concorde, De la Révolution, &c.; but seeing a smile on our lips, he was disposed to grow sulky, and clapped his hand on his hilt. A farther conference might have cost us some trouble. I gave a nod to the postilions, and we darted on. The little *Pont de Jena*, loaded with French heroes, giants in marble, heavy enough to sink the little bridge, and with lace and plumes enough to carry it away on the first gale, infinitely delighted the young Spaniard. It reminded him of a ship without ballast—Madame Pompadour, all hoop and ruffles—a rehearsal of the ballet, and fifty other things.

Driving through the *Champs Elysées*, we had nearly put an end to the existence of a jovial party, who having probably spent the night in one of the *guinguettes* of the suburbs, had come so far on their way home. The rising sun, however, had overpowered them, and there they lay, *danseur et danseuse*, stretched in various positions on the roadside, with bright Phœbus roasting their brown faces. Teniers or Jan Stein would have made a capital picture of them; but perhaps Hogarth would have been the man.

Stopped at the *Barrière d'Etoile*—all fast asleep there too—a solitary musket leaning against the gate, doing duty for its owner. However, the noise of the horses' feet brought out a policeman. We handed him our passports; he rubbed his eyes, and inspected them—not much to the security of *la belle France*, nor the honour of her literature, as I

should conceive, for he took the bottom for the top : reading had evidently been neglected in his education. A couple of francs procured for us a most polite bow and a *bon voyage*.

As we stopped for the moment, we glanced back from the height on Paris, which was just then beginning to glitter in the sunbeams. The sight was showy *à la distance*—domes, pillars, roofs, and turrets spreading away, like the waves of an ocean of brick and stone, with the cupolas of the Invalides and the Genevieve, like two thrones of gold and ivory, or two first-rates anchored in the noble expanse, or like any other thing stately enough to stand the comparison. But *à la distance* they must be seen, the qualification of every thing in France. I knew by miry experience the circle which surrounded those showy structures. Of all cities in existence, Paris most requires the groups of shoeblacks that take their stand in her thoroughfares. There should be a movable column of them, with an attendant waggon-train for the convoy of brushes and liquid blacking.

Versailles.—As I and every body else, I suppose, in Europe, except my English friend, had seen Versailles, I put him under the charge of a cicerone of the hotel where we stopped to breakfast, and left him to enjoy the lions by himself. He came back full of wrath ; first at the nothingness, as he termed it, of what he had seen, and next at being encumbered with “the French fellow,” who forced him to see every thing. “So this,” said he, “is the boast of France, the envy of Europe, the ninth wonder of the world—an empty barrack, a colossus of plaster of Paris and gilt gingerbread, with a garden of hedges and horse-ponds.” —“But the triumphs of art, the pictures and statues,” said I, attempting to make battle against this formidable attack on the tender point of the nation.—“Pictures and statues!” he exclaimed, “I saw nothing but Louis XIV.’s wig, and it was every where, in the clouds, on the earth, and in the waters below it. The only statues were some dozens of frightful gods and goddesses, black as negroes, up to their middles in duckweed, and blowing away like so

many grampuses.” This was not exactly the style of panegyric; and half-a-dozen of the military, lounging over their coffee, began to listen with all their ears. Three-fourths of the harangue must have been wholly unintelligible to them ; for no Frenchman ever learns a foreign language if he can help it. Still, as the words France and Versailles recurred with no very respectful emphasis, their attention at this period might be inconvenient. With fifty thousand troops within a bow-shot of Paris, to ensure the love of France to Louis-Philippe, I was not prepared to take the field. I called for the bill, hurried the *déjeuné*, and felt not a little relieved when I pushed my open-mouthed countryman into the carriage, and found ourselves travelling along the causeway of Versailles.

Turned off to the right, and passed through a succession of nameless villages, which would have cheered the heart of a backwoodsman. Certainly nothing is more extraordinary to the English eye than how nine-tenths of the French contrive to hide themselves from the inclemencies of earth and air. They have a bitter winter, abundance of hail, rain, and snow. I have felt as chill in the streets of Paris as if I had been on a voyage of discovery to the Pole, and the inside of the house in Paris was not much better than the out. Yet, from the peer to the peasant, they live as if it were summer from January to December. The English, it is true, have made some changes in the towns. Carpets are not a phenomenon any longer ; curtains are fit for something more than to hang up in eternal Greek draperies ; doors sometimes shut, and windows occasionally keep out the rain and wind. But this extends no farther than the sphere of the English. Beyond this lies the circle of native contrivances ; which amount to leaving nature to do one part and chance the rest. It will be the same for a thousand years to come. Some of these villages had figured in the wars of the League. I observed this to my companions. “And I will wager what you please,” said the Englishman, “that not a brick has been added, nor a brush laid upon them, from that hour to this.”

The turrets of Fontainebleau began to appear, over sheets of wood touched by the autumnal hues. The country for the last half dozen miles, hill and dale, dotted with a few châteaux. The French *chateau*, however, meaning any thing but a castle; and in a hundred instances for one to the contrary being little more than a large farm-house, gloomy as a dungeon, stuck upon the centre of a huge field, naked of tree, shrub, or any other sign of the hand of man, or the bounty of nature.

Drove into the town in a style which our postilion called, *à l'Anglaise*, and which brought all the shrivelled population to the doors with its thunder. The streets, Paris in miniature, that is, dim, deep, winding, and old, with a stream of mire working its way through their centre, and a vapour of every kind of city abomination hanging thick in the air. It was the very region for the cholera, of which, however, I heard nothing.

Fontainebleau.—The palace is certainly fine, where fineness is to depend on immensity, decoration prodigal, if grotesque, and all kinds of architecture of every age of the monarchy thrown together. Still it is undoubtedly the noblest work, as a whole, in France. Versailles is modern and dry, heavy and bare, worthy of a king who chose his ministers by their extravagance, and his mistresses by their weight. The Tuileries never was, and never will be any thing better than a prodigious guard-house, dull and ponderous in all its details, huge without grandeur, and fantastic without elegance.

Dined at the hotel, with a view of the forest from the dinner table. The hot day and the rough journey admirable preparatives for all the enjoyments of cool air, cool wine, and an excellent dessert. After dinner, walked through the palace. A French party from the south were parading it at the same time; a *père* and *mère*, with half a dozen sons and daughters, and a cavalier or two, evidently *enamourés* of the young ladies, whom they persecuted with all the grimaces that constitute the tender passion in France. We gradually mingled in our route through the rooms, and I found them intelligent and amusing. No man should

judge of France from Paris. The Frenchman of the provinces, is as often laughed at in the streets of the capital, as the *Monsieur Calicot* is born to be laughed at every where. He is often a well-informed personage, grave, and even decorous, civil to strangers, without that intolerable officiousness which tells you, as plain as signs can tell, that it is showing you the infinite superiority of French manners.

The family were *Bausillonois*, and their language was tinged with Spanish. So much the better. Any thing but the nasal twang that tortures the ear, from Flanders to the world's end, wherever the *vrai Français* makes his appearance. The women were handsome, and with the Spanish shape and eye. The young *attaché* fell in love on the spot; fixed himself to the steps of the younger daughter, who seemed perfectly propitious; was rewarded by several fierce frowns and half muttered *sacres* from her cavalier attendant, and seemed laying the regular foundation for a quarrel, or a runaway match, or both.

The *Bausillonois* were especially delighted with the chamber of Henry IV., whom every Frenchman, and woman too, assumes as the *beau idéal* of the national character. Gallantry in the field, and gaiety in the court, being perfection; all the frailties going for nothing, or rather embellishing the character. If shades at all, shades that only threw out the lights of the picture. Talk of Joan of Arc, the *belle Gabriëlle* is the true heroine of France, whether in pantaloons or petticoat.

My Englishman, a barrister and bachelor of fifty-six, one of which may account for his ill opinion of human nature, and the other for his antipathy to the land of the Gaul, the land of the loves and graces, was more cynical than ever. "Here," said he, "is a people, whose three grand favourites have been three fellows whom, if they had appeared in England, we should have sent to rear kangaroos in Botany Bay. The first, whose only merit was cutting them up like sheep, wherever he had an opportunity, and starving them whenever he could not cut them up. The second," (we were standing before a fine picture of Francis I.) "that hook-

nosed knave who brought all Europe on the back of France by his rogueries, hanged the fathers and husbands, and run away with the wives and daughters. And the third"—the Spaniard had just now been caught by the violence of his tone, and turned to hear the *apothéose* of the third French demigod. A little to inflame his Biscayan blood, I whispered, "*Il n'y a point de Pyrénées.*" "Ah, demonio Señor don Louis," was his answer, with a slight addition, devoting him to the river Styx, for the insult. "The third," said the Englishman resuming, "there you see him to the life"—(a picture of the complacent old voluptuary was smiling in an enormous fullbottomed wig over the door of the hall)—"fit only to lead an army of hairdressers, or sit in a council of tailors; a cockcomb to the last hour of his days, the tool of his ministers, the toy of women, and the joke of Europe. Yet this son of a monk or a footman, for no man now believes that he had a drop of royal blood in his veins, was the *Grand Monarque*, the glory of France, the model of Frenchmen for a century; his tastes in love as preposterous as his blunders in politics; his Madame la Vallière, a tragedy queen made up of mock heroics, wrinkles, rouge, and rheumatism; and his Maintenon, an old rogue, who learned morals from the greenroom, religion from the monastery, and affecting the name of a wife with the realities of a mistress, taught him the missal in his dotage, and finished his character by the only vice he ever wanted, hypocrisy." The Spaniard had later feelings, and stopped him by an exclamation, not of the most tender kind, at the memory of Napoleon. But this stop was only like the check of a torrent. The philippic burst out with more furious fluency, concluding with—"Napoleon, an idol of France? no, sir, he was master of France, and he deserved to be. They had not sense enough to make him an idol. He was, I grant you, a swindler, a knave to the core, selfish, sanguinary, reckless, and headlong. He would have been hanged for a captain of banditti, if he had remained in Corsica, or strangled for a spy of France, or any other country that paid him best, if he had run his course

in Italy. But the fellow had points of greatness about him. He was not a bowing, scraping, sycophantic knave. He never attempted the additional insult of gilding the chain. He clasped it on heavy enough, and never softened the operation by a smile. I honour him for his sincerity. All the past lords of the land starved, scourged, dungeoned, and hanged, without mercy, yet every thing was done with a shrug, a smile, and a compliment. He had his dungeons, his cat-o'-nine-tails, and his *fusillades*, too, yet he never smoothed down the matter by a single civility. He paid France but one compliment, and that was to the national understanding, by disdaining to hoodwink the fact. They were slaves, and he told them that they were slaves. '*L'Etat c'est Roi,*' while all the Jacobins of France were shivering before his eye, was capital. The honesty of the declaration was greatness in itself. His other exposition of the whole principle and science of his government, was equally great. 'The throne, what is it, but four boards and a strip of velvet?' The energy of the expression was alone worthy of the plainness of the sentiment. It was insolence wrought to its finest edge; it was the essential extract of disdain; the sublime of scorn for every thing that bore the name of the rights, morals, or feelings of man. Despotism was never so exquisitely concentrated, nor so contemptuously applied. It was a dose of prussic acid flung down the throat of liberty. The words are the true motto of tyranny. They ought to be inscribed on his tomb."

Evening.—Drove into the forest; a regal chase, and worthy of another William of Normandy, or whoever was the true devastator of Hampshire. But Hants, with all its beauties, is nothing to the real grandeur of Douagery, the luxuriant desolateness, the true wilderness look, of the forest of Fontainebleau, and all that it contains. Even the cottagers on its border have the air of wild men of the wood or banditti, with their barbarian countenances, rude clothing, and hair tossed loose over their brown visages. Some of them as they passed us in the twilight, with their forest poles in hand, and their rough good-night, might have

figured in a picture of the days of Dumnorix, or Arminius. The mere vastness of the forest is a source of effect, between thirty and forty thousand acres devoted to the royal pleasures of the chase! Truly, as said Frederic, "It is a fine thing to be a king in France." We started several deer, which sprang across the glades from covert to covert, gazed at us for a moment, and then were gone like lightning. As it grew darker, we heard sounds in which we thought we could distinguish the short sharp grunt of the wild boar; and even the howl of the wolf, which has been occasionally found here. This forest was picturesque, 'tis true, but an adventure with the denizens of those "antres deep and thickets wild" might have its inconvenient consequences, and our postilions cast back many a look, fully expressive of their wish to be quietly housed at the hotel.

But every Frenchman feels by nature for the glory of the land, and on our way back, they begged permission to stop, "if it were only for a *demie-douzaine* of moments, to show Messieurs the scene of a fatal history which had occurred but a month before." We drew up accordingly in a defile where, in other days, an ambuscade might have been placed; but where, in our civilized times, nothing was to be expected more formidable than an exhibition of French sensibility. A sort of recess under a hillock, was pointed out to us as the scene of the transaction. "There," said the narrator of the romance, "there lay the bodies. All Fontainebleau came to see them, all our young girls came to scatter flowers upon them, and all our young men came"—"To drink and dance with all the young girls," was my rather hasty interruption. The postilion was evidently thrown out, and had to begin his story again, with no very favourable impression of English sympathy. The substance of the tale, however, was, that Alphonse Hyppolite something or other, who gave himself out for a son of Marshal Soult, had made his appearance in the department, and produced prodigious havoc in the hearts of the provincial belles. No one who had been seen there for the last half century, dressed so well, fiddled so well, or danced

so well. When we add to these attractions a present rental of tens of thousands of francs, and a future one of millions, thanks to the plunder of Spain, with a dukedom in reversion besides, we may conclude Hyppolite to have been irresistible by any mother, or maiden, in France. But in the course of his sojourn of a few weeks, another wonder appeared, a *belle*, who, travelling with her suite for the benefit of the air, was struck with the beauty of Fontainebleau,—and proposed remaining a few days. She was the heiress of a Mexican marquis, and had gold and silver mines, forests and lakes, cities and castles, on her estates. She appeared at the ball at the mairie; all the world were captivated, but Alphonse Hyppolite was undone. Love took him by storm, and he must consume in his own fires, unless he received permission to throw himself at the feet of the fairest of marchésinas. The permission was finally obtained, and the son of the marshal and the daughter of the marquis were pronounced to be the most brilliant pair that had ever submitted to the shackles of Hymen. But the crosses of the tender passion are proverbial. On the very eve of the marriage a person alighted from the diligence, who, after making enquiries for the residence of the bridegroom, proceeded there, attended by a gendarme. The result was awaited with some curiosity by the group gathered in front of the hotel; but their astonishment may be conceived, when they saw Monsieur Alphonse Hyppolite marched out under the guard of the gendarme, and consigned to the town jail. Next morning all was consternation in the apartments of the bride at the news. But the affront of seeing her lover thus snatched away was not to be tolerated; and, highly indignant at the authorities which could have permitted such a crime against all *bienséance*, the marchésina ordered horses to be put to her travelling chariot, to make her complaint to Louis Philippe in person. More astonishment; the fair *enragée* was arrested by the hotel-keeper when on the point of stepping into her equipage. And the ferment was not diminished, when the arrest was known to have proceeded from an anonymous letter, advising the land-

lord to look carefully to the payment of his bill. One of the lady's checks upon her Parisian banker had next been returned, with some very significant remarks on its outside. The lady protested that the check was as sound as the royal treasury. But Monsieur L'Aubergiste was not to be moved by menaces of the wrath of Spain and France together, nor by the more potent sighs and tears which followed. To conclude, Alphonse Hyppolite and the marchesina got loose from the hands of the law about the same time, the latter by a remittance from the hands of a Bordeaux *préfet* renowned for the refinement of his tastes, and the former by a compromise with the person who had alighted from the diligence, his tailor. The *dénouement* was now ripe. The tale is like Love in a Village. Alphonse turned out to be a dancer at the Porte St Martin, who, on the close of the theatre, made an excursion to collect what he could in the usual way of the rambling genius of Terpsichore, by the billiard table, giving lessons in dancing or matrimony with the widow of some rich provincial. The marchesina happened to be of the same trade, a showy opera figurante, who having made some money in Bordeaux, was on her way to look for an engagement in Paris. The son of a marshal, and a millionaire, was worth a week's delay, even in the dull atmosphere of the ancient city of Fontainebleau. The daughter of the Mexican Lord of Casalcava and fifty other domains, ordered an equipage from Paris, emerged from her cocoon like a butterfly, and fell in love without delay.

But, contrary to theatrical laws, the farce was followed by the tragedy. The lovers, now at liberty to perform their mutual vows, and released from the formalities of rank, wandered through the valleys of the forest without even an eye of rivalry to pursue their steps. One evening neither returned to their respective dwelling. Their landlords, in both instances, felt more than usual sympathy for their loss, inasmuch as in both instances their bills were unpaid to a considerable amount. The lady had driven out in her chariot for a short excursion in the *fraicheur*. On enquiring into the state of her chat-

tels left behind, nothing was to be found beyond an empty trunk, and a letter declaring that she had gone to put an end to an existence made miserable by the malice of mankind. A similar *MS.* was found on the toilet of the lover, with a similar deficiency in his effects. A universal search was forthwith commenced, and, after two days' scouring the country, the intelligence was brought that the lovers had closed their existence *à la Française*. They were found dead, each with a pistol in hand, and their wrists tied together with a bunch of rose-coloured ribbon. An open letter, laid at their side, desired that they should be buried together, exonerated the world from the cruelty of having persecuted them to death, and declared that in thus dying in each other's presence, they died only as Voltaire commanded, and as Rousseau would have rejoiced to die with his Julie. All Fontainebleau, as I have said, flocked to see the sight, weep, and dance. They would have probably put the lovers in the national museum, and preserved them for the benefit of posterity, but that the faces were already disfigured, whether by bird, beast, or exposure to the air, and it was found expedient to consign them to the cemetery. The spot, thenceforth, was a sort of hallowed ground, sacred to the memory of unlucky love, and a grand *show place* to all the passers through the vicinage.

To relieve the feelings of the sympathetic I may as well tell the finale of the romance. Three months after, a paragraph in one of the journals of Toulon announced that the lovers had come to life, and were surprisingly recovered, indeed, for they were at that moment completing their engagement at the theatre, and dancing with great *éclat*, not a little enhanced by their ingenuity in having chicaned the landlords of the north. It seems that Alphonse and the fair one, on the discovery of their mutual deception, had agreed to marry, probably that two such geniuses might make an alliance offensive and defensive against the world. But their hotel bills had run up to sums utterly beyond their power, and as much beyond their intention, to pay. The catastrophes of lovers

are common in France, and all things are forgiven to those who are sufficiently in love. The lovers took their evening drive, and after a few meanderings round the spot, turned their horses' heads to the south and flew with the velocity of Cupid's pinions. An attendant of one of the cemeteries had procured the substitutes, which moved the sorrows of the young and tender as they lay linked in eternal fidelity with rose-ribbons, and protesting against the severity of fortune on pink-coloured and perfumed paper. Whether the landlords recovered their arrears, or whether they ever learned the *dénouement*, I cannot say; but they fully made up their losses by the concourse which haunted the place, and replenished by coffee and *bonbons* the deficiency which had been made by the lovers' expenditure in burgundy and champagne.

Returned by the light of a broad moon, shedding a glorious light on the ridges of broken rock and their forest-sheeting. "Touching with silver all the fruit-tree tops," is Juliet's reading; but it was for the luxuries of her Italian garden. Here Luna reigned queen-paramount over clumps of noble oaks, lofty chestnuts, and elms fit to have made the mast of some "great amiral." Just in fit time and place, a flourish of horns came on the breeze; it was sweetened by the wood, the dew, and the air, and might have passed for the *avant garde* of a procession of Titania and Oberon going to their palace in the moon. But we were in the world of realities. In five minutes more we came across the fairies, a train of the royal establishment of the *chasse*, a crowd of fat fellows in cocked hats and long-tailed coats, laced all over, and riding on punch-bellied steeds, the whole exactly resembling a troop of lord mayor's footmen mounted on undertakers' horses. They were carrying some venison and a wild-boar. We halted to let them pass, and they gave us a flourish of their horns in return. But the illusion had vanished, and the moon thenceforth might have been a blue bottle in a chemist's window.

A wild-boar hunt, a gallop to the cross which marks the meeting of Napoleon with the Pope, on his ar-

rival to crown the new Charlemagne, and a dip in the delicious little lake, a complete bath, where Diana herself might have dived or danced without dreading the eye of Faun or Satyr, have concluded my second day in the environs of this most royal of royal dwellings. I had scarcely opened my window to inhale the air floating with a freight of aromatics from the heaths, tree-tops, and thickets, all glittering in the dewdrops of a superb sunrise, and was thinking how magnificent an affair it must be to stand "the monarch of all I surveyed," when a message from one of the royal establishment, reminding me of our acquaintance at the ambassador's in Paris, politely invited "Messieurs Anglais" to join in the chase fixed for the day. The invitation was, of course, accepted, much to the chagrin of the Englishman, who said that "he could see a pig killed at any time, without giving himself the trouble of hunting it to death," but infinitely to the delight of the Spaniard, who probably thought it the next noblest display in creation to a bull-fight. We accordingly mounted, and rode off to the lair. All hunting matches are pretty much the same, and the hunt of Meleager would have been left undescribed by me, and voted a bore by my friend the barrister. But the *attaché* was absolutely half mad; never did hound, let loose from his couples, snuff the breeze with wilder exhilaration, nor run into all kinds of hazards with less regard for the results. He was near paying for his experience rather sharply. After galloping for about an hour, up hill and down, stumbling over fallen trees, and scrambling over rocks and through ravines, the winding of the horns told us that the boar was at bay. This brought us all together, and there he certainly was, a huge brute, with his bristles up, his tusks championing, and his feet trampling to the right and left with rage. The dogs had made some assaults on his position; but he was too clever in his tactics to be taken in the rear, and it was a daring dog that would attack his *chevaux de frise* of teeth in front. Two or three had made the attempt, and were now howling over the consequences. At this moment the Spa-

niard came up, lance in hand, and, in spite of the general outcry at his rashness, charged headlong on the boar. The lance was pointed, in true sportsmanlike style, at the shoulder, and the brute evidently felt its point. But at the decisive moment his horse slipped, and the rider was rolled on the ground within a few feet of the boar. The Frenchmen gave an universal scream, and I will acknowledge that I thought it was all over with the *attaché*. However, no time was to be lost, a general rush in advance was made, and a blow of a lance in the forehead drove back the infuriated animal, when he was evidently on the point of putting an end to the worldly cares of his unfortunate assailant. He was apparently left senseless by the fall, and my share of the heroism consisted in dragging him away by the heels. The boar now turned, plunged through a thicket, through which I should have thought a rat would find it difficult to make its way, and fairly left us all behind. But we were all now as mad as the *attaché*. Leaving him in the care of the peasants, we pushed into the forest in full cry, found again, drove to bay, and finally had the pleasure of seeing the gallant savage brought to the ground. He died like a French hero, making the most of it.

Our landlord, a Napoleoniste of the first water, showed us with great triumph the fine print of his idol's leave-taking in the court of the palace. "There," said he, "see how his *vieux moustaches*, his veterans, embraced him," pointing to the officer who is throwing his arms round the little Ex-Empereur. "Pish!" said my remorseless friend; "this is what they call the sublime on this side of the Channel. What is it, if you get rid of the names, but a tall fellow taking measure of a little fellow for a surtout?" It must be acknowledged that the awkwardness of the attitude, one arm laid on the shoulder, and the other thrown round the waist, strongly favoured the conception.

En route for the *Orléannois*. Left the forest behind us, with some regret; drove through a broad, flat, and sterile-looking country for the first half of our day's journey. It must be a question with every traveller through France, Where do the

peasants live? The last census gives upwards of thirty millions; the population is undoubtedly increasing, according to every return, and yet we have not passed half a dozen villages in twice as many leagues. The roads are lifeless, except where a convoy of young chimney-sweepers from Savoy or the Auvergnois, coming to make their fortune in the capital, or a troop of gipsies, variegated the way. The fields, far and wide, as desolate as a prairie beyond the Mississippi. Towards Orleans the country grows diversified; fragments of forest rest upon the sides of the rising grounds, the road winds through ridges of rough heights, and vegetation, if wilder, seems more vivid.

At the hotel—began to feel ourselves approaching the land of adventure. A closed carriage drew up at the door as we alighted, on the box of which a gendarme sat. He was conducting a prisoner of some note in the Vendée to Paris, charged with having been the chaplain or secretary of a committee of insurrection. The politicians of the town rushed from their *cafés* to glean intelligence, but the gendarme was worthy of his mission; he was silent as Lord Burleigh himself, and not without the same comprehensive shake of the head. But this only made the matter worse. Every man was at liberty to give his own interpretation; and in a country where fancy is so potent, every man had instantly a history of his own fabrication. Before half an hour of this kind of manufacture was over, there were as many versions of the story as if the Iron Mask himself had been in the carriage.

However, we had scarcely sat down to our *cotelette*, and were getting into disquisitions on the comparative merits of the Nudoc and Chambertin, when the prisoner marched into the room, followed by the gendarme. All eyes were of course upon him; but he bore the inquisition perfectly at his ease. He was a fine tall fellow, with a piercing eye and a Roman nose; the very reverse of the usual French physiognomy, which, whether from nature, expressive of the inner man, the eternal habit of sneezing, or the hereditary propensity to snuff-taking, reverses the primal position of the nose

in ninety-nine out of every hundred visages of France. If his prisoner were a priest, it was evident that he had seen some service beside that of the mass; for he had a black ribbon across his forehead, covering a scar as picturesquely placed as knight or lady could desire. His air was manly and dignified, and I should much rather have taken him for a *beau sabreur*, some noble chieftain of the Bretonnois, or the bold outlaws of the Morbihan, than a wearer of the *soutane*.

The gendarme called about him like a man in authority, and a capital dinner was soon set before his captive; but he kept respectfully enough at a distance, and suffered him to enjoy his meal alone. The waiters and people of the hotel were respectful to the verge of worship; all was bowing, hurry to attend the stranger's nod, or distant admiration of every thing he looked or did. It was clear that Carlism had its recollections even under the glance of the law.

As we happened to sit nearly opposite to him in the dinner room, some common questions brought on a little intercourse, and we asked the Vendéan to taste our wine. He bowed with the air of a paladin, joined our party, and we were soon the best friends imaginable. Of course we were anxious to hear something of the country into which we were about to travel. But the subject might have been a delicate one, and the name of the Vendée was not suffered to pass our modest English lips. But those matters are otherwise thought of in Gaul. The gallant Vendéan started the subject without ceremony, laughed and harangued on the adventures, the habits and the prospects of the people, as if he had been sitting in the London Tavern, and gave us a complete *carte du pays* of the disturbed districts.

We asked whether travelling were safe for strangers? "For an Englishman," said he, "safe as from one side of this room to the other. I should not answer so much for a *préfet* at the head of a regiment of those fellows here"—pointing to the gendarme, who was eating his potage in a corner of the room, and from time to time inspecting the

Constitutionnel—"Nor for a Marshal of France at the head of ten thousand men, though all is seemingly quiet enough; but any of this party, or of your nation, may travel with no more arms than a walking-stick every league of the west, from St Malo to the Loire, and from the Loire to the world's end if you like." He farther told us, that the true place of disturbance had shifted towards the coast and the old Bretagne, the *Cotes du Nord*, *Loire et Vilaine*, and *Morbihan*. The *vraie Vendée* was too much under the eye of government to attempt much, whatever it might desire.

The gendarme had fallen asleep over the long-winded columns of the Constitutionnel, and began to snore. We now urged our new friend without fear, and he became as pleasantly communicative as we could wish. On the topic of future changes in France, he was fully of opinion that no change could be too total, too rapid, and too frequent, for the natural spirit of Frenchmen. "You, gentlemen," said he, "come of another line. You have had one Revolution a hundred and fifty years ago, and that is enough for you, and will be enough for you a hundred and fifty years to come. We have begun, and we like the variety of the thing. *Ennui* is the plague that never has mercy on a Frenchman, and whether it is to make sonnets, make love, make dynasties, or make rebellions, my countrymen must always be busy. No, the most unlucky thing that we ever did, was to overthrow the monarchy, and the next unlucky thing was to restore it. While we had the old Bourbon *régime*, it was the business of the monarchy to keep us busy. The king was the great showman of the State. He played off his *fêtes*, he built his palaces, and these were ten times more for the Parisian shopkeeper than for himself: he filled the streets with ambassadors' carriages, no matter whether they came from Timbuctoo,—he made war, and gave us battles,—he made peace, and gave us feasts and fireworks. The great national pageant was always in motion, the great national drama was always going on, and whether tragedy or comedy, whether we lost provinces and wept, or gained cock-

boats, and rejoiced, we still had something to do; we were not driven to the desperate task of carving out work for ourselves. France was never so happy since, and never will be so happy again in the flight of the next thousand years;—we were a dancing, singing, lighthearted, ill-clothed, and very happy nation. *Ventre St Gris!*” he exclaimed, half rising from his seat in the fervour of the moment, and with the oath assuming the look of Henri—“what have we got in the place of all this? Taxes, tirades, frowning looks, conspiracies, monthly insurrections,—broad cloth as dear as velvet, a pauper peerage, all the chateaux brought to the hammer, a king forced to intrench himself in his palace, and a national guard the dictator of France.”

“But liberty?” we all exclaimed, “is there nothing in being free?”

“Gentlemen,” he resumed, more composedly, “the tree is best known by its fruits. Liberty in France has yet produced but three things; plenty of bankrupts, plenty of prosecutions, and plenty of newspapers. I flatter myself that I am philosopher enough to have done extremely well, without any one of the three?”

“No doubt,” was our answer; “but why, then, object to the Restoration?”

“For the plain reason,” said the Vendéan, “that the monarchy was forgotten. The nation had first been hating, then warring against it, then laughing at it, for a quarter of a century; a new generation had come in, and when the laugh was grown into second nature, in marches the monarchy, like a man dressed in the embroidery, periwig, and ruffles of the last century into a ball-room of yesterday. The foreign bayonets, too, were a happy addition to its popularity, in a nation that suddenly felt itself torn out of the car in which it had spun over the thrones of Europe. But the great point was, that the times had changed, the fashion had gone by. The Republican had taken up the trade of showman in the grand national theatre. But her pantomime was so much more real, intense, and desperate, she tossed about her torches, and brandished her daggers, and drank her bowls of blood, so much more daringly in her

dance of furies, that the old *fadai-series* of the monarchy were intolerable. What were epigrams, and intrigues, the follies of a boudoir, or the formalities and fripperies of a levee, to the fierce delight of confiscation and massacre? Even Napoleon himself was but one in the show, a *coryphée* in the dance of stage infernals; a torch-bearer at the head of his *troupe d'opera*; the Paul or Albert of Jacobinism, even under all the feathers and furbelows of the Emperor.”

We sat late into the night listening to the animated invectives of this original and intelligent man. He was altogether a capital specimen of the higher order of Frenchmen, quick, keen, and well informed, but evidently too imaginative, and too much accustomed to view things on one side, for a solid politician. He was, however, a very engaging personage, and we felt not a little interested about the probable result of his Parisian journey. But to ask him was altogether impossible; and our dexterity was soon at fault in the little attempts which we made to get at the intelligence by a side wind. My friend the barrister actually reddened from his forehead to the chin at the failure of the *attaché*, and for his own part would not venture on the matter in any shape whatever. He would evidently rather have faced the most frowning court and jury. But our gallant friend relieved us, with the greatest conceivable ease, the moment he discovered what we were about.

“For myself,” said he, as we were rising to bid each other good-night, “I should at once thank you for your politeness, in turning what would have been a solitary evening into a very agreeable one, and apologize for introducing to you a person under the surveillance of ‘*Monsieur*’ yonder. The facts are these; the Government, which dates its origin not from Chouan but from Lafitte, and reckons its age not by centuries but by days, offered me one of the prefectures in my province. I declined it. I was immediately charged with *Chouannerie*. I might as well have been charged with being Blue Beard. Indignant at this folly, I demanded an enquiry into the charge, was taken at my word, and am now to face the Council in Paris, where they know

no more of me than the honest people of the inns on the road, who have successively taken me for a Carlist bishop, a general of *La Duchesse*, and the Duc d'Angoulême himself."

"Of course, you are secure of the result," said I. "Louis-Philippe is a man of sense, and will see the absurdity of the thing."

"A man of excellent sense," he replied; "a man with more brains than any of his counsellors, and more principle too. But this is a land of liberty, and every man is in danger of the dungeon. Despotism is done away with, and it is impossible to know whether the first step one takes will not conduct him to the scaffold. Public opinion is free, and there are one hundred and fifty prosecutions against a single journal, and ten thousand agents of the police listening to every whisper throughout France. Monarchy is enthroned, every street has a thousand monarchs, who make the monarch of the Tuileries tremble at every echo of them."

"In my own instance, who can answer for the prejudices of party, the blindness of justice, or the supremacy of the mob? France has now buried in dungeons for four years the ministers of Charles X. for simple errors of judgment, for obeying the commands of their old king, and for exhibiting too much impunity to the projects of Messieurs Lafayette, an inveterate coxcomb, and Lafitte, an equally inveterate dabbler in politics, of which he was no more capable of judging than the jackass that had carried up his grandfather from the province. Yet those gentlemen, who in any other country on earth would have been thought sufficiently punished by the loss of their places, are now shut up, like robbers or murderers, probably for life,—excluded from all object in the world,—lawyers, diplomatists, soldiers, as much prohibited from any exertion of their talents or acquirements, as much extinguished on earth, as if they were in their tombs. And this is liberty. This is the land of regeneration. Why, if those gentlemen had been Germans, or Tartars, and had come into the country sword in hand; if, instead of the pen and the portfolio, their weapons had been the pike and the firebrand, they would have been treated with more mild-

ness. The laws of war would have been shown to be more humane than the laws of liberty, and the revenge of the soldier more honourable, nay more christian-like, than the boasted magnanimity of a nation of freemen."

Blois.—The road softened into the consistence of a plum-pudding by a shower of rain. We saw the storm rolling on before us for an hour or two; a fine object for a painter, but formidable to a traveller hungry as a wolf, and tired as one of his own sorry horses. As we approached the city, the sun burst through a world of vapours, and turned the noblest arch imaginable in a moment over the spires and turrets of Blois. The rainbow spanned the whole extent of view from bank to bank of the Loire, and we saw sailing under its two golden legs, the whole commercial flotilla of this fine river. France is unquestionably a country of which a man may be proud; its soil rich, its landscape luxuriant where it is confined, and bold where it is extensive, all its more ancient cities planted in striking points, and all its recollections full of the stirring times of the world. The entrance of Blois, with its groves, its hoary cathedral looking down on the city like a sacred fortress, and the long line of the river, blue as the sky above, and now reflecting the grand *arc de triomphe*, the gate of purple and vermilion, which the storm had just erected to welcome our arrival, was a scene so beautiful that it ought to have been treasured for the canvas. It would have made a magnificent figure in a theatre.

Evening.—Drove to the *Levéé*. But let none imagine under this name an assemblage of smiling and bowing visages, embroidered cordons, red and blue, and epaulettes, gold and silver. The only moving thing I saw was the river, the only embroidery the flags of the little pinnaces, wrought by the wives of their crews and captains, and the only exalted personage to whom we paid our respects was the moon. The *Levéé* of Blois is an enormous dam, built to confine the swellings of the Loire, for a length of nearly two hundred miles. The genius of the country has been as many years celebrating it in prose and verse, and the earth has been ransacked for

comparisons of its merits, and more peculiarly of the merits of the *grande nation* by which the work has been constructed. It had been in Napoleon's days compared to his *traverse* over the Simplon, a rivalry which brought the poets of Blois into considerable disfavour at court. It has been compared with the wall of China. It may be more useful. But what is a bank of earth, of two hundred or two thousand miles, contrasted with the ramparts, the battlements, the gates and towers of a wall of fifteen hundred miles, carried over rivers, valleys, and mountains? The Chinese distance us still. The probability is, after all, that France owes the whole fabric to those unexamined diggers and delvers the Romans.

But Blois has what, to the honour of France, every city within her borders has; and what, to the shame of England, every city within hers has not,—a public library, full of curious, useful, and agreeable volumes, all accessible to the public, and especially accessible to the stranger. I am no lover of tyranny, *soup maigre*, and wooden shoes; but when I see the benefits that this tyranny contrived to scatter from the hem of its garment, my abhorrence of the old despotisms is greatly disposed to flame out less violently. For instance, I should prefer the libraries, the public walks, the noble museums, the fine theatres, and the civil manners of France, even under Louis Quatorze, wigged and rouged despot as he was, to the naked freedom of the United States,—to the hustings' squabbles, the furious factions, the house-burnings, the rifle-duellings, and the reckless and vulgar levelling of American life. I shall certainly defer my sojourn in the paradise of the prairies until I can discover that the goddess of democracy has laid aside her club, and taken to her lyre or her distaff; that the rights of man are not to be asserted by knocking every one down who differs in opinion with their champion; and that a man may pass from his cradle to his grave without being tarred or tatooed in honour of either President Adams or President Jackson.

The Capital of Touraine.—The French are curiously carried away by names. The truth is, that when once a name has been given, those

gay people take the affair for granted, and give themselves no more trouble. Some hundreds of years ago, this country, from its having been the favourite of some of the kings in times when Paris was little better than a royal dungeon, took its share of the royal panegyric. Where the king was a demigod, his dwelling must be little short of Olympus or the Elysian fields. The Touraine was thenceforth pronounced the "Garden of France;" and as Frenchmen unsettle only thrones, laws, and religions, the name still survives in all the odour of antiquity. I know no part of France, except perhaps the *Plateau* of the Angevin, which less delights the eye than the Touraine, chiefly a dead flat, with the look of having but just escaped one inundation, and lying ready for another. There are vineyards, 'tis true, but the French vineyard is not a brilliant rival even to the potatoe field, and certainly not within a hundredth degree of a flowering field of beans. *Tours* has but a single street that deserves the name. It has now but few English. The spell is broken. Hundreds, caught by the fable of its cheapness, gaiety, beauty, and the rest of the road-book eloquence, ran down from Paris, and up from St Malo and the coast. But the reality taught them to put faith in common fame no more. The cheapness was extinguished, as it always is, where John Bull and his family set their foot. The gaiety consisted in the alternate coming-in of the Paris diligence and the passage of the lumbering boats of the Loire; and the beauty consisted in wading through a miry street to get into a miry road, and look over a Dutch landscape.

But the city has its memorabilia. It was here that the magnificence of the monarchy was expounded in all its glories at the marriage of the Princess Madelina with Gaston de Faix, in the middle of the fifteenth century. I trode the pavement which had been honoured by the steps of our own paladin, the King of European Chivalry, the most heroic of madmen, and the maddest of heroes, *Cœur de Lion*. Here, too, that fairest of the fair, who would have been after their own hearts, the most bewitching of profligates, and who was thrown away upon the rugged virtues of

Scotland, Mary—lived, danced, and captivated. Well might the young beauty weep on losing sight of the French shore. It was the spot of all earth for her; the enchanted isle of another Ariel. But Tours has another monument which might raise the envy of England in all its proverbial immensity of litigation. The Bishop's stall in the Cathedral was the object of a Chancery suit, which lasted upwards of three centuries, from 846 to 1199. The Bishop gained his point, after a long bead-roll of the pious litigants were laid where men go to law no more. It was the dearest stall on record, the costs of suit amounting to about L.130,000 sterling. Let Westminster Hall hide its diminished head, or lament the days of glorious speculation gone.

St Cyr, Luynes, St Etienne. The *fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum* of French towns,—all placed in fine sites, all curious from their references to the times when the west of France was made classic ground to us, by the battles, forays, feasts, and barons bold, of our Henrys and Edwards; but all like sepulchres, grim, dim, and decaying. Nothing gives a stronger evidence of the anti-commercial nature of the Frenchman, than to see a whole chain of such capital spots for commerce, on the very brink of a noble river, with a navigation for large vessels up to Orleans, and passing through one of the most productive regions of France, lying as desolate as a churchyard. All has an air the antipodes of commerce; the country boats creep like snails, the very steam-boat looks astray, and the passengers, upward at least, might think that they were penetrating the Niger from the Bight of Benin, and traversing forest and swamp, "where man hath never, or but rarely, been." Yet this is one of the most capable provinces of the most capable country in the world.

Langeais, Chapelle Blanc, St Germain, Saumur. All like each other, and containing nothing to detain the traveller except the passport offices, with their attendant ceremonies, which detain every one very effectually but the knave, the rebel, or the smuggler. Against those three the passport system was constructed originally. It is laughed at by the whole three. They have easy means of

turning out of the way of its machinery. One takes a false name, another glides along a bye-road, and another climbs over a wall. The honest or the unimportant traveller alone is the man entrapped, and a thousand functionaries are employed, and the whole intercourse of a nation is crippled, for the attainment of such intelligence as that Jacques Rossignol, a tailor, has arrived on the 18th inst. from Geneva at Paris, with a brown complexion, blue eyes, and a dimple. Even in the suspected districts of this quarter the system is a mere burlesque. How many Carlists or Chouans have been netted by it? Not one. They are more adroit than to give themselves up to the hands of their enemies. In the very teeth of the passport office, and in sight of the gendarmes, they move from province to province, from city to city, and from house to house; settle their plans, receive their correspondences, and drink to the success of the legitimate throne.

Angers. Classic ground again. We might traverse this department with Shakspeare in our hands. As we approached the town, the sun lay behind the Castle, forming a dazzling back-ground for its masses of towers, roofs, and walls. The whole immense building was framed, line by line, in a "rim of golden fire." On the spot where we stopped to have the full benefit of this fine phenomenon, might the troops of John have been drawn up, and the English trumpets flourished proud defiance to the banners of France and Philip. But the age of chivalry is no more; and instead of mail-clothed knights and velvet robed heralds, moved before us a convoy of jack-asses, marching for embarkation to the coast. The blast of the royal trumpets was represented only by the horn of a solitary waggoner, whose performance would not have put Punch himself to shame.

We found the men of Angers, however, thinking of something not so remote from the young Arthur, who so much troubled their forefathers. The singularly obscure death of the Dauphin, the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., has encouraged the growth of pretenders; and every petty tumult of France generates a new claimant for the

honours of the blood-royal. A new dauphin had been started at the fair of Angers a month before. This is the great mart; the great festivity, and the great glory of the west. It also forms the great fund of conversation for the year to come. In short, nothing could be fitter for the publication of a new quack medicine, a new government, or a new dauphin. The prince showed himself with the due proportion of mystery, was visible only from time to time, had a favoured few, chiefly large proprietors, to whom he showed his favour by especially desiring checks on their bankers, and won the hearts of the peasantry by wearing a portrait of the heroic Cathelineau round his neck, and promising them all cordons of the new order of "loyalty" the moment he was seated on the throne of his ancestors. The French may be forgiven for being duped a little now and then. Their notions are eager, quick, and delighting in romance. A disguised prince is *sujet theatrique*, and this most melo-dramatic of people, take up the affair in the true spirit of the stage. A loyal sovereign formally taking possession of the Tuileries would not have half the interest of a showy impostor, ensconcing himself behind the wainscot of mouldering castles, running a course through mountain and forest, mustering his faithful few at midnight in some deserted heath, and continually touching on the skirts of the scaffold. The new dauphin, however, made one capital mistake. By this time the son of Louis XVI. should be between forty and fifty years old. The dauphin *representant* was a handsome rogue, between twenty-five and thirty. His night appearances, his flowing locks, and his *chapeau à la Henri* helped to give colour to thirty-five. But the difference of the chronology being indisputable, the priests declared it a miracle; the zealots declared youth to be a Bourbonist quality, and the ladies of the party, both old and young, declared that robustness and ruddiness could be no disparagement of a royal title, let them come how they may.

The news which has now awakened all the tongues is, that the dauphin has been recognised by the Court of

St James's, has been promised the Princess Victoria in marriage, and is on the eve of claiming his rights from Louis Philippe at the head of the Army of Bretagne. If the treaty is undiscoverable, the army invisible, and the fleet that is to bring him his bride, and waft them both, like a new Antony and Cleopatra, up the Loire, is yet to be built, these are difficulties only to the prejudiced; the loyal show their loyalty by believing every thing; and the only criminals on this occasion are those who are cold-blooded enough to doubt until they have the testimony of their eyes. The adventure is the national charm. Lydia Languish must have her elopement after all.

Strangers who stop even for a day in this town, are expected to visit the *Bibliothèque*, the *Musée*, &c., or to be considered Huns. I was content to risk the name; for of all things this hurrying through libraries where we can see nothing but the backs of books, and collections of minerals where we can only gaze at them in their cupboards like children's toys, is the most tiresome, trite and idle. I determined not to set foot in one of them, from the hour when I left Paris to the hour when I should find myself happily housed at Meurice's again. But the barrister and the *attaché* were of a different opinion. They sallied out on a general reconnoitering of the town lions; the barrister only stipulating that he should not be compelled to visit any penitentiary, prison, house of reform, or any thing whatever connected with the machinery of French justice, of which he seemed to have conceived a very John Bullish idea. The *attaché*, on the other hand, stipulating that nothing in the shape of public office, police, or diplomacy, should be urged on him. They had evidently been saturated with both their professions, and were by no means anxious to admit any further increase of either from the stores of France. They set off to make their discoveries. I walked to the Botanic Garden, where I might enjoy the sight of nature without being perplexed with the contrivances, annoyed by the affectations, or pained by the miseries of man. I had left Paris without visiting a single madhouse, and Lon-

don without ever having desired to witness an execution. In Lisbon, a dozen deserters had been shot within my hearing, yet I was never tempted to add the sight to the sound; and in Madrid, a Francesado noble had perished by the *garotte* on a scaffold, which darkened the windows of my hotel, yet I suffered the law to take its course, without *assisting*, as the phrase is, at a ceremonial which brought out all the holy, and noble, and wealthy, and wise, and even all the fair of the capital. I must plead guilty to the charge of being totally incurious on those matters. I leave the pleasure of seeing the ravings, the terrors, the tortures, and the dying agonies of human beings, to *amateurs*.

Dined at the house of a seigneur at a short distance from the town. My two friends were of the party. We met some intelligent men of the neighbourhood, and several very agreeable women too, who would have passed for beauties in St James's, if their eyes were not too brilliant, and their complexion *trop prononcées*. The day passed pleasantly. The manners of the French provincial of a certain order are always attractive. Less busy, and less self-satisfied than those of the haunters of Paris, they are to an English taste much more pleasing, as being much calmer, manlier, and plainer. A Parisian coxcomb is of all coxcombs the most insufferable. His address to man is the very essence of insolent condescension, his address to woman is scarcely more than a permission for her to die at his feet. The *merveilleux* of the *chaussée d'Antin* has now turned to the politician. But his politics are like his other fashions, the politics of an hour; and whether he borrows his next suit of notions from England or from America, from Turk or Tartar, it will be equally the *rage* for the time, and be equally thrown off the moment he gets tired of it.

The Vendée and its prospects, natural and political, were among the topics of the table. The opinions were considerably opposed, and it was one of the evidences of a higher cultivation of the understanding to hear the dispassionate manner in which those opinions were discussed. I happened to ask a pale, quick-eyed

little personage, who had talked a great deal, and very amusingly, on all subjects, whether there would be any difficulty in our penetrating through the country? "Not the slightest," said he, "provided you leave your purses behind there. The gallant Chouans disdain to pay any taxes, but they love to collect them; and the peasantry having nothing left, their only employment is with the travellers." As the sentence was concluding, I happened to raise my eyes to the face of a fine looking, rather old man, who sat opposite. It was clear that the language did not please him, for his brow darkened, and he cast a deep glance on the speaker, who, however, went on. "In Paris," said he, "they, I understand, feel great alarms at the state of the west. If those alarms are affected, I admit the dexterity of the *ruse*, for the populace are best to be managed by tales of the national danger. It was the old system of the Republic. The Dantons and Marats knew well how to manage mobs, every ring of the tocsin was a knell to liberty, and every rumour of war in the provinces a new summons to despotism."

"But, *Monsieur le President*," said our host, "whatever we may think of the 'three days,' Louis-Philippe is neither a Danton nor a despot."

"No man less so," said the speaker, whom I now found to be the head of one of the provincial courts; "but in all governments the nature of the governed must be consulted; and if the mob of the metropolis are to be kept in order only by romances of the war in the west, you may trust me that the old cry of 'the country in danger' will echo through France till we all are where no cry can reach our ears. The whole is a fantasy; the spirit of the Vendée is dead."

"Pardon me, monsieur," interrupted the old *chevalier*, "it may sleep, but it is not dead."

I now found that he had served.

"*Monsieur le Colonel*," said my neighbour, with a bow of evident respect, "no man honours more than I do the attachment of brave men to a noble cause, however unfortunate. But the Vendée is changed. The nobles are still as gallant as any who ever died under the banner of the

lilies; but for what are they to fight? They have their religion secure, their estates, their personal rights. The Bourbons are gone, they have submitted to be dethroned by a rabble, and they have passed sentence of exile upon their dynasty."

"All true," said the Chevalier; "an evil star was on their race. They ought to have perished on the throne."

"*Monsieur le Colonel*, those days are gone by. The Bourbons expired, not like a conflagration, which requires to be trampled out, but like a lamp which dies of itself. A feeble old man, a woman, and a childless husband, were all the wrecks of the proud monarchy. Nations will not fight for fictions. The cold reality was too strong for the illusion, and France refused to shed her blood for a race fit only for the cloister."

"We shall see," said the Colonel. "The same love of change which made may mistake. There is still a scion of the old tree. You, sir," said he, addressing me, "belong to a country where loyalty is native; your history has been always the great lesson of experience to all nations. You have had an example in your annals of a dynasty overthrown by the popular will, and overthrown upon good cause; yet of the spirit of attachment kept alive with an undying flame, unextinguished even by the glories of the noblest usurper that ever seized a throne, and burning up on the first relaxation of the pressure with more than its original lustre. The feelings of a people are not to be buried under acts of municipal councils, or the parchments of a provisional legislature."

I instanced the case of Scotland and the Stuarts, where even a weak and singularly unnational dynasty had yet been so dear to the chivalric feelings of the people, as to produce two civil wars, and this, too, among a nation as little liable to the charge of sentimentality as any portion of the globe. The old colonel bowed, my illustration was applauded on all hands, the cause of romance was triumphant, and *Monsieur le President*, with all the reason of the case on his side, was defeated with infinite slaughter.

The subject was delicate, and I turned it off to the state of the arts in France. There I was overwhelmed with a torrent of unanimity. No Frenchman that I have ever met can resist the temptation of believing that his country is at the summit of every thing elegant and intellectual. But this subject was likely to produce belligerency of another kind. My friend the barrister happened to have something of the *cognoscente* about him, and as he was seated at my side I had the benefit of all his annotations. The pictures in the public gallery were the topic. A Cleopatra or a Clytemnestra of some pupil of David was mentioned as the *ne plus ultra* of design.

"The grace of a *poissarde*, the posture of an opera dancer, and the colouring of a mummy," was my friend's expressive whisper. A celebrated landscape, taken from the banks of the river, was next praised.

"A Pontypool tea-tray," was the comment. Then came the panegyric of a Cupid and Psyche, the favourite, though, it must be acknowledged, the wonderfully tame, subject of the French painters.

"A pair of waxen dolls stuck into an arbour of jannaped evergreens and tinplate roses; the figures as stiff as if they had been just brought from the hands of the Humane Society, the countenances about the expression of a boiled chicken, the draperies formal as window curtains, and the attitudes owing all their innocence to their insipidity."

So said my implacable friend, to my very considerable fear of his touching the *amour-propre* of the circle too roughly for even French politeness to admire the honesty of the criticism. It must be admitted that "there is much to be said on both sides." The last unlucky topic was a statue of "Jeune Apollon" slaying the Python. The elegance, the lightness, the animation, and a hundred other qualities of this figure, were talked of as forming a new era in French sculpture.

"I have seen that too," said my friend, with a writhe on his countenance, which told me his opinion at once.

"Then," said I, "the less that is said on the topic the better, I sup-

pose." But the hint would not be taken, and, to my astonishment, he began to think aloud.

"An Apollo, and a young Apollo, too!" he murmured; "an Indian juggler playing tricks with a viper. Grace! a petrified rope-dancer. Dignity! a lay-figure thrown into the heroics; an apotheosis of the cramp; distortion from top to toe."

I immediately rose from the table, observed on the peculiar fineness of the evening, and carried off my unmitigable friend under cover of a wish to promenade the environs before the magnificent sunset had taken its leave. Fortunately he spoke English; and though his disapproval was sufficiently evident from his visage, yet as the French, in the first place, scarcely conceive the possibility of any difference of opinion with them on subjects so exclusively their own as painting, sculpture, and the theatre, and in the next, they never speak any other language tolerably, he escaped being entangled in a controversy, which might have been cleared up only by pistol or rapier.

The *attaché*, however, insisted on our going to visit one statue, which no demerits of art could deprive of its honours. I gave way, and the whole party followed, under the guidance of the enthusiastic Spaniard. "*Le voila*," said he, as he brought us in front of a figure, worthy of the best days of the art. But the expression was still finer than the execution. It was the marble figure of a Vendéan chieftain, in the full costume, the Spanish hat and falling plume, the scarf and arms leaning upon a cross, in testimony of adherence to the ancient faith, and with the true Vendéan motto at its side, "For God and the King." I at once exclaimed, "Cathelineau!" My conjecture was right, and I was complimented on all hands for the quickness of my penetration. When the burst was over, I endeavoured to lighten the weight of the discovery by acknowledging that I had seen a print of the statue in Paris. But there was no escaping from their determination to praise, and the compliments which might have been refused to my penetration, were now given to my sincerity. Cathelineau's career was one of the striking evidences how short a period may some-

times be required for an imperishable fame. In three months he rose from the situation of a village carrier, or small trader in the manufactures of the peasantry, to the actual rank of general-in-chief of the royalist army, though it was crowded with names of nobles and great landed proprietors of the province. But revolutions are the true stage for the display of all talents, good and evil. His honesty and dignity of mind, and his genuine zeal, combined with the more conspicuous gifts of the most daring intrepidity, and a native genius for the conduct of armies, distanced all competitorship. His career was as brief as it was brilliant; he fell on the field of battle in 1793, exactly a year and three months from the time of his taking up arms. Cathelineau was a hero, and his statue ought to stand on the highest pedestal, in whatever temple France shall yet erect to the true glory of her name.

Nantes. Arrived, after a journey of sixty miles over the roughest roads in Europe, or only equalled by the route from St Petersburg to Moscow in the first thaw. - As it was completely dark when we reached the city we were at the mercy of our postilions, who, of course, carried us whither they would. They were ordered to drive up to the principal inn. But the honour of Nantes was grievously in danger if their choice was to be conclusive. We found ourselves in the court-yard of a *hôtellerie* which might have figured in the robber scenes of Gil Blas. I was determined to resist this, and turned to my companions for their ideas. But the Spaniard was murmuring some ballad of the Guadalquiver in his sleep, and the barrister's characteristic answer was, "Doubtless the fellows have done their best. The place looks wretched, but how can you expect better in the kingdom?" This was desperate. But, if the postilions were resolved, so was I. I got out of the carriage, threw my cloak over my arm, and thus prepared for a bivouac in the streets, if necessary, went forth on my adventures, followed by innumerable shrugs and *sacrés* from the waiters of the hotel, who had palpably marked us for their prey. My search was perfectly successful. At the turning of the next

street I found a capital hotel, with a whole illumination of lamps blazing in its front, a troop of well-dressed lackeys hurrying through the house, festivity and feasting in all directions, and the whole forming the most complete contrast to the dingy, dismal, half-prison, to which we had been so impudently consigned. I returned immediately, but I had been a bad tactician in leaving my baggage behind me. The Frenchmen were too quick not to perceive my error, and I had scarcely left the court-yard before every trunk and valise, even to a night-cap, was whirled out of the britchka, and stowed away in the hotel. Of my unlucky friends they had made prize,—an equally unresisting prey; for the *attaché* was still in the land of dreams, and the barrister, thinking that he would fare no better by any change, was for once despairingly submissive. I found them both in a wild long room, with a pair of tapers before them, which, of course, served only to “make darkness visible,” and with a squalid waiter laying the cloth for doubtless as squalid a meal. But my arrival wonderfully altered the state of affairs. The discovery that not merely something better, but something best, was to be found within a couple of hundred yards, rallied the latent energies of the party. We instantly ordered our travelling apparatus to be replaced, and prepared to move to our new quarters. But this the landlord opposed; we had taken possession, and *must* remain. The waiters drew up in a grim rank in his rear to oppose our exit, and behind them was a long vista of the *femmes de chambre*, with their wild faces and flying *Nantoise* caps, ready to join the fray. I was still determined to sup where I could get the best supper, and sleep where I should have no fears of being buried under the ruins before morning. At length the landlord mentioned the word Law, and threatened to call in the gendarmerie. This was an unlucky slip, for the barrister instantly stood forth as our champion. The word was to his ears like the sound of the trumpet to the war-horse. It put him completely on his mettle. He defied the landlord, bade him do his worst, laughed at the gendarmerie; and with some thundering expressions in his native

tongue, which the Frenchman probably took for magic, marched at our head out of the house. The evening went off gaily; the mere contrast of what we had escaped, with the comforts of our new domicile, the handsome apartment, the lights, the well-dressed and active waiters, and the excellent entertainment, were enough to exhilarate men less disposed to enjoy the passing hour. The young Spaniard found in the billiard room some of his countrymen connected with commerce. They joined us at table, threw off the Spanish gravity with great effect, sang, drank, and would have danced if we had let them, talked treason against all who laid taxes upon wit and wine, and took their leave, giving us invitations enough for a month to come.

Nantes. — Just returned, after a highly interesting excursion through the department. The city itself figures in the whole history of the Vendéan war, and has always formed the principal object of the Vendéan campaigns. This arises from its position. Standing on the conflux of the Loire, the Erdre, and the Sèvre-Nantaise, and connecting them all, it thus commands the principal navigation of the west. As the capital of the department of the Loire Inférieure, it is surrounded by the Chouan country on all sides, into which it sends lines of communication. A powerful insurrectionary force in Nantes must be virtually master of a fourth of France, and would be a most formidable threatener of Paris itself. Backed by England, or a fleet which kept the sea open, and flanked by the *Vendée Proper* on one side and Brittany on the other, it would be the citadel of a fortified country which nothing could force, and which nothing but the ill luck of the Bourbons prevented from being long since the capital of a new monarchy.

Went over the ground on the road to Clisson, where the Chouans last year distinguished themselves by a little action, worthy of the old time. The arrival of a battalion of the King's troops in the neighbourhood had been looked on as the signal of some new exertion of violence; and a small detachment of Chouans, evidently of a better order than those to whom the name has lately devolved, determined to strike ter-

ror into the new commandant, by showing him of what metal the true men of the Vendée were made. According to some reports, their immediate object was to form a *nucleus* for a general insurrection; according to others, to seize the commandant and his staff in their beds. It was full as likely to have been a mere dash of restless intrepidity. But, by some accident, their march transpired, and they were found resting, or waiting for recruits, in the neighbourhood of one of the huge old farm-houses, which in this high sounding land are called *chateaux*. Between two and three hundred of the regular troops were ordered to fall on them. But the Chouans stood to their arms, and fired from the wall of the farm-yard with effect, until they saw considerable breaches made by the axes and hammers of the assailants. They then quietly withdrew from the wall, entered the chateau, and resolutely prepared to sell their lives dear. The attacking party now found that they had engaged in an enterprise that promised to give them some trouble, and they sent for reinforcements. In the mean time they made several attempts to get within the wall. But the Chouans were good shots, their fire from the windows was destructive, and the troops were forced to retire with loss. Another experiment was now made; a ladder was raised against a corner of the chateau, which was out of the range of fire from the windows, half a dozen soldiers reached the roof, which was composed of an abundance of old, dry wood, forced a hole in it, and filled it with lighted fagots and gunpowder. In five minutes the roof was a sheet of flame. The troops now rushed forward in the idea of an easy victory over men who were in danger of being crushed by the falling roof, or burned alive. But the defenders returned their shouts by a volley still better directed than before, and the troops again were forced to take shelter from their showers of ball. Intelligence of the engagement had by this time spread to the quarters of the battalion, and more troops, with an officer of superior rank, were sent at full speed. On their reaching the chateau, of which the roof still blazed, without

reducing its gallant garrison to surrender, the officer ordered the ground floor to be set on fire. A company of sappers were sent on this work, who threw in combustibles, by which the whole of the lower floor was soon in flames. The Chouans were still undismayed. Of their two officers, one took charge of the firing from the upper windows, while the other cut up the floors, and made loop-holes to fire downwards. The sappers and troops had no sooner rushed in, than they were astonished to find themselves exposed to a fierce discharge from above on their very heads. They could not stand this fire, which they had no means of returning. They all burst out of the chateau, and again took refuge behind the buildings of the farm-yard. The Chouans gave a hurrah, and shouted, "*Vive Henri V.*" All attacks were now intermitted, and the fire was left to do its work. The building was rapidly catching flame, and the only fate of these brave fellows seemed to be that of perishing helplessly in its ruins.

In this desperate emergency they adopted a resolution, which, if it had been found in the Greek or Roman annals, would have been panegyriized as one of the finest acts of deliberate heroism. The original number had been about fifty, some had already fallen, and the question was now, as the chateau was no longer defensible, by what means a retreat could be effected. For all it was impossible, while the soldiery were ready to fire on every man who stirred. It was then determined that a part should remain in the building, keeping up a fire of musketry till they perished, and thus taking off the attention of the enemy. Eight volunteered thus to die. Thirty-five were to attempt the *sortie*. The attempt was speedily made; the forlorn hope spread themselves through the chambers, which were burning above and below them; ran from window to window, thus concealing their numbers, and at the same time firing as fast as possible. That thirty-five broke an opening through the back wall of the building, and rushed, under cover of their comrades' musketry and the blaze of the chateau. Three were killed before they could get out of shot. They

had scarcely disappeared, before the entire range of the chambers fell with a loud crash. All was now over. The troops could find nothing in a heap of ashes; and after collecting their dead and wounded, were marched back to their quarters. It is gratifying to know that the gallant forlorn-hope survived. When they felt the floor beginning to give way under them, they sprang together into one of those recesses common in old deep walls of such buildings. There they remained perfectly silent, suffering dread-

fully from heat and suffocation, but neither firing, nor being fired on. The troops had taken it for granted that they were smouldering under the blazing rafters, and looked for them no more. The Chouans remained in their recess until the blaze went down and night fell. Then they came out, crossed the country by ways known only to themselves, and rejoined their astonished and rejoicing comrades. Those are but some of the wonders of this country, even in its modern state. I have many more to tell.

LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

SIR,—In a letter which I lately addressed to you on the occasion of Sir Robert Peel's accession to office, I made a brief exposition of the sentiments I have long entertained as to the virtual extinction of Party, in the sense in which that word has been understood as directing the machine of government for nearly two centuries. The distinction of Whig and Tory has long ceased to exist for any purposes but those of mere faction. Let us hope that it has now ceased, even in that respect also. We are all alike interested in the preservation of our lives and properties, and in the due administration of law, by which alone we can hope to maintain either. What that law shall be, is the only question on which there can exist any difference of opinion among us; and to hold either, with some, that, being once fixed, it ought to be retained as immutable, or, with others, that it is made only to undergo incessant changes at the mere caprice of a mob assuming to itself the name of the Sovereign People, is equally irrational. Between these extremes lies a very wide middle space—quite wide enough for the reception of various shades of opinion—some of them nearly as far asunder as the extremes from which they separate. Yet, as all, more or less, admit the reforming principle, and none go so far as avowedly to embrace the principle of the overthrow of all existing institutions, they cannot, in strict propriety, be classed under any denominations hitherto

invented—those of Reformer and Anti-reformer, Destructive and Conservative, being alike inapplicable when used in their fullest meaning. The true distinction is between those who, though enemies to all abuses, prefer a cautious and safe, but possibly a slow process for the extirpation of them, to a rash and violent course of proceeding which endangers the whole body politic in the attempt to remove them, and those, who, regardless of consequences, would rather rush headlong into rebellion and revolution, than delay for an instant the full accomplishment of all that they consider necessary to the perfection of government. The distinction between wisdom and folly, sense and madness, reasoning persuasion and stupid and relentless compulsion, is not wider than this distinction; and yet it is principally between these two rival classes of candidates that the British people have to make their choice at the present election. Can the issue be doubtful? If it be, there are, indeed, small hopes of averting from the nation a train of consequences too fearful to think of; and the worst predictions of those who opposed the late great change in the representation which I, in common with so many others, supported from a principle of honest confidence in the good sense and real patriotism of the great bulk of the people, will be too fatally realized. Much as all classes of the community are interested in the decision of the question now pending,

none perhaps are so deeply concerned as those with which I feel and profess myself to be identified—namely, the sincere and honest friends of constitutional reform, who really meant no more than they professed, and who contributed their endeavours to the success of the undertaking from a conviction that it was safe no less than requisite. Averse from all change, unless in the shape of real and solid improvement—enemies alike to the revolutionary and to the mere passive-obedience principle, but far more to the former, on account of the imminent dangers attending it, than to the latter, of which the perils are comparatively chimerical—great indeed must we acknowledge to be our share of moral responsibility for the event, and doubly solicitous ought we to feel ourselves that it may not be such as to prove the fallacy of our judgments and the rashness of our well-meant but mistaken endeavours.

Before, however, another fortnight shall have passed, — before what I am now writing can meet the public eye,—the character of the new Parliament will already have been determined, so far as it can be inferred from that of the individual members who are destined to compose it. But, as has already been shown by frequent experience, the actual conduct, even of individuals, is by no means securely to be anticipated from their professions, more especially from such professions as are usually made on the hustings at periods of great popular excitement, or for the unworthy object of overthrowing a ministry chosen by the King under circumstances which admitted no alternative, and offering the promise of a wise and liberal government; and, therefore, even though the Parliament about to be returned should unhappily prove of such a complexion, as to be incompatible with the continuance of that Ministry, and thus again for a time to overcloud or darken our present fair prospect of security and improvement, still we must neither abandon hope for ourselves, nor allow our adversaries to triumph in the expectation that all their wild dreams of liberty and equality,—the separation of Church and State,—the demolition of the House of Lords,—and the conversion

of that of the Commons into an annual assembly to be chosen by universal suffrage, and presided over by an elective magistrate with the name of King, Protector, or Slave, as may best suit the humours of mob-majesty,—will be instantly realized. No—the case will *even then* be again, as it has been so often before,—the subverters will become conservators, though with a far worse grace, and an incalculably smaller chance of peace and stability. Then it will be that those who are now most clamorous in the senseless cry about “following out the principles of the Reform Bill,” at the same time that, with most marvellous consistency, they are advocating the alteration, by way of extension, of that great measure of national settlement in some of its most important provisions, will too late lament the very obvious consequences of their incredible folly; when, instead of abiding by the *real* principles of the Act, as a part of the established law of the land, which the new Minister frankly and honestly professes the willingness of himself, and those with whom he is associated to consider it, they will be amply justified, if they should see reason to do so, in themselves departing from that which their adversaries refuse to adhere to, and in pleading *their* insane and mischievous conduct as a sufficient excuse for their own return to the principles which led them so long and so strenuously to oppose it. I am not now addressing myself to those whose real object and desire is civil war and destruction. but to those who vainly and perilously imagine that there is any way left, but one, for averting such a tremendous catastrophe.

Supposing, however, the great question of the Elections settled, and the Ministry (which God grant!) secure in their places, and *able* to proceed temperately, but firmly, in the great work,—not, according to the silly jargon already denounced, of “following out the Reform Bill,” but of redeeming the pledges given by the Premier himself in his address to his constituents,—the next object, with all true friends of their country, will be to see that he acts up to the spirit of his large and ample promises, and, with this view, maturely

to weigh and consider what are those measures of conciliation and amendment which the present state of the nation imperatively demands, and which can, with safety to the established constitution, be granted.

First, as to the Church. To concede to the Dissenters, as a matter of right, either of their three principal objects,—the abolition of tithes, exemption from church-rate, or admission to the universities,—would be nothing less than to give up the question as to a separate Church Establishment. It is somewhat extraordinary that the Dissenters themselves—(always meaning, by the term, that turbulent and seditious portion of them who assume to be the representatives of the sense of the whole body)—have not discovered this to be the case, and that, instead of clamouring for the separation of Church and State, which is an object, *by direct means* utterly unattainable, they have not enough of the wiliness of the serpent to confine their demands to some one or other of those points which, with a little caution and forbearance, it is possible they might have accomplished by way of surprise, and which, once established, would have given them the benefit of the entire principle they are now contending for. It is, perhaps, more creditable to their honesty than to their good sense or good temper, that they spoke out more plainly; and by thus dropping the mask from the face of their intentions, they have put the defenders of the citadel sufficiently on their guard to prevent the possibility of its being taken by a mere *coup de main*. Let us not, however, on the other hand, be deterred by their bullying airs and gestures, and by their insulting refusal to *accept* (as they phrase it) any thing short of the full measure of their revolutionary requisition, from doing either what is just and reasonable in itself, or what the spirit of the times actually appears to demand of us. Let us recollect also, that there are very many among our non-conformist brethren

whom it would be equally unwise and uncharitable to confound with the mass, or to render subject to the penalty of their extravagant madness and folly.*

I have already, on a previous occasion, stated at some length the grounds of my conviction that there is no reasonable cause of apprehension from the Dissenters, considered as a distinct independent body; and all my subsequent reflections have tended to confirm me in that belief. It is not, however, less the interest or the duty of those who support the Establishment to endeavour to conciliate the Separatists to the utmost extent that is consistent with their main object; and I am fully persuaded that it is at least equally the wish of the moderate and rational of all persuasions to meet any liberal concession with grateful and cordial acceptance. The true interest of all lovers of peace and good government, whether Dissenters or Churchmen, is to unite in repressing violence and fanaticism; and to do so on the broad and Catholic principle, that, however necessary it may be for the welfare of society (*as here constituted*) to give the ascendancy to a National Church, even to the extent of requiring all others to pay for its support, as for that of any other National Establishment, yet it is utterly absurd to suppose that conscientious differences in religious opinion are to be either suddenly annihilated, or to be any thing but exasperated and widened by a system of jealous exclusion. The principle of *Religious Toleration*—a term now disdainfully repudiated as altogether unworthy the advanced light of the age, though not many years since adopted as the highest standard of Christian charity and philanthropy—consists, not in indifference to all creeds and forms of belief—not in rashly breaking down ancient embankments, without regard to the wide-wasting destruction which may ensue from their demolition—nor in admitting the maxim of the omnipotence of truth as a suf-

* The above sentences were written *before* the announcement of the Resolutions of the Birmingham Dissenters, with the signature of the Rev. Timothy East, as chairman; of course before the appearance of Sir Robert Peel's dignified and temperate answer. It affords the writer no small gratification to find an echo to his sentiments in such a quarter.

ficient reason for abandoning the aid of defensive armour, and entering the lists naked—an act of suicidal folly not to be paralleled by any of Don Quixote's wildest achievements, and which the sober Church of England (which, however, has her fanatical children no less than the Dissenters) will never seriously think of perpetrating. The free and equal participation of all civil rights—the exercise of mutual charity and benevolence in the widest possible extent—the abstinence from all dogmatism and bitter censoriousness—these are the criteria by which to distinguish the tolerant from the intolerant, of whatever sect or communion.

Now, of all the claims of Dissenters for the redress of what they are pleased to denominate *grievances*—although, in the usual acceptation of that term, as implying a refusal of what they have a *legal right* to demand, I deny that there are any existing—that of being admitted to the privilege of degrees at the universities is, if not the most plausible, that (of all others) the denial of which is most *grating* to the sensibilities of those, who, from their circumstances and station in society, are reasonably to be presumed best disposed to unite with Churchmen in defence of the constitution. To withhold from individuals of that description the advantage of participation in the honours, and even emoluments of these venerable institutions, to any extent that may be consistent with the *real* interests of the establishment, and with the far higher interests of religion itself, would be to the last degree impolitic—to do so from merely sordid or arrogant motives, alike foolish and wicked. It is a subject, nevertheless, of the greatest difficulty, and requiring the utmost delicacy of management. It is pre-eminently fitted to be the work of time and gradual persuasion, rather than of violent and hasty enactment; and if Oxford could, in the first instance, be induced to open her gates only as wide as Cambridge has done already, that concession might perhaps be followed at no very distant interval, by a postponement of the period of subscription in both universities, to that of admission to the degree which confers a seat among

the governing body, or by requiring it only as a qualification for a voice in the senate house, without prejudice to the mere honorary distinction. With respect to the regulations and discipline of the particular colleges, they must (of course) be left to themselves; and, whether it might or might not be expedient to authorize the foundation of any separate colleges or halls for the Dissenters themselves, subject to no other restrictions than those which are imposed by the laws of the University, is a point to which, while I do not presume to anticipate the objections there may lie in the way of it, it seems worth while at least to draw attention. And let it be always remembered, that whatever is done or conceded on this most important head, so much is effected towards the separation of the moderate and intelligent among the dissenters from the great body of the destructives.

On the subject of church rates, I am content to abide by the promise held forth in the address of the Premier. To go further, would be to sacrifice the whole principle of a national church establishment, and to represent it in the light of a *grievance*, any more than as it is a grievance to be called upon to contribute to the support of any other part of the constitution for which the individual may happen to entertain a disrelish, is the mere extravagance of party delusion. However, since so long as any government whatever is privileged to exist, the whole nation is bound to provide for the support of that government, let the charge of church repairs fall on the nation at large, instead of falling on the respective parishes; and, in whatever way this is accomplished, I shall be satisfied. On the minor (but by no means unessential) points of marriages, registry of births or baptisms, and burials, *all* that the Dissenters ask should be granted, in such manner as may be most consistent with a due regard to the paramount considerations of security of civil rights, and the observance of public decency and religious solemnity. On these heads I feel that there is no danger of disagreement among those who have the slightest pretensions to moderation and charity on either side, though there are evident diffi-

culties in matters of detail, which will only be increased by the prevailing mania of eager impatience.

So much for the question of Church Reform, as considered with reference to the Dissenters. As to most other matters, on *this* side the Channel, I believe that all reasonable and reflecting persons are pretty well agreed, in respect of *principle*—the only differences, and those of opinion only, unmixed with party feeling, being as to the best time and method of bringing about what all alike feel to be indispensable. The commutation of tithe, whether gradual and voluntary, or immediate and compulsory, is probably that which calls for the most speedy adjustment; but I should be far from blaming any minister who prefers taking the fair sense of Parliament on the question as to the best mode of accomplishment, rather than pledge himself *ab ante*, to stand or fall by either. The abuses of non-residence and pluralities, are no doubt numerous, and very gross, in particular instances, but they are not of a nature to require or justify extirpation by sweeping enactments. With the eyes of the clergy in general, and of the bishops in particular, open (as they may now well be believed to be) to their own real interests, it may be the safest and best way to leave it to them in the first instance, to propose a remedy suited to the true character and extent of the evil, with a very intelligible intimation, however, on the part of Government, that a remedy *must* be found, and that none will be available but the most complete and searching.

The question of excluding the Bishops from the House of Lords is one of the many to which the feverish state of the times alone has given birth, and on which it would be useless to waste words, unless upon the supposition that all our institutions, both in Church and State, are to undergo the ordeal of an examination *on first principles*, and that nothing is to be allowed to antiquity and prescription. The only practical sense in which such a notion is deserving of a moment's attention, seems to be the alleged incompatibility between the Episcopal (considered as strictly ecclesiastical), and the legislative func-

tions, and the undue influence of the Crown, supposed to attach to the constant presence, in the Legislative Assembly, of a body of persons whose subservience is inferred from the natural hopes and expectations of preferment. To the first point it seems a sufficient answer, that the species of superintendence which is required for the due discharge of the Episcopal functions, is not such as to require constant, or even any long continued residence within the limits of the diocese; while the Church itself, as one most important member of the State, is mainly placed in reliance for safety and protection on the parliamentary rank and station of its overseers—the duty of a Bishop (be it observed) being by no means restricted to the care of the diocese, which is subject to his more special superintendence, but extending generally over the whole Church. With regard to the second point, it is not enough to meet the imputation involved in it by an indignant denial of the possibility of such unworthy motives existing, nor even by the much more rational, and (with reference to the specific ground of complaint) scarcely insufficient answer, that the supposed influence can be no greater than in other quarters, where it was never dreamed of to allege it as a cause for disqualification. But it is a matter of the very first importance, not only religiously, but politically speaking—(and, indeed, what is of religious, can never be otherwise than of political importance also)—that the Bishops should, more than any other class of men, be placed above the suspicion of an undue political bias; and it is of scarcely inferior importance, that their attachment to the interests of the diocese over which they are commissioned to preside, should neither be weakened by the prospect of removal, nor disturbed by any of those mere worldly considerations which are inseparable from a state of expectancy. The Bishops must therefore be either pronounced by law *untranslatable*—or (which would be far preferable) the revenues of the several bishoprics placed upon a footing of equality, near enough, at least, to prevent the temptation of removal for any other reasons than

those of real public utility, which may (in many conceivable cases) not only justify, but loudly call for an exchange of see. Upon this subject, indeed, it would be difficult to find a better standard, either as to tenure of office or amount of income, than that afforded by our present judicial establishment—meaning, of course, that of the three superior courts of law at Westminster; and, which would render the resemblance more complete, at the same time that powerful reasons of political expedience may be assigned in support of it, the two archbishoprics (to which a third might well be added, by the division of the province of Canterbury,) might be excepted from the general rule of equalisation, and reserved, of course, as legitimate objects of promotion from the bishoprics. The interests of the Church itself, requiring the test of experience as to fitness for its highest offices, appear amply sufficient to support such a suggestion, even at the risk of its being suffered to remain *so far* open to the bugbear charge of influence.

Inferior as respects the qualifications of rank, but foremost, perhaps, in the scale of importance, is the state of the “working clergy”—especially those to whom belongs the cure of souls in the several parishes. Here, also, the main objects to be kept in view by all really well-wishing reformers are simple and obvious—namely, to secure the greatest possible efficiency to the system by a just apportionment of income to duty, by placing within proper bounds the capabilities of preferment, and by subjecting to every restraint that is compatible with the rights of property the abuses of patronage. For the last of these purposes there is perhaps no better security than the exercise of strict episcopal vigilance. This, therefore, must be left to the Church itself; but the hands of the rulers of the Church may be strengthened by the law in the first instance. The first can only be attained upon a principle of approximation, unless at the expense of some measure no less sweeping and *radical* than a new parochial division throughout the country, and payment by regular salary; a mode of remuneration, which, if once agreed to be substi-

tuted, would of course effectually stop the second source of complaint, arising from the removal of clergymen by way of preferment. But it is not for extreme measures of this sort that the good sense and reflection of the great majority of the country are either prepared or desirous. What is really wanted is (in addition to the provisions against pluralities and non-residence, already alluded to, and in cooperation with the principle of tithe commutations,) not actual equalisation, which, even upon the widest principle, is utterly unattainable, because, though the salary may be fixed, the service to be rendered is not only perpetually fluctuating, but of a nature to render utterly absurd the mere notion of valuation—but such an approximation to equality as may possibly be made by the separation of large and the union of small parishes,—the erection of district churches, with cure of souls, in the most thickly peopled, or most remotely situated, divisions of them, the enforced contribution by overpaid incumbents out of their excess of income to the augmentation of smaller endowments, according to some fixed principle of proportion, and a compulsory provision for curates, to be framed upon a like rateable standard. But there is no novelty in these suggestions. They—at least some of them—have been in various instances already acted upon. All are, in some shape or other, before the public; and they are here only repeated, for the purpose of showing how much *may* be done in the way of Reform, without subversion, and also how much *is necessarily* to be done by any Ministry honestly acting up to the principles set forth by Sir Robert Peel in his address to the electors of Tamworth. Another large field for the application of those principles is still remaining, under the head of “Deans and Chapters,” on which it is not my intention now to enter, any further than by observing, that, if it should be thought to be in strict justice admissible to draw upon the excess of any one part of the Church Establishment in aid of the deficiencies of another part, this seems the quarter in which it would be most right and reasonable to commence such an operation. But every

one of these which have been mentioned is a question involving so many considerations of great weight and moment, and such a complication of various and often conflicting interests, as amply to justify even a less scrupulous "abater of nuisances" than the late Lord Chancellor, in making the declaration for which he was so scandalously aspersed and vilified by his former adulators, that, however inadequate to some men's expectations, the progress made in the last two years, that of the next, and the next, and the next following, must necessarily, if left in the hands of *real Reformers*, be yet slower and more gradual. Nothing, indeed, more short and easy than to separate Church and State, expel the Bishops, abolish tithes, confiscate all ecclesiastical property, extirpate Deans and Chapters, and reduce all the working clergy to a £200 or £300 per annum *equality*; and this, so far as the Church is concerned, would for the present, perhaps satisfy those reasonable and plain-dealing men, Mr Hume and Mr Grote, though a great deal more might even still be demanded by Mr Wakley, and more again by some of Mr Wakley's tried friends and supporters, till we come to the most summary and expeditious of all revolutionary nostrums, the guillotine, or a small dose of prussic acid. But, from one to the other of cheap and simple remedies, what are they, when opposed to the spirit of genuine Reform, but that which their several champions are so angry at having them styled, merely *Destructive*? In their own phraseology, doubtless, these gentlemen, of whatever grade, or under whatever banner, are, one and all, only Reformers—upright, steady, consistent, honest *Reformers*; and this is the sense in which they are expected to receive the declaration of the disaffected—for the sake of the argument, we might admit mal-treated—adherents of the ex-Ministry, that now is the time for *Reformers of all classes* to lay aside every *petty distinction*, and join in one common crusade against the detestable monster, Toryism—*e. g.* Lord Lansdowne to embrace Mr Wakley, and Lord Brougham Mr D. W. Harvey, the Bishop of Chichester to coalesce

with Mr Robert Taylor, and the Rev. Sidney Smith with Dr Wade, for this one all-glorious and all-redeeming object. And yet we are not to term the alliance destructive, nor take the unpardonable liberty of confounding together men of such widely different stations and sentiments, since they are leagued *for one purpose only*—the very honest one of defeating the common enemy.

Away with such odious sophistry! The league itself is *destructive*; and all parties consenting to, or wilfully profiting by it, are alike *destructive*—some more than others, but, *most of all*, those who are highest in rank and station, and farthest removed, in their individual sentiments, from the extreme opinions of their new partisans and late revilers. But, lest I should be accused of slander in even hinting at the possibility of an association between names so distinguished and honourable and others so vile and degraded, let me be allowed to repeat that, although not in express terms stated, it is of absolute necessity to be inferred, by the very conditions of this unholy alliance—an alliance to which all become parties who do not repudiate it with the scorn and indignation it so amply merits. One sure effect of all such monstrous combinations for limited purposes, even if they stop short of absolutely destructive, or (if the expression be preferred) revolutionary consequences, is the baneful depreciation of the standard of political morality. Another is the total wreck of political consistency, independence, and usefulness. If their weak and vacillating compliances with the demon of agitation had not already rendered it impossible for the late Ministry to retain the reins of Government, this new league (supposing it conceivable that they would lend themselves to it) would make their perpetual exclusion, in any other shape than that of open and avowed Revolutionists, ten times more certain. Let the price of admission to-day be no more than "*Vote by Ballot*," (which, however, I am far from considering, with some, as a mere harmless extravaganza,) to-morrow it will be "*Death to the Church Establishment*"—the

day after, "the Abolition of the House of Lords,"—and so forth, in sure and constantly accelerating succession; nay, all the several propositions I have just named, have been already set forth, with all legislative gravity, in parliament, by different members, with whom, as we find by the result of the late elections in Marylebone and Finsbury, the most constitutional of Whigs (in their own individual sentiments) account it no dishonour to be associated. And can any one among them, after the smallest interval of cool reflection, turn round and gravely assert, that such conduct is not *destructive*? If not, there is no meaning in words, and there is an end of all rational argument.

Still there are *some* Whigs—I believe a very few indeed are so foolish—who, at the same time that they disclaim all concession to, or association with Radicalism, avow the singularly upright principle of opposing the new Ministry, *in all things*, simply because they are Tories. If examples were wanting to show the inevitable results of such fanatical error, that of Marylebone would suffice. Abandoned alike by the Radicals, who detest him, and the Tories, whom he has gratuitously insulted, the unfortunate Whig, notwithstanding his otherwise honest public conduct, and his highly estimable private character, aided by the very general feeling of compassion excited by his supposed ill treatment at the hands of the identical ministers whose cause he so blindly and factiously attempts to support, is left in a minority far smaller than that of any *Conservative* candidate throughout the whole extent of the Metropolitan constituencies.

The truly honourable, but small and scattered remnant of the party, once so illustrious in rank, numbers, and intelligence, consisting of those who, though fettered by trammels which unhappily prevent them from coalescing with, are nevertheless too liberal and high minded, too right-judging and patriotic, to engage themselves in a factious opposition against an untried Ministry, afford an example much to be lamented, though in themselves scarcely to be condemned, of the evil consequences of that system under which, in times of comparative

safety and happiness, the affairs of the nation were successfully, and to a certain extent honestly, conducted. The evil, in the present instance, consists in the temporary loss to the country of the active services of some of her most valuable and devoted children—at a time, too, when those services are of the utmost possible importance, and in the ministers whom the King has appointed being consequently thrown back for support—as a matter, not of choice, but of necessity—on those whose former professions are so little in accordance with the liberal promises of the Premier, and with the spirit of the age, that the reception of some among them into the Cabinet has furnished the only plausible excuse for those who adopt the factious course of refusing them even a trial. But mark the fallacy of the argument on which this excuse is founded. The address of Sir Robert Peel to his constituents is one from the sentiments of which no prudent reformer, how wide or liberal soever his views, can conscientiously differ, and to which sentiments Sir Robert himself stands irrevocably committed; yet when that statesman proposes, by the King's express command, to unite with an already detached portion of the late Whig Ministry, in forming an administration upon the principles therein declared, the proposal is rejected, not from any disapprobation of those principles, but from a cause much more easily to be understood than expressed, the explanation of which is to be found in that ever fatal word, PARTY. What course, then, remains for the minister to pursue? Is he instantly to confess himself beaten without a struggle?—to resign office, and throw his country and his sovereignty at once into the hands of that worthy "combination of all classes of reformers," by which alone, we are given to understand, both king and country are, for all future ages, to be governed? No; the thought is too childish. Then what does he instead?—what?—but go back to those with whom he has been generally associated, and find out such among them as are most able and willing to unite with him in a ministry based upon the same liberal principles. But then the very names of

some of the individuals who happen to be thus selected are enough, and more than enough, to damp the character of the whole mass, and give the lie to every former profession, however plausible. Before we proceed to so summary a conclusion, let us enquire first, whether these names, of such terrible import, constitute a majority, or any thing approaching to a bare equality, in the cabinet of which they form a constituent part; and if not, then, whether it be not rather more consistent with probability, as well as with charity, to believe that these individuals—all of them alike unblamable on the score of honour—have, by the critical state of the times, been made converts to Sir Robert's principle, than that Sir Robert has, no less weakly than wickedly, made a secret surrender of his own to *theirs*? Do but recollect the position, not in which Lord Stanley's refusal has placed him, but which he of necessity occupies. He is bound to furnish security not to the Reformers only, but to the Conservatives also,—to the one, that he will honestly and faithfully proceed in the work of reform upon the principles he has declared to them—to the other, that he will not endanger our existing institutions in the prosecution of it. His offer of coalition with Lord Stanley, coupled with his lordship's conditional promise of support, is the first;—the co-operation of those who are scouted as Ultra-Tories, but who, though hitherto acknowledged as men of unimpeached honour and veracity, are now acting the basest and most odious, as well as most idiotic, of parts, if they do not mean what their junction with Sir Robert openly indicates, is the second of these two requisite pledges. All, therefore, that can, with the least pretension to fairness or common sense, be urged against the present Ministry is, that it will proceed too timidly, too gradually, (unwillingly perhaps, too, it may be added, in some of its departments,) to please the zealots. Is this a sufficient reason for refusing them even the benefit of a trial? No partisan of the Ex-Ministry, less blind than Sir William Horne, or less furious than Dr Lushington, can answer such a question in the affirmative.

But then it is argued that, as to principles, there are no wider shades of distinction, at least in terms, between those avowed by the different classes of Reformers, than between those at various times professed by the several members of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet;—that the union of all the first-mentioned classes for the one common object of destroying the new Ministry is, therefore, not a whit more monstrous or unnatural than the junction of the latter for the maintenance of a Conservative or defensive position—that the existence of such a junction for that express purpose is incompatible with the profession of liberal principle by any one of its members—that every member so professing is consequently a hypocrite and a deceiver—and that the only true distinction between the new parties is into "Reformer" and "Anti-Reformer."

Now, not to dwell on the want of all logical precision, which is so plainly discernible in this curious chain of reasoning, I should, for one, be well content to abide by the terms of the proposed distinction, if our adversaries would admit that which, in consistency with their premises, they must admit, that by the much-abused word "Reform" is *here* to be understood nothing less than "Destruction." I am unwilling, even for the sake of argument, so to yoke together phrases which, in their original sense, and in that which *I* wish still to attach to them, are so diametrically opposite; but yet this is the sense in which we are absolutely *driven* to use them, in order to meet and expose the nonsense of the opposite disputants. It is that in which, obviously by the context, Lord Stormont lately declared himself to be sick of the very name, which had been so grossly and grievously misused and perverted.

But it is in this sense (or rather in this nonsense) only that I would consent to accept the proposed terms as in the remotest degree calculated fitly to designate the present pretensions of the two great opposite parties. And the fallacy consists in imagining that there is any resemblance between the character and extent of the differences existing between the members and supporters, and those which distinguish the

various classes of opponents of the present Ministry. I will admit, for the sake of the argument, (what, however, besides being in itself highly improbable, is, in point of fact, notoriously false,) that every individual member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet at the present moment obstinately adheres to, and must be considered as to all future ages irrevocably bound by, every opinion expressed by him at any time during the last three years. Upon this supposition, indeed, several, even among our most consistent and unflinching Tory champions, might be sorely puzzled to make all the sentiments expressed by them during this period to cohere, so as to form a strict political creed that he can be required to abide by. But, supposing this difficulty surmounted, and supposing that each has his own separate political creed, distinctly recorded, from any iota of which he can never depart, but at the price of his integrity—what code, either of honour or morality, can be set up as debarring him from the privilege of waiving what he may not deny—of foregoing to insist upon what he still believes to be true—nay, even of abandoning much that he continues to regard as valuable for the sake of saving what he holds of yet higher and more sacred importance? We have to assume one thing only—namely, that Sir Robert Peel is bound to act up to the principles of his declaration—and it necessarily follows that whoever consents to join his standard must, whatever their past or present opinions, henceforward adhere to those principles. This is a point from which they, no more than himself, can recede. *They* have advanced to *him*. *He* cannot go back to *them*. On the other hand, let us suppose Lord Melbourne, or any other Whig leader, to have framed a declaration as nearly as possible, the same in principle as Sir Robert's, and let us further suppose that, his own genuine sentiments are in strict accordance with that avowed principle, but that, merely because *he* has been nicknamed "Whig" and the other "Tory," it is impossible, in the nature of things, that they should coalesce, and he is therefore forced to seek

his support in the heterogeneous mass which is composed of "all classes of reformers." What then is the consequence? Why, true it is, that Lord Melbourne, (or whoever else he may be,) has told us what are his own genuine sentiments, and has professed his intention to act up to them—but has he said that he does not mean, nor will ever be persuaded, at any time, or under any circumstances, to go beyond them? No—he neither has made—nor can ever dare to make any such assertion, but at the risk of losing an incalculable number of his adherents, the entire mass of his more strenuous and active supporters, the main strength of his battle, and of being forced at once to resign or forswear himself. This, then, is the real difference—this the only solid ground of distinction. The rival candidates issue each the same manifesto. Each is believed to be equally sincere in his intention to abide by it, and each to interpret it in the same manner. But, because, a century and a half ago, or more, the nation happened to be divided, (upon some question with which the present has no more to do than with the feud between Montague and Capulet,) into "Whig" and "Tory"—designations in themselves as unmeaning as Guelph and Ghibbelline—Blues and Greens—Bianchi and Neri—(and because to the disgrace and misery of the nation,) these unmeaning words have ever since continued to be used as designating two great parties in the State, opposed to each other upon no principle save that of *party only*—it is impossible that these rival candidates can unite. The nation must submit to be governed by one or the other, or to go without any government. Now, to which of the two would *that part* of the nation adhere which honestly desires the full success of the principles set forth in these several manifestoes, but is at the same time no less solicitous that they should not be encroached upon or extended to objects which are, in the judgment of that part of the nation, subversive of the constitution which it seeks to perpetuate—in the sense, at least, of *human* perpetuity? To him, surely, who is able to give security—not to him who

has no security to offer. This, then, is the true state of the question; and it is in this view of it that I wholly protest against the false and libellous distinction of "Reformer" and "Anti-Reformer," and insist on that of "Conservative" and "Destructive," as better indicating our respective positions, in respect, not of design, but of tendency.

I have lost sight, however, while contemplating the momentous contest at present going on through the country, of my main object, which was to exhibit my impressions as to the nature and extent of that safe and constitutional reform required by the present state of the country—or, to use a more fashionable phrase, to *follow out* the principle which Sir Robert Peel has enunciated. I had gone over—although in a very superficial manner, which is all I profess myself qualified to attempt—the ground of the English Church, especially with reference to the questions betwixt it and the Dissenters, and now find myself on the threshold of that most difficult and complicated of all subjects—the Irish branch of the Establishment. So far from presuming even to enter upon it at present, I am ready to confess that these attendant difficulties and complexities are such as to make me almost shrink appalled from the contemplation of it. Two things seem to be imperatively demanded—first, that the reform granted be large, substantial, and, in the strictest sense of the words, just and impartial, regard being had to the qualifications with which the offer has been accompanied—namely, that whatever may prove to be the alleged excess of revenue, it shall be applied to none but "strictly ecclesiastical purposes"—a term of wide signification, but which Sir Robert Peel is, I think, bound to construe in the most liberal manner. The inviolability of Church property is, no doubt, a principle of the most vital importance, not only on account of the peculiar sacredness attached to the subject of it, but as it involves the security of property of every description. On the other hand, it is the greatest of errors to imagine that this particular species of property is of the same nature with, or subject to the same rules as those which govern the pro-

perty of individuals. The Church is a member of the State, having no visible or corporeal existence, nor capable of enjoying any worldly rights or privileges separate and apart from the State of which it is a member. What is called "Church property," therefore, is, in the strictest sense of the term, "public property"—but it is public property confined and restricted as to the application of it by the will of deceased founders. The State has no more right to divert any portion of it from the prescribed channel, than it has to alter the testamentary dispositions of individuals in other cases. It has no control whatever over it so long as the specified purposes exist, and can be carried into effect upon principles consistent with public policy. It is only in cases, therefore, where, from lapse of time and alteration of circumstances, those specified purposes have ceased to exist, or are become contrary to, or inconsistent with, public policy, that Government possesses any power of interfering without direct usurpation; and, whenever the actual existence of such cases can fairly be proved, still the right of interference, according to every principle of analogy, ought to be limited to other purposes of the same general description—that is to say, to some such as fall within the very wide and indefinite term invented by our ancestors, of *pious uses*. This, at least, after the fullest consideration I have been able to bestow upon it, appears to me to be the true state of the question as to what is generally called "Church property;" and it may be well, perhaps, if no pledge or declaration of intention, with respect to it, had been either demanded or given until the occasion is actually shown to have arisen. It is probable that, whenever that period arrives, the minds of men may be in a state for a more temperate and impartial discussion of its merits than they are at the present moment. In the mean while I feel that we ought to rest satisfied with Sir Robert Peel's general declaration, giving it the benefit of that construction which is, at the same time, the most wise and the most liberal.

But, in order that the full benefit of such a construction should be extended to it, it is in the first place

absolutely necessary that Ireland herself be placed in a condition to receive and reap the benefit. There is now neither time nor space, could I suppose myself ever so little qualified, for entering into a discussion of such vast extent and importance as that of the measures necessary to be adopted for the reform and improvement of that unhappy country, separate and apart from the church question. All that I would therefore say on this most painful part of the subject—and I say it in a spirit, although of bitter regret, yet wholly unmixed with any hostile feeling—that the course which it is the bounden duty of the new Ministry to pursue is, in almost every respect, diametrically opposite to that (if system it can be called) which has so fatally distinguished all the latter portion of the career of their predecessors. It was the adoption of the monstrous alliance then entered into, rendered still more odious by the yet unexplained, and perhaps altogether inexplicable, train of circumstances preceding and following it, but in which there was enough apparent of low cunning, duplicity, and falsehood, to render even the high and honourable names of Lords Melbourne and Spencer, and of the Marquis of Landsdowne, no longer of any avail to protect a Ministry which had ripened within its bosom the seeds of such a portentous birth—it was the adoption of this fatal measure of government, so mysteriously engendered, which more than cancelled the debt of national gratitude to the few remaining members of Earl Grey's Reform Cabinet; and it is the remembrance of that irretrievable error which ought, at the present moment, to operate with tenfold power by way of warning to those who may yet hesitate as to the wisdom, honour, or virtue of entering into a new confederacy with "Reformers of all classes"—including the Preachers of Atheism, and Retailers of penny Sedition and Blasphemy—for the magnanimous purpose of overturning the King's Government. It is that remembrance, again, which may inspire some, even of the most inveterate, with the grace to doubt before they commit themselves to either of the grand projected manœuvres of an exasperated faction—

that of outvoting an untried Ministry on an address to the Crown—or that of reserving the *coup-de-grace* till the period of a demand for supplies, and then ensuring their immediate demolition by a loyal refusal—measures, alike stupid, alike mischievous, alike revolutionary in their tendency; and the object of which will, I have no manner of doubt, be utterly defeated by the awakened abhorrence and indignation of the whole country.

But it is now time that I should bring my remarks to a close. The wide fields of Corporation and Law Reform, besides a countless number of questions, involving the most important interests of the nation, on matters relating to trade and agriculture, to social and domestic economy, must be left untouched for the present; and perhaps I am not the man who can ever hope to contribute the aid of any advantageous suggestions on the far greater part of those subjects. Besides, there are labourers enough in the vineyard; and the task of a vigilant and honest government in attending to and digesting schemes of real utility, and rejecting the far greater quantity of what is altogether vain and superfluous among those which are offered to their acceptance, is already so burthensome that I, and many more such as I, may well be excused for not adding to the weight. From the characteristic error of the late Administration—which was perhaps, under its peculiar circumstances, in a great degree unavoidable, I trust the new Ministry will be exempt—that of crowding too much canvass—of attempting the accomplishment of too many, and too heterogeneous achievements in legislation at once. Corporation and Law Reform may well be suffered to lie by till the great business of the Church is concluded—and, in the Church itself, questions affecting the rights of property, may be advantageously kept distinct from matters of mere internal arrangement. But, first and foremost of all—and for the attainment of which, that which has been preposterously styled and factiously railed against as the "Dictatorship of the Duke of Wellington," would have been a blessing to the country, if it had been a real Dictatorship

and protracted even for a whole twelve-month—is the great duty of punishing treason, suppressing sedition, subduing agitation, and affording some security against bare-faced murder and savage destruction. And it is for the accomplishment of this most holy purpose, that, if through the fierce assaults or pitiful intrigues of faction, the present Government finds itself not sufficiently strong to maintain its position without aid from other resources than its own, I call upon ALL who are yet right minded, or loyal, or honourable, or capable of any one generous and patriotic emotion, to forget past differences and flock to the standard on which now rest the hopes of the

monarchy, together with all its attendant institutions. Neutrality is out of the question; and the curse of Meroz—"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty"—so bitterly invoked by Sergeant Spankie against certain of the electors of Finsbury, whose lukewarmness he censures as the cause of his defeat in that important election contest, will fall with tenfold bitterness on the heads of all who fail of coming to the rescue at that great approaching day of trial.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

METRODORUS.

POSTSCRIPT,

Jan. 20.

Pending the actual course of such an eventful struggle as that which is still going on in all quarters of the empire, it is impossible so to write upon any of the great political subjects, the issues of which are more or less involved in that of the principal contest, without feeling that some of our apparently safest conclusions, or most unanswerable arguments, are liable to be defeated or nullified by the occurrence of some new and unexpected circumstance even at the moment of writing. With such a state of things it is evident that none but a daily press—sometimes, scarcely even that—can keep pace. Without, however, staying to enquire whether any of the sentiments I have just been expressing would have undergone any modification from the effect of events which have since transpired—and, upon the fullest consideration I can now bestow upon it, I am not aware that there are any points in which I should be disposed materially to alter them—I will crave your indulgence merely to notice one or two of those recent occurrences which appear to bear more immediately upon the several points of discussion.

The first of these is the speech of Sir Edward Knatchbull, on his return to the new Parliament—a speech, every word and syllable of which tends in the amplest manner to confirm all I had felt and suggested relative to the tone of sentiment which may be expected to actuate

the new Ministry—even those members of it who have hitherto been distinguished by the most pertinacious adherence to the much-abused and much-misinterpreted maxim of "*Stare super vias antiquas*," but who are too enlightened and liberal not to admit that an altered course of policy is alone adapted to the existing circumstances of the country.

Another—perhaps first in the scale of importance—is the speech made by Lord Stanley on a similar occasion—a speech to which it is impossible to deny the merit of *real* consistency, and a pure and generous patriotism—at the same time that it would not induce me to retract a word I have written expressive of my utter abhorrence of that despotic *spirit of party*, in compliance with which, or with the rigid punctilio of honour which it inexorably demands of its servile adherents, that excellent and high-minded nobleman found himself compelled to abandon the fairest opportunity that ever occurred of combining in the single service of the country all that it possesses most eminent of rank, talent, and moral eminence.

With feelings far—far, indeed, different; with feelings of the most burning indignation, mixed with the most poignant regret and sorrow, when associated with some of the names that have given occasion to them—have I perused most of the addresses and speeches of those who may justly be regarded as leaders among the Whigs, as contradistinguished—if there be yet any room for dis-

tion—*from their Radical allies and associates.* These are, one and all, distinguished, without scarcely so much as in a single instance *adverting to ulterior measures, by one invariable principle of hostility to the King's government—the grand universal chorus being, “we will not suffer them to have the benefit of a trial. Suffice it, that they have been tried and condemned already.”*

Now, not to waste words in enquiring whether such language addressed to or spoken of—and such a system of proceeding adopted—against those who are at all events the ministers of the King's choice, do, or do not, amount to Treason—I am anxious to ask a single question of such among these gentlemen, (if any there are,) who have entered into this new league of opposition—this most rank and unholy alliance—from no *merely sordid* motive, but from the pure, unadulterated, uncompounded, untarnished, SPIRIT OF PARTY—and that is,

whether they have so much as once thought of the consequences? If their object, in expelling the present Ministry *upon a mere trial of strength*, be simply the return of Lord Melbourne and his colleagues to office—the *status quo ante bellum*—but still more, if their secret and ill-suppressed wishes go *beyond that mark*, and are yet short of Revolution—they ought to know and feel that the thing is impossible. *Before*, the King was, *ostensibly* at least, and (up to a certain point) *sincerely and substantially* united to, and cooperating in the measures of his Ministers. If they return—(QUOD ABSIT!)—it can only be in triumph, with their Sovereign a captive, at the wheels of their chariot. Remember the return from Varennes. It is *then* all over with the monarchy; and what I said at the commencement is *the truth*—there are only two real parties, the *Conservative*, and (take it as they please) the *DESTRUCTIVE*.

A GLANCE AT THE GERMAN ANNUALS FOR 1835.*

It is now somewhat more than a century and a half since the enterprising editor of the *Hinkende Bot*, or Halting Messenger, conceived the idea of varying his calendar of Saints' days, and prophecies of the weather, in the manner of Partridge, by a supplement containing a few anecdotes, rules for preserving health, and wise saws of different kinds, equally applicable to medicine, morals, conversation, and cookery. This strange olio was generally graced or disgraced by a woodcut, resembling in execution those specimens of the art which figure at the head of street ballads, or that appalling hieroglyphic, which, to the great confusion of weak minds, is still annually displayed in the concluding pages of Moore's Almanack. “The ladies first gan murmur, as became the softer sex;” and under their influence the supplement gradually increased in length, and improved in quality; a few enigmas or charades from time to time found their way into the collec-

tion; the anecdotes swelled into tales; the maxims into essays; the medical prescriptions were converted into poetry, while the limits assigned to housekeeping and the weather grew small by degrees, and gradually disappeared. The quaint old world devices in wood were superseded by designs in copper, at first, perhaps, not much better, afterwards acquiring something of taste and spirit (of design, at least,) in the hands of Chodowiecky; the subjects were selected from better models; the little volumes began to walk in silk attire and cloth of gold; in short, the Almanacks, better printed, better written, and better illustrated, gradually rose into the same favour with the higher classes which they had enjoyed with the populace, by whom these little memorials of the year had long been regarded as the indispensable accompaniments of Christmas. No where, perhaps, was the experiment likely to be so successful as in Germany, where the good old fashion of cementing friend-

* Urania, Novellen-Kranz, Vergiss-Mein-nicht, Huldigung der Frauen. Vesta. Cornelia. Penelope. Musen Almanach, Taschenbuch der Liebe und Freundschaft.

ships and attachments among families and acquaintances by a system of New Years' Gifts, in which old and young equally participate, still lingers to a greater extent than in any other country; the taste which it was meant to gratify was general enough to ensure its popularity, and popularity soon enlisted talent in its service. Latterly, indeed, scarcely a single name of eminence can be enumerated in German literature, from the passionate yet meditative Schiller, to the philosophic Kant; from the calm, graceful, and polished Goethe, to the wild, imaginative Jean Paul, with his quips and cranks, and outbursts of pathos and mad humour—who has not occasionally submitted his productions to the public in this popular form; and the division of labour has been carried so far, that there are pocket-books for ladies, for gentlemen, for philosophers, for antiquarians, for historians, for Protestants, for Catholics, and, very possibly, for Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics besides.

Our own annuals, the first-born of the German, are generally as superior to their parents in embellishments as they are inferior to them in literary merit. We can only venture to name one among our own which has always combined a high degree of literary interest with the most exquisite beauty in its illustrations, we mean the Literary Souvenir of Mr Alaric Watts, which, neither attempting to witch the world by a list of aristocratic names, nor to parade in its table of contents a long catalogue of contributions from distinguished authors, which turn out on examination to be the mere sweepings of their portfolios, has uniformly rested its claims to public favour on the careful selection and intrinsic merit of its contributions, and the novelty and good taste of its engravings. We are happy to observe that it has this year been enlarged to a size which will give greater effect to those exquisite specimens of art which it contains.

The talent both of our painters and engravers has of late been so completely directed to this species of illustration, that all competition with us in the foreign market is likely, for fifty years at least to come, to be

quite hopeless. But, considering the labour and pains with which the German annuals appear to be got up, and the prices at which they are sold, (which are scarcely inferior to our own,) the general wretchedness of their engravings, both in design and execution, is astonishing. Among those which are lying before us this year, there is not one to which the most indiscriminating collector would give a place in his portfolio. Some of them intended, no doubt *bona fide*, as most grave illustrations of tragic or pathetic scenes, might adorn the Comic Annual. Somehow or other, however, we this year miss an old friend of ours, who used particularly to distinguish himself in this involuntarily comic style of illustration, we mean Ramberg, by whom the designs for the Minerva (one of the oldest of the pocket-books) were generally furnished. We hope he is still alive and well; for Ramberg, without intending it, was really a wag, and the world could ill afford, in these gloomy times, to part with him.

We shall never forget a set of his illustrations to the Minerva of 1831, taken from Goethe's Sorrows of Werther; the scene where Werther meets the crazed notary, and that where he is caught sprawling on the ground playing with Charlotte's children, would have furnished the finest hints for Thomas Hood or George Cruickshank. Even these, perhaps, were excelled in their way by another set of illustrations to the Orpheus of the same year, by the same fine Roman hand, of which the subjects were illustrations of Marschner's opera of the Vampyre—an adaptation of our English afterpiece of that name. The scene where Lord Ruthven is represented as falling over a precipice, while some one is firing off what is meant probably for a pistol, but has more the look of a squib, behind him, we are satisfied would provoke a smile even on the face of one who had only that moment emerged from the Cave of Trophonius.

But passing from the illustrations to the literary merits of the German Annuals for 1835, we fear we must apply to them the sorrowful chorus which the Italian labourers sing under the walls of Rome,

"Roma, Roma, non é com' era prima." The Annuals are not what they used to be; the old familiar faces are in a great measure gone, and a new generation has arisen very inferior to their fathers. Even within our own limited experience of these elegant trifles, the bills of mortality among the contributors are of a melancholy length. Schultze, whose *Enchanted Rose* first adorned the *Urania* of 1817, Max Von Scheuchendorff, and Wilhelm Von Schulz—all cut off in the morning of life, when their poetical talents were beginning to develope themselves most brightly; Wetzel, whose *Jungfrau Von Orleans* can be read with pleasure, even after Schiller's; Frederick Schlegel, a name already familiar all over Europe; Apel, whose *Tale of the Freyschutz* has, by means of Weber's opera, become a part of our literature; Vande Velde, whose sketches of the life of the middle ages of Germany were so full of truth and spirit, have ceased to adorn these little volumes by their fancy or their learning—their command over the pathetic or the terrible. The wizard Hoffman has closed in pain and suffering a dissipated and wayward life, albeit not unredeemed by flashes of genius and touches of more exalted feeling; the versatile and ever-amusing, though vulgar Kotzebue, has fallen under the dagger of Sandt; the Sappho of Germany, Louisa Brachmann, the victim of disappointed feeling, even at the steady age of forty, has found a grave in the Saal; Kleist, one of those talented dreamers who, like his own Prince of Homberg, walk through the world in a state of somnambulism, has shortened his journey by suicide; poor Daniell Lessmann, the Jew, one of the most talented among the later contributors to the Annuals, has hung himself instead of his harp upon a willow; Adolphus Müllner's clever, vain, and irritable existence is over; Augustus La Fontaine has at last closed the long catalogue of his labours, a circulating library in itself; and last and greatest of all, when "his tuneful brethren all were dead," the mighty minstrel Goethe, full of years and honours, has gone down to the grave.

These are vacancies not likely to be speedily filled up. Uhland, though the first among the successors

of Alexander, succeeds only to a part of that vast monarchy over which Goethe ruled undivided: only in the simplicity and feeling of his lyrics does he approach his predecessor. L. Schefer's elaborate imitations of Jean Paul, seem but a faint echo of the deeper tones of the original, either in his melancholy or his mirth; Blumenhagen is but a miserable substitute for Van de Velde, or even Veit Weber; Apel and Hoffman, in the department of the supernatural, have found no successors; and even Tieck, though he still continues as usual his contributions to the *Urania* and *Novellen Kranz*, too often indulges, as he has done, for instance, on the present occasion, in such strange fantastic experiments on the public patience, that, with all our habitual deference to his great talent, we cannot but feel them to be childish and unreadable.

The tale by Tieck, which opens the *Urania* of this year, (*Das alte Buch*,) the *Old Book*,—is one of those phantasmata in which an attempt is made to blend, somewhat in Tieck's earlier style, as in *Puss in Boots*, the dreams of fairy land with the satirical exposure of the vices of modern taste. In the dramatized fairy tale, however, the ground-work was so essentially comic, and so completely made subservient to the satirical end, that no want of consistency was perceptible; but here, where the first half of the tale is written in Tieck's serious vein, full of all his usual vague melancholy and romance, and revelling in the wonders of fairy land with Oberon and Titania, while the latter is a mere diatribe against the corruptions of modern times, and particularly of the French school in matters literary, the total want of harmony between the parts must strike every reader with surprise and disappointment. He has carried this perverse application of his powers still farther in his *Novellen Kranz* for this year, which is entirely occupied by a tale entitled "*The Scare-Crow, a Novel in Five Acts*,"—without exception, the most absurd and unintelligible attempt at satire that ever was written by a man of genius. Even *Pantagrue's Voyage to Lanternland* in search of the holy bottle, seems to have a purpose and meaning compared with the exploits of the man of leather, formerly a scare-crow, who is the hero of the piece. Tieck may be assured, that, if the

world is to be cured of bad taste, it will never be by means either of Scarecrows or old books, such as those which he has inflicted on the public on the present occasion. The remaining tales in the *Urania* are good. "The Adventures in a Journey through the Abruzzi," by the author of *Scipio Cicala*, have a freshness and vigour about them which satisfies us that the scenery is sketched from nature. The story has the disadvantage of being a fragment only of a larger work, and yet the vivacity of the descriptions carries the reader on with increasing interest to the close. The *Alchymist* by the *Baron de Steinberg*, (rather a popular German novelist,) is a powerful sketch of the miserable life of an adept; but it recalls *St Leon* to our recollection, and the comparison, it may be believed, is not to the advantage of the *Baron*.

There are so many "Forget Me Not," that it is absolutely impossible to remember them. One of them for this year is edited by the most indefatigable novelist of his day, *Spindler*. Assuredly, when he dies, he ought to be buried in a circulating library, with the epitaph "*Si quæris monumentum circumspice*." *Spindler's* talent, though of a highly marketable kind, is far enough from being of a high character; indeed, with the exception of invention and rapidity of movement, he possesses not a single quality essential to the formation of a great artist. In taste, in pathos, in the arrangement of his crowded and heterogeneous materials, he is equally deficient; a revolting indifference to the immoral and the disgusting character of many of the scenes which he brings before us, characterises his compositions. What, indeed, can be thought of the taste or moral feeling of a man who attempts, at the present day, a picture of disease in the manner of *Fracastorius*, and kills one of his heroines by the aid of "*schirrhus uteri*."* In the present volume there is nothing of this objectionable nature, but, at the same time, nothing of that striking dramatic bustle which is occasionally to be met with in the *Bastard*, the *Jew*, the *Jesuit*, and the *Invalid*. The volume contains "Tales by Ebb and Flood," a series of short traditions of

Brittany, supposed to be related round a fisherman's fire in the neighbourhood of the island fortress of *St Michel*; and in which the gloomy influence of the spot, with its mists, its storms, and quicksands, is reflected with more skill and poetical feeling than we should have been disposed to give *Spindler* credit for. The best of these are "The Pilgrimage of *King Louis*," an ingenious adaptation of the popular tradition, that a nobleman who fell a victim to the craft and cruelty of the *King*, succeeded in saving his son's life by persuading the *King* that his existence was entwined with, and dependent on, that of the youth; and a ghost story, entitled "The Dumb Child on the Greve," which recalls to us, pleasingly enough, the recollection of the wild fancies of *Apel*. Besides the "Tales by Ebb and Flood," the volume contains "The Treasure Chambers at *Burghausen*," and the *Evil Eye*, neither of which are of any distinguished merit or interest.

The *Vesta* and *Huldigung der Frauen* are published at *Vienna*, and the embellishments of the former are superior to most of the German annuals, though still at an immeasurable distance behind our own. The chief ornament of the *Vesta* of this year, is the introductory series of elegiac and lyric poems by *Grilparzer*, the author of *Sappho*, and the first living dramatist of Germany. These are followed by a long involved and remarkably uninteresting novel, entitled the *Grandmother*, by *Williband Alexis*, (a pseudonym substituted for the less euphonious name of *Herring*,) from whom we should have expected something better, when we recollected his clever mystification of the German public by the publication of his *Walladmor*, as *Sir Walter Scott's* expected contribution to the *Leipsic fair*. We regret to add that we can say nothing favourable of the remaining contributions to this volume, "*Maria*" a novel by *Gustav von Berneck*, and "*Long Maths and his Wife*" an historical tale by *Frederick Pitt*, a name which we do not remember having formerly met with. In better hands something might have been made of the latter. The idea is this,

a family party sitting together resolve to write a tale upon the spot. The daughter's intended husband begins the first chapter, and deals in fighting and bloodshed; the daughter, who takes up the pen in the second chapter, mixes up a large allowance of love and sentiment with these horrors: the father begins chapter third, and undoes the work of both—and so on. With a better subject and a little more invention, the idea, we think, might be rendered very amusing.

The Huldigung der Frauen has never occupied a high place among the annuals, either from its illustrations or its literary contents, though last year it contained one admirable Tale by Kruse, entitled "Der Geisterbanner" "the Spirit Raiser." It deals to an ultra liberal extent in Poetry, and its Tales this year are more mawkish than usual. We can afford room only for their Titles—"Honour to ladies" a humorous (?) Tale by Johann Langer, "The Vault" by Louisa Beck, "Two days in the Country," "Krimmler Veve," a Tale by Roland—"The Aunt from the Country," by Castelli, a translation, if we are not mistaken, from Miss Mitford's American Tales, "The Medallion," by Straube, (the best Tale in the volume,) and "the Man of Forty Years," a novel in letters by Lambert, which is announced as a free imitation from the English.

Penelope is a degree better. Some of the embellishments, representing scenes from Italian life, from designs by Lindau, are good, particularly that entitled "Love and Jealousy," where a wretch is represented, knife in hand, and with a look in which every infernal passion seems concentrated, watching some love passages between a rival water carrier, and a pretty Italian peasant under the shelter of a veranda. The literary contents of the volume for this year are, "Aurelias Hero," "The Divorced" and the "Virtuoso of Genoa." The first, which is by Wilhelm Von Ludemann, is commonplace, the second by Leopold Schefer, strange, wild, yet not without pathos and strong interest. Many of our readers will recollect Goethe's celebrated novel, the "Affinities of Choice,"

in which the Baron, tiring of his wife, pairs off with her niece Ottilia, while the forsaken Baroness most conveniently forms at the same time a similar arrangement with the Baron's friend the Captain. Here we have a domestic drama of the same kind; where a husband divorces his wife to marry her sister, then returns again, "*à ses premiers amours*." One would really imagine that the Antijacobin might have put an end to these "double arrangements." The Virtuoso of Genoa is our old money-making friend Paganini, whom the Germans have arrayed in the fantastic garb of a sentimentalist, and who here plays the first fiddle in an opera of love and murder.

Cornelia this year is poor: the plates, chiefly bad engravings at second hand from the English Illustrations of Lord Byron; the literary contents miserable. "*Non ragioniam di lor ma guarda e passa*."

The "Taschenbuch der liebe und Freundschaft," edited by St Schutze, is this year distinguished by two striking tales—"The Secret contrary to Law," and "The Magic Key," both by Professor L. Kruse, a man of very peculiar ability and invention. In constructing an intricate and mysterious plot; some tale turning on murder or secret crime, discovered by a chain of gradually emerging incidents; or in depicting the influence of a mysterious fatalism, or awakening the superstitious interest arising from the supernatural, Kruse is at present without a rival in Germany. His materials are often old and vulgar enough; but they are applied with such art and novelty; the chain of complexities winds itself about us so gradually, so naturally, and apparently so inextricably; and then unwinds itself again with such consummate skill and *vraisemblance*, that some of his tales in the Criminal-Geschichten might be selected as perfect models in this respect. As a specimen of the annuals of this year, we cannot do better we think than select his tale of the Magic Key, premising merely that in this case he leaves the mystery where he found it, instead of attempting, as he generally does, to furnish the clue to the enigma.

THE MAGIC KEY.

It is a common opinion, that the fantastic and wonderful traditions of former times, and the belief in such legends, are seldom to be found save in wild and mountainous countries. I believe, however, there is no country so flat but that many of its inhabitants must, in the course of their existence, have met with more or less which carries back their thoughts to the Ginnistan, or fairy land of childhood; and that no one so entirely forgets his early impressions as not to sympathize with narratives of events which present themselves in that double light that puzzles the will and leaves the mind in doubt whether they are to be viewed as the growth of an unknown land of wonder, or of the common earth which we cultivate in the sweat of our brow. To an event of this nature I myself, some ten years since, was, I may say, an eyewitness.

While pursuing my studies at the University of Copenhagen, I inhabited a small floor in a retired quarter of the city, in company with another student, with whom I had contracted so intimate an acquaintance during our academical career, that daily intercourse had become in a manner indispensable to us. None who were acquainted with Rudolf could have wondered at this. On the contrary, I knew that my comrades and acquaintances envied me the pleasure and advantage I derived from his society. We were both from the same province—both sons of clergymen; both had gone through our preliminary trials, and were looking forward anxiously towards a situation. Though we lived together, business generally kept us apart till late in the evening, when we were accustomed mutually to communicate the events of the day. The place we were fondest of visiting in company was the theatre. This was our chiefest pleasure,—so attractive, indeed, to both, that we would frequently part almost with actual necessities to procure this intellectual enjoyment. Never did we feel so cheerful as when, arm in arm, we repaired to our favourite haunt; and Rudolf in particular was then so

animated, so excited, that I often look back upon the nightly hours we spent together in that manner as among the happiest of my life.

I have never met with any one who possessed in so remarkable a degree the power of depicting in a lively manner characters and situations. His fancy and feeling carried his auditor irresistibly along with them; and there was something peculiarly touching, in particular, in the deep attachment with which this young man, the idol of every circle, clung to the recollections of his own simple, paternal home.

Self-consciousness, he used to say, was first awakened by his grief for the death of his mother, which took place when he was only seven years old. His first feeling of joy was occasioned by the return of his sister, two years before, from the house of a relation in Altona to his father's.

Nothing could be more fascinating than his picture of the young Paulina; her beauty, her grace—the admiration of her father on her return—her slightly foreign accent—her tasteful mourning dress—her childish joy at embracing her nearest relations—again overclouded by the recollections of the early loss of her mother. "Ah!" he would exclaim, "could you but have seen her laugh or weep—none ever laughed or wept like her. How gracefully arch her look! how lovely the dimples that play round her lips when she smiles! When she weeps, how mournfully, how indescribably fascinating are her tears! The hardest heart could not withstand their influence. No countenance is so expressive—no soul so lightly moved. Every tone of beauty or goodness, however faint, finds a sympathetic echo in her gentle bosom."

Often would I say to myself, when I heard Rudolf speak thus, "Would that this maiden were *not* his sister! Where will he find a bride that will ever maintain the same hold on his imagination and his heart?" Unfortunately my presentiments were too soon justified by the events which followed.

Rudolf one day received a letter from his father, in which the latter

mentioned, that a young man in the neighbourhood, rich and handsome, was a suitor for Paulina's hand. It seemed as if with the arrival of this ominous letter our good genius had departed, for scarcely had Rudolf read these words, when he was seized with so violent, so insane an excess of grief, that he was attacked that very evening with fever, and for several days was confined to bed. From this moment his tranquillity was gone; a deep sorrow, a complete distraction of thought, took possession of him; even the intelligence, which he shortly afterwards received, that Paulina had in the most decided manner rejected the offer of her lover's hand, though it somewhat calmed the perturbation of his mind, could not restore its cheerfulness or activity, or extinguish the blinding light which seemed to have broken in upon his mind. His ordinary employments had become a task to him, his health began visibly to decline, and even in our hours of most confidential intercourse, he never breathed to me the name of Paulina.

One evening, when I had found him more cheerful than usual, we were seated together in the pit, and at the close of the performance, after the curtain had dropt, we turned to contemplate the display of beauty which the boxes presented. Suddenly the attention of both was attracted to a lady in a distant box. Never before had I beheld any thing so dazzlingly, so magically beautiful. Her waving curls glittered in the light like gold; her eyes, the marble polish and whiteness of her brow and neck, seemed to cast a lustre round the spot where she was seated; the classic calm of her features, her exquisitely moulded form, reminded us of some statue of Phidias, formed of ivory and gold, and destined to adorn the temple of a goddess. We determined, in hopes of obtaining a closer view of this divinity, to place ourselves at the door of her box, where she would be obliged to pass us in leaving the theatre, and to follow her at some distance, in order to ascertain who the beautiful unknown might be who had thus in so high a degree excited our attention and curiosity.

The performances were scarcely finished, when we placed our-

selves at the door of the box, the number of which was well known to us. We waited and waited, but in vain. One spectator after another left this and the neighbouring boxes—the house gradually became empty, the box-keepers came round to shut the doors, and still the object of our admiration appeared not.

"She must have left her seat the very moment we left the pit," said I.

"Else," replied Rudolf, "she is no earthly being, but some nymph or fairy, who has left her native region, to dazzle our eyes for a moment, and then leave us in darkness."

During this conversation we had left the theatre. As we stepped into the street, Rudolf struck his foot against something, which he lifted up, and which proved to be a key. "To appearance," said he, "this is the key of some chamber—probably its loss will occasion no small embarrassment to the proprietor."

We waited a little, in the neighbourhood of the theatre, in the expectation that the person who had lost it might come back to look for his property, but in vain. Rudolf put it in his pocket, and as no one appeared, for several days, to make any enquiry after it, he retained it, and generally wore it about him. This plain, common-looking key, seemed to have taken a peculiar hold of his imagination; he often pulled it out, looked at it, and lost himself in the wildest trains of thought.

"There is something pretty about this key," he one day said—"it is evidently intended for some small door. Would that I knew only where such a one was to be found. I am sure some lover must have dropped it. It is the talisman which was to have given him access to his happiness, and now the unfortunate has lost it, in his anxiety not to be too late for his appointment. Happy he to whom such a key is intrusted! He too, like us, perhaps stood in the pit, and contemplated the object of his wishes, and those of a thousand others, to whose heart and favour he alone possesses the key. No! No love is so happy as that stolen bliss which night covers with her protecting shadow."

"No love so happy?" I exclaimed. "Nay, a thousand times rather would

I be the proud, the happy, new-married husband, sitting in that theatre by the side of his blooming bride, then returning arm-in-arm with her to his cheerful home, accompanied by a few friends, who, enchanted by her grace, participate with friendly sympathy in his joy and pride."

"But," answered Rudolf, "how soon is this pleasant evening followed by days of disappointment? quarrels, household cares, unpaid bills, crying children, pouting wife, and all the other evils that married life is heir to?"

"You are describing a married life of poverty, not of competence," I interrupted him; "and even to these miseries, the tender attentions and sympathy of a wife can lend some portion of comfort, can disguise to some extent their most revolting features. What indeed can bind us closer than misfortunes, shared and endured together with fidelity and dignity?"

"For one pair who are united by such, there are a hundred parted."

"Possibly," said I; "but the same may be said also of those whose stolen attachments are covered by the shelter of night."

Unimportant as this conversation might appear in itself, it was to my mind a new proof how men may involuntarily reveal their secret wishes and feelings, even by the bitterness of the reproaches with which they appear to inveigh against them. We are seldom mistaken in assuming that a woman entertains a secret attachment to the man whom she loses no opportunity of abusing. The unfortunate Rudolf sought to disguise the intensity of his feelings by railing at a bliss which he believed to be unattainable, while I, who so warmly defended the cause of matrimonial happiness, was in truth perfectly indifferent to the matter.

On the same day on which this conversation took place I returned home unusually late. Contrary to my expectation, however, Rudolph had not arrived; as usual, I resolved to wait for him before retiring to rest. I took up a book, but as hour after hour elapsed, and still he came not, I at last became uneasy at his stay. I opened the window and looked out for him with anxiety; it

was a clear moonlight September night, and it was the equinox. The street was perfectly empty, not a sight or sound of life visible or audible, except the distant cock-crow that greeted the dawn, the stroke of the clock, and the call of the watchman from the neighbouring church spire. At last I heard footsteps approaching, and with joy recognised the step of Rudolph, who came along the street rapidly, whistling a lively air. He perceived me at the window, and was in a moment at my side, apologizing for the sleepless night he had occasioned me.

"I have met," said he, "with an adventure so strange, yet so agreeable—but I will not at present detain you from your rest. To-morrow I will tell you all. Thank Heaven, it is Sunday, and we shall then enjoy some peace and quietness."

Next morning we entered our common sitting-room together, and were inexpressibly astonished at the splendour and delicacy of the breakfast we found prepared for us. A spirit lamp burnt under a splendid silver coffee-pot, the handsomest crystal and porcelain decked the table, and invited us to partake of the dainties with which it was covered. The windows were filled with flowers, and a bright autumnal sun illuminated the whole. We could devise no other explanation of the change, than that our landlady, a thriving and kindly creature, had determined to surprise us by this proof of her attention. On enquiring, however, both the landlady and the servants expressed the greatest astonishment, and declared themselves unable to afford any explanation of the phenomenon. We seated ourselves, however, in the highest spirits, and closing the doors, Rudolph thus began his promised narrative.

"I know not if you have ever remarked, among the ruinous spots in the town which still recall to recollection the bombardment by the English, one place where a high red wall seems to stand, melancholy and alone, and to look down on the gay and new buildings by which it is surrounded, as some old and mutilated invalid might be supposed to do on some young newly raised regiment parading before him. The

road I take every evening, as you know, passes close to this spot, and there was something in the appearance of this wall which has always made an impression on my fancy. Yesterday evening, as I passed, I could not help stopping to look at it. Illuminated by the bright beams of the moon, it appeared more than usually picturesque and striking. High trees waved above it; and in one corner I perceived a small door. The thought struck me—what can be behind it—some waste place filled with ashes and rubbish? Do I not feel within me a presentiment that something better lies there concealed? At once the key occurred to my recollection. I could not resist the temptation of trying it. It fitted, the door opened, and I found myself in a long vaulted passage, feebly illuminated by a lamp. A strange figure advanced to me with a respectful air; it was a little dwarfish negro, attired in a brown dress, and his head covered with a shawl, wreathed into the form of a turban. He bent his body with an unusually low obeisance before me, as he said, ‘Welcome! Permit me to conduct you to my fair mistress. She waits for you;’ and before I could recover my thoughts, he sprang to the door, drew out the key, locked it behind, and returning it to me with the utmost respect, he repeated, ‘Follow me.’

“Return was now impossible, but even had it been otherwise I could not have resisted the temptation of attempting the adventure. The negro walked before me through the long passage, at the end of which was another small door. We then ascended a stair which led to a second passage, and found ourselves in a splendid antichamber, like an orangery, surrounded with statues and plants, and illuminated by a large lamp suspended from the roof. It led into a hall, the magical decorations of which, its intoxicating perfume, the strange yet sweet music which breathed around, I am unable to describe. In this hall were seated a number of young and beautiful women, dressed in a peculiar and half Oriental taste. Conceive my astonishment when one of them advanced towards me, and I recognised in her the incomparable fair one who had

so fascinated us in the theatre, and had vanished so unaccountably from our gaze.

“She greeted me like an old acquaintance, and extended to me her fair white hand to lead me to a couch, where she seated herself by my side, while the other females, whom I soon perceived to be her attendants, presented us with refreshments, accompanying our repast with a low and gentle music, which mingled with, without disturbing, our conversation.

“When I begged her to forgive the liberty which a stranger had thus taken in intruding into this enchanted palace—‘True,’ said she, ‘we have not been long acquainted; but, ah! how much there is in human life which is unintelligible. Brief as its duration is, man hesitates to enjoy the pleasures it offers to him; he cannot believe he is entitled to do so, if he has not meditated and laboured to procure them, sacrificing the bloom of youth and the freshness of thought in the struggle. Should joy resemble a deep buried treasure, which we grasp with a faltering and trembling hand? Or is sorrow to be considered as a despotic sovereign, to whom the best part of the treasure must be abandoned? Then few indeed could be the moments of enjoyment.’

“I was enchanted with the fair dame’s philosophy, and still more with the graceful dance which her attendants now commenced. But how totally were they cast into the shade when their mistress seized a tambourine, and with movements, the graceful elegance of which no words can express, advanced into the centre and danced along with them. What a foot, what an arm, what hair! for in the rapid movement of the dance, her hair had broken loose from its confinement, and floated like a glory round her pale and transparently beautiful countenance. It was like the dance of the elves in the summer moonlight, which intoxicates the daring spectator into madness. I, too, felt something of the same sensation. As she approached I threw myself at her feet. We imparted to each other our love; the sweetest of ties united us. This incomparable beauty, my friend, is mine—wholly, irrevocably mine.”

"And who is this beauty?" I asked. "But perhaps that is a question you are not at liberty to answer."

"I am not, and for the best of all reasons—I do not know myself. I have asked, indeed; but her answer was, 'Who am I?—your beloved, I hope—what can I be more? Or am I not your beloved?—then I am nothing. My name is Aura; let that content you.'"

I listened to Rudolf's recital with astonishment. Well did I know the danger of connexions such as this at which he had hinted. Often indeed in our conversations had the subject been touched on; and Rudolf knew perfectly the sentiments I entertained. I could not, therefore, accuse myself of deception if on this occasion I did not reiterate them. I felt placed in a position where there was but a choice of evils. For against this evil I had to weigh the fatal guilty passion which I could not but suspect him of cherishing towards his sister, and the consuming melancholy which threatened to dry up in his mind all the springs of thought and action; and placing the two in contrast, I said to myself, like Goethe's Charlotte in the affinities of Chance, "The power to which that appears right, which to us appears wrong, may perhaps have determined that by this course, perilous as it seems, he shall be restored to himself and to tranquillity."

We spent the rest of this lovely autumnal day with some friends in the country. When we entered our chamber in the evening, we began to believe we had committed some mistake, or were in a dream. All our old plain and somewhat scanty articles of furniture were gone—replaced by others equally new, tasteful, and comfortable—nay, I may say luxurious, though still in no respect extravagant or unsuited to the modest character of our residence. An air of ideal grace breathed about the whole; we were particularly delighted with a small but well-selected library, and a painting which represented with consummate perfection of illusion, nymphs dancing by moonlight on the sea-shore. The night wellnigh wore away before our examination had concluded; both were dumb with astonishment, and both agitated by the same pre-

sentiment, though neither ventured to confess his suspicions to the other.

When I entered the room next morning, I started back at the sight of the strange figure I perceived there, and whom I at once recognised, from Rudolf's description, as Aura's black dwarf. Rudolf was already seated at the coffee table, while the little misgrown creature was occupied in placing upon it a variety of articles from a basket which stood at Rudolf's feet. Having concluded his work, he bowed reverently, placed the little basket on his shoulder, and said, "Farewell, master; have you any other commands for your slave?"

"None, my good Omar," replied Rudolf; "the kindness of your mistress covers me with shame." The dwarf bowed again deeply, and left the room with rapid steps.

When we were left alone, and had had time to communicate our feelings of astonishment, the first subject of consideration which occurred to us was how we might best escape the observation of our landlady. This fortunately, owing to the delicacy and tact with which Aura managed to meet and even to prevent every wish on the part of her lover, was not a matter of much difficulty. The people of the house, and the few friends with whom we were on terms of intimacy, and who might have observed the apparent alteration of our circumstances, were easily induced to believe that the improvement had taken place in consequence of our success in teaching, and our economy.

So passed the winter. Every morning early Omar arrived, bringing in his basket every thing which Rudolf was likely to require, or could even wish, for the day. I observed that among all the gifts which he received, no money was ever sent. Every where, however, his accounts were paid, when at the end of the month he enquired after them. The answer he always received was that he must recollect that the bill was paid, and that the receipt had been sent, which upon his return he invariably found in his possession.

As we still continued our teaching, notwithstanding the change of our fortunes, and Rudolf had no other sources of expense, he generally expended his earnings in little

presents and remembrances for his absent father and sister. I was particularly pleased to observe, that instead of abandoning himself, like another Rinaldo, to the enchantments of his Armida, he, on the contrary, availed himself of the additional means which his good fortune placed in his power, only to devote himself with more assiduity to the acquisition of all the treasures of art and science from which his humble circumstances might otherwise have excluded him. Few traces indeed of the gay and thoughtless lover could be observed in him. On the contrary, but a few months had elapsed after the commencement of this mysterious connexion, when the traces of his melancholy, more chastened, indeed, more ennobled, if I may use the expression, than before, reappeared.

On one occasion, when, during our confidential intercourse, I had ventured to interrogate him as to the cause of his melancholy, he replied, "I am ungrateful, I believe, and *exigeant*, but I cannot deny that I feel discontented—unhappy in my union with Aura. Skilful as she is in lending every grace and delicacy to the enjoyments of life, she has yet no feeling for the higher and nobler emotions which can alone render such a union as ours happy or permanent. I will give you an example, which will better explain my meaning than any attempt to paint her character. The evening before last she was amusing herself in my company and that of her servants with a remarkably beautiful little monkey, and in the course of her play the animal unexpectedly bit her in the hand. She threw it from her with a piercing cry; and when she saw the blood began to flow from the trifling wound which it had caused, she moaned and wept like a child. Her women screamed and wept even more vehemently than herself, while I tried in vain to silence their cries. They pressed around her, while one of them, with rage in her look, seized on the unfortunate monkey. The poor animal folded its paws in terror, and seemed to implore her pity; then perceiving its grimaces made no impression on the hardhearted girl, it sprang in desperation from one side of the

chamber to the other, till at last, striking its head violently against a marble pedestal, it fell down dead. I carried it to Aura, and said, with some irritation, 'It is dead.' These words, and the sight of the dead animal, seemed to deprive Aura of her senses. Her features moved convulsively, and she fell into a swoon. Her companions hurried towards her with cries of despair; I myself almost felt my head turned with this madlike scene of confusion, and no sooner had Aura recovered than I hastened to leave the place, which had become as hateful to me for the moment as it had formerly been agreeable. Next evening, however, my steps led me thither as usual. I found Aura in her cabinet, alone, stretched, pale and exhausted, upon a sofa. In this state she appeared to me more than usually attractive; there was something captivating in the melancholy which now shaded her fine features, the unalterably smiling expression of which had begun to weary me.

"The conversation naturally turned upon the scene of the preceding evening, and, as I expressed my wonder that a matter of such trifling moment could have produced so strong an effect upon her mind, she answered,—'Trifling?—trifling to suffer pain—to see blood flow—to witness the hideous change which men call Death!—Is all this trifling?'

"'Dearest Aura,' I exclaimed, 'even this change, hideous as it is, is not the worst that may await us.'

"'How!' she exclaimed; 'can there be any thing worse, any thing more revolting?'

"'Yes,' said I, after a brief silence. 'Death is not always the greatest of evils; there even are occasions when it may be regarded as the greatest good.'

"'Ah,' speak not so insanely!' exclaimed Aura.

"'Dearest girl,' I replied, 'say yourself; are there not sorrows, gnawing griefs, under the pressure of which we are tempted to pray for death?'

"'None—I know of none.'

"'Pardon me, then,' I continued, 'what I am about to say. You have given me so many proofs of your love, that I would willingly persuade myself that you *do* love me. Answer

me, then, which thought would be the most agonizing, that the lightning flash was about to strike us at once, locked in each other's arms,—or that a time would come when you would despise me, deem me unworthy of your love, and repent that you had ever bestowed it upon me?

“Despise you? repent my love? these ideas are unknown to me, they are incomprehensible. Do you mean that it is possible that you should become hateful, or harsh, and cruel to me? Is that your meaning?”

“Dearest Aura,” I replied, “I know not what more to say. But tell me, do you know what it is to feel a sense of longing, of anxiety? Has the fear never crossed your mind that I might love another?”

“Longing, say you? none—anxiety? Yes, but only at the thought of death or cruelty. Did I ever fear you could love another? I cannot but smile at the question. Ah! talk to me no more of these distracting passions of yours—speak to me no more of jealousy and such like, of which I know nothing—which are but the dreams of a diseased fancy. In the East, where a lovelier sun gives a brighter glow to the flowers, where the night air is heavy with perfume, where love glows with a warmer flame, there the wife lives in sister-like union with her fellows—they wait on her like obsequious slaves, they love her, and their children are as hers.”

“Have you then been in the East, lovely Aura?” enquired I. “Are you yourself one of those lovelier flowers that owes its glow and lustre to his beams?”

“She laid her finger on her mouth, and said, ‘Ask me not; I have told you already, to such questions I can give no answer.’”

“Thus terminate most of our conversations. In vain I try to comprehend this strange being, and often I feel my union with her lie heavy on my heart. Rather would I die than give her pain; and yet I know not that even my loss *would* give her pain; for even when I remain absent for a week she still approaches me with the same gaiety, never enquires the cause of my absence, yet all the time continues to send Omar to our

lodgings with every thing which she thinks can add to my gratification. Be her nature what it may, it is a kind and gentle one; but alas it is unsuited to mine; she is and must ever remain a stranger to my heart.”

After thus giving vent to his emotions, Rudolf appeared more calm, and was able to impart to me with somewhat more clearness and composure his views and feelings with regard to Aura. That he did not love her, that he never indeed had loved her, was plain to me, perhaps more so even than to himself. I could not help believing too that I could hit on a natural explanation of a great part of this enigmatical adventure; but I could not venture (doubtful as I felt, in the agitated and distracted state of Rudolf's mind, what might operate beneficially, and what might tend to aggravate his morbid condition) to enter farther upon the question at present. I determined to leave every thing to chance, and the moment arrived more speedily than I had expected.

The summer had arrived. One morning as Rudolf and I were sitting alone in our room, a gentle tap came to the door. I opened it, and a man of dignified appearance, with a young and beautiful girl by his side, enquired for Rudolf, who at the first sound of his voice, sprang up, and threw himself into the arms of the stranger. He did not require to tell me that his visitors were his father and sister. They had arrived during the night, and their stay was to be limited to eight days. During this interval we were all as much as possible together, and short as it was, I had learned before its close to look upon these most amiable and prepossessing beings as my own near and dear relations. Every moment I spent in Paulina's company recalled more vividly to my recollection the picture of her which Rudolf had drawn. She was one of those rare beings of whom it might be said, that the spiritual principle had so interpenetrated the material form, that it seemed almost transparent to the eye; since every emotion of the soul shone through, all flowing into each other like musical tones, where a discord is only admitted to be resolved into harmony.

The day of their departure arrived

only too soon. We had dined together for the last time; the father had gone out to execute some necessary commissions before leaving the town, and before going had handed to me a manuscript, of which he had promised me the reading. In the middle of the room was a large projecting chimney, which divided it into two parts, and between the windows opposite to it, a looking glass. The brother and sister seated themselves on one side of the chimney in low confidential conversation, while I sat down to the perusal of the manuscript on the other; we were in such a position, the stonework of the chimney being between us, that we could not see each other directly, but only in the mirror which stood before us. My employment was soon interrupted by their conversation, which, either through forgetfulness of my presence, or indifference to it, was no longer carried on in whispers.

"Paulina," exclaimed Rudolf, with vehemence, "you break my heart; on what ground can you accuse me of being no longer the loving brother I was? Have I not seized every opportunity of showing you that my thoughts are ever turned towards home?"

"Yes," was Paulina's answer, "you have sent me beautiful gifts, adorned our little mansion with a thousand elegancies during the last year, and believe me I value your gifts—but oh! Rudolf, be not angry,—what are they compared with the letters you used to write? In the course of a year and a half I have received from you but two, and these I wished to Heaven I had never received, so strangely altered was their tone. I opened them with a heart beating with joy, I closed them with the bitterest tears. They were kind indeed, even flattering—but ah! how cold and constrained, how different from those I used to receive, when each was enough to secure to me some days of joy. What are all the compliments and gifts in the world, compared with the heartfelt language of natural affection? No, no, 'Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' Ah! had you but heard our father preach from this text, on the Tempter in this world, you would understand me better."

Rudolf sprang up, and exclaimed, "O Paulina, I understand you better than you think, better than you can imagine."

"I tremble myself at my own presentiments," answered Paulina, "so many gloomy ideas haunt my imagination against my will. I sometimes think that you can never look at me again as you did before! Ah! this affluence in which you live, these riches, these handsome possessions, which rejoice your father's heart as the fruits of your talents and exertions,—I cannot bear to look upon; they seem to me like money won at play—purchased with the sacrifice of conscience—obtained dishonourably. Pardon me that word, my brother—I would not have used it, I could not have ventured on the subject, but I feel as if your soul and your conscience were inextricably intertwined with my own."

With these words she burst into tears. Rudolf stood before her, pale, and seemingly petrified. She turned her face towards him with a melancholy smile, while the large tears still stood in her eye, or rolled silently down her cheeks: she extended her hand to him, and he seated himself again beside her.

"You will smile at what I have to tell you," said she, "and, in truth, 'tis foolish enough; I have written many letters to you which you have never received, and which indeed were never intended for your eye. But when I used to sit alone in my room at night, and felt heavy at heart, I used to seat myself at the table, write a letter to you—then read it through and efface the characters with my tears—only to begin another the next evening."

Rudolf threw himself at her feet, and clasping her hands, said in a tone of entreaty, "Paulina, dearest sister—sister of my soul! forgive me. From this moment I will live only to be a brother and a son. This I swear to you."

At this moment we heard the steps of the clergyman returning. Rudolf rose in haste. The venerable old man greeted me kindly, eyed his children with a look of earnestness, and seated himself silently in a corner.

Paulina approached him. "Dear father," said she, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, my child, not ill, but somewhat discomposed. I have just quitted the bedside of a sinner, whose hardened heart I have been attempting to soften to a sense of his situation, but in vain. I had a plan, too, for your future prospects," added he, clasping Rudolf's hand, "and that also has been disappointed. No matter, 'tis in vain to repine. All may yet go well. Promise me only that you will not neglect to become a candidate for the church in my neighbourhood should the situation become vacant."

To my surprise Rudolf promised to do so without the least hesitation, and next day the father and daughter departed. In the evening Rudolf said to me, "Do me the favour to take a walk with me. I feel such an oppression at my heart I must have air. Which of the roads without the city is the loneliest? Let that be our direction. I must have an opportunity of speaking to you uninterrupted."

The most solitary path in the neighbourhood of the town which occurred to me was the walk by that side of the wall that leads towards Quintus, and thither accordingly we repaired. The evening was comfortless, dark, and stormy. We were walking against the wind, and found it impossible to converse with each other. We accordingly turned, and as it was a matter of indifference to us what direction we took, we continued to wander up and down through the loneliest streets of Christianshafen. It was long, however, before Rudolf could find words to express what lay on his heart. At last, when I directed the conversation to his connexion with Aura, he burst forth into the most vehement reproaches against himself.

"I appear to myself," said he at last, "as one who has sold himself to the devil. It is impossible that all the strange events which have occurred to me, since, in evil hour, I found that key, can be natural. You smile," added he—"understand me rightly. I am not so much of an old woman as to suppose that any thing can interfere with the order of nature. But who shall venture to say he knows that order? Who can doubt that we are surrounded by a world, which, through the weakness

or grossness of our senses, is not palpable to them,—but which yet exerts an influence over us and our destiny?"

"True," I interrupted him, "there are a thousand such secret influences in nature. But does it therefore follow that these powers are evil?"

"So I, too, might have reasoned some eight days ago," he replied; "but I am now convinced that there are mighty and misused powers in nature, and in all probability a spiritual nature, lower, baser, but more powerful than that of man. In proof of the first I will only adduce the fearful abuse of which magnetism is susceptible; and in proof of the latter, at least to a certain extent, every ghost-story, every popular belief—and where cannot such belief be traced—of enchantment. Something there must be in this, since the populace speak in favour of the belief as with one voice, and all nations, even the most intellectual and energetic in character, equally have adopted it. There is something appalling in the idea that I have overstepped the boundary which was appointed to me as a man, and have plunged unwittingly into communication with a world against which my thoughts revolt with a feeling of horror."

"Dear Rudolf," said I, "your own too lively fancy is the only spell by which you are fascinated. But without involving myself with you in a labyrinth of speculation to which there is no clew, let me say at once, that I am not without hope of being able to throw some natural light upon this enigma. Our friend, Dr A—, who, of course, cannot have the slightest knowledge of your adventure, once mentioned to me that he had been called, in his medical capacity, to a young lady, who had been seized with a spasmodic attack, produced by terror at a slight wound which she had accidentally met with. The person by whom he was summoned had been an old acquaintance of his, of whom he recollected to have heard that he had for many years been resident abroad. He was conducted by him into a mansion of unusual splendour, and was introduced to the young invalid, who, although she had scarcely attained the maturity of womanhood, appeared to him of incomparable beauty.

As he could not conceal his astonishment at finding his old acquaintance, whom he had known only in comparative indigence; thus apparently in the possession of such affluence, he confessed to him that no part of all this splendour belonged to him, but that the whole was the property of a foreigner of enormous fortune, who had spent the greater part of his life in travelling through various countries; and, in particular, through the East, the customs and manners of which were peculiarly congenial to him. The stranger, he added, had for two years been in possession of a young lady of Circassian descent, and had brought her to Copenhagen, where, during his absence, she was intrusted to his charge and that of his wife. On his return he intended to marry her, for he was fondly attached to her, and governed by her in every point. The young lady, continued Dr A——, soon recovered, and I had almost forgotten the whole matter, when I, not long since, met the same man at Hamburg, who told me the old gentleman had returned two years before, married the beautiful young lady, and after fitting up for her, here in Copenhagen, a mansion adorned with Oriental pomp, and guarded with Oriental jealousy, had set out on his travels. He was again expected in Copenhagen this autumn, from whence he intended to remove with his wife to his own country, where an establishment of unusual splendour awaited them. The stories he told me of this ancient bridegroom were, notwithstanding their wonderful aspect, ridiculous in the highest degree. He was possessed, he said, of secret sciences and spiritual secrets—in short, in all points, a second Cagliostro.”

“It is *Aura*!” exclaimed Rudolf, “It must be so. Neither you nor Dr A—— could say what was false, and it agrees with her in every point. But a new Cagliostro—you yourself have used the expression—Is not this some old hideous enchanter that has seduced this fair creature into his hellish toils?”

“Rudolf,” I exclaimed, “be ashamed of yourself. Is it possible that this prince of charlatans should, even after death, have the power of turn-

ing your brain as he did that of so many others when alive?”

“Let us come to facts,” said he. “Have I not been in *Aura*’s mansion? How came I there? how came I to find the key? how came it to suit her door? how came the old dwarf to be waiting for me when it opened? how came *Aura* to receive me as an old acquaintance?”

“Is there any miracle,” I answered, “in this, that a key should open a door for which it was *not* intended? That *Aura*, tired enough, as she must be, of the harem in which she is incarcerated, should receive with satisfaction the visit of any handsome young man who happens to enter it? As for the negro, he is but a slave. What his instructions may have been we cannot know.”

“But then,” replied Rudolf, “if *Aura* be really shut up in this harem, how came she to be at the theatre, where you, as well as I, beheld her, and where she herself declares that she beheld me?”

“That I cannot tell; but surely it needs no supernatural explanation? Doubtless, in the absence of her husband, all his servants are the slaves of *her* will, even where it happens to be the very reverse of his. He is at a distance; and, besides, are you perfectly convinced she is the same person you saw in the theatre? I grant you she *says* she observed you there.”

“But supposing all this to be as you say,” continued Rudolf; “how will you explain the fact, that the very wishes which, though I felt them, I never expressed, are known and anticipated? And how, without something supernatural, could any one possess such a mansion within this city as you describe, without its becoming the public topic of conversation?”

“I will answer your numerous questions as I best can, in an inverted order. I asked Dr A. after the house and street wherein he had visited the invalid. He told me, that, to the best of his recollection, it was in a street running parallel with the wall; but the entrance by which you were introduced must have been a back door, probably a secret passage. As for the observation that such an establishment could not exist here without being publicly known,

that is by no means inconceivable, surrounded as its master is by slaves obedient to his slightest nod, bound to secrecy, and having at their command resources such as his riches afford. In regard to the first and most difficult of your questions, I can make no other answer but that much must be ascribed to chance—much allowance must be made for imagination. Besides, Aura has probably been educated in a harem, where the art of discovering and anticipating the wishes of a lover is perhaps more studied than we in our northern clime can well imagine."

"Even if you could succeed," continued Rudolf, in a tone of melancholy, "in furnishing a satisfactory explanation of all the difficulties I have alluded to, which you cannot, there is yet one thing that, in my mind, would outweigh all your arguments: I mean Paulina's words of yesterday, which threw, as it were, a lightning flash over the dark road along which I am wandering; the feeling of loathing which the very sight of Aura's presents—the very sight of *me*—inspired in that pure soul, which repels every evil thing, even as the opposite pole of the magnet repulses the iron."

In the course of this conversation we had come close to the German church; and after wandering for some time up and down on the open space at the end of the street, we entered the narrow walled passage leading between the churchyard and a garden. It was now late, and this spot, never at any time much frequented, was now entirely deserted. Rudolf stood for a moment in front of the church, looked up to the spire, and said with deep agitation,—

"My father wishes me to become a clergyman; and in the mood in which I then found myself, I made the promise. But how can I keep my vow—I who have fallen into the toils of a devilish power? Can I dare to turn that countenance to the altar, which cannot venture to face the look of Paulina?"

"Dear Rudolf," I replied, "once for all, your sensations at the sight of that look may be easily explained, without calling the aid of spells into play."

He was silent, cast down his eyes, and answered with increasing vehemence,—

"You are in the right—more so, perhaps, than you suspect. Yes, my friend, you know it not; you are acquainted with but half my guilt. Long before I knew Aura, I cherished an unholy passion. This was the sin that gave the evil one power over me. Like Prometheus, I had ventured to steal fire from heaven; and thence it is that the vulture gnaws my heart—that the tempter met me in the wilderness, who gave me only the glory of the world in exchange for my soul."—As if transported beyond himself, he pulled the mysterious key from his pocket, and exclaiming, "Begone, Satan!" threw it from him with violence.

We heard it strike, as if at a distance, against a stone; then several successive sounds, as if it touched on some other objects in its descent; and then a weaker and hollower sound, as if it had reached the ground. An involuntary and unaccountable shudder came over me. I turned to look at Rudolf; he was pale, and his eye wandered. I took him by the arm: we turned, and hurried home, without exchanging a syllable.

For the first time, on entering our chamber, we perceived that Rudolf's dog was amissing. He had been a present from Aura in the first days of their union; he was a most sagacious and beautiful creature, the idol and constant companion of his master. The animal had followed us that evening in our walk, and we had a distinct recollection of having seen it in the neighbourhood of the church. Rudolf instantly went out impatiently to search for it. He did not return home till daybreak; when he entered, he laid down his hat with a melancholy look, and saying—"It is not to be found," hurried to his bed-room.

The thought crossed my mind as he uttered these few words, that they might apply as well to the key as to the dog, and that his search had not been directed merely to the latter. I retired to bed almost as disturbed as Rudolf himself, and courted sleep in vain. I rose early; but when I came into our room, I missed Omar's accustomed dark visage;—he came not the next morning, nor the next; we never saw him again.

From that moment it seemed as

if some hostile power blasted all our undertakings. The very day after the disappearance of the key, Rudolf lost one of his chief sources of income by the unexpected recall of several pupils of a noble family whom he had hitherto instructed with equal pleasure and profit; eight days afterwards he got involved in an unfortunate dispute with the directors of an academy in which he was an occasional teacher, and was obliged to resign this employment; and the profits of the few hours of teaching which he still retained, were totally inadequate to his support. Similar mischances, though not to the same extent, assailed me also; and, in the course of less than three weeks, our receipts were less than they had ever been since the commencement of our labours. We received intimation that we must quit our apartments the first day of the following month. But little remained of the present; and, as yet, we had been unable to pitch upon any another; for even here, as in every thing else, misfortune seemed to attend us.

At last, in a narrow and dismal street, we found a situation which we thought might suit us, though nothing could be less attractive than its appearance; and, wearied with our fruitless search, and attracted by the moderation of the price, we hired it at once for three months. Our removal, which the accumulation of our effects during the last year rendered no trifling matter, was attended with every species of ill luck and mischance. Every thing which was capable of being broken, *was* broken; the furniture injured, many of our more valuable articles carried off. When towards evening we took possession of our new lodging, we could hardly believe our furniture to be the same, so changed was the look of every thing, so mutilated, worn out, and miserable was the appearance every article presented. What particularly annoyed us was, that among the books almost all were defective, and that we found it impossible to dispose of the beautiful picture. Turn it as we would, place it where we would, we could not succeed in setting it in a proper light. It seemed as if all the colours had been blurred into each other.

Rudolf seated himself impatiently in one corner, as he said—"Ay, the dance of the nymphs is over. The charm is at an end. What say you now? Is all this also natural?"

"It is but too natural that glass and porcelain should be broken, that our furniture should have been not a little injured during our stay in our former residence, exposed as it was to the sun and air, and that we should observe these defects more strongly in our new dwelling, where every thing is put into a different situation."

"And the books," he exclaimed; "and this picture?"

"I know not," said I, in a tone of irritation; "who would attempt to explain matters so simple. It is an infernal lodging certainly, and every thing here appears detestably. I am sorry we ever hired it."

Every day we had more and more reason to wish we had not; for all the plagues of Egypt seemed to assail us here. The rooms were damp, neither sun, moon, nor fresh air could gain admittance; they smoked abominably and incurably; the never-ceasing din of the rats and mice in the wainscot or the floors deprived us of rest. Every one has felt how a number of petty annoyances may, by accumulation, make up a very serious amount of misery; but here the greater evils, at the same time, were not wanting.

My circumstances were somewhat better than those of Rudolf. I redoubled my exertions, and my ill fortune seemed somewhat to abate. Rudolf had shared his prosperity with me, and it was but natural I should share my pittance with him.

On one occasion, when we were more than usually embarrassed, he said to me, "Dear friend, it grieves me to the heart that you should do every thing and I nothing. I have sold, without mentioning it to you, our two best pieces of silver plate, of which we have so many, and the produce will enable us, for some time at least, to support ourselves." He went to take the money from the drawer where he had laid it, but it was not there. He searched in every corner, in every pocket, but in vain—the money was gone.

He threw himself upon his chair

in despair. "See you now," he exclaimed, "the persecution of the devil? what say you to this?"

"I say only," I replied, "that this is not the first time that money has been stolen, and is not likely to be the last."

I believe I should have borne all these misfortunes with comparative indifference, had I been better satisfied with Rudolf's state of mind, but my anxiety for him preyed upon my mind. So melancholy, dejected, and reserved had he become, that no one would have recognised in him the amiable, frank, open-hearted Rudolf of the days of old. He often returned home late at night, and always with a distracted air. I did not venture to interrogate him, and he studiously avoided all conversation.

A melancholy light dawned upon me, however, when a friend, who resided in Christianshafen, said to me one day accidentally, "Whom does your friend Rudolf visit in my neighbourhood? I have met him several evenings of late in the neighbourhood of the German Church!"

The following evening, returning to our lodging, and not finding him there, I walked out towards the German Church, and to my consternation, found my unfortunate friend anxiously searching about with his stick among the stones and rubbish which lay before the church. He was so absorbed in his occupation, that he observed me not, till I laid my hand on his shoulder, and addressed him, "Oh, heaven! you are seeking the unfortunate key?"

"Peace, peace—no more of it," he replied; and putting his arm in mine, he accompanied me to our melancholy lodging.

Then at last his reserve and gloomy silence gave way, he poured out his feelings to me, and was the friend again.

"Dear, faithful comrade," said he, "I confess it. Many and many a night have I wandered here searching for that fatal key, which in my madness I flung from me, but not, believe me, with the view of recommencing my ill-starred union with Aura. That is over; never again can I be her lover; never, indeed, save for a brief moment of delusion, did I expect to forget in her arms

the secret grief which was preying on my heart. Strange enough, however, since I parted with this key I feel that she cannot be to me an object of indifference. It is not love, but the deepest feeling of compassion, of which I am sensible when I think of her. I see her at night in my dreams—I see her struggling in the hands of the monster in whose power she is—I feel that I am the cause, and am in despair. Not thus should our connexion have been dissolved. I should have gone to her—I should have returned to her the ominous key—I should have shown myself a friend, and not a foe—I should have bid her an honourable farewell. What I did was ungenerous—unmanly—inhuman."

I could the less offer consolation to my friend on this subject, that similar ideas had more than once occurred to myself; but I endeavoured to be as much with him as possible, and particularly to put a stop to his nocturnal wanderings.

One evening as we walked arm in arm towards our home, he said to me, "To-night is the equinox—on this same night, a twelvemonth ago, I entered Aura's residence. Indulge me, my friend, let us pass by it once more."

I did so, but no sooner did he come in sight of the red wall than he ran from me, hurried to the little door, knocked and knocked again, and when no movement within was perceptible, putting his mouth to the key-hole, he exclaimed, in a hushed voice, "Aura, Aura! let Omar open this door for me once more—give me but a sign of forgiveness, a token that no evil has befallen you."

No answer was returned. Not a symptom of movement was heard within. With difficulty I drew him from the spot, and well pleased that no one had been by to observe the scene, I endeavoured, as well as I could, to restore him to composure.

Next morning we were surprised to see upon our breakfast table a box of a singular appearance. It had a Chinese look, was formed of some metal like brass, and on the lid was beautifully wrought a small recumbent sphinx of silver. Rudolf seized and opened it with eagerness. He found, within, a smaller box of thin flexible lead, which opened almost

like a pocketbook. Within it lay a written paper, which Rudolf unfolded with trembling hand and read.

"Cruel, ungrateful man, wherefore do you call me? Why have you cast the key that was intrusted to you into the abyss, from which no human hand can raise it? Know that with that key, my fate, my repose, my security, were inseparably connected!"

I will not attempt to describe the effect which these words produced on the already excited Rudolf. I myself felt my mind so agitated and shaken, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could so far master myself as to attend to my business. Rudolf was utterly incapable of any exertion whatever. The whole day he wandered through his room lost in deep thought, and no sooner did the evening fall, and the shadows of night begin to descend upon the town, than he hurried anew to the fatal spot where he had thrown the key from him, sought after it like a madman—then flew from thence to Aura's residence, where he poured his complaints and prayers again through the key-hole, imploring to know in what spot the mystic key was to be found—but all in vain.

I no longer attempted to restrain him from these nightly wanderings. All that I could venture to do was to accompany him, by which means I was enabled to exercise some control over him. I feared that his aberration of mind would burst forth in decided and raving madness; I even began to feel as if my own brain were beginning to wander. The strangest thing of all was, that the box, place it where we would over night, was sure to be found on our table in the morning. I could not but feel a certain consolation in this; for it was a proof to me that the tie which connected Aura with my friend was not severed for ever, and that we might yet learn where the key was concealed, which could not have sunk into the earth. When I communicated these hopes to Rudolf, he asked me, "by what means I thought it possible for Aura to ascertain this, since no human being had been near us when the occurrence took place?"

"Possibly," replied I, "through the dog, who, you well recollect, disappeared the same evening, and has

never returned. Osman was so well taught, that he never failed to pick up every thing which fell."

The constant changes in the position of the box I accounted for to him as I had done to my own mind, by Omar's entrance into our lodging during our absence; for that he had been in possession of the key to our former lodging was clear, and it was equally probable he possessed a key to the present, as well as to the furniture, which, it would be recollected, he himself had first brought to our lodgings. The box itself, I was satisfied, was a mechanical contrivance. When Rudolf opened it, the sphinx turned in such a manner as that its claws caught hold of the edge of the lid, and rendered it impossible by any exertion to close it. Unimportant as this circumstance was, we were in that frame of mind that even this circumstance produced a painful impression on us both.

On one occasion, Rudolf, after gazing earnestly and despairingly at the box, exclaimed, "With what eyes does that fearful sphinx stare at me! What fearful riddle would she propound, in this box, which I can open, but may not close? Accursed box! its aspect confirms all my fearful anticipations. Aura! Aura is in the power of a hellish tyrant! Like the wife of Bluebeard, she should have preserved her key—her fault is discovered—she is dead!"

While he spoke I took up the box, which he had thrown upon the table, in my hand—and happened accidentally to ask, "Where is the little lead cover which contained the letter?"

"I carry it in my pocket," said he, as he handed it to me. I laid it carefully into the letter box; and lo, at once the sphinx turned on its hinge, and the box cover closed and opened again. By what machinery this was effected we could not conjecture, but the course to be taken seemed no longer doubtful. Rudolf wrote the following words—

"Tell me only where the key is to be found, and if it be in the power of man to recover it, be the labour or the danger what it may—though it should be purchased with the last drop of my blood, it shall be yours."

Rudolf laid this paper in the inner case, and both within the box, which

could now be closed with ease, and placed both upon the table. The following morning, as we anticipated, the box was gone. We drew the best hopes from this occurrence, and, more cheerful than we had been for some time, we left the house.

When we returned at night the box was again upon the table. With a hand trembling with anxiety, Rudolf drew out and read a billet, which was to this effect—

“My key has sunk into the bosom of the earth, into the fearful abode where death dwells with his victims. You flung the key from you near his temple—its entrance was open, from which he breathes corruption into the upper air—and it dropped into his domain. Death and madness will be your portion if you attempt to wrest it from his hands.”

“Near the temple of death, and through its entrance.” The riddle was not difficult of solution, and nothing terrified by the concluding threat, we prepared for the search. We had not known, or had not recollected, that under the German church there was a row of grave vaults;—that the key which Rudolf in his agitation had hurled from him might have fallen into one of these, was highly probable. We repaired without a moment’s delay to the sexton, and begged to be admitted early next morning to the vault. We received the permission, though not without some difficulty, and with the first dawn of morning we hurried to the church. A little girl came to meet us, and announced that she would conduct us into the vault, where her father already was with two strangers. She conducted us to the entrance and left us.

Without looking around we sought at once for the window nearest to which we had stood on that eventful evening. To our inexpressible joy, we discovered the key lying beneath it, sunk between two closely adjoining coffins. Rudolf snatched it up, stuffed it into his breast, and breathed deeply, like one whose shoulders had been lightened of some heavy burden. As we came up to reward the sexton for his trouble, we found him in an unexpected situation, endeavouring, with the assistance of another man, to raise a third from the ground. The last was an old man of

large frame of body, but meagre and wasted. He looked like one dead, and his white locks floated about him as the others endeavoured to lift him from the floor. We hurried up to offer our assistance, and learned that he had suddenly fainted. We carried him out and laid him on the steps outside the church. The fresh air revived him; still he was unable to stand, and his last hour seemed to be at hand. We had him conveyed to a coach, and from thence to his own house, which his servant pointed out, and instantly sent for his physician.

On his entering, accompanied by the old servant, the invalid made a sign to the latter, and whispered to him some words. The physician approached, examined his condition, and retired into the adjoining apartment, accompanied by us and by the old servant, to write a prescription.

“Zacharias,” said he to the servant, “I will tell you plainly—your master will not survive this evening. What, in the name of wonder, could induce you to go with a sick man into a church vault in the raw air of the morning?”

“Ah, doctor—you know him well—one of his old humours. I had no power to restrain him.”

“Tell me, then, is the matter about which we talked all arranged?”

“Alas, no!” was the answer; “yet he bitterly repents the will which he formerly made.”

“This is dreadful,” said the physician; “every moment is here of value. Do you know no one who has influence with him?”

“He begged me this moment to send for the reverend clergyman of ____.”

“None better,” exclaimed the physician; “fly, lose not a moment, and bring, at the same time, a notary and witnesses.”

Rudolf and I offered to undertake the duty of calling on the notary, while the servant went in search of the clergyman. It was arranged, however, that one of us should watch by the sick man, as the physician did not wish to leave him entirely in the hands of his old housekeeper as his nurse; and, after some conversation, it was agreed that Rudolf should be the man.

I was the first that returned, and found Rudolf and the old house-keeper employed about the invalid, who was just recovering from a second fainting fit. We gave him some medicine and restoratives which the physician had sent, and after having taken them, he seemed somewhat revived.

Rudolf, in the mean time, drew me aside and told me, "that the old gentleman, Mr L——, as soon as they were left alone, said to him, 'Young man, I have never seen you or your comrade, and yet you have shown me, a poor forsaken miserable old man, much kindness and sympathy. It may, perhaps, be in my power, however, to express my gratitude for it. Tell me your own and your companion's name.' I told him your name and then my own. Again the old man asked with vehemence, 'Rudolf! Rudolf N——? What, the son of the clergymen of that name in Jutland?' And when I answered in the affirmative, he clasped his hands together, exclaiming, 'O Lord, thy ways'—and fell a second time into a swoon. What can it mean—what can be the connexion between this man and my father—for I never recollect having heard him mention his name?"

At this moment Zacharias entered with the clergyman. His appearance seemed to animate the dying man with new life. While we waited for the notary in the next room, Zacharias, who seemed rejoiced to have met with two attentive listeners, communicated to us some particulars of his history.

"You must know, gentlemen," said he, "that there is a person whom I know not, but who is the only one who has a legal claim to the riches of my old master. I can imagine you may have heard evil enough about him, poor man, for all of us have our faults; but had you known him intimately, as I have done, for thirty years, you would think him at least as much to be pitied as blamed. No labourer, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, was ever more wretched than he amidst his riches. He would not hesitate to embark thousands in speculation; and if the speculation failed, for a day or two he would be in despair, but in a day or two the loss was forgotten. The true

misery lay in success; in the miserable anxiety and restlessness which his gains occasioned, in the distress which the idea of spending the smallest fraction of them never failed to produce. By day he was lost in thought, at night he could not rest in bed, but stalked about like a ghost through the house. I have heard him envy the very beggar at our door, and say, 'He is less miserable than I, for he has peace of mind; he can sleep at night.' Months have sometimes elapsed in which he never slept. Often and often he would arouse me from my sleep, and exclaim, 'Oh! Zacharias, how happy art thou, that thou canst lie so calm, and sleep so sweetly.' Then he would seat himself on the edge of my bed, wring his hands, while the tears dropped down his cheeks, and exclaim, 'Miserable man that I am, what shall I do with this accursed gold!' I felt for him the deepest compassion as I listened. Then he would impart to me all his speculations and plans—but every instant he would check himself and say, 'This is dangerous—It will not do,' and enumerate all the chances of war, failure of crops, shipwreck, or tempest to which each enterprise was exposed. Sometimes, when he would lament in this manner, I have tried to comfort him by proposals of a different kind. I have said to him—'Dear master, since these riches make you and I miserable, while there are so many whom they might render happy, why not get quit of them at once—why not apply them to some of the thousand benevolent purposes to which they might be devoted?' Then he would smile with a melancholy air, and say, 'You jest with me, Zacharias. But no, you are a kind simple fool.' About a year and a half ago, he was exceedingly ill; so much so, that no one expected that he could recover. He did so, however, and then a great change began to be perceptible in his character. He withdrew his money from trade, laid it out in the securest manner he could, in order, as he said, to obtain peace in his old age. I now hoped better days were coming, but, on the contrary, things were worse than ever; for now all his thoughts were devoted to the con-

sideration how his wealth was to be disposed of after his death. He framed a thousand wills, and cancelled them—one day leaving his fortune to one institution, and next recalling the bequest to confer it on another. At last, however, he made a testament more absurd, if possible, than all its predecessors; and though he has often repented of it bitterly since, he has never yet been able to summon up resolution enough to alter it. God knows how often and how strongly I have advised him to it; but then he always lost his temper. Gradually his impatience and restlessness increased; often he longed for death, were it only for the rest it seemed to promise him. Next to the idea of his will, that of his burial place appeared chiefly to occupy his mind; and with this view, he inspected all the public burial vaults in the city. But here also, as in the case of his will, he could decide on none. He had heard, among others, of the vault under the German church, and, in spite of all my entreaties and protestations, he was determined to examine it for himself. The whole night before doing so, he moved about his room, unable to sleep, and this morning he was so weak, that he could scarcely speak. Notwithstanding all this, however, he insisted on going thither, accompanied by me, on foot; for to a coach he had always had an antipathy. 'I pray you, Zacharias,' said he, 'grant me this last favour. I feel as if I should be at rest, if I had seen the place.' And for this time," sighed Zacharias, "the presentiment seems to have been well founded."

Zacharias had proceeded thus far in his narrative, when the notary and the clergyman entered the room. The notary advanced to Rudolf, and enquired—"Which of you gentlemen is Rudolf N—? Were you born," continued he, as Rudolf nodded, "in the year 18—? the son of the clergyman of V— in Jutland? his only son?"

Rudolf having replied in the affirmative, the physician advanced, took his hand, and in the presence of the notary and Zacharias, said, "Mr L— has admitted to us that you are *his* son. The proofs relative to your birth he will himself produce in the presence of these witnesses."

Rudolf, confounded with astonishment, followed him silently into the apartment of the old man, who made a sign to him to place himself on the bedside, and motioned to Zacharias, whom he directed to fetch him the key of his money-chest, which stood at the foot of his bed, as well as a red pocketbook, and his former will, that it might be destroyed. The key, he said, would be found as usual under his pillow. Zacharias, however, sought for it there in vain; it then occurred to him it might be in one of the pockets of his dress. These were also searched, but in vain.

The sick man became restless. "Where can it be?" he sighed. "I never had to seek for this key before. In this chest lie all my proofs, as well as my will. It is fastened by a lock of peculiar construction, and how shall I open it?"

His agitation increased so much, that the physician felt apprehensive for his life. "Be calm," said he; "be calm, I will find the key."

He tried the box with a key which he himself wore, and similar attempts were unsuccessfully made by several of those present. Rudolf all at once seemed to awaken as from a dream; he drew out from his pocket the newly found key, placed it in the lock, and the chest opened at once.

Zacharias then took out the articles required, and handed them to the invalid. L— grasped them both with eagerness, and exclaimed, "Is the chest closed again? Give me the key." He then returned it to Rudolf, along with the pocketbook, tore the former will to pieces, and addressing Rudolf, said, "My son, you know the handwriting of the clergyman of N—. In this pocketbook you will find a letter from him; take it out and give it to my reverend friend here present, whom I entreat to read it aloud."

The clergyman took the letter, which was dated in the spring of the year before; the contents of which, omitting the introductory part and other matters of less consequence, were these:—

—"After the lapse of so many years, I now see clearly I was in the wrong in giving way as I did to my indignation, and that my precipitancy in regard to you was a crime.

My conduct, I now perceive, was unsuited to my situation and clerical character; the only excuse I have to plead is my youth at the time, and the nature of the injury to which I had been subjected at your hand. You, having no longer the apology of youth to plead, had abused the opportunities which her inexperience and unfortunate situation so easily afforded for it, to accomplish the seduction of an innocent girl, and afterward to cast her and her hapless offspring, of which you were the father, loose upon the world. And this unfortunate was my sister—a sister whom I loved and prized beyond every treasure I possessed. I received the unfortunate Maria into my house, and to save her reputation, my excellent wife and I agreed to acknowledge the child she bore as our own. In the solitude in which we lived this was not difficult. * * * My sister's unhappy fate was in this way alleviated; and when, some years afterwards, I had the misfortune to lose my beloved wife, she took my motherless daughter with her to Altona, and educated her with maternal care; while I bestowed a father's care upon her Rudolf, instructed him myself, placed my whole pleasure in his society and in his improvement. Heaven prospered my endeavours, and made him a youth whom every father might be proud to own. And now let me conjure you to yield to the voice of nature, and acknowledge your son, and the son of Maria, as your own. My sister is dead—her reputation can no longer suffer through the judgment of the world; and in her last letter to me she expressed her dying wish, that her son might be allowed to soothe the last days of his father. Rudolf is entitled to demand of you that some portion of your wealth should be applied to assist his progress through life. This, however, is not the main point. Already he is in possession of those treasures which moth and rust cannot corrupt, and thieves cannot steal. He is in a condition to find his daily bread every where, even if, deaf to the voice of nature, you should deny him your assistance. But what I chiefly entreat of you is to recognise him as your son. I have reasons for this which I cannot commit to paper;

but which I shall myself, in a few weeks, communicate to you in Copenhagen. There I shall open my heart fully to you; our old enmity shall not descend with us into the grave; but in the name of our hapless Maria, let us join hands as brothers, and forget the guilt and the miseries of the past."

With intense anxiety we had listened to the reading of this letter. When it terminated, L—— extended his hand towards Rudolf, who knelt by his bedside, and kissed his hand in strong agitation.

The old man laid his hand on him, and said, "God bless you, my son, and make you happier than your father. My fortune shall be yours. With pain and sorrow was it accumulated; but not by injustice. Use it prudently."

He then in the most distinct manner proceeded to dictate his will, acknowledging Rudolf as his son, and leaving him unconditionally his sole heir; signed and sealed the deed, then laid himself back upon his pillow exhausted. Once more, however, he rallied a little, motioned to his son as if recommending his old servant to his protection, then turning to him again, he said with a feeble voice, "Have you the key to the money chest? Show it to me once more."

He then folded his hands, laid himself back on his pillow, and sank in a few minutes into the sleep from which there is no waking. Rudolf kissed his hand once more, and, deeply affected, left the scene of this strange and overpowering adventure.

When we got into the air we felt as if awaking from a dream. At first we could utter nothing but indistinct exclamations of astonishment. "I was peculiarly affected," said Rudolf, "by Zacharias's picture of his master's state of mind. I might have almost anticipated that the same restless blood flowed in my veins. Unhappy father—unhappy son—both haunted by the same spirit of unrest! But now to Aura! I shudder at the thought that I may after all arrive too late."

We hurried without a word farther to the well-known spot. As we approached the red wall, I felt a curiosity of which I had never before been conscious to look into this

magic domain; and as Rudolf put the key in the door, I placed myself straight before it, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the lighted passage,—of Omar or of Aura. At that moment, however, some insect unfortunately ran into my eye, and while I was occupied in endeavouring to get it out, Rudolf had entered, and the door had closed. I was obliged to seat myself patiently on a stone near the door and await his return, which was not long delayed. I was surprised at his speed.

He told me, as we walked homeward, that, contrary to custom, Aura had herself met him in the long passage, and had received the key from his hand. "I thank you," she said, "and will ever be grateful to you for your courage and your love. I am leaving this country for ever. I am happy—all joy and good fortune attend you. Fare you well!"

With these words she extended her hand to him, the door opened, and she disappeared.

"And now," concluded Rudolf, "now for the first time I am free and happy. My heart can hardly contain the blissful feelings with which it labours. *Paulina, then, is not my sister!* May my father's spirit pardon me if at this moment, when I have just left his dying bed, I can cherish a sensation of joy; but could he at the same time behold my gratitude, I feel that his pardon would not be denied me. In life, indeed, he would not acknowledge me; but in death he more than repaid me for all by removing the worm which gnawed at my heart, the spring of all my misery and guilt, by those magic, those consoling words, '*Paulina is not thy sister!*'"

Just as Rudolf had uttered these words, a dog came bounding towards us, and sprang with caressing gambols and shouts of joy to Rudolf's side. We at once recognised our lost dog Osman, who had disappeared on the eventful evening of the loss of the key.

"Poor Osman!" cried his master, as he returned his caresses, "I have been very unhappy since I last saw thee. Thou returnest to me along with my better fate. Ah! leave me not again in the hour of distress to follow the unsteady steps of fickle fortune!"

With that evening all our singular adventures ceased, with one exception. When Rudolf went to his father's chest, to take out some papers to which Zacharias directed his attention, he all at once recollected that he had given the key to Aura; yet, putting his hand mechanically into his pocket, he drew out a key, in which he recognised the one he had just given to her, and which Zacharias also identified as the key of the chest which was amissing.

The marriage of Rudolf with Paulina took place not long afterwards, and the lovers retired to an estate which Rudolf had purchased in the neighbourhood of the spot where he had spent his earlier days. I visited them there last autumn, and rejoiced, after a separation of some years, to find Rudolf in the enjoyment of every domestic happiness, and intent only, with benevolent activity, on diffusing comfort and prosperity around him. It was now again the period of the Equinox, and I found he had just invited all the inhabitants of his estate to a rural fête. A dance took place in the evening upon the greensward before the mansion, which was gaily illuminated with lamps and decorated with garlands and triumphal arches. All was gaiety and contentment.

After participating for some time in the festivity, Rudolf and I retired, and wandered as we had often done, though now indeed in a happier mood, in the stillness of the night. Our discourse naturally turned on the days of old, and the wonderful events we had experienced, as we walked through the garden, where every flower and odorous herb sent forth its sweets more strongly on the night air, towards a small wood by which it was bounded. Again we discussed, and with the same ineffectual result, the old question, of the possibility of affording a natural explanation of the mysterious adventure by the old red wall in Copenhagen. Both retained their original opinion. We had in the mean time reached a small eminence from which the illuminated mansion, and the gay dance before it, were perceptible.

Here we sat down, enchanted by the view and by the loveliness of the night. Above us sparkled a canopy

of a thousand stars in the deep azure heaven—at our feet the richest landscape spread before us—the lofty trees which surrounded the garden reared their dark forms against the sky—the plants and hedges glittered in the moonshine, which mingled with the faint gleam from the windows of the house and the illuminated dancing ground. Beneath we could perceive the moving forms of the guests, and the sound of the cheerful music of the dance came softened and soothing on our ear. We sat in calm enjoyment and fullness of heart. Osman, who as usual had followed us, laid his head in his master's lap, and looked up confidently in his face.

Rudolf caressed him, and, continuing our discourse, said, "Poor Osman! if you could speak you perhaps could tell us more of the matter than any one, for you also have played a part in this magic drama."

"True," said I, "it is an old saying, that dogs see farther into such matters than men."

"O, ye glittering stars!" exclaimed

ed Rudolf, as if transported beyond himself—"Ye wonders, which every night reveals to our eyes! Thou earth to which we belong, and which yet we know not! What are all your wonders compared to the still more unfathomable wonders of the world within? But few of the strange threads by which my fate has been guided have been perceptible to my human eyes; but of whatever explanation they be susceptible, this at least I know, that in the brief period within which they were compressed, I have lived through an eternity of suffering and experience. Yes, I have sinned, but I have also suffered and atoned; and strangely indeed, even in the path of passion and repentance, have I found the key to the happiness of my life."

"I have often thought," replied I, "that such is the probation appointed for all, and that, like Psyche, none is permitted to enter Olympus who has not for a time encountered the terrors and sufferings of the world below."

SKETCHES BY HB.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

No. II.

MY DEAR NORTH,

I now send you the Hams. How did the Goose go down? You will see that the Gander is to be returned. If they can spare him, we must have him at the next *Noctes*. It will really be curious if the capital is saved by geese a second time.

I have been able to get only one more of our friend's letters; but it seems a curious one, evidently written immediately before the great blow-up. The man's intriggs is astonishing. I saw the cretur Grimaldi the last time I was in London—he came up from Woolish to my denner, but I had heard since that he was dead. I am glad to see, however, that this was a mistake; for he is a clever cretur, and could not well be wanted in these kittle times. If the cretur *had* joined, Lord bless me, man, but we would have had a merry Christmas of it!

You will see I was right about Selkirk.—Yours ever,

JAMES HOGG.

LETTER III.

L—D B—M TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, ESQ.

ON A COALITION.

DEAR Joe, 'tis clear that this *won't do*—
And, looking round for something new,
My thoughts at last have turned to *you*.
The merry spirit of the age
Demands the *masters* of the stage,
Well practised in those changeful arts
That charm all eyes and win all hearts.

The ever ready sleight-of-hand,
 The wonders of the magic wand—
 The never-failing powers of face,
 The cunning leer, and knavish jest—
 The antic strange, and broad grimace,
 Are more than ever in request:
 For boxes, gallery, and pit,
 Cry with one voice, "We'll not submit
 To roguery with want of wit."

Old GREY, no doubt, (as great a spoon
 As e'er attempted *Pantaloön*,)
 Has been kicked out; but what of *that*?
 Things still are miserably flat;
 And his successor seems to me
 Nearly as great a spoon as he.
 Imagine, Joseph, if you can,
 The part on which so much depends,
 Played by the "Walking Gentleman!"
 While, as it were, to make amends,
 See PALMERSTON around him twine,
 His gay fantastic *Columbine*!
 Need I again repeat to you
 That such a *cast* will *never* do?

ALTHORPE, who long has been our *clown*,
 Is now the by-word of the town,
 And positively won't go down.
 His *tumbling* I have heard you call
 Heavy, no doubt—yet natural;
 But if you knew how we've to strain,
 And tug, and pull with might and main,
 To get him on his legs again!
 His *budget*, too, is mighty spare,
 And scarce provokes a single smile;
 A few cheese-parings here and there—
 Perhaps a crust—perhaps a *tile*—
 Add but to these the feeble aid
 Of "lost, forgotten, and mislaid,"
 And see his total stock in trade!

I, to be sure, contrive to win
 Some small applause as *Harlequin*.
 I've *starr'd* it in the North of late,
 And "stay'd awhile our sinking state,"
 By acting at the Northern *Fête*,—
 But still, dear Joe, by land or sea,
 "My heart untravelled turned to *thee*—
 Still to my brother turned"—to him
 Of motley garb and jointless limb,
 And soul of never-ending whim;
 For human strength cannot sustain,
 Nor will *The Houses* longer bear
 A single, undivided reign;
 And fain would I my triumphs share
 With one whom MOMUS—God of Fun—
 Claims as, at least, his *second* son.

Say then, dear Joe, in our distress,
 Or ebbing current of success,
 Are we at length to *coalesce*?
 Shall we our rivalries forget,
 And, one great end alone in view,
 Form, as it were, a *cabinet*,
 Really prepared to carry through,
 With well-tried, mirth-compelling skill,

The farce expected from *The Bill*?
 I need not tell you 'tis a piece
 That suits your best and broadest style;
 With tricks and shifts that never cease,
 And changes such as might beguile
 The heart of grief, the brow of care,
 Or ev'n a *Croker's* grim despair.
 In short, it is enough to say,
 That 'tis exactly in *your* way.

For *Pantaloons*—why let me see—
Old Holland is perhaps the man;
 Though *SIDNEY SMITH* will scarce agree
 To *this* part of our scenic plan;
 And for a *Columbine*, dear Joe,
 We can't have very far to go—
 We have my friend, *MISS MARTINEAU*.

As for the *other* eight or ten—
 'Tis just for you to *make* such men
 With turnips set on cabbage stalks—
 Your's very truly,

B—M & V—x.

P.S.—If we're to join, I would advise
 That it be your immediate care,
 To have your *Breeches* of a size
 Larger than even those you wear:
 For one of our successful strokes,
 ('Tis also one of *your* best jokes)
 Has always been to stow away,
 Just as a kind of light by-play,
 All sorts of things as "waif or stray"—
 Cold meat, old brass, ev'n rusty nails,
 And every kind of odd details—
This is a joke which *never* fails.

B. & V.

A WHIG AS HE OUGHT TO BE—A PURE OLD WHIG.

THE conduct of William III. has always been the standard, and admiration of his character is stated by Mr Hallam to be the test, of Whig principles. Let us ascertain what that conduct was; it will then appear whether modern "Whigs" deserve their name. As King William's name is less intimately connected with our national glory or prosperity than with the establishment of that freedom upon which they rest, a view of its previous growth should precede the enquiry how far it was influenced by the character of that monarch.

There is a liberty which precedes restraint. There is a liberty which results from law. Despotism itself is an improvement upon the former. While private will is gradually yielding to the interest of a community

as enforced by its rulers, prerogative advances. When the will of monarchs is acted upon by the sense of a people formed by law to moderation, prerogative declines. But it must not be pressed so far as to render the machinery of execution powerless.

In Saxon times the inhabitants of England were too barbarous to feel deeply the advantages of order. No crime was without its price. The rules of justice had little weight, and the weak were subject, in great measure, to the boundless caprice of unauthorized oppressors.

By the establishment of the feudal law, individuals were taught to regard themselves as parts of a whole, and to merge their private wishes in the policy of that division of society to which they belonged. The philoso-

phers of the present day, basking in the sunshine of knowledge, and rich in the accumulated experience of ages, make no allowance for the imperfect light by which the ancient races of Europe framed the feudal scheme, or rather insensibly organized themselves in the feudal order. They do not compare it with the half savage condition to which it succeeded, and in measuring it by modern arrangements, they forget that it has greatly contributed to the very excellence which they admire. They do not see that life and property were now secured by the vigilance of a powerful lord, and collective effort substituted for private violence: that now arose that sense of personal honour which has been the brightest distinction of modern manners—a feeling which Greece never knew amid her glory of intellect, nor Rome in all the pride of conquest. Coleridge has touched on this point with perfect wisdom—

“The ascending day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dewdrop on our trimmer lawn;
Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
Lest we so tempt the ascending noon to scorn
The mist and painted vapours of our morn!”

Yet the feudal masses within the nation clashed too often, and after men had been socially educated in detail, and imbued with the first principles of order, it was fortunate that the temporary weakness of a nobility exhausted by civil war, enabled the Crown to assert its executive supremacy. Governors seldom know how to suspend the operation of a political principle exactly at the point where it begins to be injurious, and assuredly neither Henry VIII. nor Elizabeth were sovereigns in whom such generous discretion was to be looked for. Trained to self-government by this very rigour, men began to feel themselves capable of enjoying a greater share of freedom. A sentiment so pleasing was easily extended. The princes of the gallant, but ill-starred House of Stewart, did not perceive that many of the ancient restrictions had ceased to be either useful or reasonable—above all, that

the spirit of the old policy was extinct. The popular leaders acquired power by base practices and detestable crimes, only to lose it with ignominy, and the country sunk under tyrannical sway, the inevitable consequence of its discontent and madness.

After the Restoration, the English statesmen legislated wisely, and improved their Constitution to a high pitch of theoretic goodness. But unfortunately their virtue had been so unhinged by the shifts and necessities of the troubled seasons of rebellion; and the example of the banished king, tainted by the straits to which they had reduced him, was so little salutary or corrective, that the excellence of the new laws led to no immediate relief. The grand dispute between king and people was renewed, and no expedient was disdained by either party. At length, when the popular cause seemed desperate, the impolitic wickedness of James II. afforded it an easy and enduring triumph. His encroachments had not been practically very enormous. But the *principle* of Freedom was at stake. Had it been lost, our national glory and our social happiness must have faded away. With justifiable ambition, William arrested his mad career. Into the agency by which the Revolution was effected, it is needless here to enquire. The nation was delivered from a frightful grievance, and it cannot much conduce to our understanding King William's character, to know that most of those who invited him over were in the intimate confidence of King James, and afterwards, with consistent perfidy, betrayed his successor.

They seem, however, to have held the truest principles of government. Nor is it difficult to account for this. They had received such practical instruction in politics as seldom falls to the lot of any age. By their own or by their fathers bitter experience, they knew that royalty cannot fall without crushing the state. This knowledge tempered their indignation at its late transgressions. Compelled by irresistible necessity to change the person, they transferred the office, with its attributes unimpaired, to the nearest prince of the blood, who was morally capable of governing the realm.

The Revolution, if it decided anything, decided that the King was to govern in future strictly according to law. Of course, King William could not impugn this principle without vitiating his own title to the crown. Accordingly, no claims to a dispensing power were ever revived. One great difficulty of this reign was to combat the tendency of the House of Commons to convert their right of controlling the executive into a right to administrative authority on their own part. Had they succeeded in this enterprise, a Republic would have been virtually established.

Avoiding the opposite extremes of subserviency to those who had placed him upon the throne, and of using the power he possessed for the acquisition of further power, William scorned alike to purchase the crown by the sacrifice of its smallest gem, or to wield the prerogative in any cause, but that for which it was given into his hands.

It affords no exception to this remark, that he submitted with great reluctance to several wise but entirely new limitations, which Parliament thought it their duty to impose upon his authority. It was natural that he should expect the revenue which had been enjoyed by his predecessors to be settled upon him for life. The Commons, on the other hand, were bound to provide against the recurrence of an evil which had nearly overwhelmed them, and to take care that the crown should not in future be wholly independent of their control. They, therefore, insisted upon a yearly appropriation of the supplies. The result has proved their wisdom. The demands of government have in general been cheerfully met, and the King and his Parliament, linked by the ties of common interest and of mutual confidence, have gone hand in hand in the maintenance of dignity and order.

William reflected that he had been called to the throne, not to the rostrum, to support the honour and happiness of the nation. He knew how entirely these depended upon the efficiency of his government. Popular rights must be vindicated and even advanced; but these functions have not been assigned to the prince, who is no demagogue, but the protector of his people. For it is

in the adjustment of conflicting pretensions, not in the assertion of party opinions, that sovereign equity resides. Hence the monarch's unwillingness to come into this arrangement of the supplies was creditable to him, although our lasting gratitude is due to those who enforced it.

Yet the very great advance of popular demands which produced the bill for triennial parliaments was met with a corresponding increase of firmness on the part of the sovereign. He refused his assent, thus exercising a power which had been expressly vested in him by the constitution, and which varies only in form from the dissolution of Parliament in the case of very momentous differences with the crown. It is obvious, that in either case the adoption of a scheme upon which the nation is bent, can only be delayed. This law was enacted in the succeeding year, but King William had done well: he had proved to his subjects that nothing but the most solemn expression of their opinion could bring him to endure a law which he believed to be pernicious. His objections to this measure, whether well or ill-grounded, were confirmed in the establishment of the septennial system by the following generation; whose right to legislate on this point can only be denied by those who deny sovereign authority to King, Lords, and Commons!

In this reign many excellent provisions were made for subjecting public business to the efficient inspection of Parliament. But the merit of the King consists not so much in his having devised any of these arrangements, as in his fixing the government and conducting it with vigour, while its form underwent extensive improvements, and in his consenting to measures required by the nation, though he seldom led the way in change. The principles of religious toleration which he reduced, as far as he could, to practice, show at once political sagacity and good-will to his people. Yet his sway was unpopular, and his times far from prosperous. This may be attributed partly to the general distrust arising from divided allegiance and wavering affections, partly to the continual drain of resources in the war with Louis XIV.

It is upon the moral conduct of this struggle that William's reputation chiefly rests. Had not the encroaching and boundless ambition of the French Monarch been withstood, Holland must have fallen; and the power of our enemies, thus augmented, would have sufficed to restore the banished King as a minister of their vengeance. Long, persevering, desperate resistance alone could stem the current. Allies were cold, the people dispirited by defeat. The King, repeatedly foiled, had no laurels of his own with which to shade the national distress. Yet by unremitting exertions, he animated the sinking confederacy, and urged on his dejected people. Year after year he "waged with fortune an unequal war," but conscious of the integrity of his aim, he persisted till France was worn out, and England and Holland were preserved to treasure up religious and political truth, the seeds of civilisation and amendment. But the horizon darkened again. William was not found wanting. His last labour was to lay down the scheme of the great continental war which Marlborough so gloriously executed after his master's politic spirit was at rest.

That Great Britain has not declined, like Spain, into a second-rate power; that instead of falling off in virtue, in industry, and in population, she has replenished the earth with her colonies and has made her tongue to be spoken, and the fruits of her industry to be known, in every quarter of the globe: that her inhabitants enjoy personal comfort not conceived before, and personal freedom quite unparalleled—this is owing to the man who, amid calumny and danger, followed out right principles to the end, undismayed by the treachery of his ministers, and the blind resentment of a suffering people.

Here we would gladly stop. But there is that in reserve which must be branded with stern condemnation.

He trampled upon law and justice in the attainder and execution of Sir John Fenwick for imputed treasons, of which there was no legal proof.

He induced the Scottish nation to send a costly expedition to Darien,

and withdrew his protection most treacherously. Distress and poverty wasted the land; its improvement was checked for twenty years at least; and the Jacobites did not fail to profit in due time by the spirit of universal indignation. Again, where was his sense of duty as a king, or his gallantry as a soldier, or his conscience as a man, when he signed and countersigned with his own hand the death-warrant of the people of Glencoe? In spite of some clumsy endeavours to transfer the guilt to meaner culprits, this blood is upon the King's head; nor is his infamy at all diminished by the participation of the base Master of Stair, and the crafty savage Breadalbane.

We are alarmed for our common nature when we find such a blemish upon such a name. To what unearthly stature would the errors of common men arise, were a stage as wide afforded for their display! William was early engrossed with anxious care for the independence of Europe, and the support of freedom. Such was the fascination of these objects, that he ceased to look with interest upon any thing of less moment. It would seem that his moral faculties became rigid; that in contemplating the noblest safeguards of human happiness, he gradually lost all sympathy with mankind. Insensible of the graces and pleasures of society, he never knew those hours which renew the freshness of natural feeling, and reunite to their species the statesman or the conqueror.

But we must not be ungrateful. When a hopeless prospect of anarchy was before us, he devoted his manly wisdom to our guidance. And surely if we are proud of a single exploit, or a single name, of the great Duke's victories, or of the civil grandeur of Chatham, he may justly claim our praise who preserved those free institutions under which alone such greatness can be reared—those institutions which France has in vain attempted to attain by bloodshed, and which William's *nominal* admirers have not yet been able to overthrow,—those institutions without which our existence at this moment would have been doubtful,—our glory impossible.

DANA'S BUCCANEER.

WE have always respected, nay, admired, America and the Americans. Indeed, it would not be easy to hold cheap a whole world, and that a new one—if not spick and span fresh from nature, certainly teeming with novel and bold forms of life. After all, however, there is but one world on this earth good for much, and that is the world of the English language. Germany, and Italy, and France, and Spain, and Holland, and the Netherlands, and a few other countries, are all well enough in their way; but the outlandish lingos spoken there, if they do not altogether separate them from our sympathies—and nothing can do that with such capacious hearts as ours—greatly cool the warmth of our feelings, and to our ear carry with them an alien and estranging sound. This may be very unlike what might be expected from philosophers and citizens of the world; but we are far from laying any claim to such a character, and are a set of sturdy, prejudiced, bigoted, home-and-race-loving Scotsmen. True that the people of Great Britain and Ireland were originally of various breeds; but we are all one now in the broad sense of one—and our twenty millions and upwards—all linked by the ties of kindred—are, or ought to be a band of brothers. We have our quarrels, and animosities, and feuds—even, alas! to the shedding of blood; but let any other nation wage war with us, and it will know once more what is the power and majesty of Union. Now the Americans are Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotsmen—Jonathan is but John Bull, or Pat, or Saunders, under a somewhat different climate, and a somewhat different form of government—and we look on the Atlantic but as the royal road connecting our islands and his continent, on which we pass to and fro, without crossing or jostling, by wind or steam, and keep up—may it be for ever—that friendship which,

with those living at the other end of the highway, is an old inheritance bequeathed to them by their Pilgrim Fathers—and with us here a possession received from our blood relations on their frequent and welcome visits to this their ancestral land. As for national jealousies and the like—why, such feelings are natural and far from unbecoming—they spring on both sides from a proud consciousness of our own worth, and some occasional suspicion on the one side, that the mother has not for given, or at least forgotten the disobedience of her rebellious child—on the other, that the child, since she threw off her allegiance, has ceased to love the parent who was once also her queen. But all that is too absurd to be deeply rooted; and we firmly believe that there is a strong—a sacred attachment still between them whom so many things unite—and who are divided—though that not much, indeed but nominally—only by the sea. May peace be between us while time endures; and though we should be unwilling to go to war with any body, yet if the American Navy must have a brush with the French—and our national honour or interests demand or justify it—may a British squadron appear to windward—and the victory be to the Stars and Stripes—with or without the aid of the Leopards—not to the Tri-color. No fear of that—for we know by proof the metal of American ships and American seamen—and they alone are worthy of sailing in the same line of battle with a fleet of that power, who so long has held the dominion of the seas.

“But hollo! my fancy, whither dost thou go?”

We had no intention of speaking about American ships and seamen, but of American poems and poets. Do our friends write as well as they fight? To say so would be to flatter; them, we fear, far beyond the truth,

but we see no reason to doubt, that the time may come when they will do so. Meanwhile, they fire away, both in prose and rhyme, with great spirit. To resume the image we have just laid down, with a view of getting rid of it, their small craft are equal to our own. They have a fine frigate or two afloat, and we should not wonder to see them construct—live oak is not wanting—if not a first-rate, a two-decker. The Bryant is at present their finest vessel, but the Dana is of the same class; and the two, working together to windward, might—at this moment—be supposed in the sunshine but one gleam of sail.

Having with some difficulty dismissed that image, let us go to work on this volume of *Selections from the American Poets*; and first let us take a glance over the Editor's *Introductory Remarks*. They are well written, and prove him to be a man of talents;—but he has forgot, if he ever knew it, the homely adage, "cut your coat according to your cloth;" and pronounces a panegyric on the peculiar and characteristic features of American poetry, which is far indeed from being supported by its face as reflected in this mirror.

"It has been asserted that no American poet has, as yet, produced a continued poem, capable of arresting attention, and entitled to rank among the leading poetic efforts of other countries. This is, in some degree, true; but if we look into the peculiar circumstances of that country, we shall observe the true causes which have operated to produce this result. We shall perceive, from examining the situation of the American people, that it is less attributable to a dearth of poetic talent, than to a combination of circumstances prejudicial to its development; and we shall perhaps conclude, from an inspection of the specimens here collected, that American intellect is not incapable of producing poetry of a very high order; and of adapting its energies to the successful prosecution of even the most difficult enterprises of imaginative genius. We need not advert to their advancement in every branch of knowledge that can be rendered profitable by application to practical purposes—their success in the different professional departments, and their multitude of inventions and improvements in the mechanical arts; but we maintain that, when

called forth by the necessary excitements, competition, the prospect of distinction, and a suitable reward, their talents would prove (as in some brilliant instances they have proved) equally successful in every department of literature. But, amid the cares of gain, the noise, the bustle, the distractions of agricultural, commercial, and political pursuits, which so universally, and, in some measure, necessarily, engage the undivided attention of the population of this new country,—and with boundless resources, which daily afford new fields for speculation, and new channels for every species of active enterprise, polite literature can scarcely be expected to be cultivated, except as a matter of taste or amusement.

"We cannot therefore reasonably expect that, in such leisure moments as are snatched from constant and perhaps laborious occupations, and without a sufficient incentive of either rivalry, fame, or emolument, the American poet should, in many cases, produce poems requiring long, continued, and all-engrossing mental exertion. But even under these circumstances, the Americans have exhibited considerable poetic talent, and—not to mention living authors—Hopkins, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, Trumbull, Freneau, Sewell, Linn, Lathrop, Prentiss, Boyd, Clifton, Isaac Story, Allen Osborn, Spence, and Brainard, have produced some performances which would be an honour to the poetical literature of any country.

"It is not the intention of the editor of this work, in the confined limits allotted to an introductory preface, to enter on a history of American poetical literature, or to point out its distinguishing characteristics, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. This would occupy a volume; and that the ignorance which prevails on this subject might be left without excuse, it should be undertaken. At the same time, he would express the hope that these specimens will not be uninteresting of the poetry of a country, where the elements of visible nature afford altogether a different local habitation for the poet's thoughts. The wide prairie, with its 'wild flock, that never needs a fold,'—the 'world of lakes,' with its bright expanse of waters—the high-roads of the future commerce of the world, where the navies of the earth might struggle for disputed possession, but where now,

"With tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urges on his skiff like wild bird on
the wing'—

the interminable wood, with its savage inmates and aboriginal population, where

'The forest hero, train'd to wars,
Quiver'd, and plumed, and lithe, and tall,
And seam'd with glorious scars,
Walks forth amid his reign to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear'—

the legendary lore and romance of Indian life—the savage exploits of Indian warfare—the characteristics of their different tribes—the fierce valour of the Peguods, the terror and scourge of the early colonists—the number and strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois. The tide again of emigration, rushing with all the indomitable force of human enterprise into the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of nature's wild domains, to haunts where stood the Indian hamlet—

'Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembow'rd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that tow'rd the western seas,
Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees'—

such themes as these, it is hoped, will be found more than an adequate exchange for the tamer beauties of a less luxuriant and various climate, and an over civilized and cultivated land. Moreover, the great modifying principles of human sentiment are not the same. The constitution of the American government, customs and whole polity—the manners and individual views of attainment, and all that moulds social character and gives form to the commerce of life—those, too familiar to be dwelt on, must needs operate largely on the mind in all its varying occupations, and still most in poetry which so largely exhibits the features of the moral man.

"Such poems have been generally chosen (with due regard to their real merit) as were thought most likely, by their descriptive powers, to convey, through the medium of common associations, forcible and faithful impressions of the striking characteristics of the New World—the leading external features, and the internal operations of habits and institutions, on the moral character. In these selections will be felt and seen, the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic, than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press, on this topic, that at present engages so

large a share of public attention; and that this praise is not the mere utterance of editorial partiality, will, it is trusted, be amply borne out by the contents of this work."

Now, we ask the clever editor what he would be at? "It has been asserted," he says, "that no American poet has as yet produced a continued poem capable of *arresting attention*, and entitled to rank among the *leading poetic efforts* of other countries." To speak plainly, and not after that absurd fashion, America has produced no great poem. Our friend says, "this is *in some degree* true;" but he should not speak nonsense. Joel Barlow's *Columbiad* has picturesque passages—but it is mortal dull. What follows is acute enough; but the critic carries his argument too far; for genius has devoted itself to poetry under circumstances even less favourable and fostering than in America—and achieved far greater triumphs. He "maintains" that, when called forth by the necessary excitements, American talents will be as successful in every department of literature, as in the professional departments and the mechanical arts. Why, any man may maintain any thing; but what we wanted from an editor of such a volume as this was not prophecy of the future—but a fair appreciation of the poetry already in existence. His pompous folly is here incredible. He says it would occupy a volume to point out the distinguishing characteristics of the American poetical literature, and the many circumstances which variously affect the American and British poet. Heaven forefend he should ever write such a tome! For the little he has said—as we hinted above—is humbug. American poetry, so far from being conversant familiarly or awfully with prairies, lakes, and woods, is provokingly barren of such imagery; and as for the "savage inmates and aboriginal population," though we quoted from Bryant, a year or two ago, some fine stanzas in which they were spoken of well, they seldom make any figure in American poetry, and when they do, are a set of foolish feathered failures. Campbell's *Outalissi* is worth them all many million times over—as their own best critics have

confessed; and where our editor may have met with them we do not know, but certainly it was not in his own volume of *Selections*—"the fierce valour of the Peguods, the number and fatal strength of the Moheicans, Pokanokets, and Narragansetts, and the mystic superstitions of the Iroquois." Then he talks magnificently of the tide of emigration rushing with indomitable force into hitherto impregnable fastnesses; and of the great modifying principles of human sentiment, and so forth, all which, he declares with brazen-faced assurance, gives a character to American poetry distinguishing it remarkably from European. Fudge! There is nearly an utter, and a very woful, absence of all such characteristics; and when he says triumphantly, towards the close of his short preface, "that in these selections will be felt and seen the living spirit, the moving realities, and the striking natural features of America, more vitally preserved, and perceptibly true and characteristic than in all the tours and sketches that have teemed from the press," he utters a gross untruth—and he knows it. This may seem severe language, but he who practises deception must feel the knout. Let him repent, and cancel the preface, and we hope the public will soon buy the whole Edition.

We remember some years ago having been greatly struck, in *Specimens of the American Poets*—a Collection in three volumes, which some consummate villain has stolen from us—with "The *Buccaneer*," by Richard H. Dana. It is included in this volume, and we pronounce it by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions. The power is Mr Dana's own; but the style—though he has made it his own too—is coloured by that of Crabbe, of Wordsworth, and of Coleridge. He is no servile follower of those great masters, but his genius has been inspired by theirs—and he almost places himself on a level with them by this extraordinary story—we mean on the level on which they stand in such poems as the *Old Grimes* of Crabbe, the *Peter Bell* of Wordsworth, and the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge. The *Buccaneer* is not equal to any one

of them—but it belongs to the same class, and shows much of the same power in the delineation of the mysterious workings of the passions and the imagination.

The opening is very beautiful.

THE BUCCANEER.

"The island lies nine leagues away,
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes
her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling
foam.

"But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently;
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

"And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the
flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd
men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

"But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion's gentle: all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was
won."

Twelve years are gone since the
King of this isle was Matthew Lee.
Dana, with forceful touches, describes the murderer—a dark, low, brawny man, with thick set brows, and small grey eyes. High cheek-bones he had too—we warrant him—and his face was broad across them—and hard—like hammered brass. Fierce both in mirth and toil;

"Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there
were,
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in
fear."

We have sat in condemned cells

with a good many murderers of merit. All their eyes were grey—their voices soft—several had a lisp—and one—the cruellest of cut-throats—likewise a burr. They had all courteous manners—and, though with villanous low foreheads, did not seem to be deficient in understanding; while all of them were men of tolerably good education, and appeared to like reading the Bible.

How many murders Matt committed before he attained to the sole sovereignty of the island, we are not told; but the most lucrative is thus darkly hinted at in a few dismal lines.

“Amidst the uproar of the storm,
And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
His axe glanced quick in air.
Whose corpse at morn is floating in the
sedge?
'There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's
edge.’

“Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell,
I make the brute, not man, my mark.
Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him
well!
Last night was fearful dark.
Think ye the lashing waves will spare or
feel!
An ugly gash!—these rocks—they cut like
steel.’

“He wiped his axe; and, turning round,
Said with a cold and harden'd smile,
'The hemp is sav'd—the man is drown'd,
Wilt let him float awhile,
Or give him christian burial on the strand?
He'll find his fellows peaceful 'neath the
sand.’”

Matthew Lee was extravagant—his waste was greater than his gain—and he said to himself, “I'll try the merchant's trade.” So he set sail in a well-manned and deep-laden vessel, resolved, by way of change, to circumvent, rather than to kill. But the sea has a way and a will of his own—and one night took high in dudgeon the laughing blasphemies of skipper and crew of the *Fair Trader*. So he woke his waves till

“Their white tops, flashing through the
night,
Gave to the eager straining eye
A wild and shifting light.”

The good ship having sprung a leak, and the pumps being choked,

Matt had nothing else for it but to lighten her by throwing the cargo overboard to the Devil, whom he heard riding on the blast.

“The sea has like a plaything toss'd
That heavy hull the livelong night.
The man of sin—he is not lost:
Soft breaks the morning light.

Torn spars and sail,—her cargo in the
deep—
The ship makes port with slow and labouring
sweep.

“Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and sour'd, Lee walks her deck.
'Then peaceful trade a curse betides?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck!

Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my
men!
Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again!’”

What that old work was you can guess. But you cannot guess his next crime. Hitherto the tale has been told by glooms and flashes, that alternately strew darkness and light on the character and life of the *Buccaneer*. But now we have a more continuous and sustained strain—and we cannot help noticing the fine effect of the lyrical transition from the port of Spain to the condition of that country, and a tale of tears arising out of it—soon to be a tale of blood. We must—in justice to the Poet—give the passage entire.

“A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are full of
blood;—

“And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.

Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from
Spain!

The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!

“Too late for thee, thou young, fair
bride;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
He cannot hear thy wail,
Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd
sound—
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

“He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;

And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,
And wait amidst her sorrows till the day
His voice of love should call her thence
away.

"Lee feign'd him grieved, and bow'd him
low.

"T'would joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her woe,
He meekly, smoothly said.
With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her
lord.

"The sun goes down upon the sea;
The shadows gather round her home.
'How like a pall are ye to me!
My home how like a tomb!
O! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his
head—
Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead.'

"And now the stars are burning bright;
Yet still she looks towards the shore
Beyond the waters black in night.
'I ne'er shall see thee more!
Ye're many, waves, yet lonely seems your
flow,
And I'm alone—scarce know I where I
go.'

"Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea!
The wash of waters lulls thee now;
His arm no more will pillow thee,
Thy hand upon his brow.
He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
The ground is his—the sea must be thy
grave.

"The moon comes up—the night goes
on.
Why in the shadow of the mast,
Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone?
Thy pledge, man; keep it fast!
Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows,
Lee:
Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in
thee!

"When told the hardships thou hadst
borne,
Her words were to thee like a charm.
With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn.—
Thou wilt not do her harm!
He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
And growls an oath—'It is too still to-
night.'

"He sleeps; but dreams of massy gold,
And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his
hands.

He hears a voice—'Ill man, withhold!
A pale one near him stands;

Her breath comes deathly cold upon his
cheek;

Her touch is cold. He wakes with piercing
shriek.

"He wakes; but no relentings wake
Within his angry restless soul.

'What, shall a dream Matt's purpose
shake?

The gold will make all whole.

Thy merchant's trade has nigh unmann'd
thee, lad!

What, balk thy chance because a woman's
sad?'

"He cannot look on her mild eye—

Her patient words his spirit quell.

Within that evil heart there lie

The hates and fears of hell.

His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
There's none will hear her shriek. What
fear ye now?

"The workings of the soul ye fear;
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
Walking his ocean path.

From out the silent void there comes a
cry—

'Vengeance is mine! Lost man, thy doom
is nigh?'

"Nor dread of ever-during woe,
Nor the sea's awful solitude,
Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
Then, bloody hand—to blood!

The scud is driving wildly over head!—
The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its
dead.

"Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
The wrath of man, more fierce than
thine.

Hark! still thy waves! — The work
begins—

He makes the deadly sign.

The crew glide down like shadows. Eyes
and hand

Speak fearful meanings through that silent
band.

"They're gone. The helmsman stands
alone;

And one leans idly o'er the bow.

Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;

Nor sound nor stirring now.

Hush, hark! as from the centre of the
deep—

Shrieks—fiendish yells! they stab them in
their sleep.

"The scream of rage, the groan, the
strife,

The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,

The panting, stifled prayer for life,
 The dying's heaving sigh,
 The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd,
 still glare,
 And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all
 are there!

"On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
 On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
 On hands that with the warm blood reek,
 Shines the dim cabin lamp.
 Lee look'd. 'They sleep so sound,' he
 laughing said,
 'They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for
 maid.'

"A crash! They've forced the door,—
 and then
 One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
 Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
 'Tis hers!—O God, redeem
 From worse than death thy suffering, helpless
 child!
 That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and
 wild!

"It ceased.—With speed o' th' lightning's
 flash,
 A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
 Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short
 splash!
 'Tis gone!—There's nothing there!
 The waves have swept away the bubbling
 tide.
 Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye
 ride!

"She's sleeping in her silent cave,
 Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
 Or strife of man on land or wave.
 Young thing! thy home of love
 Thou soon hast reach'd!—Fair, unpolled
 thing!
 They harm'd thee not!—Was dying suffer-
 ing?"

Murder she could not shun—but
 the sea received her unpolled. Da-
 na did right in saving her from viola-
 tion—the sin of rape was on their
 souls though her body was free from
 its stain—and pity is the more pro-
 found when not disturbed by horror.
 Why waxes Matthew Lee's dark face
 so white? He shudders in superstition.
 A spirit was it? Who heard any
 tread on deck—any splash in the
 sea? But that fit is gone, and he is
 indecent on the dead.

"And then the ribald laughed. The jest,
 Though old and foul, loud laughter drew.
 And words more foul came from the rest
 Of that infernal crew.

Note Heaven! their blasphemy, their bro-
 ken trust!
 Lust hardens murder—murder panders
 lust."

No formal description is any
 where given of the crew—but we
 feel that they were judiciously cho-
 sen—and that they were not men to
 be afraid of ghosts. Not when at
 their cups—yet who knows but that
 each murderer in his berth had a visit
 every night from the nightmare;
 and that Sleep lashed them all—na-
 ked—each Bloody-hand by himself
 —with her cat-o'-nine tails, to hell!
 But now they are all broad awake,
 and have work to do e'er they sit
 down to sup, and curse, and sing.
 They had murdered all below—ex-
 cept the White War Horse, who used
 to carry the drowned Lady's Lover
 and her Lord. Shall they cut his
 throat too? No. Let him have a swim.
 So overboard with him alive along
 with the dead bodies.

"Now slowly up they bring the dead
 From out that silent, dim-lit room.
 No prayer at their quick burial said—
 No friend to weep their doom.
 The hungry waves have seized them one by
 one;
 And, swallowing in their prey, go roaring on.

"Cries Lee, 'We must not be betray'd.
 'Tis but to add another corse!
 Strange words, 'tis said, an ass once bray'd.
 I'll never trust a horse!
 We'll throw him on the waves alive! He'll
 swim;
 For once a horse shall ride—we all ride him.'

"Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
 As rang far o'er the waters wide;
 It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
 That horse is on the tide!
 As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
 Comes lower now—and now, 'tis near and
 high.

"And through the swift wave's yesty
 crown
 His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
 And fear seems wrath. He now sinks
 down,
 Now heaves again to sight,
 Then drifts away; yet all that night they
 hear
 Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

"O, hadst thou known what deeds were
 done,
 When thou wert shining far away,

Wouldst thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray?
The good are in their graves; thou canst not
cheer
Their dark, cold mansions. Sin alone is
here.

“ ‘ The deed ’s complete! The gold is
ours!
There, wash away that bloody stain!
Pray who'd refuse what fortune showers?
Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.
Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly
got!
A truly good night's work! Who 'll say 't
was not? ’

“ There's song, and oath, and gaming
deep—
Hot words, and laughter—mad carouse:
There's nought of prayer, and little sleep.
The devil keeps the house!
‘ Lee cheats!’ cried Jack.—Lee struck him
to the heart.
‘ That's foul!’ one mutter'd.—‘ Fool! you
take your part!’—

“ ‘ The fewer heirs the richer, man!
Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
Our life, we read, is but a span.
What matters, soon or late?
Death comes!’—On shore, and ask'd how
many died?
‘ That sickness swept near half,’ said Lee,
and sigh'd.

“ Within our bay, one stormy night,
The isle's men saw boats make for shore,
With here and there a dancing light
That flash'd on man and oar.
When hail'd, the rowing stopt, and all was
dark.
‘ Ha! lantern work!—We'll home!—
They're playing shark!’

“ Next day, at noon, towards the town,
All stared and wonder'd much to see,
Matt and his men come strolling down.
The boys shout, ‘ Here comes Lee!’
‘ Thy ship, good Lee?’ ‘ Not many leagues
from shore
Our ship by chance took fire.’—They learnt
no more.

“ He and his crew were flush of gold.
‘ You did not lose your cargo, then?’
—‘ Learn, where all 's fairly bought and
sold,
Heaven prospers those true men.
Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

“ ‘ Wouldst see my log-book? fairly writ,
With pen of steel, and ink like blood!

—How lightly doth the conscience sit!
Learn, truth's the only good.’
And thus, with flout, and cold and impious
jeer,
He fled repentance, if he 'scaped not fear.”

Matt is now rich, and resolves to
lead a life of pleasure on shore. We
are not told whether he took a
ready-made house or built a new
one—nor does Mr Dana tell us whe-
ther its site had a southern or a
northern aspect—only

“ That riot reigns within,
And brawl and laughter shake that house of
sin.”

Matt is merry—or fain would be so
—for the jolly dog

“ Remorse and fear now drowns in drink.”

Why, in such a case there was no-
thing else for it. But Remorse is a
perfect sand-bank that swallows the
sea. He can drink a gallon of Glen-
livet or Cogniac without turning a
hair. His head, however, can be
made to swim at last—and his heart
to quake—and then Lord pity him!
how he stares! He calls that sing-
ing! He has volunteered a solo of
groans—set on four flats for the first
bar or two—and then on a dozen
sharps at the fewest. *Da capo*. Such
laughter is really too bad—and his
pals call it the Devil's Howl. But he
is a great man nevertheless.

“ Matt lords it now throughout the isle,
His hand falls heavier than before,
All dread alike his frown or smile,
None come within his door,
Save those who dipp'd their hands in blood
with him;
*Save those who laugh'd to see the white horse
swim.*”

This very night last year was the
night of that massacre, and the mur-
derers must needs celebrate their
anniversary. “Bring us women,
bring us wine!” Was that the cry?
No—no—they cannot now be pes-
tered by the popinjays—besides, the
pretty polls might prate and peach.
So the party consists wholly of males
and murderers. 'Tis now the very
hour—the very minute—the Captain
kens by his gold chronometer—that
the White Horse was made to walk
the plank—and was drifted away on
the flowing foam, while far-off was
heard that dreadful cry!—See! see! a
red light on the waters.—What may it
mean? Matt's grey eyes are enlarged
in green light—and burn as if they
would set fire to his thickset brows.

"Not bigger than a star it seems :
And, now, 'tis like the bloody moon :
And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
Its light !—'Twill reach us soon !
A ship ! and all on fire !—hull, yards and
mast !
Her sheets are sheets of flame !—She's near-
ing fast !

"And now she rides, upright and still,
Shedding a wild and lurid light
Around the cove, on inland hill
Waking the gloom of night.
All breathes of terror ! Men in dumb amaze
Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

"It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
They dart and wheel with deaf'ning
screams ;
Now dark,—and now their wings and
breasts
Flash back disastrous gleams.
O sin, what hast thou done on this far
earth ?
The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

"And what comes up above that wave,
So ghastly white ?—a spectral head !
A horse's head !—(May heaven save
Those looking on the dead,—
The waking dead !) There on the sea he
stands—
The spectre-horse !—He moves ; he gains
the sands !

"Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse to-night !
His path is shining like a swift ship's
wake ;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray
break.

"The revel now is high within ;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

"The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living trump of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky : the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges
roar.

"It rang in ears that knew the sound ;
And hot flushed cheeks are blanch'd with
fear.
And why does Lee look wildly round ?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near ?

He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with
fright.
Nay, sit thee down !—It is thy banquet night.

"I cannot sit. I needs must go :
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread—I go to wo !
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man !—His hoofs upon the door-
stone, see,
The shadow stands !—His eyes are on thee,
Lee !—

"Thy hair prick's up !—'O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath ! It chills my
frame !
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name !'
Thou'rt mad to mount that horse !—'A
power within,
I must obey—cries, "mount thee, man of
sin !"

"He's now astride the spectre's back,
With rein of silk, and curb of gold.
'Tis fearful speed :—the rein is slack
Within his senseless hold :
Nor doth he touch the shade he strides—
upborne
By an unseen power.—God help thee, man
forlorn !

"He goes with speed : he goes with
dread !
And now they're on the hanging steep !
And now ! the living and the dead,
They'll make the horrid leap !
The horse stopt short :—his feet are on the
verge.
He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

"And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
With red-hot spars and crackling flame.
From hull to gallant, nothing's gone,
She burns, and yet's the same !
Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor
light.

"Through that cold light the fearful man
Sits looking on the burning ship.
Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.
How fast he moves the lip !
And yet he does not speak, or make a sound !
What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the
drown'd !

"I look, where mortal man may not—
Into the chambers of the deep.
I see the dead, long, long forgot—
I see them in their sleep.
A dreadful power is mine, which none can
know,
Save he who leagues his soul with death and
wo."

It is not now a stormy night—but a serene—and the last, low, melancholy ray of the waning moon shines towards him—but he sees but the ship. The night wears away, and the burning vessel grows less and less bright as the grey dawn returns.

"The spectre steed now slowly pales;
Now changes like the moonlit cloud;
That cold, thin light, now slowly falls,
Which wrapt them like a shroud.
Both ship and horse are fading into air—
Lost, mazed, alone, see Lee is standing
there!"

The morning is fresh and fair, and beauty and happiness are circling in the air, floating on the sea, and wandering to and fro along the shore. But Lee is blind and deaf and stirs not more than a stone.

"The hot sun beats upon his head,
He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
As stiff and cold as one that's dead:
A troubled dreamy maze

Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
Of some wild horror past, and coming woes."

Evening comes—"the gull has found her place on shore"—the sun sinks—all is still but the ocean's weary roar—and

"There stands the man unblest."

He looks round as if hoping to see his mates—but they come not; he finds power to walk homewards; and

"As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.

The wine is on the board: Lee, take thy fill."

Not a single soul in the house. Whither they have all gone he knows not, nor asks—but gone they are—and he never sees the face of one of them again in this world. 'Twas no vision of his own—the vision of the white horse from the sea, and of the fiery ship. They too saw it—they too heard it shriek—and the murderers, whom no fear of human law could appal, have drowned or hanged themselves, or have fled away from that intolerable island to wander over the unhaunted spots—if such there be—of some central wilderness beyond reach of the sea. "Lee, take thy fill of wine!" And he drinks despair. But there are some human hearts—Christopher North verily believes with Richard Dana—

nor despair nor remorse can break. And if unbroken, however shook, sin will continue to have her dwelling there, and leave open the door, day and night, for the entrance of crime.

"He walks within the day's full glare
A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,
All shun him. Children peep and stare;
Then, frightened, seek their homes.
Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
They point and say — 'There goes the evil
man!'

"He turns, and curses in his wrath
Both man and child; then hastes away
Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;
But there he cannot stay:
Terror and madness drive him back to men;
His hate of man to solitude again.

"Time passes on, and he grows bold—
His eye more fierce, his oaths more
loud,
None dare from Lee the hand withhold;
He rules and scoffs the crowd,
But still at heart there lies a secret fear;
For now the year's dread round is drawing
near."

Do the islanders, whose hands are clean—at least of blood—see the spectre-horse and spectre-ship? We know not. But they see Lee's eyes—and, full of horror as they are, they know that he is not insane. The Day is come—and will he celebrate a second anniversary?

* * * *

"He swears; but he is sick at heart;
He laughs; but he turns deadly pale.
His restless eye and sudden start—
These tell the dreadful tale
That will be told: it needs no words from thee,
Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

"Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light!
'Ha! take me—take me from its blaze!'
Nay, thou must ride the steed to-night!
But many weary days
And nights will shine and darken o'er thy
head,
Ere thou wilt go with him to meet the dead.

"Again the ship lights all the land;
Again Lee strides the spectre-beast;
Again upon the cliff they stand—
This once thou'lt be released!
Gone horse and ship; but Lee's last hope
is o'er;
Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him
more.

"His spirit heard that spirit say,
 "Listen!—I twice have come to thee.
 Once more—and then a dreadful way!
 And thou must go with me!"
 Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock!
 Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous
 shock.

"He goes!—So thou must loose thy hold,
 And go with death; nor breathe the balm
 Of early air, nor light behold,
 Nor sit thee in the calm
 Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait
 their close.—
 In life, or death, where look'st thou for re-
 pose?"

In our abridgement the Tale has
 seemed almost all one uninterrupted
 series of guilt and misery; but sweet
 and soothing imagery is sometimes
 very skilfully introduced for relief's
 sake, and sometimes, too, touches of
 tenderness that may awaken tears.
 We are brought at last almost to pity
 Matthew Lee—for at last he feels
 his sin with all the repentance in his
 power—he is very miserable—and
 "misery is a sacred thing"—even
 the misery of a murderer.

"Who's yonder on that long, black ledge,
 Which makes so far into the sea?
 See! there he sits, and pulls the sedge—
 Poor, idle Matthew Lee!
 So weak and pale? A year and little more,
 And thou didst lord it bravely round this
 shore.

"And on the shingles now he sits,
 And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands;
 Now walks the beach; then stops by fits,
 And scores the smooth, wet sands;
 Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that
 bounds
 The isle; then home from many weary
 rounds.

"They ask him why he wanders so,
 From day to day, the uneven strand?
 —'I wish, I wish that I might go!
 But I would go by land;
 And there's no way that I can find—I've
 tried
 All day and night!'—He look'd towards the
 sea and sigh'd.

"It brought the fear to many an eye,
 That, once, his eye had made to quail.
 'Lee, go with us; our sloop rides nigh;
 Come! help us hoist her sail.'
 He shook.—'You know the spirit-horse I
 ride!
 He'll let me on the sea with none beside!'

"He views the ships that come and go,
 Looking so like to living things.
 Oh! 'tis a proud and gallant show
 Of bright and broad spread wings
 Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
 Their course right onward through the un-
 sounded deep.

"And where the far-off sand-bars lift
 Their backs in long and narrow line,
 The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
 And send the sparkling brine
 Into the air; then rush to mimic strife:—
 Glad creatures of the sea! How all seems
 life!—

"But not to Lee. He sits alone:
 No fellowship nor joy for him.
 Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
 Though tears will sometimes dim
 That asking eye.—O, how his worn thoughts
 crave—
 Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

"The rocks are dripping in the mist
 That lies so heavy off the shore.
 Scarce seen the running breakers!—list
 Their dull and smother'd roar!
 Lee hearkens to their voice.—'I hear, I hear
 You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is
 near!'

"And now the mist seems taking shape,
 Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
 Enormous thing!—There's no escape;
 'Tis close upon the coast.
 Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock
 him so?
 The ship has clear'd the fog, Lee, see her go!

"A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
 Chants to his ear a plaining song.
 Its tones come winding up those heights,
 Telling of wo and wrong;
 And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
 The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

"O, it is sad that aught so mild
 Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
 That strains to soothe a little child,
 The man should dread to hear!
 But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace
 —unstrung
 The harmonious chords to which the angels
 sung."

He often sits now, in a state of stu-
 por, on some stone, within the savage
 sea-roar; and it might seem, to look
 at him, that he were more than half-
 dead—insensate now to the misery
 within as to the heat or cold, the sun,
 or the spray. But the doomed night

comes that is again to bring the Pale Horse. An ass once brayed articulate speech—quoth Matt—and a horse may tell tales—and so saying, he showed him overboard. And odd enough, the identical animal does tell tales, and to Matt's feelings, beats Balaam's charger all to sticks.

“ ‘Twice have I come for thee,’ it said.
 ‘ Once more, and none shall thee behold.
 Come ! live one, to the dead.’ ”

The apparition of the ship again faintly illumines, and for the last time, the Bay. Formerly she showed wide sheets of flame and shafted fire.

“ But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
 A rushing light ; then, settling, down she goes.”

And where she sunk up slowly came
 The spectre-horse from out the sea.
 And there he stands ! His pale sides flame.
 He'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
 He treads the waters as a solid floor ;
 He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.”

Matt is loath to mount—but mount he must—the night is black—but the horse is white—and

“ Within that horrid light he rides the deep.”

He goes by Water to Fire—and there is an end of the poem. We hope you like it—for we do very much ; but our page is done—our candle burned out—our pen a blunt nose—and you must be your own critic. There is room and radiance but for the ultimate stanza.

“ The earth has washed away its stain.
 The seal'd up sky is breaking forth,
 Mustering its glorious hosts again
 From the far south and north.

The climbing moon plays on the rippling
 sea,
 O ! whither on its waters rideth Lee ? ”

No creature alive so loath to die as a candle ! Thou hast no need thus to tremble on the brink of expiration, O innocent—yea, useful Wick ! Thy whole life has been spent in pouring lustre on peace. For rueful though the tale and ghastly, on which we have been poring in Dana's pictured pages, our heart all the while has been calm in its profounder depths, and from the stillness of its own regions has been listening to the rage of the wicked subsiding into sullenness, just like the rage of the sea. But the sea after storm is not long sullen—he soon grows serene—and is revisited by shadowy stars ; where-as the wicked are to the last restless—and with moanings of misery disappear in the blind hollow of night.

Flickering yet ! Nay resuscitated by the Saveall—and absolutely showing off in a series of small blazes ! We never use an extinguisher without a sigh. A natural death shalt thou be allowed to die. There—thou art dead. The change from light to darkness brings a change over the spirit of our dream. We have crossed the Atlantic—and are sitting with Bryant and Dana at a Symposium. “ Christopher North in America.” On our return to Europe we shall sell our Journal to our good friends, the Blackwoods, for a ransom. But the question now is—how we are to find our way to bed ? We must make up our minds to see Death on the Pale Horse in our dreams. Dana ! farewell.

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

It is impossible as yet to predict with perfect certainty what will be the issue of the great and important appeal which the King has made to the people; but this much may at least be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the Conservative Party have received a very great accession of strength from the result. Upon the calculation of the Ministerial supporters, their adherents in the New House will reach 300; on the admission of their opponents it will exceed 250. When we recollect, that, in the first House elected after the passing of the Reform Bill, the Conservatives hardly mustered one hundred votes; that Scotland was completely revolutionized by the measure, and Ireland in great part delivered over to the fury of a blind and selfish Democratic Party; it must be admitted, that so strong an instance of reaction of opinion in so short a time, so decisive a proof of the growth of right thinking among the better classes of the community, is not recorded in English history. It is in vain to say now that the existence of reaction is a delusion, and that the Conservatives can never again set their face to the government of England.

All alterations destined to be lasting in their existence, arise by slow degrees. The Reform Bill itself, the great political Revolution of the nineteenth century, was not brought about in a day. Insane as was the conduct, reprehensible the rashness of the Whigs in forcing on that great convulsion, the causes which prepared it had been long in operation. The Liberal Party had been constantly growing in strength, both in the country and the legislature, since the battle of Waterloo. The idea was lamentably prevalent, both in the country and the legislature, that the great thing was to avoid a collision with the Popular Party, and that it was possible to dally with Revolution. Under the influence of these unhappy delusions, Revolution advanced with accelera-

ted steps; every successive dissolution increased the strength of the Liberal Party; and at length the triumph of the Barricades, joined to the divisions among the Conservatives consequent on Catholic Emancipation, brought the Whigs to the helm and the constitution and liberties of England to the brink of ruin.

Now, however, the tide has set in the other way. Upon a dissolution, the Conservatives have at once, without any change in the representation, or organic alteration in the constitution, gained above one hundred votes! When did the Whigs or Revolutionists ever upon such a measure, and with the same electors, gain a third part of that advantage? Nor is it surprising that this should be the case. The evils of democracy, when once felt, or when brought by their near approach to the perception of the great mass of the holders of property, are so acute and overwhelming, that they cannot fail to produce, when their real nature is once generally apprehended, an universal sense of horror, excepting among those who are to be the gainers by their excesses. It is the blindness, the delusion, the infatuation of the holders of property, which is the real evil to be apprehended. Their wakening may be certainly reckoned on; the danger is that it will come too late; and that before the evils that may be anticipated are felt, irremediable changes have been made, and power irrecoverably vested in improper hands. Whether this has not been done by the Reform Bill, may still, notwithstanding the favourable aspect of present affairs, be doubted; but unquestionably the true patriot never had such rational grounds for hope since the Revolution of 1832 was accomplished.

Let not, therefore, the friends of their country be discouraged, because the Reformers, as they call themselves, still boast of a majority, and possibly a considerable majority, in the House of Commons. They must recollect how long it

took the Revolutionists to gain the mighty victory of the Reform Bill, and feel gratified if they can, in a course of years, and by arduous exertions, succeed in counteracting its evil effects. Let them rejoice that a vast increase of talent, integrity, and firmness has been secured for the House of Commons. Whether this accession of strength is sufficient to enable a Conservative Administration to keep permanent possession of the helm, is a question, how important soever, which is yet merged in the overwhelming magnitude of the consequences of augmenting the patriotic party in the House of Commons. That is the great consequence of the present dissolution; there is the inestimable benefit which the King conferred upon his country by sending for the Duke of Wellington. From the time that the march of Napoleon's conquests in Spain was arrested at Torres Vedras, how many a field required to be contested, how many a struggle endured before the invader's force was driven like chaff before the wind over the summit of the Pyrenees! From the time that the desolating progress of Imperial despotism was checked by the flames of Moscow, how many, and what desperate encounters, awaited the arms of freedom, before the allied standards waved on Montmartre, and a memorable retribution awaited the great and guilty people! Such, and not less animating, however slow, is the course of triumphs which, by a proper exertion of firmness, talent, and moderation, await the Conservatives of England. Let them not be discouraged, therefore, because decisive success has not attended their first contest. The only surprising thing is, that they have gained so much as has already been done. By the blessing of God, the cause of English freedom seems now to be safe, if its supporters persevere in the firm and manly course which they have hitherto pursued.

The present elections even, as far as they have already gone, have completely verified all the predictions of the opponents of the Reform Bill. Salvation is to be obtained, not in consequence of that bill, but in spite of it; not by changing any of

its provisions, but by counteracting its worst influence. The Metropolitan constituencies have completely assumed the character so early prophesied for them by Sir Robert Peel. It is in the smaller boroughs, and the counties, in which the real hope of the empire is to be placed. Every thing will depend on the question, whether they can acquire a preponderance over the great urban constituencies in the Legislature. If they do not, it does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee what must be the result. But we now begin, for the first time since the Reform Bill was passed, to entertain confident hopes that these disasters may be averted. A beginning of improvement has been made; and great part of the ground thus gained is not likely to be lost on any future occasion. Should Parliament be again dissolved in consequence of the accession of the Whigs or Destructives to power, there is little chance of any serious diminutions to the Conservative band. On the contrary, whatever the Revolutionists might gain in a few boroughs by the influence of Government, would, in all probability, be more than lost by the increase of general terror to the holders of property in every part of the empire, by the evident and near approach of danger to their possessions. The increase of the Conservative phalanx in the Lower House is a permanent and most important addition to the bulwarks of order and security in the land; and as it is the nature of all such changes to be progressive, there is the strongest reason to hope, that on every future appeal to the people, the strength of this sacred band will be augmented, till at length it becomes irresistible.

One remarkable feature of the present contest has been the narrow and decreasing majorities by which those who were once the greatest favourites with the people have obtained their returns. This is a most important circumstance, and one which points to results even greater in future than those which have been already acquired. O'Connell, in Dublin, was at first in a minority, and succeeded ultimately by a majority trifling indeed when compared with what ap-

peared at the termination of former contests. The case was the same with Mr Hume in Middlesex; while Lord Palmerston and his Whig colleague are ousted in South Hampshire by a considerable majority. In nearly fifty instances the Whigs or Radicals have succeeded, only after severe contests and by narrow majorities, although on the former election they were brought in with ease by triumphant multitudes. In the greater part of these cases the defeat of the Revolutionists on the next election may be considered as certain. It is so, unless some extraordinary and unforeseen circumstance interrupts the usual course of events, from the natural and increasing influence of truth in dispelling the clouds of delusion from the minds of more intelligent portions of the community; from the gradual subsiding of excitement, and the influence of disappointment among the lower; and from the more persevering and enduring character of efforts founded on the influence of property and the cause of virtue, than those dependent on fleeting or ignorant popular enthusiasm. This is a most important circumstance, well calculated to attract the attention and increase the hopes of the Conservatives, and fix the conduct of the weak and irresolute multitude, who can form no opinion of their own, and are ever guided by the views which they adopt as to the ultimate chances of success in the contest.

There is one contest which has been, in an especial manner, worthy of observation, even among the many and memorable instances of glorious exertion which have been made, and that is the one for the city of Dublin. The contest there was between the arch-agitator and the Irish Protestants; that is, between the leader of anarchy and the bravest and noblest of the sons of freedom. Mr Hamilton and Mr West came forward in a manner worthy of their high characters and the great cause in which they were engaged; but the support they received, even in that den of revolutionary passion and religious fury, is the surprising thing. At the former election in 1832, the numbers

were, as compared with the present:—

	1832.	1835.
O'Connell,	3411	2678
Ruthven,	3352	2630
West,	1862	Hamilton, 2461
Rice,	1847	West, 2446

This table requires no comment. It demonstrates in the clearest manner the rapid change of opinion and subsiding of agitating influence in the Irish metropolis, and affords the fairest augury of the ultimate triumph of sound and rational opinions over the faction which has so long held that beautiful island in chains. In the city of Cork, in the county of Carlow, a decisive triumph has taken place: it is evident that the Repealing Faction is losing its influence, even in the quarters which have hitherto been the stronghold of its anarchical passions. Let not the friends of order and freedom therefore be discouraged by the temporary return of the Repealers for Dublin; it is evident that their influence is declining; their success has been achieved only by gross perjury, which will not stand the scrutiny of an election committee, and the memorable example of that brave and consistent Whig, Mr Latouche, in standing forward at the eleventh hour to resist revolution, is the dawn of a brighter day to unite freedom and Irish happiness.

What renders it in an especial manner probable that this result will take place, is the evident exposure of the real designs and objects of the revolutionists which has already taken place on the hustings in every part of the kingdom; and may confidently be expected to ensue in a still more clear and decided manner, when their principles are embodied in speeches delivered, or measures brought into the legislature. The Destructives now make no secret of their design to overturn our whole Constitution both in Church and State. The immediate destruction of the Irish Church as a national establishment, the subsequent annihilation of that of England, the abolition of the corn-laws, the introduction of vote by ballot and triennial Parliaments, the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Peers,

and the subsequent degradation, if not overthrow, of that branch of the legislature, are publicly and universally spoken of by the Destructives, as measures which are not only ultimately certain, but rapidly approaching. We need not stop to say, that these are precisely the measures which, from the very outset, and in the heyday of the Reform mania, we uniformly and invariably predicted would follow from its success: it is of more importance to consider, that the advance of the revolutionary passion to this point, when it openly and instantly menaces the whole institutions of society and property of individuals, may be reasonably calculated on as likely to augment the powerful reaction against its principles, and extinguish a great proportion of that infatuated and deluded support of its party, by persons of education and property, to which it owed its first success. It is the blindness and infatuation of the holders of property which is in every period of revolutionary progress the real danger. A considerable proportion of them, perhaps a third, invariably and almost to the last persist in the deluded opinion, that they can go a certain length in favour of the movement, and stop whenever they please; or from the desire of obtaining a temporary triumph over their political opponents, they plunge into measures calculated to involve themselves and all others in irrecoverable ruin. This is what the Girondists and Orleanists did in the first French Revolution, and this is precisely what the still more blind and insane Whigs have done in our convulsions. But though it may be anticipated that the deluded or interested leaders of that party, carried away by the lust for power, will to the very last adhere to these extravagances; yet the case is very different with a great proportion of their followers, who, being placed beneath the sphere of political power, are not likely to feel its allurements, or be deluded by its attractions. Among this class the change of opinion already is very great, and may be expected to become daily greater. The same nation which, in 1789, ran mad in favour of democratic power, in 1804, by a majority of

3,500,000 votes to 2500, seated Napoleon on the Imperial Throne, and surrendered into his hands all their liberties. There is an end, therefore, and that too right speedily, to democratic transports; though there may possibly be no end to the slavery and degradation to which they lead.

The continued residence of the Conservative aristocracy in their own country, their firm and courageous conduct, their vigorous efforts to resist the progress of the frightful malady which had seized upon the nation, have already contributed in the most important manner to moderate its excesses, and may now be confidently looked to as adequate to counteract its disastrous effects. The eyes of the middling ranks, of the greater part among them at least who are possessed of any property or education, must be opened to the consequences of revolution, when they behold measures calculated to ruin them tabled in the Legislature, and pressed forward with the whole weight of the movement party. The stanch Radicals and Destructives will never be convinced by that or any other occurrence; but they constitute but an inconsiderable portion of the community, and it is the delusion and infatuation of the multitude who constitute their followers, that alone renders them formidable. It may confidently be expected, now that the tide has once turned, and revolutionary projects are openly proclaimed by the whole anarchical party, that great numbers of liberals in every rank of society will be gradually converted to sound and rational opinions; that the young in particular, will be almost unanimous in their support; and that by degrees, in this way, the revolutionary faction, divested of all its virtuous and respectable adherents, will be reduced to its real and unalienable components, the bankrupts, the infidels, the profligate, the selfish, the ambitious, the designing, the corrupt, the abandoned, the desperate. That they form a large proportion of every society, especially in the complicated and artificial form in which we now are placed, is indeed certain; but that their united strength is not equal to that of the virtuous and well-doing members of the com-

munity, when the great bulk of them are united together, is proved by the universal experience of mankind, and by no passage in history more than the evident and remarkable return to rational opinions in the better class of electors, which the recent elections have every where, and even in those situations where the Destructives have gained a numerical triumph, unequivocally afforded.

A great and glorious part now awaits the Whigs who are really worthy of the name; who have imbibed the spirit and embraced the principles of Mr Burke, Lord Chatham, and Lord Somers. To separate liberty from democracy; to encourage freedom without licentiousness; to establish popular independence without inducing Revolution, have ever been the principles, and the noble principles, of their party. Now is the time to show that they still inherit them; to convince the world that the spirit of their fathers still lives in their descendants. Matters have at length come to a crisis; the fate of the empire, and with it of freedom all over the world, is at stake; a single false step on their part may now consign all the institutions of society to the dust. The cause of real freedom; the "cause for

which Hampden bled in the field and Sidney on the scaffold" is now in jeopardy — not regal tyranny, not sovereign oppression, now threatens it; revolutionary violence, popular oppression, democratic excesses, menace with destruction the fabric cemented alike by the blood of the Protestant martyrs and the English patriots. If at this crisis they join the Destructives, in order, by the overthrow of their opponents, to secure readmission to power, they will strive in vain to shield themselves from the execrations of posterity. Every one now sees from what quarter freedom is really menaced; a junction of Whigs and Radicals would now be stigmatized for ever as even more flagitious than a similar union of their forefathers with the cavaliers of Charles I., or the courtiers of Charles II. Now then is the time to shun the maledictions and secure the blessings of posterity; concessions to popular power greater than Fox or Chatham ever dreamt of, have already been obtained, or are in course of being yielded. What they have now to do is to prevent the sacred fire from bursting through all barriers, and consuming the British empire in one devouring conflagration.

BLACKWOODS'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXIII.

MARCH, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

Contents.

SHALL WE HAVE A CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT ?	431
WHIG OR TORY,	445
LAYS OF THE LEVELLERS. NO. I. GO THE WHOLE HOG !	446
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. CHAP. XII. MY UNCLE,	447
NURSERY RHYMES,	466
WILLIAM PITT. PART III.,	477
THE WYVILLES,	489
TOWN ECLOGUE,	502
STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES,	505
FRENCH AND GERMAN BELLES LETTRES,	513
SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY. PART II. SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—	
ROMEO AND JULIET,	523
THE LAST JOURNEY,	534
ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT. BY MRS HEMANS,	535
THE JUNGFRAU OF THE LURLEI, A LEGEND OF THE RHINE,	536
ON AN INSULATED ROCK ON THE SUMMIT OF MOWCOP,	538
EDMUND SPENSER. PART VI.,	540

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1900	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1901	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1902	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1903	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1904	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1905	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1906	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1907	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1908	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1909	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1910	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1911	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1912	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1913	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1914	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1915	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1916	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1917	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1918	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1919	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1920	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1921	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1922	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1923	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1924	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1925	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1926	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1927	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1928	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1929	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1930	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1931	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1932	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1933	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1934	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1935	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1936	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1937	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1938	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BLACK WOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXIII.

MARCH, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

SHALL WE HAVE A CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT ?

It has been very generally acknowledged, even by our bitterest adversaries, that we have been consistent in our political creed. Nor do we know that our consistency has ever been attributed to unworthy motives. True that we have a thousand times been called bigots and fanatics, and the like—but never time-servers, place-seekers, apostates. Undesecured, unterrified, we have held on our course according to our conscience; sometimes and on great questions we have felt it to be our painful duty to dissent from those whom we most honoured; and we then expressed our dissent unequivocally in the language of regret, grief, or indignation. Mistaken, perhaps, we might then have been, but assuredly we were sincere; and we can look back on the past, not only without shame, but with satisfaction—nay, we scruple not to say, with pride. Had we at any time sacrificed any of our opinions—we scorn to say our principles—it would have been in deference or obedience to far wiser men, with whom it had all our life long been our happiness to hold almost all our opinions in common. But the opinions we now allude to clung and cleaved to us as we to them—and we sought not to dislodge them from their old resting-place in our breast. They remain there firm as ever—but they are at rest. The measures they regarded have been long carried, settled, and consolidated into the law—let us trust—the liberty of the land. Other measures too, mightier still for evil or for

good—which we opposed along with those good and great men, with whom it was impossible for us to go on the question of Catholic Emancipation—have been—let us trust—finally settled; to the future then we have to look—and be the prospect dark or bright, peaceful or portentous—let us prepare to meet the coming events, that seem to cast their shadows before, with the calm confidence of patriots, who are told by their own hearts, that in hope, not fear, is born that heroic wisdom which alone to any noble end can guide the national councils of a great people. And that we are a great people the sun sees—who never sets on our dominions.

For our own humble selves we are full of hope. The principles which we have always supported seem to be in the ascendant—if slowly, steadily; and all true Conservatives have reason to rejoice—not because, as a party, they are now in power—but because they believe that they behold the dawn, and may anticipate the day of Order and Peace. To rejoice—because, as a party, they are now in power—were at once foolish and base. For all such power is now precarious, and will long be so; and the party that should, in the present condition of the country, desire it for any other purpose than the noblest, would be deserving of all execration. There have been times when party spirit—even intolerant and exclusive—could be made subservient and subsidiary to Patriotism. But it is not

so now. Shall our Institutions be destroyed or preserved? That is the question. How would it be decided by a show of hands? Down with them in the dust. How by a show of reasons? Let them continue to lift up their heads into the sky.

We say that Conservative principles seem to be slowly and steadily in the ascendant. Not a little nonsense has been uttered about reaction. To hear many people speak, you might suppose there had been none—that all the world were in one way of thinking on Reform—that the Revolution of 1832 was more glorious in all eyes than the Revolution of 1688—and William the Fourth—not William the Third—our sole Deliverer. To hear many others speak, you might suppose that a second new light—stronger than the first—had burst in upon the minds of most reformers, and shown them not a repaired but a ruined Constitution. Strange that people in their senses—at least not absolutely out of them—should see and hear so differently, and on both sides so unaccordantly with realities. The truth is, that vast numbers have no other fault to find with the late Revolution than that it not only left one stone standing on another, but many stones standing on many others—many pillars unshaken,—portions of the edifice nearly entire,—and parts of the foundation not yet undermined. They are incensed to find that there has not been a total blow up! The Radicals are in a rage—and on them there has been no other reaction than that of disappointment on hatred. The Whigs—if they are to be believed—think and feel very differently from such Destructives. We do believe them—not only because they have said it—but because we cannot even imagine why they should be insincere; nor shall we cease to do so—till we see them leagued with men who have sworn to subvert all that the old Whigs revered. They have begun at least to suspect danger from the Great Measure—if not essentially in itself—from the machinations of the disturbers of the people's peace. The "pressure from without" is a power of their own creating—yet they have confessed that if conti-

nued it must be not only formidable, but fatal to any government. They may still believe that they improved the Constitution—or that they restored it; but it is not possible they can believe that the People think so—unless they have changed their opinion as to what constitutes the People. So far there has been reaction—if you like to call it so—among the best of the Whigs. Not a few—by far too many—good Tories—became Reformers—some—strangely enough—from conviction that the Great Measure was, on the whole, a safe one—more—from concession to the demand not to be resisted—of the spirit of the age. On all such—and we have spoken of them without anger or disrespect—the reaction has been so strong that they are now staunch Conservatives. They see their error, and are resolved to repair it, not by vain regrets, but by joining heart and hand with those whom, for a season, they had been led to forsake on a momentous question, which a short but troubled experience has set in its true light before their understanding—and well entitled are they to return to the ranks of the Conservatives, which they had left, not as traitors to the cause, but deceived by the protestations of the false friends of Freedom appealing to their too unsuspecting and unguarded hearts. Then on the minds of the multitude, who might be well disposed towards the Reform Bill, without knowing, or even pretending to know, any one thing about it, except that it gave them, or might give them, a vote,—what reaction has there not been! What thousands on thousands would fain relinquish the right they were persuaded so fondly to prize! What doubt, indifference, or fear! As for the non-electors—how can they in nature be satisfied! Yet even among them there has been reaction—and—except on occasion—they have exchanged their senseless shouts for sullen silence—and, instead of

"The homeless sound of joy within the air,"

a sound—heard but by their own baffled, and we fear often brutalized hearts—murmurs through the ear

in alleys rife with the vice which cities breed—and only on some cheerless holyday, yet swells the chorus, ebbing faster than it flows, in celebration of some demagogue's triumph, who, were he once independent of his carriers, would descend from their shoulders to trample them under his feet. Of the virtues of that condition of life we are not ignorant—and we know they are such as might well put to shame its betrayers. Were the eyes of the lower orders opened to the characters of their flatterers and cozeners—and they are opening—how would their manly hearts despise the needy wretches who have been striving to make them instruments of their own gain, all the while they were beguiling them into the belief that they were anxious only for their natural rights as brethren and freemen! Has there been no reaction among the most intelligent of the industrious classes? We believe there has been much. But many grateful feelings towards those whom they had been willing to look on, not only as well-wishers, but benefactors, have conspired to preserve their favour, or to keep them mute; and so far from blaming them for their fidelity or forbearance, we only grieve that they had pledged their pride—and a poor man's pride is often his best earthly possession—to adhere to adventurers, whose personal character they disregarded for sake of their political doctrines—both as bad as possible—and equally unworthy of the countenance of honest men, who, while they live by the sweat of their brow, are thankful to heaven for the wind that dries it in the furrows:—whereas, in many instances, their tyrants are godless slaves—superior to such superstition, and inwardly scorning the virtues, which, for basest purposes, they fulsomely eulogize. Of the same classes—not a majority, we are sorry to say—but a minority—neither small nor unimportant—almost from the very first was adverse to—or at least suspicious of the Bill of Reform. Not that they either were or pretended to be wiser than their neighbours; but it would seem that, from their own experience, they had found that the evils of their condition, as well as its blessings, had

often had their origin in causes not so remote from their own household and its own laws as their friends, who were fervent politicians, imagined: and if they were lukewarm reformers, when the fever of reform was at its height, now that it has not only had the turn, but has subsided to natural blood-heat, even with many who were once delirious, and walked raving in their sleep, it is not to be doubted that on them there has been just reaction enough to cool them into Conservatives, without chilling that temperate, and therefore vigorous, flow of free thoughts and feelings, which we verily believe belong alike by birthright, and by acquisition, and by habit, to the virtuous poor. What deduction should be made, on the ground of reaction, or any other ground, from the numbers of Reformers, now eager for the results of the Bill, we do not know; but if there be truth in the few sentences we have now written,—and we cannot think we have been guilty of exaggeration,—it should not be small, but very considerable indeed, —though not equal to what some honest Conservatives, in their enthusiasm, seem to believe. But, joined with the great body of Conservatives, from their sincerity and earnestness—their honesty and respectability—they are worthy allies; nor can there be a doubt, that the influence of their example, though silent, must be strong, and pervade, with increasing force, those orders of society, of which, generally speaking, they constitute much of the moral and intellectual worth,—worth proved by the peaceful and orderly habits of their lives—by their corresponding competency and contentment. The lower orders of society! Pitiable persons, indeed, must they be who take umbrage at the word lower, as if it necessarily implied inferiority in worth, virtue, religion! The lower orders—we fear not to say—are even now Conservatives—for the best men among them are so in the true sense of the epithet,—and in the event of any direful convulsion, would show how pacific is their character, and that they would make any sacrifice for peace. And this we say, knowing that they have been

deceived and imposed upon by heartless traitors, more than ever before within these few years—nor denying, but confessing, that justice has not always been done them by those who ought to have known better, and understood more clearly, and felt more proudly, the magnanimity of their nature, and the indomitable but unostentatious virtues by which they have for ages illustrated and dignified their at once humble and high estate. But for them, in vain would be the union of men of rank, and wealth, and education, who form the most prominent and eminent orders of the great Conservative Body, and to whom belongs the guidance and government of the whole, informed by one spirit which we believe is yet sound, and therefore will be victorious. August, indeed, is our idea of the people of Britain. We shall not attempt now to word it. But should we ever try to do so, we shall not gather up their qualities from the panegyrics on their character that have been lately pronounced by those orators who arrogate to themselves the name of the Friends of the People—but from our own knowledge and experience, and familiarity with their virtues—as we have seen them in our own intercourse with “virtuous households though exceeding poor,” as they have shown themselves to all who had eyes to see and hearts to feel—whether called on by their country to arduous duties at a distance from their own doors, or within the shadow of their lintels—showing that as “to be weak is to be miserable, suffering, or doing”—so to be strong is to be happy—and that their strength has not been without its reward. With such belief can we despair for our country?

The times are indeed troubled and dangerous; and it is now the imperative duty of all Conservatives to cleave to that cause which they devoutly believe to be the right. Timidity and rashness are equally to be avoided; but let us understand what is the Golden Mean—the virtue of Moderation. Of all contemptible creatures, the most contemptible are your creatures who prate coxcombically of belonging to the *juste milieu*. They seem unconscious of the ridiculous presumption of claiming more

wisdom, more sense, more temper, than they will allow to the best men among those they have the impertinence to call the Ultra-Tories. Who are the Ultra-Tories? The present Ministry? Well—be it so; and will the Moderates not support it? Let them, then, join the Radicals. The Conservative Tories will be well rid of them—and the Conservative Whigs would but laugh in their faces were such ninnies to claim alliance with the adherents of Stanley and Grahame, for they are men of metal. Try Conservative principles by the test of reason, and if you think they do not stand it, become a Destructive. But we who have satisfied ourselves on that point, and know that Conservative principles are guarded by a host of feelings too, which we hold sacred, will vindicate them from all aggression, with all the zeal and all the energy of which our nature is capable, and without any fear that we shall be hurried away into extremes beyond the bounds of a philosophical moderation. Nay, should we occasionally so err, we shall easily forgive ourselves, and by our true-hearted friends, we doubt not, be easily forgiven; but indifference or neglect must never be pardoned, for the lukewarm will soon begin to shiver, and coldness become an ague. The struggle is for all we love and venerate; and unless we put forth all the power of our moral and intellectual being, according to the opportunities afforded us by the station in society which it has pleased Providence to assign us, be it high or humble or in a middle place, we can never hope that our cause will triumph; for the Conservative Government must be environed with great difficulties—and with great dangers plain to all eyes—and but by intrepidity and integrity and talent—and it possesses them all—backed by an united phalanx of freemen—and none but the educated, the orderly, and the peace-loving are freemen—can it be upheld in spite of all the assaults about to be led against it by infuriated multitudes who have sworn its overthrow. All violence will be brought against us—but Conservatives are not violent—they are confident—and confidence is calm. Away, then, with all such moderation—for it is

a base and bastard moderation, that at the first rude shock of conflicting opinion will be seen shamefully submit; and let us show that resolute front which becomes men who know the difference between the spirit of conciliation and concession which the times require, and the most conscientious ought to cultivate and encourage—for it can work but good—and the spirit of compromise and submission which no times ever required, and least of all the present—for it can work but evil—and would soon involve all principles in fatal confusion—and deliver up the weak and wavering and faithless into the hands of the worst party that should, by being resolute in wickedness, be found to be too strong for the vacillating good.

Nor let us care a straw for the ridicule of the Liberals, who scornfully pity us poor Conservatives for lagging so far behind the spirit of the age. We know, for all that, how to march a bit, and can have our laugh too, when we choose to take a look at the awkward squad, chiefly composed of tailors, not only showing, but clearing the way, as the vanguard. We are not angry with these modern philosophical heroes for despising the wisdom of their ancestors, though we cannot seriously admire their double-quick time, even while they are marking it, and cannot but smile to see them deploy. Old Father Time has his prejudices, no doubt, and is perhaps rather too unwilling to be put out of his way. Mine ancient is sometimes a little obstinate, but he has more sense left than a million upstarts who declare he is in his dotage. So thinks Sir Robert Peel, premier, though not Mr Thomas Place, tailor. The Premier speaks of "that great aid of government, more powerful than either law or reason,—the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority," and the tailor smiles. Yet Chronos, though a silent, is a certain reformer; and under the sweep of his scythe, out of decay and ruin, how renovation blooms! We may take him by the forelock, but it must be with no irreverent hand. We, whose utmost term is but three-score and ten years, and often cease to be,—the brightest, and boldest, and best among us—with godlike faces, and

tongues as of angels—e'er the earth has thirty times circled the sun—must not deal rudely with him whose age is six thousand years, and who looks yet as if he were immortal!

Round old institutions, what sacred thoughts and feelings keep extending in silent perennial growth! They penetrate them—and are as the very living cement by which they cohere, and therefore crumble not, though weather-stained—strongest even where some rent or fissure may be seen in which smiles the wall-flower. What power over thoughtful and feeling hearts is in the very expression—from time immemorial! A wise man indeed he must be—a man inspired—who can disregard—we dare not say despise—antiquity; such seers and prophets as the world has had in those later days have foretold the Future from the Past—and thus taught us to understand the Present. And shall the wisdom that waxes clear and great from its own experiences, and from the study of the experiences of kindred spirits as they have illuminated successive ages of the world, be superseded and set aside for that vain philosophy—oh! miserable profanation of a mighty name! that is perpetually appealing to principles forsooth, and in its arrogant ignorance "of man, of nature, and of human life," would lay down laws for the government of mighty communities—think to create constitutions by a breath—and by a breath blow down states—for what else is all that hot hubbub of words? The love of change, admiration of novelty, and delight in reform, are much oftener proofs of a weak and wavering than of a strong and steady mind. There are men among us now—public men—teachers of the public—who are absolutely blindfolded—hoodwinked by a day-cap embroidered with bigotries and prejudices, who imagine all the while that their minds have the perspicuity of the eagle's eye, and the power of the eagle's wing.

But such is not the character of the minds of very many influential men, who for some years have with great zeal, energy, and talent, been disseminating their political, and occasionally their religious, opinions very widely among the middle or-

ders, down to that imaginary line, and below it, which may be supposed to separate them from the lower—for as to the lowest, with their doctors and doctrines we are acquainted but in the gross, excepting a few known to us by name, and rather more in detail in the criminal courts. The men we mean—some of them acute and slashing writers, men of education and accomplishments—are, on principle, Republicans. They admire the American Constitution even more than our own, with all its perfections on its head, and desiderate much, even in the Great Measure, essential to their idea of the constitution of a Commonwealth. They exult in the name of Radicals, and profess—not in theory merely, but in practice—to lay the axe to the root. We call them Destructives, but they disown and retort the name; for the tree they would hew down and extirpate, and we would nourish by digging and manuring the soil round its roots, is, they say, the tree of evil. Their press is powerful, and has made numerous proselytes. They admire the old adage, “A cat may look at a king;” and are of opinion the cat will see nothing much worth looking at in a man with a crown on his head. They are then in their playful moods—themselves like kittens—but oftener, at the very name of king, they growl like tigers—sometimes as if they longed to lap blood. Yet we do not think them naturally cruel. Their cruelty is acquired; and having no cause of enmity to cock-chaffers, they would revolt from the amusement of spinning them by a pin and a string, while they speak with great glee of the cutting off of the head of King Charles with a hatchet on a block, and are fond of holding it up in *terrorem*—we mean on a printed page, or a painted banner—in the face of his latest successor. In one Latin word for the learned, and one English word for the simple, they enunciate their notion of the Royal Prerogative—*Nihil*—Nothing. A hereditary Peerage they vote a nuisance, which it has been found impossible to abate, and should therefore be put down; and as for a House of Peers, they have given over calling it by any other name but the

House of Incurables. The House, they hold, should with all convenient speed be demolished—and the Incurables turned adrift, to be taken in and cared for by their rich relations. Mean while, they must not be suffered to have a will of their own, for they are incapable of opinions; and though they may speak till they are hoarse, nay, even come to a vote, nobody is to heed what they say or what they carry, or on what they impose a veto. They are ciphers—and here is a sponge. An established church they call a rookery—and intolerant of its cawing, they would—without remorse—cut down the old grove. They cannot see what a State has to do with religion. That is every man’s own look out—and there are many million ways to Heaven. Piety is a good thing, and so is a pie—and both, when wanted, may be got at the nearest shop. Food for the soul, and food for the body, are best furnished by competition; that is the only principle by which you can hope to have them at once good and cheap—and nature equally with a vacuum abhors a monopoly. Let there be Free-Trade in all things human and divine—terrestrial and celestial—corn and worship—hops and prayer. And that all these principles—plain as they are—may be thoroughly and universally understood—and placed beyond the reach of brute power to hide or haul them down—let the light of knowledge overflow the land, in which they will be manifest as in perpetual day—and then shall all the clouds that have so often and long obscured them, formed of the vapours of fantasy, and the smoke of the sacrifices of superstition, melt away, and leave the mind like the sky, and its intuitions like sunbeams.

These writers think themselves wiser and wittier than they are, and are at all times ready with their sarcasms and their scorns; yet some master-minds are among them—we do not hesitate to say so—and we repeat, their press is powerful, and tells. They fight at points—and, knowing the weak ones—which are many in measures and in men—they keep hitting away at them forceful blows, till men and measures are sometimes seen staggering as if drunk. Nor love nor reverence have

they for any one old institution—all being alike considered and condemned as the relics of semi-barbarous, feudal, and superstitious ages, when the whole land was peopled with serfs—slaves—soldiers—priests—vassals—and lords;—over all, a fierce and foolish phantom—mailed and armed—whom they all called Liege—feared and hated when living, though he reigned by right divine—and disgustingly adored when dead. In their eyes nothing is time-hallowed—not even a tomb. They desire not only a new order of almost all things that might be permitted by them still to exist—but a new-modelling of society—and a new form of government—such as might extinguish in men's minds all memory of monarchy, and leave on earth but a dreamlike indignation at the abstract idea of a King. In one word, they are all for a DEMOCRACY; and, to establish one, they care not what they uproot—or what they upset;—and the two first obstructions in the way, and therefore the first to be undermined and exploded, are the Throne and the Altar.

Opinions such as these, perpetually promulgated by many highly-gifted men, burning with ambitious desires—in various moods of mind and various forms of speech—skillfully adapted to suit the humours, and inclinations, and capacities of multitudes known to be dissatisfied with the present arrangement and order of things—every hour of the day—every day of the year—and year after year—what wonder that they should be greedily imbibed! They form the articles of the political creed of a very formidable party, that, at a pinch, would not stick at trifles;—a restless, reckless, revolutionary, radical, and destructive faction—the Head of the column of the MOVEMENT. Hundreds of thousands—we might not perhaps be very far wrong in saying millions—all the while they suppose themselves good subjects—do nevertheless virtually hold almost the very self-same faith. They do not—would not go such lengths—Oh! not they indeed—"but wide latitude of liberty of thought must be allowed to men of genius, whom we should not tie down to their words." So speak the mode-

rates of the Movement. They are friends of a limited monarchy. A very limited monarchy indeed! But mark whom and what they admire when they are thrown off their guard, and roused to enthusiasm, by some event which seems to them calculated to accelerate the Movement, and you cannot choose but see, that they are as radical and revolutionary in their hearts as the ho-nester and bolder men at the head of the Column.

As yet we have been speaking of respectable persons in respectable stations of society; but what shall we say of the multitude of the Movement? We have used the word multitude, and without the adjective swinish—for one is afraid now-a-days to write down or any way to utter—rabble—mob—canaille—*profanum vulgus*—or any other native, naturalized, or alien expression wont to designate some one or other prominent peculiarity in the character of the majesty of the Sovereign People. But it exists. And it is rancorous, malignant, and savage. Modern philosophers and statesmen of the liberal school hold contradictory and irreconcilable opinions concerning its character. When it serves a political purpose, to pretend to think so, they declare it to be the People—the most enlightened People on the face of the earth—and that its voice—not oracular, but divine—must and will be obeyed, else kingdoms will crumble under its angry breath. At other times, when it may seem safer to speak the truth, they lament the foul and loathsome vices with which its character is scurfed and encrusted—and attribute the moral leprosy to Ignorance—which, in spite of tracts that circulate in millions, explanatory of all the principles of right government of self or state, is, they the Philanthropists acknowledge, even in the lanes and alleys of manufacturing cities, denser than the gloom of the atmosphere that there seems to belong to the mire, and to have no connexion with the sky. In times of distress or disturbance, we have seen what livid life shoals out into the streets and squares—not averse to the use of fire. But they stand in natural awe of the "devouring element"—

and the burning of Bristol was a splendid exception to the general rule, that it is not by cremation that the cities of England will "flare up," and expire. They will settle down into dust. What are our thoughts, on hearing low-born or high-born demagogues addressing crowds of such patriots as these? We do not call them the scum—for that word is proscribed—but the cream of the kennel—again we correct ourselves—yea, the very concentrated essence of the People! To that Impersonation of the Voice of the Deity ought devoutly to be submitted the redress of all wrong—the vindication of all right—and offend not Almighty Power—ye impious Conservatives! and ye shall see perfected a "six days' work magnificent"—a Constitution.

Such is our idea, imperfectly, yet perhaps not feebly, expressed—of the Movement. We speak not of the Parliament, but of the People and the Press. We are not of those who see and hear in Parliament, and nowhere else, the mind of the country. We look and listen for it in every place,—in "city or suburban,"—"among the rural villages and farms,"—in shops and ships,—in coal and salt mines,—in diving-bells,—on roofs of coaches,—on the "secret top" of mountains, where the plaided shepherd in search of a lost gimmer, and the plushed poacher pursuing the ptarmigan across the chasms, are politicians, and the latter assuredly a radical reformer, grim against the grievances of the game laws. Only thus can any true knowledge be acquired of the dispositions and desires of those orders or classes which Reform affects, and which affect Reform, in obvious modes, and in modes not obvious. Most of them, we say it not presumptuously, not only hidden from the observation of many of the men supposing themselves to be statesmen, but not even known by them to be in operation or existence. The Whig leaders in the great measure knew not the character either of those for whom, or of those with whom, they were legislating on such a vast scale, and with such a mighty sweep. They did not make the Movement. It was in being and growth before they opened their mouths against the British Con-

stitution. Hearing that fabric condemned as ruinous and rotten, the Movement that had hitherto been not less a movement because it had not moved,—a sleeping lion being still a lion, and a boa constrictor, though coiled up with a goat in his belly, a boa constrictor still,—put itself into motion, and shouted aloud, "Here am I." "The Movement to the rescue, ho!" cried the Ministers. The great, the glorious work was done—day was deafened by bells, and night blinded by tar-barrels—and the regenerated land, in the din and the dazzle, could neither hear nor see the Reformed Constitution. It was well for the country that the Movement had no leaders. We have spoken of its Press. But by leaders, we mean men of action and eloquence, like O'Connell, who has been so powerful for all evil in Ireland. In the House of Commons, the men of the Movement have been a set of prosing pedants, whose eternal talk inspires not sedition, but sleep. Nothing can be imagined less rousing than their oratory, even with an occasional imitative accompaniment, by a friend, of the crowing of cocks. But the radicalism is read, and the elocutionist of the pot-house, by his fine delivery, gives it point. The Press of the Movement improves it, by cutting it down into a few sentences, which again are compressed into conciser treason by an out-and-out editor who can write. In all Scotland there is not one Radical—but Mr Ayton—who can speak for ten minutes in the open air without becoming an object of pity or scorn. Whenever an orator's voice sticks in his throat, boys below the scaffold, like printers' devils, and whose places are no sinecures, most unnecessarily drown it in huzzas. In England mob oratory is at nearly as low an ebb; and of all the hawking up we ever heard, the stammering, the stuttering, the burring, and, strange to say, the lisping, all from the same mouth, and vomited in one rarest species of elocution, was from the mouth of a man of the Movement on a hustings, one fine day last summer, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. To be sure, the Movement has got Lord Durham. But his eloquence was thought little of by the Radicals of Glasgow—in comparison with that of their own

Gander—whom we cheerfully acknowledge “to have strange powers of speech”—when, with a pebble in his bill, he walks by the banks of the murmuring Clyde, and quacks to the Naiads of the Arns-well, who set down their pitchers, and with arms folded across their breasts, listen with mingled awe and delight to the thunders of the Demosthenes of the West. Durham, with his supercilious brow and curled lip, looks as if in his heart he despised the rabble he beslavers; yet ’tis not all pride—but in part cunning—for the demagogue, who conceives himself an aristocrat, thinks to awe the mob by his birth and breeding—nor is the mean-minded tyrant mistaken, for small knowledge of human nature is needed to teach the favourite of a faction how best to deal out—for his own advantage—incense and insult to slaves. Wo to England! when the Movement shall produce a few men whose eloquence can “wield at will her fierce democracy;” for if such government as then may be should suffer “the agitators” to set the laws at defiance—“stream-loved England”—as her great Radical poet Elliot has called her—may run with rivers of blood.

And we are now brought by the course of our remarks, which we hope have been hitherto coherent, to say a few sentences about the last two Ministries—that of Lord Grey, and that of Lord Melbourne; a few about their respective dissolutions; a few about the consequent exercise of his prerogative which it pleased the King to use; and a few about the conduct of political parties during and since the formation of a new Government.

The Ministry, of which Lord Grey was at the head, and we forget Lord Who at the foot, was from the first placed in a situation of great difficulty and danger. They had excited all over the country a spirit which appeared to be a very passion for Reform. By means of it they were seated, as they all thought, so firmly in power, that no “shadow of a shade” of fear seems, for a while, ever to have crossed the mind of any one of them, of the possibility of a return of the Tories to “domination.”

The Tories—then a minority in

the House—inconsiderable in numbers, but considerable in every thing else—so far from being a factious Opposition, resolved to support Ministers in every measure they thought for their country’s good;—and they did so with such effect, that looking to their conduct on several great questions, it might be said that Sir Robert Peel—not Stanley—was the leader of the Commons. But the spirit, or passion for reform—which they had raised, and which they expected would, when gratified by enjoyment, not need to be laid, but of itself expire, or at least be subdued into a sober affection and steady attachment to the darling measures which came home to the business and the bosoms of men, was not so soon satiated; and the people—who, it was exultingly predicted by the Liberals, in scorn of Conservative fears, would after that general rising sit down, and more than ever show that they were the industrious classes indeed, by busy contentment, under the shadow of the Bill, within which all their restored liberties were safe—became more restless than ever—at least so said their accredited organs—began to make mouths at the Ministry, and angrily rub their wrinkled brows lowering with mischief. Sentence of dissolution would have been passed in vain upon political unions by Premier, and Lord Chancellor, and Home and Foreign Secretaries, who had once solicited their aid, had not the laws, that regulate wages, stopped the supplies, and pauperized that *Imperium in Imperio*, which had held its court at Brum-magem, in Mr Beardsworth’s Horse Bazaar. Then arose foolish discussions to ascertain whether Reform was or was not a final measure—means to an end—or an end. If means, how to be used, with despatch or discretion—if an end, what it was—the preservation or the destruction of all remaining institutions?

It was then painfully experienced by Ministers, that the spirit in which the Reform Bill had been discussed in Parliament, and out of it, by all the leading Reformers, had produced a most baneful and disastrous change on the very character of the people—for we know not how to tell, what we believe to be the truth, in less

decisive and comprehensive words. Having been convinced by Ministers and their supporters, that Parliamentary Reform was absolutely necessary for the remedy or extirpation of a thousand diseases, under which not merely that mysterious personage, the body politic, but all classes and conditions of men, and every individual man therein included, had long been lingering, they became impatient of a panacea that appeared so very slowly to work. It moved their bowels—yet still they became not whole. Then began many to ask themselves—have we put ourselves into the hands of State Quack-doctors? And whether right or wrong—with thousands and hundreds of thousands the answer was—yes. Be patient—said the Ministers and their organs. You are better than you know—continue to take air and exercise, and in a few months you will be all lively as kids, and strong as horses. But the faces of the multitude of the Movement waxed pale—and pallor is proof, not of a fleeting passion of rage, but of a fixed passion of hatred. The Radicals in their hearts cursed the Whigs; but no blessing ever comes from cursing, so they continued likewise to detest the Tories. Whom did they like or love? Nobody. Exasperated or discontented with all persons and with all things, they could not have been kept quiet, no, not even—as Lord Palmerston's friend said to him on another occasion—had a Ministry of angels descended from heaven.

But it was not the discontent and anger of the multitude of the Movement that most disturbed Ministers—it was its Press. Their eyes and their ears began to open to the danger that threatened their very existence from that Power which day or night slumbers not nor sleeps, and issues its orders more magisterially far than any Cabinet. They heard it clank, and they saw it lighten, and the “innocents”—for we shall not use a harsher term—not only complained, but prosecuted and punished, as if it were possible for the most liberal Government, by the hands of a “puny whipster” of the law, in the shape of a Whig Attorney-General, to put down Premier and Small Pica.

But to what opinions and passions had not the Great Event given birth!

And with what active power had it not embued many that up to that time had been dormant, and might, but for it, have exchanged sleep for death! Had the Ministers been blameless in the conduct of their daring enterprise? Had their adherents, in or out the Houses, while vindicating the rights of the People, at all times vindicated, too, the rights of what are called—and not invidiously nor unjustly—the rights of the Privileged Orders? Had they spoken of the Monarchy as became men who understood and revered the principles on which it is founded, and the feelings by which it is guarded—principles and feelings laid deep in human nature—in the heart, the mind, and the imagination—and, when kept inviolate in the midst of liberty, give to loyalty the character of religion? Had they always vindicated, with a stern voice, and an austere eye, and a resolute hand, against unbelievers and misbelievers, who profaned its sanctities, and derided its mysteries, Religion itself? Or had not their voices often faltered, and their eyes fallen, and their hands trembled, in presence of the scorner, deserters not defenders of the faith, because of a faint heart, and because of a weak mind, compromising, which is indeed sacrificing, their own sweetest persuasions, and their own most sacred convictions, rather than incur the charge of bigotry and blindness from audacious demagogues desirous of destroying all those religious ties by which the people are contentedly attached to their duties, that, for the purposes of a base ambition, they may reduce them to the worst of all slaveries, and heap upon them the heaviest of all bonds?

Would that we could believe, that the rage of the Radicals had been excited by the virtues of the Whig Ministers! But the best we can say for Earl Grey and his associates—excepting, of course, those who did their duty, by washing their hands from all contamination of one great evil design—is, that they felt they had gone too far with the Movement and the Mob, and were anxious, if not to fall back, to stand still. But they could not have maintained their position by any defences it was in their power to construct in its front. It was a bad one—commanded by

the enemy—and liable to be turned on either flank. What was left for them but to break up?

Of the causes that forced, or the reasons that induced, or the motives that compelled Lord Grey to resign, we profess not to be in the secret,—all we know is, that he was the only man in England—out of the Cabinet—who did not believe he had been betrayed—and that to himself alone there was no dishonour in his retirement. Stanley and Grahame had done well in seceding when they did; but would have done far better had they cut their stick long before, for they must have seen what the Cabinet was eyeing in the distance—the spoliation of the Irish Church.

The conduct of the Ministry in Baron Smith's affair was as cruel as in Mr Shiels it was contemptible—in both equally unprincipled; and their truckling to O'Connell, who had so often kicked their posteriors, was a perfection of cowardice that makes all other meanness on record seem magnanimity, all other infamy seem honour. Of their many other pitiable exposures we shall not say a word. High-bearing they had had none in their most palmy state—in the twilight preceding their dissolution they were seen walking about like the disconsolate ghosts of what they were, and their looks had never at any time been life-like—the night came in which no such men could work, and the Ministry expired in the dark like a few farthing candles. Yet it was not “the pressure from without”—bitterly as poor Lord Grey complained of it—that extinguished the luminaries. The tallow was all burned out—each wick hung its head—more mournful than a poppy—over the edge of his own socket—they ceased to flicker and began to smell—and the Reform Ministry—on which the country had reposed all its hopes—ended in smoke. So said—in other words—they who had been the making of it—and to whom we leave the composition of its epitaph.

The Grey Ministry, for some time before its death, had lost all its character, and all its reputation—not a shred of either was left—in the eyes of the Conservatives who had supported it, and shielded it from the

attacks of the Radicals, as often and as long as they could in conscience do so—but in conscience at last they could support and shield it no more—not even against the “enemy” himself, had he appeared in *propria persona*, in tail, hoof, and horn, and eclipsed O'Connell; while the Radicals, for reasons of their own, had come to hate it with a perfect hatred. Even the Whigs themselves, though they whined, lamented not very loudly—nor if they had, could their thin melancholy pipe have been heard amidst the Irish howl, which was one of exultation. The people—then—by whomsoever the people is composed—did not break its heart for grief on the going out of those “flaming Ministers,” nor groan to think that by no human means might it “their life relumine.”

The Ministry that in one sense succeeded and in another failed, must on no account whatever be called the Grey and Melbourne, but merely the Melbourne Ministry. All we ought to look to in any Ministry, we have been lately told, is the men. That is lucky for us in this case, for the Melbourne Ministry had no measures to distract our attention from the men—and thus we can take a steadfast vizzy at the men. The first impression made on the optic nerve, by it transmitted to the brain, and there noticed by the mind with not a little surprise, is that the men are a different set of men altogether from what it had contemplated, no very long time ago, sitting in the same room, and similarly occupied—to wit, in holding a Cabinet council. The mind is perplexed, and very painfully perplexed too—for though it does recognise one or two old friends with new faces—it sees two or three new friends with old faces—and three or four enigmas with no faces at all.

This is not the old Ministry?

This is not the new?

These men have all a yellow look!

Those men had all a blue!

Why the King gave them their dismissal, doctors differ—but that not much. Men say that his Majesty foresaw another split upon the Church. Themselves say they had all sworn to run their heads against it. Both stories may be true. For

our own parts, we are far from being inquisitive or curious on the subject—and if we were, could have no hopes of hearing it intelligibly explained by the discarded parties. Lord John Russell reluctantly confessed, in his final whimper to the Bishop of Exeter, that though he had said at Totness that he knew every thing about the intentions of the Grey Ministry respecting the Church, which intentions, though of the most Conservative kind, had been all thwarted by the obstinacy of the Episcopal Bench, he had since ascertained that he knew nothing—and therefore we could not reasonably look for elucidation to that quarter. Lord Palmerston has belonged to so many Ministries, that it is impossible—seeing great wits have proverbially short memories—that he can remember the causes of his conduct every time he joined, resigned, or was dismissed; but when he tells us why he accepted a place in the Cabinet for the first time under Mr Canning in 1828, and immediately after his death took office under the Duke of Wellington, who would not act with Mr Canning—and why he joined the administration of Lord Grey, who denounced Mr Canning, on his becoming premier, as a political adventurer, renegade, and apostate, and, by one bitterest speech, hastened the death of that noble, ambitious, but too sensitive and irritable, spirit—we may then perhaps listen to his version of the story of the last dismissal, in which he took a passive part. We do not see much to the purpose in his “address to a numerous meeting of the electors of the southern division of the county of Hants, assembled at the Beneficial Society’s Hall, Portsea, with a view to secure the re-election of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Palmerston and Sir George Staunton.” Yet here is a rare passage:—“I remember, gentlemen, having been told, in December, 1830, by a personal friend, though a political opponent, that before Easter we should infallibly have a general war in Europe. *In fact, that if an angel were to come down from heaven to write our despatches, he would defy us to keep peace. Well, gentlemen, no angel came to my assistance! but peace has been preserved. We have*

preserved peace, not only to Easter, 1831, but till Christmas, 1834.” There is a wondrous achievement for you! With whom was it in his power, with all his blundering, to bring us into war? In what war were we engaged between 1815 and 1830? On this earth nothing so delightful as peace: it is but a name for all delights. But the difficulty was to get it—not to keep it when got. Who conquered it for us? Wellington. Who preserved it for us? Palmerston. Not “one personal friend, but political enemy,” but all the Whigs in Britain, told us, “that if an angel were to come down from heaven, and fight Arthur’s battles, they would defy him to conquer peace. Well, gentlemen, no angel came to his assistance, but peace was conquered.” We believe that he fought under Heaven and all its angels—“and archangels militant.” But only think of an angel writing Lord Palmerston’s despatches! Taking Cupid’s place at the desk at those innumerable and eternal protocols!—What says Sir John Hobhouse to the electors of Nottingham respecting his behaviour when the King did him the honour to propose, through his Prime Minister, that he should join the Cabinet which was then about to be formed? “My next question to Lord Melbourne was as to the Irish Church Establishment, and the appropriation of its surplus revenues, as I never could consent to the absurd proposition, that the means designed for the maintenance of a national establishment, in places where the functions were not exercised, *should not be appropriated to the service of the people. Such a proposition appears to me little short of madness. It is true that some influential gentlemen differed from me,*” (they must in his opinion have been mad, or little short of mad,) “*but none in the late Administration; they were all agreed that this should be the principle and basis on which our Government was to be formed.*” And with that principle or basis all the people in England—who were not a little short of mad—were to be delighted! All except the “influential gentlemen”—we wonder who were they—who differed from Sir John Cam Hobhouse—and were still for “fighting with sha-

dows." Do not start, electors of Nottingham, for remember, adds Sir John, that this unanimity in the Cabinet was "after the secession of the Stanley party and the retirement of Lord Grey." And after this, does the whole world wonder why the King dismissed the Melbourne Ministry? What says Lord Melbourne himself, in his answer to the address of the Derby Reformers, "of the causes of the late events?" He says, "you will consider me as employing the language, not of discontent, but rather that of friendly admonition and advice, if I enumerate among them the want of confidence which has often been expressed in quarters from which we expected support—the strong condemnation which has been pronounced on some of our measures, which I conceive to have been absolutely necessary—the violent and abusive opinions which have been long declared, and particularly the bitter hostility and ulterior designs against the Established Church, which have been openly avowed by several classes and bodies of the Dissenters. When I remember this last opinion, I beg leave to say that I do not condemn those who conscientiously entertain it. It is not my opinion, but I mention it now only politically, and with reference to its actual effects upon the course of public affairs. These sentiments and this conduct occasioned great alarm in high and powerful quarters—they terrified the timid—they repelled from us the wavering—they rallied men round the institutions which they conceived to be attacked—and they gave life and spirit and courage to our political adversaries, who, you will recollect, after all, form a very large and powerful party in this country—a party powerful in numbers, powerful in property, powerful in rank and station, and, allow me to add, a party of a very tenacious, unyielding, and uncompromising character." There are some not unimportant admissions there, on which much might be observed, even to Lord Melbourne's edification; but we shall content ourselves now with asking if his Lordship really does believe, what his words seem to imply, that the violent language of "several classes and bodies of Dissenters" was indeed one of the chief causes of

the dismissal of his Ministry? Why was it so? If confident in his own determination to guard the Church from all such "ulterior designs," he needed not have cared for that idle wind. Not "by several classes and bodies of Dissenters" is the Church to be overthrown. If, as he says, "the timid were terrified," why did he not bid the timid hide themselves under their beds? If "the wavering were repelled" from him—why did he not bid them go? How happened it that the Grey Ministry, and the Melbourne Ministry, were so shaken by the Dissenters as no Ministry had ever been before? Why, because they knew they had themselves to blame for the cry from the conventicles—and that the Movement backed the demand of the Dissenters that the Church should fall. But if both Ministries had done their duty by the Movement—which they could have done, simply by doing their duty to their country—they would have had nothing to fear. For they knew that millions on millions love and venerate their church—that all the party so "powerful in number, so powerful in property, so powerful in rank and station"—and we will add what Lord Melbourne ought to have added—for well does he know it to be true—so powerful in talent, in courage, in honour, in morality, in piety—would have been with them to a man—and that all the powers of evil that ever were banded together, would have been beaten back from any mad attack they might have made against our Zion. Most true it is, that "men rallied round the institutions which they supposed to be attacked"—to requote his Lordship's tame, lame, and most impotent words. But they rallied round them—not from fear of "several classes and bodies of Dissenters"—for that were indeed an idiot fear—but because they saw that the Ministry were alarmed for the Movement—and yet had not the heart—the soul—to defy it. They—the Ministers—were the "timid who were terrified"—terrified into a scheme of spoliation of that very Church against which all the bodies and classes of Dissenters—had they forgot their own bitter feuds and animosities, and united in one miscellaneous *levy*

en masse—heavy as the black sea might have been—would have been shattered into spray. So thought the King. If the Cabinet were divided on such a subject, the sooner dead the better;—if they were at one—every hour the Ministers drew breath was an hour of insult to their Master, who had declared “I will rather die.”

We know not whether the cry that celebrated the dismissal of the Melbourne Ministry was ludicrous or sublime. The event, it was said, took the nation by surprise, like a clap of thunder. We have heard many claps of thunder, but not one that ever took us by surprise. If the sky did not look thunderous, there was still something in the air that warned us to expect an explosion. May not a hurricane be seen “in a cloud no bigger than a man’s hand?” It may, however, be said of the late Ministers—in the words of Milton, with the substitution of one word for another—

“ Their falling all at once was as the
sound

Of thunder heard remote.”

The atmosphere may have been surcharged with the electric fluid at Brighton—but all over the rest of the island, it was, during the whole week, perfectly serene.

The Movement—by whom Lord Melbourne complained, as Lord Grey had done before him, that the Ministry had been so much incommoded, and whose confidence he lamented he had lost—shrieked and yelled with rage, and each beast, after his kind, began to abuse the King. They did not deny that by his prerogative he might say—“Dismiss;” but what wickedness in them who advised its exercise! The Radicals routed to the Whigs, and the Whigs rebellowed like cattle on a thousand hills. We have an obscure remembrance of the Prince Regent having sent for the Whigs, on his accession to the regency in 1809, and of his conduct in doing so, in opposition to a vast majority of the House of Commons, having been the subject of unmeasured eulogium from them all. We have a clear remembrance of George III. dismissing the Whigs, to the great joy of the nation, for utter incapacity, in 1807—from

which dismissal we may date the commencement of a career of national greatness and glory unparalleled on earth. But the Melbourne Ministry fell victims to a Court intrigue! Sir Robert had been heard to say a year ago, that should his Majesty ask him to do so, he would take office. What audacity! Having laid his schemes accordingly, to escape suspicion he set off to Rome—and exposed the Duke of Wellington to the danger and reproach of having assumed the Dictatorship. So sure is cunning to defeat itself! And thus, after a month’s delay and more, and the failure of a most unprincipled attempt on the political virtue of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham—they had the mortification of being forced to form a Conservative Tory Ministry, and to dissolve Parliament. A new Parliament has been elected—and what—think we—is to be the result?

The Government will be factiously opposed on all questions by all the Radicals, and all the Whigs who are Radicals in their hearts. And on all questions that factious opposition will be in a minority—but a strong one. Those Whigs, who are true to themselves—able at will to turn the scale—to which side will they give their weight? To the Destructives, whom they have denounced—or to the Conservatives, whom they doubt? A week will decide. We, who know not what a day may bring forth, predict nothing; but some unions—junctions—coalitions may be imagined—so shocking and so monstrous, that they may be safely pronounced impossible. Should they notwithstanding take place, no discovery will be made to us of the weakness and narrowness of our own ken, but of the worthlessness of much—we must not say all—of what is called character, principle, virtue, thereby almost demonstrated to be with the once noble Whigs—a dream.

We hope we are not deceiving ourselves in the belief that the virtue of that Party is more than equal to the demand of duty, and that they will give—what it seems to require no great sacrifice to give—Ministers a fair trial. What sacrifice must they make? Not of a single principle of their political

creed—but perhaps of some feelings, not ignoble, that have animated the zeal of party spirit, and even of personal friendship. To us it does not seem that they need make sacrifice even of them; and how great will be their reward, should their leaders, superior even to ambition, sink all other thoughts in the one thought how they may *now* best secure the liberties they love!

Never was there a more barefaced and shameless proposal mutually offered and accepted by two unprincipled factions, than that of sinking all minor differences, in order to combine against the “common enemy;” for on account of those very minor differences had they been burning for each other’s blood. We use that strong language, because it is their own—figurative, no doubt—and meant merely to express, with sufficient sincerity, the vehemence of their mutual hate. They have shown now that that hate is not one of principle however false, the only kind of a passion so unchristian that can be, in any degree, tolerated while it is utterly condemned—but that it is so intensely selfish, that they can submit to smother it into snoring sleep—till they, whom they hate even more than one another, shall be put down—and then both parties, confident in their own strength, will resume the struggle for power, and wo to the vanquished!

“Let us sink all minor differences, and join against the common enemy.”

Did this sound come but from the baser and more shameful parts of the Radical body, it might blurt and expire; but to our disgust the vile wretches have lately, in Scotland, adopted a new mode of expressing their political sentiments, which we do not think will ever be popular in England. They hawk up their foul phlegm, not always un-mixed with even baser matter from their crop-sick stomachs, and collecting it in their mouths, till their cheeks are blown like swine-bladders, they walk up to gentlemen on nomination or election day—in boroughs no longer rotten—and discharge it with grins and curses in their faces!—The admiring mob

shout their exulting praise; and the Spirit of the Age claps his hands to see the Tories beslimed from head to heel with Radical slaver. The parties, however, meet with an occasional check. The most sanguine Reformer cannot expect to spit very often with impunity in the human face divine even of a Tory; and it is satisfactory to know that more than one of the gobbists has had the bridge of his nose broken on the spot, cheek-bones battered, and his brutal bulk bruised to mummy by Tory fist before he had time to summon up sufficient resolution and spittle for a second discharge. This by the way. But we were about to say a few words of the men—not the beasts—of the party who dislike and abuse the Tories. They call us at all times—“their Enemies.” In their letters, their speeches, their addresses, their pamphlets, they never speak of us as their political opponents, but always as “our enemies,” “your enemies,” “the enemies of the people,” “the common enemy,” and so forth—accusing us all of cowardice, cruelty, and corruption—as if these were the constituent qualities of our character. “Down with the Tories!” “Down with them to the dust!” “Now that you have them down, keep them down—for should you suffer them to rise again, they will load you with chains, and grind your faces on the stones!” “Let the non-electors now do their duty—and terrify off the field the oppressors of the poor—the natural enemies of the people.” Not a newspaper of the Faction that is not filled with such injunctions—they flourish in capitals through many a leader—such is the enlightened and humane liberty of the gentlemen of the press. We know better than to speak contemptuously of the conductors of the newspaper press—for we know the general respectability of their characters—and we know, without fearing, their power. But is such language—the spirit in which it is uttered—worthy of men of education, intelligence, and talent often high—of men combating from conviction in the cause of Right and of Truth? No—it is base—it is wicked—and it is most false. Gentlemen—and we speak now but of gentlemen—cannot

but know that it is false; and we confess, that we are often astounded at the outrages against common sense, common justice, and common humanity, of which they are guilty, seemingly without misgiving or remorse, during their career of systematic lying pursued by the champions of Truth.

Their guilt is of the blackest grain, for it is impossible that they can believe the calumnies with which they cover the Conservatives—impossible they can be blind to the evil done by such calumnies to the character and the cause of the people whom they pretend—and not merely pretend—to love. There is no need to be mealy-mouthed, or to mince matters with us before the people; we are not the men to care for trifles, or to exaggerate offences against us into crimes; but knowing our own worth, and not denying that of our political opponents, we blush for them while they thus degrade themselves by seeking to set the people not only at variance with us, but in bitter enmity with us who have ever been their friends, and defended their rights and privileges, whether endangered by monarchs or by mobs. Natural enemies of the people! Why, we thought there had been no natural enemies in all the whole world. The French, so far from being our natural enemies, are, we have been told, our natural and our best friends. But we, the British Conservatives, are the natural enemies of the British people—of that people from whom we are sprung—to whom we belong—in whom we glory—with whom we have happily lived—and along with whom—for surely all patriotism, all bravery, all self-sacrifice, and all devotion to the demands of our common country, have not been exhibited by the liberals alone—and along with whom, we say, the Conservatives have not been loath or afraid to die.

Do their calumniators speak of the Conservatives in their characters as men, or as politicians? They speak of them, of necessity, as both, for never yet was public found apart from private virtue. What then, do they say, is the character, and the conduct of “our enemies” as men? We have never been able, from their sneers, to discover what vices or

crimes they would charge us with—what bosom-sins we cherish and hug which find no entrance into the liberal heart. Are we less familiar than they with the virtues of humble life—the life of labour, in the field or the factory? We claim equal knowledge of such condition and of its duties; why should we have less sympathy with the noble natures that are seen struggling through, not without their own peculiar, and, when we look into ourselves, enviable enjoyments? Or why should we have for them less esteem and less affection? They deserve all our hearts can feel—all our hands can give; and when they suffer, do we forget, while the liberals remember, what is the greatest of the three Christian virtues? Mammon does indeed grind the faces of the poor—but do the Conservatives alone serve Mammon—the Liberals alone serve God? The best school of virtue is each man’s own house. Is the hearth of the Conservative less hallowed by religion than that of him who calls his brother “enemy?” Do the habits of his life, in doors or out of doors, not bear so deep an impress of the serious spirit of his country—not so decent and decorous his demeanour, in the intercourse of man with man in the social hour? It is easy to denounce the spiritual pride, the worldly pomp, and the cure-neglecting indolence of the English clergy, who care not for the flock, but for the fleece. But it is easier still to speak the truth of them, Conservatives though they be, and to confess that they possess the people’s respect and gratitude, and that England venerates her Church and its ministers. The nobility and gentry, it is allowed, are unfortunately too Conservative; but there are many Whigs among them, and they, being the salt of the earth, preserve the whole mass from putrefaction. So thought not the six hundred from the three Lothians—men, we are happy to say, of all parties—the prime of Scotland’s tenantry, who yesterday honoured themselves by honouring the Duke of Buccleuch, though he be a Conservative—“one of the enemies of the people,” who has yet “scattered plenty over a smiling land,” and convinced his

infatuated farmers in a hundred vales, and on a hundred hills, that are neither serfs nor slaves.

But all this, and far more than all this—for we have but indicated a few points of the Conservative character—must go for nothing; for look at their political principles, and the Tories are tyrants. They are kind and warm-hearted—that is, not—for it cannot be denied, in private life—good husbands, good fathers, good sons, good friends, good masters, good landlords as any. But look at them as rulers, and governors, and ministers, and you see a set of demons. “Down with them, down with them!” Call your austere reason to extinguish your amiable feelings, and let not your gratitude to your benefactors, who have made you happy in your huts as they can be in their halls—and it may be happier far—shut or blind your eyes to their wickedness in the Senate or the Council—for we tell you there they are tyrants—and their ambition—for the age will suffer them to enjoy no other—is to trample upon well-clothed, well-fed, well-lodged, well-educated, moral, intellectual, religious, and independent slaves.

Now, this will be called declamation by some hide-bound Radical, who cannot extort from his own costive organ of language more than one sentence, on the average, in the minute, and that one like a brick. By some wheezy Whig it will be said to want bones; and the two worthies together will wonder at the sale—they think of nothing else but the sale, except the price—of Blackwood’s Magazine, and pretend to opine that Christopher North is a weak writer. Leaving them to their tripe or tea, we turn again to the men of talent and energy, be their political persuasion what it may—only not Conservative—and address a few words more to them concerning the oft-repeated cuckoo cry—“enemies of the people.”

We are willing to go back with them as far as the Great French Revolution. We abhor it. We justify the war, arising out of it, that Europe waged against France. Britain was faithful to herself from first to last in that terrible struggle; and had the other European powers been so too, it would have had an ending—not more glorious—that was im-

possible—but speedier far, and at the expense of less blood, every drop of which, from British veins, was worth any weight of gold. The subsidizing system may not have been a good one; it certainly was unfortunate; yet better such resistance than none to a spirit, which, once thought by many of the wise to be a liberating spirit, that sought but to break fetters, and set the bondsmen free, soon showed itself, by terrible tokens, to be a spirit of destruction, and to rejoice in the prostration of kingdom on kingdom of slaves. Many mistakes were committed—we know of no violations of the laws of nations—between the day Pitt let France know that England was the enemy of her who was the enemy of all law and all order—and the day Wellington—executing the policy—he himself has called it a continuation of the same—which the son of Chatham had originated, and till his deathbed pursued—brought it to a magnificent consummation—a final settlement at Waterloo.

The people, in the largest and noblest sense of the word, (would that some great statesmen were in that sense to define it,) in that war went with the Government. So did not the Whigs. The Government may have often erred—for the Tories are far from being infallible—Ministers may often have been foolish and selfish—unequal to and unworthy of such a cause. During the twenty years and more that the revolutionary war raged on land and sea, the virtue of public men was often found not proof against the manifold temptations by which it was beset—and we never have denied, but often indignantly declared, that by men and their measures the burdens under which the country often bent and still bends—but there is no danger yet of its back being broken—was accumulated far beyond reason or necessity, and is a monument of the incapacity, or worse than incapacity, of some who had but little claim to the character of statesmen. When our annals are writ aright, they will have another reward. Thank heaven! the people were heroic beyond even their own heroism, as it shines in our old histories; and to them, far more than to all our Ministers, though many

of them were true Britons too, was owing—not our escape alone from slavery—not the preservation alone of our liberties—which would have been much—we had almost said enough—but the lustre that—not like a new day, but a new life—their conduct and actions threw on the national character—till it became more terrible than ever to our enemies, and to our friends more beautiful, strengthening the state both by love and by fear.

Whatever opinions there may be about the origin of the war, or the part we took in it during its earlier progress, there can be but one of what our duty was after the subjugation by the Tyrant of “the peaceful unoffending Swiss;” then our course was clear. But we must be brief on this point of our subject, and merely ask—is our National Debt—enormous as is its amount—and far beyond the prophetic imagination even of dreamers of a former generation—too great a price to have paid for the place Britain now holds in the world? It is not mere empty glory that she gained—for glory such as hers is not empty—no bright bubble that will burst—but the solid globe is not more solid—if she continue true to herself as she did during all those storms—not surer than hers is the course of the stars. Of that other treasure—in comparison with which finest gold is but coarsest clay—the blood of her sons—we speak not—that outpouring let her poets sing—and her orators emblazon—and her historians record—and the whole people—not on anniversaries only of great victories, but on every day, and in every hour of high thought in which comes before them the image of their unconquered country—in silent hymns of their souls commemorate—assured that it was not shed in vain—and that such sacrifice—whether it sank into the green sod or the green sea—should be lamented in holy exultation—for that the heroes, had they known their doom, would not have desired to avoid it—and that for their country to Christians far sweeter must it be than it ever could have been to Heathens—yet to them we know it was sweet and glorious—for their country to die.

What other issue might have had the war—which at last was a war not between armies raised by sub-

sidy and armies raised by conscription—but of nations against a tyrant who had enslaved one ambitious people fond of glory, but at last weary of the yoke—had England been under a Whig government, we shall not say; but the issue being what it was, we shall say, that the men who resisted Napoleon Buonaparte were not the enemies of their country. Their country, at the end of that war, was in all things mighty—in wealth, in power, in dominion, in art, in science, in all knowledge, and, shall we not say, in national virtues? Make what deductions you will from the merits of Ministers, and that great party who supported them—and enough will be left to entitle them to the gratitude of all lovers of freedom. Many Tories may have enriched and aggrandized themselves during those many years, who were but sorry patriots—unworthy placemen not a few no doubt there were—and on high places too—fit but for the lowest—numerous clans then fattened that without loss—nay, to the great gain of the nation—might have remained lean—favouritism flourished then as it did of old, and may haply do again—and the people paid for idle servants—or servants worse than idle—whose hands were busier in pockets not their own than at the work that had been set them—while sinecurists feasted who deserved to starve. In such abuses are we to seek the spirit of the whole system of Government? You may do so if you choose—and by such despicable belief show that you are precisely one of those who would have most unscrupulously availed themselves of every abuse and every corruption to feather their own nests and line their own pockets. We have made almost as many admissions as you could desire—make one to please us—and, spotless Whig as you now are—confess—that as you are but a man—you might have gone the way—not of all flesh—but of much as sound as your own—and, in a snug sinecure office, played the part of a speckled Tory. We claim not for the Tories, during the half century nearly of their power, an exemption from those appetencies which during the four years of their late reign did sometimes soil the purity of Whig virtue. We have heard it said by the Radicals, that the Whigs were even more greedy and

grasping when in office than the Tories. Long may it be before the same shall be said, either truly or untruly, of the Radicals. But what if Whigs and Radicals should ever be in power together! On a show of hands then—those of the Tories will seem white as the unsunned snow.

We have met—we think fairly—the charge against the Tories, that they were “enemies of their country.” But the men, of whom we have in the last few sentences been speaking, have been almost all dead for a good many years. The survivors have almost all retired from public life—and a new race of Conservatives has arisen, or grown up into manhood since the peace. The Premier himself is among the number—and is he—come tell us your mind seriously—is he, do you really think, your enemy? The Duke of Wellington indeed is a much older man—but he cannot hate the people whose valour won for him an immortal crown—he cannot hate England, who, proud as she ever was, is prouder for his sake. You must not cry, “down with Wellington”—no, as you value your own soul.

We would ask that part of the Press which keeps incessantly braying of Tory corruption, that all Conservatives are thieves and robbers, and that the present Ministry have no object but plunder of the people, whom they have sworn to enslave—if it must not allow that for a good many years past a strict surveillance has been held, both in Parliament and out of it, over the servants of the State? It is no easy matter now for dishonest men to speculate the public money, and there should be much comfort in that reflection to all those who in their conscience believe, that the Premier and Foreign Secretary, and their coadjutors, are nothing better than a parcel of rogues. Reform, too, has tied their hands if it has not rectified their hearts; and the pure representatives of a liberated people—though they should fail to inspire their rulers with some portion of their own honour and honesty—may enforce by stern control what they could not effect by bright example, and impose a necessity on Sir Robert and the Duke of preserving hands as clean even as those of Joseph Hume and Dr Bowring. Are the Conserva-

tives—and they alone—insensible alike to all inducements—low as well as high—to virtuous conduct? Do Liberals alone act on the maxim—honesty is the best policy? In proportion as men are removed above temptation of seeking to acquire them by unlawful means, by being already endowed with the power of purchasing all the objects of this world’s desire, are they likely so to sin? Are the beneficent and munificent in private life—who lavish not their princely revenues on unworthy pursuits and pleasures—but out of their fulness bestow very life itself on virtue and on genius—and encourage, by the only patronage that ever yet advanced them, all the useful and all the noble arts—are they less likely to promote their country’s best weal when ministers of state, and from as disinterested motives, than Greek-loan contractors of the purest water on Exchange, who regulated their love of liberty by the rate of interest, and for an additional two per cent on money advanced, would have assisted the Turks to recapture the Acropolis?

We could offer a hundred other truths regarding the comparative merits of Conservatives and Liberals, as men and as statesmen; but let what we have said suffice to show the falsity of the charges which the vituperative Whig and Radical press has long been in the habit of fiercely venting against the “enemies of the people.” It is pitiable, and disgraceful to “the people,” that they should believe such atrocious calumnies, and suffer such malignancy to sink into their hearts, in spite of the evidence of their very senses that they are a pack of lies. But we all know that there is a disposition in human nature to believe that there must be something bad in the character of those who have long had an ascendancy in the administration of affairs; and that vulgar arts, directed to feed and irritate that disposition, prevail with the vulgar, and make them hungrily credulous of the most extravagant fictions, of which the zest is abuse of their betters, whom they come at last to believe all that is bad. In such times as the present interfuse with the mess the poison of

politics—or rather let that poison be the mess—and how the victims “swelter with venom.” The print, and there is but one, perused in the club, teems with such falsehoods against the Tories, which are all taken for gospel, till the very sound or sight of the name exasperates the “rustic moralist,” and he curses. The more monstrous the lies are the more voraciously are they swallowed—and though they must sometimes sicken on the stomach, they are seldom thrown up. The smith who leans on his anvil, swallowing a tailor’s news, ten times a-day has a tirade against the Tories in his throat. Burnwind swings the hammer round his hip, and as it smites the stithy, and a thousand stars leap from the glowing iron, heams “Down with the tyrants!”

Yet do we believe, from some experience, that this evil and this wrong has cured, or is curing itself, in very many places all over the country—having come to such an excess that it has died or is dying a natural death. There is such a thing as a sense of justice, which often, after having long submitted to voluntary suppression, and been mute as if dead, shows revival, and requickened by shame, again asserts its power, so far as to be tolerant of some truths, even when told of a Tory. The new feeling is pleasant, and the frequent repetition of it in good time persuades the man, as his honesty insists on his own judgment getting fair play, to become almost a Conservative. It is natural, philosophers have said, to hate those we have injured—and to bad hearts it is so; but we have not been speaking of bad hearts—God forbid—but of the hearts of the lower orders of Englishmen and Scotsmen—and to them it is natural to love those they have injured—all that is required of them being to confess to themselves that they have been under a delusion—and the moment the confession is sincerely made, they feel happy in seeing the truth. We do not despair of seeing such a change, or conversion, wide over the land; and though our publication does not perhaps get into the hands of the lower orders so much as others of a very different character, yet we have the satisfaction of knowing, that in “huts

where poor men lie”—in shops where poor men work—it is not altogether unknown—and that though he too is doubtless considered “an enemy” by many that listen to insidious counsellors, who know not half so well as he does, the virtues and the duties of the poor, there are not a few among them who have a kind side and a warm heart—Tory as he is—to old Christopher North.

Having thus, chiefly for our own satisfaction, and far less to crush the poor creatures, though crushed they are like nests of adders, disposed of the charge many million times repeated by all manner of malignants against the Conservatives, that they are the “enemies of the people,” let us take a look at the dilemma that has been figuring so formidably within these few weeks in almost every bit of printed paper that has happened to come into our hands—that the Conservative Ministers with all their might must either oppose the spirit of the Reform Bill, or prove themselves to be apostates.

The worst want of this dilemma is the want of horns. It is like the front of a Galloway stot—mulled. To the Conservatives it is so; but as it turns round to butt at its own breeder, lo! hornless no longer, it tosses the elderly gentleman into the air, and, falling, receives him cruelly on a pair of points. The usual option is denied him—of “which horn do you choose?”—and there he sits, impaled in each posterior, a warning to all Liberals argumentatively disposed not to meddle with that dangerous animal, a dilemma. Where, we ask, is the man among the Reformers—now that good, silly, old, gentlemanlike Major Cartwright is dead—and Lord Grey has retired—who had not either utterly abandoned the cause of reform, or spoken and written *totis viribus* against the main principles of the Great Measure? Were Sir Francis Burdett’s, and Mr Lambton’s, and Lord John Russell’s motions in Parliament energetically supported by all the Whigs? Did the leaders of that party rush to the rescue, when they saw in succession those rash champions of reform exposed to the withering wit, and scorching sarcasms of Canning? On a bill retired they suffered the process of

flaying alive uninterruptedly to be carried on—and grey-headed men, who in youth had been all for reform, with stoical ears heard the groans of the writhing victims. Never did human agonies excite less commiseration in the breasts of a Christian audience of spectators than did those of Lord John. Yet he was much liked in the House—and out of it, too, was a general favourite with the country—quite a curled darling. Nevertheless, at every lash of the executioner—and, in his merciless merriment Canning enjoyed the office—the whole Commons smiled. Pieces of skin hopped sputtering from his back at every stripe, and yet—would you believe it?—the whole Commons smiled. Never till then had the poetaster been inspired by the descent of all the Nine. True, he was now undergoing punishment for a speech against a book he had endeavoured to publish—but we never shall be brought to think that a futile attempt at self-refutation is a political offence of so deep a die, as to deserve the cat in the hands of Canning. How fared Reformers and Reforms with the Broughams, and Jeffreys, and Horners, and Mackintoshes, and Allens, and Smiths, and other distinguished Whigs, who for a quarter of a century furnished responses to that great oracle, the *Edinburgh Review*? Sorely maltreated and mauled were they—not a rag left to the Reformers to cover their nakedness—not a printed sheet of schemes for the amelioration of mankind, that was not torn into little bits, and sent wavering in dirty snow-showers before the wind. That powerful periodical was the great anti-reformer of the age. All those Conservative principles on which Wellington, and Peel, and Croker, and all the splendid Tory host, acted heroically, but in vain, were in it supported by unanswerable reasonings, in a series of disquisitions, which will for ever occupy a high place in the political literature of Britain. Those writings will be remembered to the honour of their authors while the English language lasts—and none but the base will call their authors apostates. They relinquished, it is true, tenets which, during the prime of their lives, they had held to be essential to the well-

being of the state. But believing them to be not only enlightened men, but true lovers of their country, we do not now desire to see them placed on a dilemma, “sharpening its mooned horns.” The times, perhaps, they thought were changed, and demanded a corresponding change of principles in the minds of politicians and statesmen. Prudence and expediency must never rule over right—yet right will avail itself of their aid; and though we should be concealing our sentiments of the conduct of the Whigs, were we not to declare that we believe it was not uninfluenced in the affair of Reform by party-spirit and a selfish ambition, yet we feel that we should be unjust to many men of high character and great endowments, were we not likewise to declare, that we believe they were, on the whole, honest and sincere; nor do we deny them, with all their imperfections, the praise of patriotism. We call them not apostates—though up to the month in which the Plan of Reform was matured, they were what they themselves would now call Anti-Reformers. But let not any of them—or of their party—dare to bestow that opprobrious epithet on the men who never saw any sufficient reason for giving up their faith, and who held it, and still hold it, not obstinately, not factiously, but with the tenacity of a solemn and a sacred conviction. From first to last the Conservatives have been consistent, faithful, and true. A mighty change was submitted to their judgment, and they brought to its consideration their whole minds, deeply impressed by its magnitude, which had astounded the nation. They opposed the measure with all their hearts, all their souls, and all their minds—for they thought it Evil. Upon their brows “Shame was ashamed to sit;” they knew that the eyes of the world were upon them, and their conduct answered the world’s expectation; they fought the good fight—and all was lost but their honour. Were they bigots? None but fanatics will call them so. No wise man asserted that the mighty change was self-evidently good. For though many wise men said the good was self-evident, they confessed, too, that it might include ills which no human forethought could guard

against—such, indeed, being a natural necessity of every measure so sweeping and so vast. It was an experiment—a daring—a dangerous one; and he who denied or affected to doubt that—could be but a knave or a fool. Doubt or dismay filled many of the wisest minds, even among the Reformers; and though we may not call Lord Melbourne one of the wisest, yet he, a man of talents and virtue, has, within these few months, told the country, that it was not till the very evening before the day of Reform broke with such fearful effulgence, that he had been able to bring himself to believe that it would be for the country's good. Less he could not say—for his love of the old order of things is recorded in fervent words—letters of gold they seem to our eyes—for he spoke eloquently then, and from a full heart, inspired by the recollection of his country's greatness, and by gratitude to heaven for the blessings that had been for ages showered down on our rejoicing land. He, too, was once a Conservative—and we hope may be found to be a Conservative still—we at least shall never call him an apostate.

The Conservatives saw at last that their opposition to the Great Measure would be in vain. No—say it not—it was not in vain. They modified it so as to hinder it from being utterly ruinous—and independently of that incalculable service—not in vain was the enunciation by highest eloquence of noblest sentiments, principles, and truths, which, though seemingly defeated for a season, will yet be victorious—though for a season set aside, are yet immutable and eternal. Had the Conservatives been cowards—or apostates—they would have gone over to the side that was clearly about to win the day. But they were brave and they were true. Therefore they flinched not—nor faltered—nor retreated—nor lost their colours. But, like British statesmen and patriots, they adhered to the last to a sinking cause—and oh! how glorious! and when all was over, they feared indeed, but they did not despair for their country. What was their crime? Too devout a love—too holy a reverence for the British Constitution. And is it inexpiable? Must it be repented—and repented in vain—in sackcloth and

ashes? No—it was virtue that feared not the face of the tyrant, whatever aspect it might assume—it was patriotism that sacrificed to the highest duty all the noblest selfishness of man's nature—even ambition's self—and cared not though, by resisting the inroad of such fatal innovation, all access to power should be forever obstructed by its own act—the still small voice having been obeyed—and not the acclamations or the curses of that incarnation which it were impious to call the people.

And now, that, contrary to their own expectations, the Conservatives have, in the course of things—that keeps for ever flowing on according to causes whose operation human wisdom can but darkly guess—been again called to power and honour, and to undertake the government of this mighty country—of which the movements are now at once majestic and troubled—what caitiff cry is this, that they cannot undertake the duty, and face the danger, without violating their conscience? Because they violated not their conscience—but were firmly and fearlessly obedient to its law—so have they thereby given assurance to the country that they will not violate the law of the country—but be still—Conservatives. Were they to act otherwise, then, indeed, would they be apostatizing from all the principles of their life—and which they held fast in that agony. Never—never can they regard the Constitution as it now stands with the same host of feelings—each deeper and devouter than another—which were awakened by the thought of that other Constitution that had stood so many storms, and sheltered all the people within its shadow. What would be the worth of love if it were so easily transferable from an old object to a new—oblivious of the glorious past, and satisfied with the imperfect present—as if three or four years had the same power of hallowing and consecrating as ages on ages? But the same spirit of love will seek to see all that is love-worthy in the new Constitution. It will assuredly not seek to see only defects, and imperfections, and evils—as the love of those did who were so intolerant of Time's abuses, that they could not rest till they had overthrown what they said they but

sought to restore ! They will not imitate such reformers ; nay, they will resist all the designs of the Revolutionists, who are even now plotting against the new Constitution. For triennial read annual parliaments—for that is the meaning of the word in the vocabulary of the Radicals. Is the ten-pound franchise the vital principle of the bill ? A fierce cry is heard for household—and a fiercer far for universal suffrage. Then the base ballot for the base—and what becomes of the new Constitution ? It is a heap of dust.

Against all such traitorous attempts a Conservative government will guard with a jealous and a stern eye, and a hand armed with law and justice. The Revolutionists know that right well, and hence their hatred—most malignant of all, against the Duke of Wellington. He, it seems, is the prime destructive—and has formed a Ministry, and taken a place in it, to destroy the Bill. He protested against it, and therefore will never rest till he has torn it into bits. It seems odd that a Ministry so weak that they cannot stand, should be at the same time so powerful—and that they should cause such alarm by staggering formidably to the performance of an impossibility. However wicked may be the will of the Duke of Wellington, he has not the power to work this evil—and were he even to look as if he intended to try it, that moment the Ministry would melt faster than did ever snow in a thaw. But we shall take this opportunity of saying a few words about the Duke's conduct in the affair of Reform. He was Premier, and one of the best that ever had the helm. He was, perhaps, too popular a minister—and the press was almost servile in its praise. True it is that he introduced many useful reforms—and that he relieved the people from the pressure of taxation beyond the hopes even of the most sanguine—and to the bitter disappointment of the discontented, whose mouths were shut so that they could scarcely croak. But when the question of Parliamentary Reform began to be stealthily agitated, he at once, with his wonted wisdom and decision, set his face against it, and in a few words declared his determination not to meddle with the Constitution.

He knew that it was not by granting representatives to some large towns that the question, once awakened, would be again lulled asleep. The events that soon followed showed his sagacity had not erred ; and we wonder how any reformer can have brass to deny it. By doing so he gives the lie to himself and all his friends, who have all along spoken of the desire for the very Reform they have got as a passion unappeasable but by possession in the people's heart. If the people would have been satisfied with such a moderate measure of Reform as it is said the Duke might safely have granted, why did not his successors confine themselves to that, instead of bringing forward a scheme which made their own hair to stand on end, and took away the breath of some stout Whigs who had not shown any symptoms of asthma ? The Duke was resolved that he should not sacrifice a single principle he held on this all momentous question—to which all other questions seem almost insignificant ; and rather than take a single step on a course that he saw would lead to a disastrous ending, he planted his feet on the old ways, and on them he would stand as Premier, or retire from that service. The issue proved he was right. For the question is not now whether he was right or wrong in being an Anti-reformer—but whether, being so, he would not as Premier propose any measure, however moderate it might seem to be—which was sure to lead to the event that has since happened—and which was forwarded perhaps by more fortunate but certainly by not more illustrious hands.

The conduct of the Conservatives needs no vindication ; and what we have now said is not intended for such, but for an exposure, and it is a complete one, of the worse than senseless cry of apostasy by which the present Ministry have been impotently assailed by part of the press. The people of Britain will never submit to swallow the monstrous doctrine which would excommunicate from the national councils all men who have ever been defeated on any great national question. Had such a principle been acted on—to the destruction of all other principles—there never could have been a great nation—nay, any nation at all. That

the minds of men can never be brought to act in unison with a Constitution which they do not much admire, or which they think not so good as that for which it was substituted, is contradicted by all history, and by the conduct of all great characters under all forms of government, whether permanent or given to change. 'Tis indeed a slavish doctrine, conceived in the hearts, and drivelled from the lips of slaves. Imagine for a moment that it was acted upon—and what general palsy would strike the spirits of all public men! Once outvoted—outlawed for life! Far worse than outlawed—declared unworthy of ever again serving the country in any capacity, yet permitted to draw in it their useless breath, till they slunk away in shame to a grave in some nook of nettles—and without a stone. And this is the patriotism of the spirit of the age! Pray, if the Conservatives had triumphed, and the old Constitution had been yet in being, would the Whigs who had vainly striven to destroy—that is to reform—that is to revolutionize it—have been satisfied to act on their own doctrine? If called on by the King to assume the Government—on the dismissal of the Conservative Incapables—would they have hung down their heads, and confessed that having been in a minority, they were unworthy to serve him and their country? Bah!

But out of such monstrous doctrine is vomited another more monstrous still—they, the Liberals, will not suffer the people to accept from such hands as those of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, any one measure of all those they have been so ardently desiring—they will not suffer them to accept—should they be freely offered—*them all!* Sir Robert and the Duke are such base characters—so unprincipled—so abandoned—so wicked—so cruel—that rather than receive even liberty from their hands—let the people be slaves. Beware of the blessings they offer—for by the touch of their fingers they will be converted into curses—and the food that might have been wholesome and nutritive from Whig palms, from the open hands of those enemies of the human race, the Conservatives, will prove poison—not, perhaps, a quick poison—for that

would be too much to expect from such demons in human form—but a slow poison, that would require to work for long years of misery before it sent the slow-consuming victims like spectres to the grave.

If these be not what we have called them, monstrous doctrines, it will be pretty generally allowed, at least, that they seem somewhat rash, and that they are not so self-evidently right, as to stand in no need either of proof or elucidation. Their truth is not seen by intuition. And why, it will be asked by the most simple, were these criminals not excommunicated long ere now from all intercourse with Christian statesmen? Punishment should have followed instantly on crime. To have supported a Whig Ministry in all measures for the good of the people, seems to us every whit as shocking in these Conservatives, as to attempt carrying measures equally excellent, and better far, without the aid of a Whig Ministry, nay, even in face of a Whig Opposition. Without the assistance of these Conservatives—whose very touch is worse than death—pollution and degradation—the Reforming Ministry could not have lived a day. They seemed not only thankful in their hearts for such assistance—but they gave vent to their hollow gratitude in praises loud if not deep—of such disinterested virtue. Such allies were patriots indeed—while they stood between Earl Grey and the sweep of O'Connell's Tail, that threatened to thin the Cabinet. Now that very Tail is invoked to swinge from their seats the very men who, like the guardian angels of the trembling Whigs in jeopardy, crushed its joints, and trode them on the floor. Is this the right sort of tit for tat—is this, as Jonathan would say—*genuine Whig gratitude?*

For our own parts, we never gave the Conservatives the praise the Whigs did for such conduct. It was meritorious; but the Conservatives, in acting so, were not conferring a favour on the Ministry, though a favour it was—no less than the preservation of their existence;—they were anxious, as they ever have been, but to serve—to save their country. They saw—all the world saw—that, without their assistance,—and what if they had taken part

against them?—not only was the game up with the Government, but that Ireland would have been on fire inextinguishable even by all those seas of blood. And now the Repealer—the Rebel—has been telegraphed to cross the Channel, to swell with his wild horde the Opposition, that hopes to upset the new Ministry before one healing measure—and in their hands are many—be offered to the representatives of the People—who shudder at the thought of the People being wheeled, cheated, cozened, betrayed into grateful acceptance of what they say they have been long thirsting and hungering after; for the People are a simple people, and so silly as to estimate the worth of Ministers by the worth of their measures—men by their deeds!

But the people, say their Whig representatives, are not so very simple—so very silly. As their representatives, so are the constituencies; and all they seek is but the overthrow of Tory domination. Then are the people the basest people that ever encumbered the earth. But as we have ever thought them the very noblest that ever were nourished in its bosom, we denounce the lie. That the truth may be ascertained beyond all doubt, let this be the policy of the Whigs; and if they know the people better than we do, then, by following our counsel, they will extinguish the Conservatives, and sweep away their ashes into dust-holes. Let them assist the Ministry to carry six measures—the best that can be framed by Whig wisdom, and Tory craft—so that the people are put into possession of six great objects of their heart's most earnest desire. Leave them alone—let all the constituencies, forming one mighty constituency, be suffered for six weeks—a week for each measure—no very unreasonable allowance of time for reflection to meditate on the measures—and then if, with one voice, the people, rising up in indignant scorn of such intolerable insult, demand the heads of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington—and of the other wretches who, in an evil day for themselves, formed what they called a cabinet—and if such demand be made by the *vox populi*—and we shall not then enter

into any idle dispute whether it be *vox dei* or *vox diaboli*—why, then, let all the heads be trundled to the people, that they may play with them at foot-ball—only let the Whigs look after their own; for however unsuitable they may be for various reasons, for such pastime, the Radicals will, nevertheless, were it merely for variety's sake, which is always agreeable, insist on having a shy with an occasional *caput mortuum* of an old friend with a new face—for it is not in the nature of things in general, or of that game in particular, that the players should not get tired in time of those eternal Tories.

Perhaps that strain may seem of lighter mood than befits the occasion—yet the ludicrous, the loathsome, and the terrible, have ere now been found united—not on paper merely, but on saw-dust. But if equally disinterested and sincere, why all this hurry among the Whigs and Radicals to oust the Ministry? Give them time to commit suicide—rope enough to hang themselves—then dance and sing over their unblest graves. They should not insist that the men are known, and have already had a fair trial. Let the criminals commit a greater crime than any of which they have yet been convicted—nor, if the natural dispositions of the men be so thoroughly depraved, will the people have to wait long for some new enormity deserving the last punishment. For two reasons, very different, yet each in itself sufficient, the Whigs and Radicals should give the miserable wretches time and opportunity to sin. The first is, that the nobility of the nature of their accusers may be the more brightly illustrated—not only unimpeached but unimpeachable; and the second, that such an additional load of ignominy may be heaped upon the shoulders of the Conservatives, either from their being such apostates as to propose good measures, or such consistent Tories as to propose bad ones, that they must sink to earth, and leave a name that shall so stink in the nostrils of unborn generations as they continue successively to be born, that out of delicacy to the sense of smell, it shall be buried with their bones, and the air remain for ever impregnated with Whig

odour, sweeter than the breath of incense-breathing morn.

But, to speak a little more seriously to persons calling themselves Whigs—

“Have they no fears for their presumptuous selves?”

Are they so strong, so safe in the good opinion of the People, as to be above all suspicion of evil—in the minds of a race, who, during the whole course of their history, have shown themselves jealous of the virtue of public men—to whatever party they may have belonged—and, most of all, if they have been self-elected and self-dubbed patriots of the Exclusive school? They call themselves Whigs, it is true—and they may be Whigs; but still they are but men, and with the frailties inherent in, the errors incident to, our fallen nature. May not—will not—the People begin to suspect that this outcry, surely rather unusual, somewhat singular or so—may not be the expression of purest patriotism extorted and wrung out by moral indignation for sake of the people’s wrongs? Should such suspicion once enter the heart of such a people, it may find its way to the liver too, and the spleen; and then wo! to those now so intolerant of good works from statesmen, whose characters, we allow, are not without their imperfections. The “barbarian eye” of the people may then be jaundiced—but they will trust to its perceptions, and believe the Whigs, as they pass to and fro, to be blue and yellow as the *Edinburgh Review*. They will become sceptical as to the virtue of persons with such forbidding physiognomies—and will think their opinions as discoloured as their faces—as distempered as their bile. “What pestilent and perilous stuff is this you have been vomiting?” they will angrily demand; and perceiving that in spite of all those continued discharges, their bosoms have not been cleansed, but are foul as ever, they will turn their backs on the Malignants, to avoid the nuisance of such fetid breath, and un-awares rejoice to inhale the breezes pregnant with the balm of Conservatism, sweet as ottar of roses distilled by the alchymic sun at the dewy hour of prime. To be figurative not at all—the people of Britain

cannot endure to be deceived; and if deception has been practised upon them in matters of momentous import, and on which their dearest interests are dependent, they are terrible in their wrath, and their frown is death. Who are, in good truth, their friends? The Conservatives fear not the answer to that question, which must be given—unprompted—from the people’s own heart. Let those fear it who have been audaciously speaking for the people, and publishing as responses from the inner shrine of that great heart, the curses of a cabal and the falsehoods of a faction.

The people—and we now speak of them in that comprehensive sense of the word which is felt to be majestic—have memories as well as judgments—and to them belongs in greater power—we verily believe—than ever did to any other people, (for what were the Greeks or Romans compared to them?) Sovereign Reason, in which is included the moral sense and the sense of religion. It looks before and after—and often must it look back to the year—hardly yet dropt behind the horizon—in which we saw created before our eyes a New Constitution. The character and the conduct of all the chief actors—say rather the architects—the master builders—the journeymen masons—the very hodmen—must often be reviewed by that faculty—at once intuitive and magisterial—and judged by God’s vicegerent here below, whose sentence may not be reversed on earth, and, we believe, will be affirmed in heaven. Say that the Constitution is pronounced to be good—now a noble—and in time to become a holy thing—a rock of refuge for liberty when driven out of other lands—her citadel in this land where all are free—never to be stormed by tyrants at the head of slaves. It is not a building made by hands—but by heads and hearts—not of earth’s materials—Portland stone or Parian marble—but all compact of principles—a spiritual structure, that, while it “rose like an exhalation,” is yet firmer than adamant. It was conceived and executed by intellect morally and religiously inspired, devoting all its energies to a divine purpose—the people’s good—the good of the human race. In what spirit, then, now act the men

who dug its foundation so wide and deep, and built up so high its broad towers, that they might woo the sunshine and solicit the storms? Can it be that, all the while they were building it, they had sworn inwardly to themselves, that none but their own hands should ever wield the power, which the nation believed, from all their words, was to be distributed equally by the country to all her sons, and conferred by them on all who were worthy? Can it be that they intended the scheme not to be comprehensive but exclusive—exclusive of all who held not their creed—though might be computed among them the most illustrious for talent, and genius, and knowledge, and wisdom, and virtue in the land—forming a mighty majority—if not of mere numbers—yet that too may, and we doubt not will, yet happen, and continue to be—of all that, according to the sages, constitutes the strength and the glory of a State?

We may have pitched our tone on too high a key—therefore let us pitch it on a lower, and speak of a balance or equilibrium. To preserve it, shall all the weights be placed in the preponderating scale? Let the balance return—let the scale, as before, oscillate. An antagonism of alternately preponderating powers is the only practicable balance—not an absolute equilibrium, but a constant approximation to and departure from—a constant passing both ways over—the point of rest. The general necessity that the different parties should alternately rule, remains after every change; but it should come in force, particularly after change one way. Shall the one scale kick the beam, and remain ever there aloft? Not if the scales be those of justice.

Or shall we call a constitution a tool—an engine? If one had been made or altered against the notion of a good carpenter or engineer, would it follow that he could not use it? Or shall we call a constitution a ship? Can none sail or fight her, who did not prefer to every other the model on which she was built, or approve of her being cut down, that she might be lengthened, or given greater breadth of beam, and other bearings? Can no admirer of Seppings' build sail a

ship of Simmons'? The captain who might carry the *Castor* round the world, would he probably on the first shoal wreck the *Vernon*? Were the whole fleet of England to be reformed—that is, to be found, some sunrise, to consist of a thousand sail—all spick and span new, and all of an improved construction—would it have to remain at anchor for want of crews and officers? Sir James Graham would not say so.

Has a government nothing else to do but to reform—but to be everlastingly reforming the Constitution? That is already done. It has likewise to legislate, we suppose—that is, to assist in and to guide the Legislature—and to conduct the general policy of the Empire. Can the Duke of Wellington not judge of and conduct the foreign policy of England, because he thinks too great a change was made in the Constitution of England? Does that belief, right or wrong, place him below Lord Palmerston—Jupiter below Mars in the guise of Cupid? It may be so; but, for the life of us, we cannot see it.

The Conservatives are the best conductors of proceeding Reforms. For they will conduct them with all the temper and restraint that is possible by the times. Many reforms they can effect which their adversaries cannot—as the Duke of Wellington—for good or evil—a problem not yet solved—could effect Catholic Emancipation. They will reform with a tender hand, cherishing that which they alter. Where they cannot reform they will repair. And between these two words how great often is the difference! The difference between decay and renovation—life and death! To reform by pulling down! Even with stone and lime that is often dangerous—when the materials are not ponderable—wanton destruction—that soon changes hope into despair. Rash and presumptuous by nature, too many who rejoice in the name of Reformers, are made far more so by dislike of what they pretend to be so anxious to restore. How can any man understand that which he dislikes? Mend sparingly what *in toto* he condemns? None but idiots or madmen think Reform an absolute good. The sane admit that change is in itself an evil—but the insane think

that in itself it is a blessing—and alas! numerous are the insane. Yet they are still a minority of the nation—and therefore while we trust there will never be an end of repairs till nothing remains to be repaired—and that time is not so close at hand as enthusiasts believe or hypocrites make believe—we trust at the same time that in a year or two there will be an end of Reform—and more than a beginning of Reformation.

We hope, with some confidence, that we have crushed the charge of apostasy as utterly as that other against the Conservatives, that they are enemies of the people; and we intended to say a few words—but our limits, already transgressed, forbid—about that unmeaning alliteration—Men and Measures. We leave to themselves all those who think the Duke of Wellington a dangerous man—that he designs to rule Britain by the sword. Some of them—among others a Mr Ball—whose local habitation we forget—told his countrymen, from some hustings or other, that he was not afraid of the Dictator's bayonets. Mr Ball must be, indeed, the bravest of the brave; for the armies that had conquered all the rest of the continent were afraid of them in Spain. And not without reason; for they pierced their array—and wherever their lines awaited that steel, men lay in swathes, like grass before the mowers. But Mr Ball—who narrowly escaped the carnage of Waterloo, by having been, on the 18th, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth—is not doomed to die by the bayonet, nor yet, we hope, by a bare bodkin. The man is a fool who thinks a great conqueror necessarily cruel. The Duke of Wellington knows too well what war is not to be a devout lover of peace. England knows that her Hero is humane. None but slaves in soul—whatever may be the condition of their bodies—can suppose, that he who saved our liberties does not love them far beyond the life which, for their sake, he laid so many thousand times on the lap of danger. Why did he grant emancipation to the Catholics? Not from conviction that their claims were just—but because he could not endure the thought of the possibility of Irish and English blood coagulated in horrid mixture on the fields of civil war.

As for Sir Robert Peel, if he be not fit to be Premier, where is the man? Name him who stands higher in the esteem of the good and wise of all parties? If he be a Whig—on the day he becomes Head of the Government, we shall give in our adhesion. On one occasion—and one only—did we ever disapprove of the conduct of him to whom we now look with confident hope as the statesman best qualified to serve—to save the country at this crisis. That he failed to justify the part he took on that occasion, in our eyes, is true; but he did not fail to justify it, in the eyes of all his political opponents in Parliament and out of Parliament, who promised never to forget that which we were unwilling to remember; and while they praised, we forgave—our forgiveness being perhaps of little moment to him, but of much to ourselves—'tis miserable to harbour in the heart any angry feeling towards a great and good man, and Conscience herself forbids that it should be cherished there, even though at its rising it was right. But what consummate baseness to upbraid him *now* for having made what *then* they declared to be the noblest of sacrifices! In his declaration of the course he has proposed to follow, as Prime Minister, there is not a single principle inconsistent with those which have hitherto guided his conduct as a statesman; and shall he alone not be suffered to adapt his measures to the temper of the times, and obey the bidding of prudence, which, in every man who adventures on the administration of the affairs of a great empire, is an indispensable virtue?

Far aloof from the great scene of action—in possession of no secrets—not acquainted by communication with their chief men, with the hopes or fears of parties—like other anxious citizens reading in the newspapers the rumours of the week or the day, and seeking to know no more till “great events are on the gale”—we wait without alarm the issue of the impending Parliamentary Contest. The Policy which the Premier is about to pursue has already been approved of by the People, and if, as it is unfolded, it break not the word of promise to the mind, the People will give it

their sanction—in spite of the Radicals and the Pseudo-Whigs. May Ministers be able—as we know they are willing—still farther to diminish taxation—but they have nothing to fear about the Malt Tax. Excellent financiers—and statisticians are among them—and will show good reasons for giving or refusing a total or partial relief from any burden that may be felt oppressive. May they, by the wisest of all bounty, encourage Education—for Knowledge assuredly shall now be the strength of the State. We are far from being the educated nation which, in our pride, we fancy; the number even of those who can read and write is not equal to that in more than one nation on the Continent. Scotland pities England for the ignorance of her lower orders—but Scotland should look to herself—and think of her own many Highland glens and moors, where not a schoolhouse is to be seen—not even a hovel thatched with heather. But even through those remote solitudes intersected by roaring rivers and seas, Instruction has been making its way, under the guidance of a few good men—with the pious and venerable Baird at their head—commissioned and encouraged by the Church—that Church to which Scotland owes almost all that is best in her character and happiest in her condition. He who is now—and we trust will long remain there—at the head of affairs—has done more than any other man for the improvement of our Laws—an enlightened coadjutor with Romilly and Brougham and Mackintosh, and effecting by his power what they had been unable to effect, or but partially; and he will not now relax his efforts in the cause of humanity, equity, and justice. The most powerful virtue of law is mercy,—for never yet did cruelty crush crime,—and our criminal code, once bloody—mild it can never be, for that were a contradiction—has been becoming, and will ere long be, what it ought to be, stern and inflexible, and breathing a wholesome dread. As to manufactures and commerce, the principles of free trade are few and simple, and have found favour in all eyes that can see, but their application is the most difficult of all the duties of a statesman, and, if

not guided by perfect knowledge of all the relations by which the different countries of the civilized world are bound in mutual self-interest, may become, as sad experience has proved, ruinous. Of those principles the Premier has long shown himself a perfect master; and we cannot doubt that he will be circumspect and prudent in their application, so as to ensure that reciprocity which is their object, but which has been too often, unfortunately for us, all on one side. In his currency bill he went with the economists—and if its effects were erroneously calculated, and have been disastrous—he erred with Ricardo. We allude to that measure now, not for blame—but to remind those who will not allow Sir Robert Peel to be in aught a Liberal, that he was at one with the greatest master of the Science since Adam Smith. A practical reformer he has ever been—and though factions may deny or undervalue such services—the country knows them—and views them as something more than pledges, that he will tolerate no abuse. The Pension List has no charms to our eyes—but perhaps our dislike to it is selfish—for we see there not the name of one personal friend—and can have no hope—had we the wish—which hitherto we never have had—of seeing our humble and insignificant own. To apply to it the sponge would be just as wicked as to apply the sponge to the national debt. But its amount is undergoing diminution by the course of nature, and no name will ever again be seen on that list, but those of men who, having served their country, were not ashamed that their country should have forbidden that they should live and die paupers—or those of men and of women who, having been allied to them by birth, worth, and poverty, had claims on her, which the country gratefully acknowledged—Pensioners that may well accept such boon not only without humiliation, but with pride. The poor! Alas! how multitudinous in this richest land! A great change has been made in the law regarding them—and may it prove—harsh as it looks—salutary to them whose health is indeed the health of the community. May labour—in spite of

all the vicissitudes of trade—which are almost as uncertain as those of the weather—be found capable of supporting its own life—without an eleemosynary law which, though enacted in humanity, and often found to be humane, had yet suffered miserable abuse, and did too often create the very wretchedness it vainly sought to prevent or cure. But what were all wisdom, and all skill, and all knowledge, in the administration of our affairs, if Religion were allowed to languish, her ministers to be insulted, her altars desecrated? That Church, which has kept alive her flame in purest light ever since the Reformation, to be persecuted under the pretext of reform, her enemies to rob her revenues—all inadequate for the holy purposes for which they were assigned by the state which she has kept Christian, and inspired with the only spirit that can carry a nation—as it has carried ours—to the utmost height of greatness! Let her revenues, if these are to be differently distributed—be so dealt with—according to the wisdom of those who love—not according to the craft of those who hate her. Thousands of souls now breathe where there had been but hundreds—where there had been but thousands—millions; and it is now that patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists would cripple, if they cannot kill, the Church! What opposition did her ministers ever make to the State seeking to strengthen their hands by the removal of abuses, or correction of faults, or repair of any parts that may have fallen into decrepitude and decay? Any parts of a various and vast system—harmonious in its scheme, as the wisest men have rejoiced reverently to declare—and in its spirit tolerant, and benign, and productive of all good works—as the character of the people, with all its vices, testifies to the world in which they yet hold the foremost place. Should that be denied—now, at least, they are more than willing to go along with the Government. They are anxious to aid it in all its measures; and while the claims of the Dissenters are to be considered with the most friendly feelings, and all that are reasonable—in the most

liberal sense of the word—we have no doubt granted—shall some “classes and orders,” of whom the late Premier spoke with so much displeasure, and who, by one of their odious organs, have, with most unchristian insolence, insulted the present Premier, be suffered to rail at the establishment with any other feelings in the heart of the nation but contempt and scorn?

Having then the most perfect confidence in the general excellence of the policy Ministers will pursue, we believe the Government will be permanent. But what if it be overthrown? The principles on which it acted—or on which it was prevented from acting, by blind, selfish, and infuriated factions—will not perish; but whatever Party come into power—they will eventually prevail—though not then, we fear, with entire triumph. The endurance for a day of a Radical Ministry—whatever be its composition—seems an impossibility in the face of such a majestic array of Conservatives in Parliament—for to suppose that all the Whigs will become Radicals, is a flight of fancy beyond the force of our wing. If what we believe to be a majority prove a minority, what a front will the Phalanx show! Measures and men both will then be called to so strict account in the face of a people expectant of the fulfilment of its desires from those who will allow none but themselves to be the Friends of the People, that if their books do not balance on the first audit day, they will at once be declared bankrupt. In conclusion—we are assured that the Great Conservative Party, with Peel and Wellington at their head, will never offer a factious opposition to the very worst imaginable Ministry, and that they will strenuously support a good one, as they supported, in all its right or well-meaning measures, one that was at the best but indifferent—and will be as well satisfied to be out of place as in it, if, in no other alliance with those who may have the management of affairs than that which must ever subsist between patriots, they have but the power of benefiting their country.

C. N.

Edinburgh, 18th Feb. 1835.

WHIG OR TORY.

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

BE thou or Whig or Tory,
Throw off the party mask—
Lovest thou England's glory?
'Tis that alone I ask—
If so, give me thy heart and hand,
For we are brethren of one land.

Wouldst thou, in prayer kneeling,
Pray where thy fathers knelt,
And cherishest the feeling
Of hallowed love they felt?
Give me thy hand, our hearts respond,
And we are bound by solemn bond.

Wouldst thou degrade the Peerage,
And holy men eject,
And trust our vessel's steerage,
To every impious sect?
For me thou hast nor hand nor heart,
For why? they play a traitor's part.

Wilt thou, the slave of faction,
Wise counsels set aside—
Prejudge the statesman's action,
Condemn unheard, untried?
Thou art not one to be content,
Thy trade, thy business, is dissent.

Dost court the agitation,
That lets not tumults cease,
That hides from every station,
That Liberty is Peace?
Thou canst not stand the Freeman's test;
Away—thou lovest Plague and Pest,

That, like the troubled water,
Throws up but dirt and mire;
And, like the fiend of slaughter,
Stalks forth in blood and fire.
Away! thy country's curse art thou!
Destruction is thy only vow.

Dost take an oath to break it?
Dost mock us? Thou dost swear—
With reservation take it,
And mean it for a snare.
Thy master is a fiend of hell;
Thou teachest but his word—rebel.

Dost hold in veneration
The altar and the throne,
Nor bow, a slave's prostration,
To idols of thine own?
We have one creed, and hold in awe
The rights of liberty and law.

Wilt traitors all disown, and
Maintain, though blood be shed,
The King upon his throne, and
The crown upon his head?
If so, we fight in England's name—
Our faith, our hope, our act the same.

Dost thou to all, as brothers,
Live and let live—pursue
The golden rule, To others
Do as they should to you?
This the best union, trade, and land—
One people, with one heart and hand.

Then be thou Whig or Tory,
(No matter that to me,)
They are but names—the glory
Of England's dear to thee.
So give to me thy heart and hand,
For we are brethren of one land.

LAYS OF THE LEVELLERS.

No. I.

GO THE WHOLE HOG !

Sung with an Accompaniment of Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

YE Tories, who labour by pushing a face
To persuade simple people to keep you in place;
Who pretend to look pleased while you're gulping the Bill,
With as many wry mouths as if chewing a pill !
You had better retire, like a civil bred dog,
Ere you're kicked out by them what will *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

Ye saints and ye churchmen, who preach and who prate
Of this union so fine 'twixt the Church and the State ;
If to sever the two you are really so loath,
Why perhaps we may please you—by smashing them both !
Both the prince and the parson must speedily jog,
And make way for us chaps as will *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

Ye poor sneaking Whigs, who seem sadly afraid
Of the splutter your own paltry doings have made ;
Who have taken the leap, and now try to turn round
Midway in the air, ere you get to the ground ;
If you would not be taken for Tories incog,
You must cut your half measures and *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

Ye who think it with Durham so mighty a thing
Just to send round the ballot-box every third spring ;
If no further than this your fine projects avail,
'Tis to swallow the sow, and then choke on the tail ;
Such *short Commons* as yours will but set us a-gog,
And just serve as a whet, ere we *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

There are folks who stand out for this prime piece or that,
Who can relish the lean, but feel queer at the fat ;
Who have rather a taste for a rasher or chop,
But at gristle or griskin would make a full stop.
Such won't do for us : they're too nice in their prog,
Give me the stout stomachs that *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

There are shabby humbugs without noddle or nerve,
Who pretend to destroy, and yet think to preserve ;
Who would each of them save some particular *pet*,
Such as Cobbett the Corn Laws, or Joe Hume the Debt :
No such petty distinctions our motions shall clog ;
We'll treat all quite alike, when we *go the whole hog*.
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

When we REAL REFORMERS our schemes shall advance,
The funds may go whistle, the farmer go dance ;
All the cares of the rich we'll take out of their hands,
We'll draw in their rents, and we'll let out their lands ;
Make them fork out their coin, and the key of their grog,
Sing Bristol for ever, and *GO THE WHOLE HOG !*
With a down, down, go the whole hog.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. XII.

MY UNCLE.

HERE, late as it was, all was bustle and activity; the boiling-house was brilliantly lighted up, the clouds of white luminous vapour steaming through the apertures in the roof; while the negroes feeding the fires, sheltered under the stokehole arches from the weather, and almost smothered amongst heaps of dry cane-stalks, from which the juice had been crushed, called *trash*, looked in their glancing nakedness like fiends, as their dark bodies flitted between us and the glowing mouths of the furnaces. A little farther on we came to the two cone-roofed mill-houses, one of which was put in motion by a spell of oxen, the other being worked by mules, while the shouting of the drivers, the cries of the boilermen to the firemakers to make stronger fires, the crashing of the canes as they were crushed in the mills, the groaning and squealing of the machinery, the spanking of whips, the lumbering and rattling of wains and waggons, the hot dry axles screaming for grease, and the loud laugh and song rising occasionally shrill above the Babel sounds, absolutely confused me.

We stopped at the boiling-house door, and asked the book-keeper on duty, a tall cadaverous-looking young man, dressed in a fustian jacket and white trowsers, who appeared more than half asleep, if the overseer was at home. He said he was, and, as we intended to leave our horses at his house, we turned their heads towards it, guided by one of the negroes from the mill.

The peep I had of the boiling-house was very enlivening;—for, independently of the regular watch of boiler-negroes, who were ranged beside the large poppling and roaring coppers, each having a bright copper ladle, with a long shank like a boat-hook, in his hands, it was at the time

filled with numbers of the estate's people, some getting hot liquor, others sitting against the wall, eating their suppers by the lamp light, and many quizzing and loitering about in the mist of hot vapour, as thick as a London fog, as if the place had been a sort of lounge, instead of a busy sugar manufactory—a kind of *sablée soirée*.

When we got in front of the overseer's house, we found a group of four patriarchal-looking negroes and an old respectable-looking negro woman. The men were clad in Osnaburg frocks, like those worn by waggoners in England, with blue frieze jackets over them, and white trowsers. The old dame was rigged in a man's jacket also, over as many garments apparently as worn by the grave-digger in Hamlet. I had never seen such a round ball of a body. They were all hat-in-hand, with Madras handkerchiefs bound round their heads, leaning on tall staffs made from peeled young hardwood trees, the roots forming very fantastical tops. Their whips were twisted round these symbols of office, like the snakes round the caduceus of their tutelary deity, Mercury. These were the drivers of the various gangs of negroes on the estate, who were waiting to receive busha's* orders for the morrow.

On seeing us, the overseer hastily dismissed his levee, and ordered his people to take charge of our horses.

"Mr Frenche is at home, I hope?" said Mr Twig.

"Oh yes, sir—all alone up at the great house there," pointing to a little shed of a place, perched on an insulated rocky eminence, to the left of the abode he himself occupied, and which overlooked the works and whole neighbourhood.

This hill, rising as abruptly from the dead level of the estate as if it

* The West India name for overseer, or manager of an estate; a corruption, no doubt, of bashaw.

had been a rock recently dropped on it, was seen in strong relief against the sky, now clear of clouds, and illuminated by the moon.

At the easternmost end of the solitary great house—in shape like a Chinese pavilion, with a projecting roof, on a punch bowl, adhering to the sharp outline of the hill like a limpet to a rock—a tall solitary palm shot up and tossed its wide-spreading, fan-like top in the night wind high into the pure heaven. The fabric was entirely dark—not a soul moving about it—nothing living in the neighbourhood apparently, if we except a goat or two moving slowly along the ridge of the hill. At the end of the house next the palm-tree there was a low but steep wooden stair, with a landing-place at top, surrounded with a simple wooden railing, so that it looked like a scaffold.

“There is Mr Frenche, sir,” continued busha, pointing to the figure of a man lounging in a low chair on the landing-place, with his feet resting on the rail, and far higher than his head, which leant against the wall of the house, as if he had been a caronade planted against the opposite hill. Under the guidance of one of the overseer’s waiting boys, we commenced the zig-zag ascent up the face of the small hill towards my uncle’s dwelling, and as we approached, the feeling of desolateness that pressed on my heart increased, from the extreme stillness of the place even when near to it. Light, or other indication of an inhabited mansion, there was none—even the goats had vanished.

“Cold comfort in prospect for me,” thought I; “but *allons*, let us see,”—and we moved on until we came to a small outhouse and a gate, which seemed to open into the enclosure, in the centre of which stood the solitary building.

“How terribly still every thing is about Mr Frenche’s domicile,” said I, as we paused until Flamingo undid the fastening of the gate. “And, pray, what hovel is this that we have come to?”

“This?—Oh, it is the kitchen,” quoth Twig. “Stop, I will knock up the people.”

“Don’t do any such thing,” said Flamingo, who, I saw, was after some

vagary. “Here, Mr Brail, get up the stair,”—we had now reached the small platform on which the house stood,—“and creep under his legs, will ye—there, get into the house and conceal yourself, and Twig and I will rouse him, and have some fun before you make your appearance.”

I gave in to the frolic of the moment, and slipped silently up the few steps of the steep stair, as I was desired. There, on the landing-place, reposed, *al fresco*, Uncle Latham, sure enough—his chair swung back, his head resting on the door-post, and his legs cocked up, as already described, on the outer railing of the stair. He was sound asleep, and snoring most harmoniously; but just as I stole up, and was in the very act of creeping beneath the yoke to get past him, I touched his limbs slightly; but the start made him lose his balance and fall back into the house, and there I was, firmly locked in the embrace of my excellent relative—for although his arms were not round my neck, *his legs were*.

“Who is that, and what is that, and what have I got hold of now?” roared Uncle Latham, in purest Tipperary.

“It is me, sir,” I shouted as loud as I could bellow, for as we rolled over and over on the head of the stair, I discovered he had spurs on; but the devil a bit would he relax in his hold of my neck with his legs,—“me, your dutiful nephew, Benjamin Brail—but, for goodness sake, mind you have spurs on, uncle.”

“My nephew—my nephew, Benjamin Brail, did you say?—Oh, murder, fire, and botheration of all sorts—spurs, sir?—spurs?—Hookey, but I’ll find stronger fare than spurs for you—You are a robber, sir—a robber—Murphy, you villain—Murphy—Dennis—Potatoblossom—bring me a handsaw, till I cut his throat—or a gimblet—or any other deleterious eatable—Oh, you thieves of the world, why don’t you come and help your master?—Lights, boys—lights—hubaboo!”

By this I had contrived to wriggle out of my Irish pillory, and to withdraw my corpus into the house, where I crept behind one of the half doors—any thing to be out of the row. I could hear Uncle Latham crawling about the dark room like

a big lobster, disconsolate for the loss of his prey, arguing with himself aloud whether he were awake, or whether it was not all a *drame*, as he called it, and then shouting for his servants at one moment, and stumbling against the table, or falling rattle over a lot of chairs, that all seemed to have placed themselves most provokingly in his way, the next. During his soliloquy, I heard Twig and Flamingo's suppressed laughter at the other end of the room. At length Mr Frenche thundered in his gropings against the sideboard, when such a clash and clang of glasses arose, as if he had been literally the bull in the china shop.

"Ah," he said, "it must be all a *drame*, and I must have been looking at people drinking—so let me wet my whistle a bit—here's the beverage, so—now—ah, this is the rum bottle—I know it by the smell—and what else should I know it by?—he! he!—if I could but lay my paw on a tumbler now, or a glass of any kind—not one to be found, I declare—Murphy, you villain, why don't you come when I call you, sirrah?"—There was now a concerto of coughing, and sneezing, and *oich*, *oiching*, and yawning, as if from beneath.—"Will these lazy rascals never make their appearance?" continued Mr Frenche, impatiently.—"Well, I cannot find even a teacup to make some punch in—hard enough this in a man's own house, any how—but I have the materials—and—and—now for the fun of the thing—I will mix it Irish fashion—deuce take me if I don't," and thereupon I heard him *gurgle*, *gurgle* something out of one bottle—and then a long *gurgle*, *gurgle*, *gurgle*, out of another, apparently, for the gurgling was on different keys,—both followed by a long expiration. He then gave several jumps on the floor.

He had, as I guessed, first swallowed the raw caulker from the rum decanter, and then sent down the lemonade to take care of it. "Now, that rum is very strong—stop, let me qualify it a bit with some more beverage—how thirsty I am, to be sure—murder!—confound that wide-necked decanter." Here I could hear the liquid splash all over him. "There—so much for having a beau-

tiful small mouth—why, Rory Macgregor, with that hole in his face from ear to ear, would have drunk you the whole bottle without spilling a drop, and here am I, suffocated and drowned entirely, and as wet as if I had been dragged through the Bog of Allan—Murphy, you scoundrel?"

Anon, two negro servants, stretching and yawning, each with a candle in his hand, made their appearance, one in his shirt, with his livery coat hanging over his head, the cape projecting over his forehead, and a sleeve hanging down on each side; the other with his coat on certainly, but stern foremost, and not another rag of any kind or description whatsoever, except his Kilmarnock nightcap.

By the illumination which those ebony candlesticks furnished, I now could see about me. The room we were in was about twenty feet square, panelled, cieled, and floored—it looked like a large box—with unpainted, but highly-polished hardwood, of the colour of very old mahogany—handsomer than any oak panelling I had ever seen. There was a door that communicated with the front piazza, out of which we had scrambled—another, that opened into a kind of back dining-hall, or large porch, and two on each hand, which opened into bedrooms. A sideboard was placed by the wall to the right, between the two bedroom doors, at which stood a tall and very handsome elderly gentleman, who, if I had not instantly known him to be my uncle, from his likeness to my poor mother, I might, after the adventures of the day, and the oddities of *messieurs* my friends—the Twig of the Dream, and the Flamingo of Peasweep, Snipe, and Flamingo—have suspected some quiz or practical joke in the matter.

The gentleman, who evidently was not broad awake yet, was dressed in light-coloured kerseymere small-clothes, top-boots, white vest, and blue coat—he was very bald, except two tufts of jet-black hair behind his ears, blending into bushy whiskers. His forehead was round and beetling, you would have said he was somewhat bullet-headed, but the obduracy of this feature was redeemed by his eyebrows, which were thick and well arched, and, like his hair

and whiskers, jet-black—and by his genuine Irish sparklers, dark, flashing, and frolicsome.

His complexion was of the clearest I had seen in Jamaica; I could never have guessed that he had been above a few weeks from the “First gem of the Sea,” and his features generally were large and well formed. There was a playful opening of the lips every now and then, disclosing nice ivory teeth, evincing, like his eyes, the native humour of his country.

“So, Master Murphy, you are there at last,” said he.

“Yes, massa—yes, massa.”

“Pray, can you tell me, Murphy, if any one has arrived here—any stranger come into the house while I slept;” then *aside*, as the players say, “or has it really and truly been all a *drame*?”

“No see noting, massa—nor nobody”—[*yawn*.]

“You didn’t, oh—there, do you see any thing now?” said mine uncle—as he took the candle out of the black paw, and put the lighted end, with all the composure in life, into Murphy’s open mouth, where it shone through his cheeks like a rushlight in a winter turnip, until it burned the poor fellow, and he started back, overturning his sleepy coadjutor, Dennis, headlong on the floor. On which signal, Twig and Flamingo, who were all this time coiled up like two baboons below the sideboard, like to choke with laughter, caught Uncle Frenche by the legs, a limb a piece, who thereupon set up a regular howl—“ach, murder,” and in turn capsize over the prostrate negroes, and all was confusion and vociferation once more, until my two travelling friends, who had cleverly slipped out of the *mêlée*, leaving my uncle clapperclawing with his serving-men, returned from the pantry, whither they had betaken themselves, and stood on the original field of battle, the landing-place of the stair, each with a lighted candle in his hand, and making believe to be in great amazement at the scene before them.

“Heyday,” quoth Twig, “what’s the matter, Master Frenche?—what uproar is this in the house?—we heard it at the Devil’s Gully, two miles off, believe me.”

“Uproar?” shouted Uncle Latham, still sitting on the floor, scratching his poll—“uproar, were you pleased to say?—pray, who the mischief are you, gentlemen, who conceive yourselves privileged to speak of any little noise I choose to make in my own house?—tell me in an instant, or by the powers I will shoot you for a brace of robbers”—clapping the lemonade decanter to his shoulder, blunderbuss fashion.

Here my kinsman gradually slewed himself round on his tail, and rubbing his eyes, confronted me, as I sat coiled up behind the half door—“why, here is a second edition of my *drame*.” The very absurd expression of face with which he said this, and regarded me, fairly upset my gravity, already heavily taxed, and losing all control, I laughed outright.

“Another of them! and who may you be, young gentleman?—you seem to find yourself at home, I think.”

“Come, come,” said Flamingo—“enough of this nonsense—don’t you know your friends Twig and Flamingo, Mr Frenche?”

“Twig and Flamingo, did you say—Twig and Flamingo—Twig—oh dear, oh dear—it is no *drame* after all—my dear fellows, how are you?—why, what a reception I have given you—you must have thought me mad?” By this time he had got on his legs again, and was welcoming my fellow-travellers with great cordiality, which gave me time to resume the perpendicular also. “I am so glad to see you—why, Jacob, I did not look for you until Tuesday next, but you are the welcomer, my good boy—most heartily welcome—how wet you must have got, though—boys, get supper—why, Felix, I am so rejoiced to see you—supper, you villains—why, we shall have a night on’t, my lads.”

“Give me leave to introduce this young gentleman to you first,” said Twig, very gravely, leading me forward into the light, “your nephew, Mr Benjamin Brail.”

“My nephew!” quoth Mr Frenche—“why, there’s my *drame* again—my nephew—when did he arrive?”—here he held a candle close to my face, as if my nose had been a candle-wick, and he meant to light it, then

fumbling in his bosom with the other hand, he drew forth a miniature of my mother—"my nephew—my poor sister's boy, Benjie—as like her as possible, I declare—how are you, Benjamin?—oh, Benjie, I am rejoiced to see you—my heart is full, full—how are?" — And as the tear glistened in his eye, he made as if he would have taken me in his arms, when a sudden light seemed to flash on him, and he turned sharply round to Twig—"If you are playing me a trick here, Jacob; if you are playing with the old man's feelings, and allowing his dearest wish on earth to lead his imagination to deceive him in this matter" —

Twig held out his hand; I could notice that the kind-hearted fellow's own eye was moist. "You cannot seriously believe me capable of such conduct, Mr Frenche, with all my absurdities; I would sooner cut off this right hand than play with the kindly feelings or affections of any one, far less with those of my long-tried and highly-esteemed friend;" and he shook my uncle's proffered paw warmly as he spoke.

"Tol, lol, de roll—Murphy, Dennis—supper, you villains—supper—Benjie, my darling, kiss me, my boy—I am so happy—tol de roll"—here, in his joy and dancing, he struck his toe sharply against the leg of a table; and as it was the member from whence the gout had been but recently dislodged, the pain made him change his tune with a vengeance; so he caught hold of the extremity in one hand, and pirouetted, with my assistance, to an arm-chair. But we were all tired; therefore, suffice it to say, that we had an excellent meal, and a drop of capital *hot* whisky-punch—a rare luxury in Jamaica—and were soon all happy and snoozing in our comfortable beds.

The first thing I heard next morning, before I got out of bed, was Mr Rory Macgregor, the Samaritan to whom our cards had been carried the night before, squealing about the house in his strong Celtic accent, for he spoke as broad as he did the day he first left home some twenty years before. He was too proud, I presume, to be obliged to the *Englishers*, as he called them, even for a dash of their lingo. He had come

to invite us to dine with him on the following day, and the fame of my arrival having spread, a number of the neighbours also paid their respects during the forenoon, so that my levee was larger than many a German prince's.

Mr Macgregor, and the overseer of the neighbouring estate, remained that day to dinner; the latter was also a Scotchman, but a Lowlander, and although I always resist first impressions when they are unfavourable, still there was something about him that I did not like—I felt a sort of innate antipathy towards him.

From what I was told, and indeed from what I saw, I knew that he was a well-connected and a well-educated man, and both by birth and education far above the status of an overseer on a sugar estate in Jamaica; but he had bent himself, and stooped to his condition, instead of dignifying by his conduct an honest although humble calling.

His manners had grown coarse and familiar, and after dinner, when we were taking our wine, and Flamingo and Twig were drawing out little Roderick, much to our entertainment, this youth chose to bring the subject of religion on the table, in some way or other I cannot well tell how. My uncle, I think, had asked him if he had attended the consecration of the new church or chapel, and he had made a rough and indecent answer, expressing his thankfulness to *Heaven!* that he was above all bigotry, and had never been in a church, except at a funeral, since he had left Scotland. He was instantly checked by Mr Frenche, who was unexpectedly warm on the subject; but it seems this was not the first time he had offended in a similar way, and I was startled, and not a little pleased at the *dressing* he now received at the hands of my usually good-natured uncle.

"Young gentleman," said he, with a gravity that I was altogether unprepared for, "you compel me to do a thing I abhor at any time, especially in my own house, and that is to touch on sacred subjects at untimely seasons; but this is not the first time you have offended in my presence, and under this roof, and I therefore am driven to tell you once for all, that I never will allow any sneering at sacred subjects at my

table. I just now asked you a simple and a civil question, and you have returned me a most indecent and unchristian answer."

"Christian—Christian!" exclaimed the overseer; "you believe in those things, I suppose?"

"I believe my Bible, sir," rejoined my uncle, "as I hope you do?"

"Oh!" said the overseer, "Mr Frenche has turned Methodist," and burst into a vulgar laugh.

He had gone too far, however. My uncle at this rose, and for several seconds looked so witheringly at him, that, with all his effrontery, I could perceive his self-possession evaporating rapidly.

"Methodist, sir—Methodist I am none, unless to believe in the religion of my fathers be Methodism. Heaven knows, whatever my belief may be, my practice is little akin to what theirs was; but let me tell you, once for all, that, although I am always reluctant to cast national reflections, it is your young Scotchmen who, whatever they may have been in their own country, and theirs we all know to be a highly religious and moral one, become, when left to themselves in Jamaica, beyond all comparison, the most irreligious of the whole community. How this comes about I cannot tell; but I see, young man, false modesty has overlaid your better sense, and made you ashamed of what should have been your glory to avow, as it will assuredly be one day your greatest consolation, if you are a reasonable being, when you come to die. At all events, if you do not believe what you have so improperly endeavoured to make a jest of, I *pity* you. If you do believe, and yet so speak, I *despise* you; and I recommend you hereafter, instead of blushing to avow the Christian principles that I know were early instilled into your mind, to blush at your conduct, whenever it is such as we have just witnessed; but let us change the subject. I say, Benjie, let us have a touch of politics—politics."

Here the kind-hearted old man's anxiety to smooth the downfall of the sulky young Scotchman was so apparent, that we all lent a hand to help him to gather way on the other tack; but our Scotch friend could not stomach being shown up, or put

down, whichever you may call it, so peremptorily; and the first dinner I ate in mine uncle's house was any thing but a pleasant one. We had the whole of the next forenoon to ourselves. Many a long and kindly family yarn was spun between us; but as this is all parish news, I will not weary the reader with it, simply contenting myself with stating, that, before we began to prepare for our ride, I had more reason than ever to be grateful to my dear uncle.

At two o'clock we mounted our horses, and set out, accompanied by Messrs Twig and Flamingo, to dine with our Highland friend, Roderick Macgregor, Esquire. We rode along the *interval* or passage between two large cane-pieces, the richest on the estate, which was situated in a dead level, surrounded by low limestone hills. By the way, the locality of Ballywindle was very peculiar, and merits a word or two as we scull along. Stop, and I will paint it to the comprehension of all the world, as thus—Take a punch bowl, or any other vessel you choose approaching to the same shape, and fill it half full of black mould; pop three or four lumps of sugar into the centre, so that they may stick on the surface of the mould, without sinking above a half of their diameter. They are the works, boiling-house, still-house, trash-houses, and mill-houses. Then drop a large lump a little on one side, and balance a very tiny one on the top of it, and you have the small insulated hill on which the great house stands. As for the edges of the vessel, they are the limestone hills, surrounding the small circular valley, the faces of them being covered with Guinea grass pieces, sprinkled with orange and other fruit-trees, both grass and trees finding their sustenance of black earth, as they best may, amongst the clefts of the honey-combed limestone that crops out in all directions, of which indeed the hills are entirely composed, without any superstratum of earth whatever. You see the place now, I suppose? Well, but to make it plainer still—take a sheet of paper, and *crumple* it in your hand; then throw it on the table, and you have a good idea of one of those hills, and not a bad one of the gene-

ral surface of the island taken as a whole.

The ridges of the hills were in this case covered with high wood. So now let us get hold of our yarn once more. The field on the right hand, from a large *sink-hole*, as it is called, or aperture in the centre, I love to be particular, was called "Tom's Pot," and the cane-patch on the left, "Mammy Polder's Bottom."

I found that a level cane-piece in such a situation was always called a *Bottom*. Again, as for those sink-holes, or caverns in the rock, I can compare them, from their sinuosities, to nothing more aptly than the human ear. They generally seem to be placed in situations, where they answer the purpose of natural drains to carry off the water; the one in question, for instance, always receiving the drainings of the little valley, and never filling, having a communication, beyond doubt, with some of the numberless streamlets, gullies, or small rivers, that cross one's path at every turn in this "land of streams," as the name Jamaica imports in the Charib tongue, as I have heard say.

The canes grew on each side of the interval to the height of eighteen or twenty feet; but as they did not arch overhead, they afforded no shelter from the sun, although they prevented the breeze reaching us, and it was in consequence most consumedly hot.

"Now for a cigar to *cool* one," quoth Twig, chipping away, cigar in mouth, with his small flint and steel, as we began to ascend the narrow corkscrew path that spiralled through the rocky grass-piece bounding the cane fields.

After we had zigzagged for a quarter of an hour on the face of the hill, we attained the breezy summit, where the Guinea grass-piece ended, and entered, beneath the high wood, on a narrow bridle-path, that presently led us through a guava plantation, the trees heavily laden with the fruit, which makes a capital preserve, but is any thing but nice to eat raw. It is in shape and colour somewhat like a small yellow pip-pin, with a reddish pulp, and the flavour being rather captivating, I had demolished two or three, when Fla-

mingo picked two very fine ones, and shortened sail until I ranged alongside of him. He then deliberately broke first the one and then the other, and held up the halves to me; they were both full of worms.

"Dangerous for cattle," quoth Don Felix, drily.

"Come, that is rough wit, Flamingo," chimed in Twig. "But never mind, Mr Brail. Cows *do* die of bots sometimes hereabouts, after trespassing; but then you know they also die of a surfeit of wet clover. At all events, there is nothing bucolical about you."

"Bots," thought I; "how remarkably genteel and comfortable, and what an uncommonly delicate fruit for a dessert."

Leaving the guava jungle, we proceeded through a district that seemed to have once been in cultivation, as all the high timber, with the exception of a solitary mahogany or cedar here and there, was cut down, and there was nothing to be seen but a thicket of palma Christi, or castor oil bushes, on every side. There had apparently been some heavy showers on this tableland during the time we had been winding up the hill, as the bushes and long grass were sparkling brilliantly with rain-drops, and the ground was heavily saturated with water.

"Hillo, Twig, my darling," sung out uncle Latham, who was the sternmost of all, except the servants, as we *strung* along the narrow path in single file, "mind you take the road to the right there—it will save us a mile."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned he of the Dream.

Master Flamingo was between him and me, and was busy at this moment securing his fowling-piece that he carried in his hand, as the fame of abundance of teal and quails in the Macgregor's neighbourhood had reached him before starting.

"What a very beautiful bird that is, Mr Brail," here he pointed with his gun to the huge branch of a cotton-tree that crossed the path overhead, where a large parrot was perched, looking at us; one moment scratching its beak with its claws, and the next, peeping knowingly down, and slewing its head first to

one side, and then to the other—a parrot, amongst the feathered tribes, is certainly what a monkey is amongst quadrupeds.

"I should like to bring that chap down now," said Flam, stopping in his career, so that we all became clustered in a group about him, and suiting the action to the word, he, without any farther warning, dropped the rein into the hollow of his arm, and taking aim, let drive—and away went the whole party helter skelter at the report, in every direction, by a beautiful centrifugal movement. If we had been rockets disposed like the spokes of a cart-wheel, with the matches converging to a centre, and fired all at once, we could scarcely have radiated more suddenly—so away we flew crashing through the wet bushes, some of us nearly unhorsed amongst them, if the truth were known, and such shouting from whites and blacks, and uproarious laughter, as we all got once more into sailing order!

"Now, friend Felix," said Twig, as he and his horse emerged from the brushwood, with his pale yellow nankeens as dark with moisture as a wet sail, and his shirt-frill and collar as if the garment had been donned fresh from the washing-tub, with the large silvery globules of moisture as thickly clustered on the black silk frogs of his coat as diamonds on the Dowager Lady Castle-reagh's stomacher—there's a simile for you,—“now, friend Felix—give one some notice next time you begin your fusillade, if you please. Why, did you ever see a pulk of Cossacks on the forage, Mr Frenche?—I declare I am glad to find myself on the beaten path again, for my horse took so many turns that I was fairly dumfounded, and having no pocket-compass nor a sextant to take the sun by—you perceive I have been at sea, Master Brail—I thought I should have been lost entirely, until you should be piloted to me some days hence by the John Crows. But ah, ye little fishes, what is that—what is that?”

It was neither more nor less than the sound of an ill-blown, yelling and grunting bagpipe. We rode on—the diabolical instrument squealing louder and louder, until the path ended in a cleared space

amidst the brush-wood, with a small one-story *wattled* house in the centre, having a little piazza in front, with a yard or two at each end, shut in with wooden blinds sadly bleached by the weather. There was a group of half naked negroes squatting before it, and a number of little naked black children, and a sprinkling of brown ones, running about, and puddling in a dirty pond, amongst innumerable ducks, fowls of many kinds, and at least a dozen pigs. “No signs of any approach to famine in the land at all events,” thought I.

There was no rail or fence of any kind enclosing this building, which was neither more nor less than a superior kind of negro-house. It stood on the very edge, and in fact was overshadowed by some gigantic trees, beneath whose Babylonish dimensions it shrank to a dog-kennel, of the high natural forest, a magnificent vista through which opened right behind it, overarching a broken up and deeply rutted road, the path, apparently, through which some heavy timber had been drawn, it being part of Rory's trade to prepare mill-rollers and other large pieces of hard-wood required for the estates below.

In front of this shed—full fig, in regular Highland costume, philabeg, short hose, green coatee, bonnet and feather, marched the bagpiper, whose strains had surprised us so much, blowing his instrument, and strutting and swelling like a turkey cock, to some most barbarous mixture of “a gathering of the clans” and the negro tune of “Guinea corn, I love for nyam you.”

The fellow was a negro, and as black as the ace of spades—shade of Ossian, let thy departed heroes hereafter recline on clouds of tobacco smoke—and as we approached he “loud and louder blew,” to the great discomfiture of our whole party, as the animals we bestrode seemed to like the “chanter” as little as they did the report of Flamingo's gun, one and all resolutely refusing to face the performer—so there we were, all jammed, snorting, and funking, and splashing each other to the eyes with mud of the complexion of *peas brose*, in the narrow path, with Twig and I, the head of the column as it

were, the only individuals visible on the fringe of the brush-wood.

"I say, Rory—Rory Macgregor," shouted Twig, "do give over—do tell your black bagpiper to give over his most infernal noise, and be hanged to him—or we must all go home again without our dinner—none of our horses will *debouche* in the face of such a salutation, don't you see?"

"Ou ay, ou ay," rejoined Rory, emerging from the house himself, dressed, like his man, in full Highland costume—and having desired the piper in *Gaelic*, with the air of the hundredth and fiftieth cousin to "her Grace the Tuke," to cease *her bumming*, he marshalled us into the house, evidently in no small surprise that any breathing creature whatever, biped or quadruped, should have any the smallest objections to the "music of the *cods*."

The bagpiper, we found afterwards, was his servant, whom he had taken to Scotland with him some two years before, and polished him there, through the instrumentality of a Highland serjeant, to the brilliancy we had witnessed. However, let me be honest—he received us with the most superabundant kindness, and when we had retired into the inner part of the house, which was his dining-hall, he gave the word for dinner, and, every thing considered, the set out was exceedingly good—we had a noble pea-fowl—a young turkey—a capital round of beef—a beautiful small joint of mutton, excellent mountain mullet, a dish of cray-fish, and a small sort of freshwater lobster, three or four times bigger than a large prawn, which are found in great plenty below the stones in the Jamaica mountain streams—black or land-crabs, wild-duck, and wild Guinea fowl, and a parrot-pie—only fancy a parrot-pie—wild pigeons, and I don't know what besides—in truth, a feast for six times our number—but in the opinion of our host, there appeared to be something wanting still.

"Tuncan," this was our friend the musician, who had laid down his instrument to officiate as butler—"Tuncan, whar hae ye stowed tae hackis—whar hae ye stowed tae hackis, man?—a Heeland shentleman's tinner is nae tinner ava without tae hackis!"

"Me no know, massa," quoth the Celtic *neger*.

"You ton't know—ten you pehuvet to know, sir—Maister Frenche, shall I help you to a *spaul* of tae peacock *hen*?—Maister Flamingo, will you oplige me py cutting up tae turkey polt?"

"All the pleasure in life—whew!—what is this?" as a cloud of fragrant vapour gushed from the plump breast of the bird.

"As I am a shentleman, if tae prute peast of a cook has na stuffet tae turkey polt we tae hackis—as I am a shentleman."

"And what is this, then," said Doctor Tozy, a neighbouring surgeon, who was one of the party—and a most *comfortable* looking personage in every sense of the word, as a dish, containing the veritable haggis to all appearance, was handed over his shoulder and placed on the table. "A deuced good-looking affair it is, I declare," looking at it through his eyeglass—"here is the real haggis, Master Macgregor, here it is."

"Ah, so it is—so it is"—quoth Rory, rubbing his hands. "Here, poy—here, Tuncan—pring it here—let me cut it up mysell—let me cut it mysell."

It was accordingly placed before Rory, who, all impatience, plunged his knife into it—murder, what a *hautgout*, and no wonder, for it actually proved to be the guava pudding, that the drunken cook had stuffed into the sheep's stomach!

However, we all had a good laugh, doing great honour, notwithstanding, to an excellent dinner; and when we began to enjoy ourselves over our wine, Dr Tozy and Twig, aided and abetted by Flamingo, amused us all exceedingly by the fun they extracted from our friend Rory. Mr Macgregor not being quite so polished a gentleman as his Majesty George IV., had been rather particular in his notice of Mr Twig's coat—the colour did not please him.

"Noo, I taresay, Maister Twick, you ca' that plue—a plue coat—put I think it mair plack tan plue."

"Why, Mac, you are not so far wrong, it is more black than blue."

"Ah, so I thought," quoth Rory.

"And I'll give you the reason, if you promise not to tell," said Twig.

"It is the first trial piece of my new patent cloth."

"Your patent cloth," whispered the last of the Goths, "have you a patent for cloth?"

"To be sure I have—that never loses the colour, and is as impervious to wet as a lawyer's wig, or a duck's wing."

"It al no pe a Mackintosh, will it?"

"Mackintosh," exclaimed his jovial friend—"Mackintosh—why Charley cannot hold the candle to me—no, no, it is the first spun out of—here lend me your lugs," and he laid hold of the Highlandman's ear, so as to draw his head half across the table in a most ludicrous fashion, "It is made entirely out of negro wool."

"Negroo wool?" rejoined Rory, lying back in his chair, holding up his hands, and looking to the roof, with a most absurd expression of face, half credulous, half doubting—"wool from tae veritable negers' heads, tid you say?"

"Negro-head wool, Rory, every fibre of it. The last bale I sent home was entirely composed of the autumn shearing of my own people at the Dream—I sent it to some manufacturing friends of mine in Halifax"—and, holding out his sleeve—"there, the Duke of Devonshire patronises it, I assure ye—nothing else will go down next season at Almack's."

"Allmac's?" exclaimed Rory, "to you mean to say it will shoopersede tae forty-second tartan?"

"Ay, and ninety-second too. However, I find it will not take on indigo freely, in consequence of the essential oil."

"Oil!" said Rory; "Creeshy prutes."

"So, in consequence, I intend after this to confine the manufacture to black cloth, which will require no dye, you know; if you choose to contract, Rory, I will give you half-a-crown for all you can deliver during the next year—or threepence a fleece-head, I mean—and that is the top of the market for Spanish wool—but it must be clean—free of—you understand?"

By the way I perceived that Dr Tozy and Flamingo were both literati in a small way, and one or two amusing mistakes took place on the part of Master Rory Macgregor—

who, of all points of the compass, had no pretensions that way.

The conversation had turned on Irish politics, and Mr Frenche had just remarked that, notwithstanding all the noise and smoke of the demagogues who lived and battered on the disturbances of the country, he saw, when he was last in Ireland, that, although there were certainly very few influential men of respectability or property who countenanced them or their doings, yet, strange as it appeared, there were some.

"Oh yes—undoubtedly," exclaimed Tozy, an Irishman himself; "but very few—very few indeed—mere drops in the bucket—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*."

"Fat's tat, toctor?—is tat Creek?"

"Yes—it means capital brandy for a long drink," said Tozy, swigging off his glass of cold brandy grog as coolly as possible.

"What an expressive language!—maist as much sae as tae Gaelic. To you know, by the very soond, I guessed it was something apoot pranty and a long trink?" quoth Rory.

"You shine to-day, doctor," said Twig;—and presently Flamingo, in the course of some literary talk with Tozy, incidentally brought in some notice of the Decameron of Boccaccio.

Rory pricked up his ears at this, and, determined to show his conversational powers, being by this time also a little in the wind, he, after a moment's thought, swore stoutly that he knew *him* very well—"as fine a chiel as ever pore the name of Cameron, and her place was ane of tae finest in the west coast of Arkyleshire—na, am no shust shure put she may pe a farawa' cousin of Lochiel's hersell."

"The very same," quoth Twig, who now entered on a long rambling conversation with the Macgregor, trotting him out most admirably, and buttering him an inch thick—"Why, you do make the shrewdest remarks, Mac;—shrewd! nay, the wisest, I should say. You really know *every thing* and *every body*—you are a perfect Solon."

Flamingo here saw, and so did I, that Macgregor—whether he began to see that Jacob was quizzing him or not, I could not tell—looked as black as thunder, so he good-hu-

mouredly struck in with—"Now, Jacob, do hold your tongue—you are such a chatterbox!"

"Chatterbox!—to be sure—I can't help it. I have dined on parrot-pie, you know, Felix."

"I wish tae hat peen hoolets for your sake, Maister Twick," said Roderick, fiercely.

"Why, Rory, why? An owl-pie would not quite suit my complexion.—But, hang it, man, what *is* wrong? Judging from your own physiog, one might suppose you had been making your dinner on the bird of Minerva yourself."

"Maister Twick," said Rory, with a face as sour as vinegar, "I am unwilling to pe uncivil in my own house;—put I red you no to pe sae free wi' your nicknames."

"Nicknames!" interjected Twig, in great surprise.

"Yes, sir—you have taken tae unwarrantable liperty of calling me a Solan—yes, sir, a Solan.—Tid you mean it offensively, sir?"

"No offence, Mac," shouted Twig, "none in the least.—Offence!—in likening you to Solon, the glory of Greece—the great lawgiver—the *Athenian* Solon!"

Rory grew frantic at this (as he thought) additional insult.—"Creese—Creese!—I ken o' nae Solans, sir, put tae filthy ill-faured pirds tat leeve in tae water."

"But, Rory, my dear fellow"—

"Ton't tear fellow me, sir.—You may ca' them what ye like, sir, in *Creese*—put a Solan at tae Craik of Ailsa* is ca'd a cuse, sir, an' naething else, I ken tat, sir, I ken tat; and if ony shentlemans will tare to liken Roterick Macgregor to sic an ill-flavoured pird, sir, py"—

"I assure you, upon my honour, I said Solon, and not Solan, Mac," quoth Twig. "There, ask Tozy.—You know I would not say an uncivil thing to you, Rory, for the world."

The Celt was pacified at length, through the good offices of the doctor, and we all held on in good fellowship. But as the evening wore away, the musquittoes began to be very troublesome, as we could feel our-

selves, and *hear* if we had not felt, from their loud buzzing, as well as from our host's sounding slaps on his bare limbs, the kilt not being just the thing for a defence against Monsieur Musquitto. Indeed, after Rory's localities had been fairly explored by these stinging pests, we suffered little, as they left us all, in comparative peace, to settle in clouds on the unfortunate Highlander's naked premises.

At length he could stand it no longer.—"Tuncan!"—then a loud slap on his thigh;—"Lachlan!"—another slap;—"Macintosh, pring a prush, pring a prush!"—and a negro appeared forthwith with a bunch of green twigs with the leaves on.—"Noo, Macintosh, kang pelow tae table with your prush, and prush my lecks free from tae awful plakues. Prush, ye prute, prush!"

This scheme had the desired effect; the enemy was driven off, and Rory, in the fulness and satisfaction of his heart, now insisted on setting Tuncan to give us a regular *pibroch*, as he called it, on the bagpipe, whether we would or not.

I had observed Quacco, who had accompanied us, and that mischief-maker, Squire Flamingo, in close confabulation while dinner was getting ready, and I made sure of witnessing some comical issue of their complot before long, in which I was not disappointed, for the black sergeant now ushered in the bagpiper, whom, I could perceive, he had fuddled pretty considerably, besides adding to his rig in a most fantastical manner. He had, it seems, persuaded the poor creature that he was by no means complete without a queue, and powder in his hair; so he now appeared with his woolly poll covered with flour, and the spout of an old tin wateringpan, with a tuft of red hair from the tail of a cow stuck into the end of it, attached to the back of his head by a string. In the midst of this tuft I saw a small red spark, and when he approached there was a very perceptible burning smell, as of the smouldering of a slow match.

* A remarkable insulated rock in the Frith of Clyde, famous for its solar geese, from which (the *rock*, not the geese,) the Marquis of Ailsa takes his title.

"Now, Mr Flamingo," said I to our friend, "I see you are about wickedness—No more percussion powder, I hope?"

He trod on my toe, and winked. —"Hush, you shall see."

When Tuncan first entered, he had, to save himself from falling, sat down on a chair close by the door, with his back to us. This was altogether out of character, for Tuncan plumed himself on his breeding.

"Is tat your mainers, you plack rascal?" cried Rory. "Ket up, sir, or"——

Quacco was at hand, and assisting the sable retainer to rise, got him on his pins; and when he had fairly planted him on his parade ground, which was the end of the piazza farthest from us, he seemed to recover himself, blew up his pipes, and began to walk mechanically backwards and forwards steadily enough. Flamingo kept his eye on him very earnestly, while a small twitch of his cheek, just below his eye, every now and then, and a slight lifting of the corner of his mouth, showed that the madcap was waiting in expectation of some fun. All conversation had been fairly swamped by the infernal pipes—Roderick's peacock-hen, had she been alive, could not have made herself heard, so we had nothing else for it but to look at each other, and listen to the black bagpiper. I am sure I wished him any where but where he was, when, just as he had turned his back to us in one of his pendulum movements, a jet of sparks like those from a squib issued from his queue, which, drunk as he was, made him turn round fast enough; and the instant he found that the fire was fizzing from his own tail, he dashed down his bagpipes, rushed out of the house, and never stopped until he was up to the neck in the muddy duck-pond before the door, still fizzing most furiously. In a vain attempt to rid himself of the annoyance, he dipped his head below the water, and just as he disappeared, a crack—crack—crack showed that the squib had *eventuated*, as the Yankees say, in the usual manner, viz. in a zigzag or cracker.

It turned out afterwards, as I suspected, that Quacco, who was a tolerable fireworker, amongst his other

accomplishments, at Flamingo's instigation had beat up some charcoal and gunpowder, moistening the mass well, and filled the tin tube which composed poor Tuncan's queue with it.

Great was the amazement of Master Roderick at all this, and loud were his exclamations as his retainer was dragged out of the pond, more dead than alive with fear, and all but choked with mud; but, seeing he had been drinking, and, what was more in blacky's favour, his master having been indulging himself, he was, after much entreaty, pleased to send the poor fellow home, instead of clapping him in the stocks.

A little mulatto boy, also in a kilt, had been the chief agent in the extrication of poor Tuncan.

"Ah, Lachlan," said Mr Frenche to this lad, "when did you return? Why, I thought you were in Scotland!"

"So he was," said Rory. "I sent him last fall to my sister in tae Western Highlands, that is married *upon* tae minister; put she returned tae pair callant by next post, saying she was surprised that I should make no more of sending home my—I'll no say what—and them yellow too, than if they were sae mony tame monkeys—'and to a minister's hoose!'—Maype, if they hat na heard of my coffee crop having been purned in the store, and if I hat no forgotten to say ony thing apoot the callant's poord, they wad na hae been sae straitlaced."

It was now getting dark,—the horses had been some time at the door, and we were about saying good-night to Rory and Flamingo, who was to take up his quarters for the evening, in order, as previously arranged, to his having a day's shooting at wild-ducks and pigeons on the morrow, when it suddenly came on to rain, as if a waterspout had burst overhead; so the animals were ordered back into the stable, as it was out of the question starting in such a *pour*.

We had coffee, and were waiting impatiently for it to clear, but it came down faster and faster, and began to thunder and lighten most awfully.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge

that a storm of this description always moves me; and although the rest of the party carried on in the inner hall at a game at whist, while Roderick and I were having a bit at backgammon in a corner, and none of them appeared to care much about it, yet one explosion was so loud, so simultaneous with the blue blinding flash, and the reverberations immediately afterwards *thundered*—I can find no stronger word—so tremendously overhead, making the whole house shake, and the glasses ring on the sideboard, that both parties suddenly stopped in the middle of their amusement. Where I sat I had a full view into the long vista of the natural wood already mentioned, festooned from tree to tree with the most fantastic network of withes, which, between us and the lightning, looked like an enormous spider's web. Another bright flash again lit up the recesses of the forest, showing us distinctly, although but for a moment, a long string of mules, loaded with coffee bags, a dark figure mounted on every third animal, and blasting every object, even the masses of green foliage on the trees, into a smoky and sulphureous blue. Before the rumbling of this thunder-clap had passed over our heads, the noise of the rain on the hollow wooden roof increased to a deafening roar, like the sound of a waterfall, or as if every drop had been a musket-bullet.

"Tat's hail," said Rory, in great amazement at such an unusual occurrence.

"Small doubt of that," quoth Flamingo.

Here one of the negro servants came running in. "Massa—massa—sugar plum fall from de moon—sugar plum fall from de moon—see, see," and opening his palms, where he had caught the hail, and thought he had it safe, and finding only water, he drew back as if he had seen a spirit—"Gone! gone!—and *burn* my hand too—Obeah—most be Obeah!"—and before another word could be said, it lightened again so vividly, even through the sparkling mist of hail, that I involuntarily put my hands to my eyes, and lay back in my chair, overcome with breathless awe.

Unlike any lightning I had ever

seen before, it was as if a dart of fire had struck the large tree next us right in the cleft, and then glanced like a ray of the most intense light shot down into the centre of the back yard, where it zigzagged along, and tore up the solid ground, that appeared covered with white smoke from the bounding and hopping of the rattling hailstones. I can compare the sharpness of the report that accompanied it to nothing more fittingly than that of a long eighteen pounder fired close to your ear. Involuntarily I repeated to myself that magnificent passage of sacred writ—"And the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground; so there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous."

A long tearing *rive*, as of the violent disruption of a large bough, succeeded, and then a crashing and rushing heavy fall, and loud shrieks. It was nearly a minute before any of us found breath to speak, and then it was only in short half-suppressed exclamations—"What is that?" A smouldering yellow flame burst from the roof of the negro house that adjoined the Macgregor's habitation, and gradually illuminated the whole scene—the glistening hail-covered ground—the tall trees overhead—the cattle that had run beneath them for shelter—and showed a large limb split off from the immense cedar next us, (with the white splinter-mark glancing,) that still adhered to the parent tree by some strong fibres; while the outermost branches had fallen heavily on, and crushed in the roof of, the cottage that was on fire.

The lurid flashes continued, contrasting most fearfully with the bright red glare of the burning cottage, the inhabitants of which, a woman and three children, were now extricating themselves and struggling from under the fallen roof. Presently we saw them cluster round a dark object lying in the middle of the yard like a log, between us and the tree that had been struck. They presently began to toss their arms about, and to utter loud cries, and the word was passed amongst the black domestics of "a man kill—old Cudjoe kill." This ran like wildfire, and in a second we

were all out in the midst of the storm, with the rapidly melting hail-stones crunching beneath our feet; some even without their hats on.

The body was brought into the house, and the doctor being fortunately on the spot, every thing was done that could be devised, but all in vain. When a vein was opened in the arm, the blood flowed sluggishly, but was quite fluid; and all the joints were even more than naturally pliant, the vertebrae of the neck especially. Indeed, I had never seen such a general muscular relaxation; but the poor old fellow was quite dead. One spot on the cape of his Pennistone greatcoat, about the size of a dollar, was burnt black, and so completely consumed, that in carrying him into the house, which was no easy matter from the extreme pliancy and eel-like limberness, if I may so speak, of the whole body, the tiander or burnt woollen dropped out, leaving a round hole as clean as if it had been *gouged* out.

After this unfortunate transaction we had little spirit to pursue our amusement, and accordingly, after a parting cup, we all retired to bed.

I soon fell asleep, and remembered nothing until I was awakened by the crowing of the cocks in the morning. It was still dark, and in the unceiled and low-roofed house I could hear my allies snoring most harmoniously in their several snuggeries. At length, after several long yawns, and a few preparatory snorts, and clearances of his voice, out spoke my restless acquaintance, Master Flamingo.

"Why, Rory—Rory Macgregor—how sound the body sleeps—why, Rory, I say"—

"Oich, oich, fat's tat—wha's tat—and what will she pe wantin'?"

"Wanting?—Don't you remember your promise? Didn't I tell you that I had come to spend the night here, in order to have a crack at the ducks this morning?"

"Ducks this morning," thought I—"Ducks—does the madcap mean to shoot ducks, after such a night and such a scene?"

"Tucks," grunted Rory—"tucks?" then a long snore.

"Ducks, to be sure; so get up, Mac—get up."

"Well, well," yawned the Macgregor; "I will, I will; put ton't waken tae hail hoose—ton't tisturp Mr Frenche nor Mr Prail."

"Oh, never mind Flamingo," quoth my uncle, turning himself in his bed, and clearing his voice; "I am awake, and Dennis has brought my gun, I find."

And here followed a concerto of coughing, and yawning, and groaning, and puffing, as of the pulling on of tight or damp boots, and rumblings and stumblings against the furniture of the various apartments, and all the other miscellaneous noises incidental to a party dressing in the dark.

"Romulus, a light," shouted Twig.

"Twister, a ditto," roared Flamingo; and these exclamations called forth a renewed volley of snortings and long yawns from the negro servants who were sleeping in the inner hall.

"Twister, get me a light, you lazy villain; don't you hear?"

"Yes, yes, massa, directly"—snore.

"Directly, you sleepy dog!—now, sir—get it me now. Don't you hear that I have broken my shin, and capsized the basin-stand, and I can't tell what beside?"

"Yes, yes, massa"—snore again.

I heard a door open, and presently a loud tumble, and a crackling and rattling of chairs, and startled cries from the negroes.

"Murder! Twig—where's your patent lucifer match box? Here have I fallen over that rascal of yours, and I am terrified to move, lest I break my own neck, or extinguish some black fellow out and out. Murder! there my great toe has got into some one's mouth. Hillo, Quashie, mind that's my toe and not a yam. Oh dear, will no one get me a candle? Jacob, you cannibal, do come and rescue me, or I shall be smothered amidst this odoriferous and flat-nosed variety of the human species."

I had never spent such a morning, and as it was quite evident that there was no more sleep to be had, I got up and dressed the best way I could,

and we were soon all congregated in the inner hall by candle light, with half a dozen black fellows, and as many fowling-pieces, blunderbusses, and muskets as there were buccras, ready to sally forth to attack the teal.

Quacco was here as elsewhere the most active of the throng, and sideling up to me, "Massa, you and de old gentleman take de blunder-boosh—I hab load dem bote wid one bushel of dock hail. You shall never see so much bird as you shall knock down—take dem, massa—take dem." After coffee, we put ourselves *en route* and sallied out of the house.

"Why, uncle," said I, "I have no great stomach for the fight after what happened last night."

"Poo, poo" said he, "never mind—people don't mind a thunder-storm here."

"But then the poor old watchman—struck down almost before one's eyes."

"Ah! that was melancholy enough—but it can't be helped, so come along, you must do as others do."

The morning was thick, dark, damp, and dreary; there should have been a moon, but she had veiled her beauties behind the steamy clouds, that seemed to be resting themselves on the tree tops. The earth sent up its vapours, as of water poured on hot bricks, and all the herbs and grass and leaves of bushes, through which the foot-path lay, seemed absolute *blobs* of water, for the instant you touched them they dissolved into a shower-bath, while I soon perceived that I was walking ankle deep in soft mud—indeed we were travelling as much by water as on terra firma. After *ploutering* through this chaos for about a mile, we entered a natural savannah, inlaid with several ponds, which looked like dark mirrors, with films of thin grey mist floating on their calm surfaces. Rory walked round several of these natural pieces of water, while the negro scouts were also very active; but it was all—"The tiel a tuck is tere," from Rory. "The devil a teal is here," from Flamingo. And "no teal, no here; no duck, no here, non at all," from the negroes.

"So we shall have been roused out of our warm beds, and soaked to the skin, to say nothing of a very

sufficient plastering with mud, for no use, after all," said I.

"No fear—no fear—only have patience a little," quoth Mr Twig.

There was a low marshy ditch that ran across the savannah, nearer the house than where we now were, that had overflowed from the rains, and which covered about six acres of the natural pasture. We had waded through it on our advance, expecting to find the teal in the ponds beyond. But being unsuccessful, we now tried back, and returned to it, and just as we faced about, the clouds lifted from the hill tops in the east, and disclosed a long clear stripe of primrose-coloured sky, the forerunner of early day-dawn. As we reapproached the flooded ground, one or two cranes sounded their trumpet notes, and taking wing with a rustling splashy flaff, glided silently past us.

"Halt," quoth Sergeant Quacco, in a whisper, "halt, gentlemen, I hear de teal on de feed."

"The deuce you do!" said I, "you must have the ears of an Indian;" and we all held our breath, and stooped and leant our ears towards the ground, in imitation of the sergeant; and to be sure we heard the short quacks of the drakes, and the rustling and cackling of the feathered squadrons among the reeds. My uncle, the Macgregor, and myself, were now planted at the westernmost end of the swamp, two of us armed with blunderbusses, and the Celt with his double-barrelled gun—while Messrs Twig, Flamingo, and Quacco, made a sweep towards the head of it, or eastern end.

The rustling continued, as of great numbers of large birds on the opposite side, while near at hand we heard an occasional plump, such as a large frog makes when he drops into the water, and curious crawling and rustling noises made, according to my conception, by reptiles of some kind or another, amongst the reeds.

"Any alligators here," whispered I to Mr Frenche, who was next me.

"Great many," was the laconic reply.

"How comfortable," thought I; "and snakes?"

"Abundance."

"Pleasant country," said I Benjie, again to myself. But all this time I

could see nothing like the teal we were in pursuit of, although it was clear as mud the reeds all round us were alive with something or another. At length, as the morning lightened, and the clouds broke away, and the steamy sheet of water began to reflect them and our dark figures and the trees and other objects on the margin, a line of ten or a dozen large birds emerged from the darkness and mist at the end where Flamingo was situated, and began slowly to sail towards us in regular line of battle.

"Tere tae come at last—noo—mak reaty, Maister Prail; frient Frenche, pe prepared," and Rory himself, lying down on his chest on the wet grass, and taking deliberate aim, fired both barrels—and such a squatter!—as a flock of a thousand teal, I am certain there could not have been fewer, rose into the air with a loud rushing noise like the sound of a mighty stream—a *roar* of ducks. I fired my bellmouthed trabucco with the bushel of shot at random into the thickest of the flock, and so did mine uncle, and down came a feathery shower upon our heads; and down came we both on our tails—as the bushels of shot had told in more ways than one. This hot discharge had the effect, however, of turning the flock, and Flamingo and Twig had their own share of the spoil at the head of the swamp. The four shots had brought down four-and-thirty feathered bipeds, and two without feathers—we were regularly smothered in ducks.

"I say, uncle, how do you feel?"

"Rather chilly at thoulder end of me, and I believe my shoulder is dislocated," quoth he, scratching his bald pate, as he sat on the ground, where Quacco's bushels of shot had deposited both of us.

"And my cheek is stove in," quoth I.

"My nose is bleeding like a pump," quoth he.

"And mine is blown off entirely," said I. Here we both got on our feet, the ground around us being covered with killed, and alive with the wounded birds.

"See if our facsimiles in the soft mud are not like two punch bowls, Benjie?" And true enough we had made a couple of holes in the spungy

soil, that instantly filled with water as we rose, leaving two round pools.

"I say, uncle, your punchbowl is somewhat the biggest of the two, though, eh? mine is only the jigger."

"Bah!" quoth he, showing his white teeth.

But how came Rory on all this while, the hero who had led into action? Right in front of us, half a dozen black spots rested dead still, where his shot had just torn up the sleeping surface of the grey swamp, while as many more water-fowl of some description or another, that had been wounded, were quacking and splashing, and wheeling, half flying, and half running on the water, in a vain attempt to escape from the Macgregor, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had dashed in up to his waist to secure the prey, and was chasing the wounded birds, all about, every now and then tripping in the weeds, and delving down, nose and ears, under water, whereby he lost his hat and dropped his gun, puffing and snorting with many an outlandish exclamation, and dripping like a water-god all the time.

"Never was such a morning's sport," roared the Highlander, "never tid I see such pluidy wark; stalking tae ret tear is nothing to it," as he regained terra firma, with both hands filled with ducks' legs and necks as full as he could gripe, the wounded birds flapping and flapping, and struggling round him, as if they would have flown away with the wee Heel-land body. By this time I had secured my wounded, and the daylight was fast brightening.

"Quacco, my man," said uncle Latham to the sergeant, as he passed him, "the next time you clap a bushel of shot into my gun, pray don't let it be imperial measure if you please."

"Why," said Twig, who had now joined us, "this is capital sport certainly. Never saw such a flock of teal in my life before—but, Roderick, what have you got there—what sort of game is that you have shot—let me see?" Here he deliberately counted out of the Macgregor's hands eight large *tame* Muscovy ducks, and a goose.

"As I am a sinner," said the poor Highlander, in great dismay when he

saw what he had been about, "if I have not killed my own puire tucks, and the vera coose hersell that I expected to eat at Michaelmas. Hoo cam tae here—hoo tae teevil cam tay oot o' the pen?" and he turned a fierce look at his servant. Alas, on reflection, he remembered that the poor old man who was killed by the lightning had been the *henman*, and no one having taken his place, and the pen having been beaten down by the hail overnight, the sacrifice of the ducks and the poor Michaelmas goose had been the consequence and crowning misfortune.

But the absurdity of our entertainer having shown his expertness as a shot by murdering his own poultry was too much, and it was with the greatest difficulty any of us could keep his gravity.

We returned to the house—shifted, breakfasted, and that forenoon returned to Ballywindle, where we spent an exceedingly pleasant week with our friends Twig and Flamingo, who, in the mean time, prevailed on Mr Frenche to make a return visit to them in Kingston, and we accordingly prepared for our trip.

It was the Saturday before the Monday on which we meant to start. I was playing at piquet with Mr Twig; my uncle and Flamingo were lounging about the piazza, and the horses were ready saddled for an airing at the door, when my antagonist and I were startled by a loud rushing, or rather roaring noise, that seemed to pass immediately overhead. "A flock of teal," thought I, remembering the exploit at Rory Macgregor's. Simultaneously all the shutters, which, according to the usual West India fashion, opened outwards, were banged to with great force—doors were slammed, and the whole house shook with the suddenness of the gust.

"Hillo," said Twig, "what's all this?" as his point, quint, and quatorze, were whisked out of his hand, and a shower of gritting sand, with a dash of small pebbles in it, was driven against our faces through the open windows, like a discharge of peas.

My uncle and his companion had halted in their walk, and seemed as much surprised as we were. Presently the noise ceased, and all was

calm again where we were. We naturally looked down into the mill-yard below us to see what would take place there.

It was as busy as usual—the negro boys and girls were shouting to the mules and steers, as they drove them round the circles of the cattle mills—the mule drivers, each with a tail of three mules loaded with canes from the hilly cane-pieces, where waggons could not work, were stringing into the yard, and spanking their whips. The wains, each with a team of six oxen, yoked two and two, built up with canes as high as a hay waggon, were rumbling and rattling on their jolty axletrees, as they were dragged through deep clayey ruts, that would have broken Macadam's heart to have looked on—the boilermen were shouting in the boiling-house, their voices from the reverberation of the lofty roof, rising loud above the confusion, as if they had been speaking in masks, like the Greek and Roman actors of old, and the negro girls were singing cheerily, in parts, their songs blending with the loud laugh, as they carried bundles of canes to be ground, or balanced their large baskets full of *trash* on their heads, while the creaking of the mill machinery, and the crashing of the canes between the rollers, added to the buzz.

The dry sun was shining down, like a burning-glass, into the centre of this ant's nest, where every thing was rolling on, as it had been doing for hours before, no one apparently anticipating any unusual occurrence, but in an instant the tornado that had passed us reached them—whirled the trash baskets off the negroes' heads nearest us, and up went whole bundles of canes, and negro hats, and jackets, and every thing that would rise, and ruffling the garments of the black ladies most unceremoniously, notwithstanding all their endeavours to preserve their propriety, so that they looked like large umbrellas reversed, the shanks, in most cases, being something of the stoutest. When it took effect in the hollow, every thing was *in motion*—when it passed over, every thing was *fixed to the spot*, as if by the wand of an enchanter. Negroes were clinging to the bamboos of the cattle pens,

Cattle and mules were standing as rigid as statues, gathered on their haunches, with their forelegs planted well and firmly out, the better to resist the effects of the wind. The mill had instantly stopped, and all was silent.

But when Quashie had recovered his surprise, and every thing had become calm again in the mill-yard, there arose *such* a cackling, shouting, and laughter, and lowing of kine, and skreiking of mules, as Rory Macgregor would have said. The course of the tornado continued to be distinctly marked, by the different substances it had carried up and whirled round in its vortex, keeping them suspended by its centrifugal motion; and I especially remember the effect it had on a grove of cocoa-nut trees. It took them by the tops, which it tossed fiercely with a wide circular motion, tearing their long leaves up into the air like hair, as if some invisible spirit was trying to shake the fruit down from the tormented trees. As it neared a field where a number of people were at work, one of the house servants, rubbing his black paws, whispered to his neighbour in my hearing, "Softly, now—maybe it will whip away busha"—a thing he, to all appearance, would not have broken his heart about.

On the following morning at breakfast, I stumbled on the following announcement in the newspaper I had just taken up:—

"*Lucie—such a date.*

"Last evening the Kingston trader, the Ballahoo, anchored in Negril bay. She had been cut out by two piratical vessels, a felucca and a schooner, from Montego bay, on such a day, and after having been in the possession of the pirates for a week, during which the Spanish passengers were compelled to disclose where their money (the only thing taken) was concealed, she was *politely* given up to them and the crew.

"The felucca is a Spanish built vessel, painted black outside, and red within, and sails remarkably fast; the schooner is a long, low, but very heavily armed vessel, painted black, with a red streak—no guns were seen in the felucca."—

"So, so, poor Hause has got his vessel, then; but that wicked little

Midge, I fear her cruizing is not over yet," said I, handing the paragraph to my uncle, who, as he already knew the story, easily comprehended the import of the newspaper announcement—"well, I am glad of it."—And I resumed my attack on the yains, ham, and coffee.

Mr Frenche put on his spectacles, and as he began the perusal of the paper, said dryly, "I suppose you consider that that letter lying on the table there, addressed to you, will keep cool—you appear to be in no hurry to open it."—

I seized it—I had not previously noticed it, and blushed like I don't know what, when I perceived it was in very truth her dear, delightful, and all the rest of it, fist—there's a sentence ending plump for you—my hand trembled as I broke the seal, or rather *drew* it open, for in such a climate wax is so soft, you cannot call it *breaking*, which always implies a short, sharp crackle, to my mind—and assuming a careless swaggering look, I began to peruse it. "I could with the tail of my eye, however, perceive Friend Twig and Monsieur Flamingo, exchange very knowing glances. But here goes—here is the letter:—

"*Havanna, such a date.*

"MY DEAR BENJAMIN,

"I expected to have had an opportunity of writing by a vessel for Jamaica before this, but have been disappointed.

"You will be surprised at our change of plans. A grand uncle of my father's, a very old man, has lately died, and left some money and land to us in the United Kingdom"—(a Yankyism, thought I—*United States, United Kingdom*)—"and in consequence he is obliged to go out to England immediately"—(*out to England.*) "His first determination was to send mama and me home to New York, but as we did not like to leave him, we have persuaded him that we shall make ourselves very portable, so we all go together, in a fine London ship, to sail the day after tomorrow. Dicky Phantom, dear pet, says, 'Oh, I shall make myself more leetle small, as one busy bee dat make de honey.' I am angry at myself sometimes, but I almost dread going to the 'old country,' lest we should be obliged to restore the dar-

ling little castaway to his kinsfolk—I am sure none of them can ever love him more than his *mama* Helen does. Any letter you may write to me, you must now send to the care of the House of Baring Brothers of London. As I have no concealments from *mama*, and as you always give me credit” (*credit*, in the mouth of a young lady!) “for being a circum-spect person, she has arranged for me, that at all events we shall not leave England until we hear from you in answer to this, so I have made a duplicate of it,” (*duplicate* of a love letter, ye gods!) “a thing that has proved more irksome, than writing ten originals, which I will send by the next opportunity, as I know you would be sadly annoyed if any confusion should take place, such as your going to New York, and finding us abroad,” (*abroad*—in England) “at least, I know, my dearest Benjamin, I should be miserable at the thoughts of it. I am all impatience for another letter from you,” (why, she has not acknowledged *one* yet;) “surely your excellent uncle will enter into your feelings; indeed I have satisfied my heart that he will, and made up my mind not to distress myself, in the hope that all will run smooth with us. You see I have no darts, and flames, and nonsense for you—nothing *ultra*, Benjamin—no superlatives—I have studied myself as well as I can, and there is no character, I am persuaded, that suits me so well as what you gave me. I am a quiet, prudent, unobtrusive, but warm-hearted little woman—there is a vain girl for you—and, oh, Benjamin, my heart tells me, if I am spared in *his* mercy, that you will find what my Father says to be true, ‘Whoever marries my Helen will get a wife that will wear well, *I calculate*.’

“You will be surprised to learn, that the old *Gazelle* is here again. After being a week out, she was forced back from bad weather, and is now repairing. Poor Mr Donovan has had to invalid; they say he never recovered his severe illness on the coast of Africa, and was always raving about some fair one with one eye, who lived in a street to which Broadway in York was a narrow lane—but it is a melancholy affair for him, poor young man, and

I check my thoughts, and stop my pen, as I had a jest regarding him, that was ready to drop from it.

“And what do you think?—Henry De Walden has got an acting order as lieutenant in his stead. The ship had been a week here, before Mr Donovan could make up his mind, and all that time Master Henry never once looked near us, and poor Sophie did nothing but spoil wax flowers, and weep—but, two days ago, as she and I were returning in the volante from our evening drive, who should we meet, in charge of a party of seamen who were returning from the funeral of a comrade who had died that morning—oh Benjamin, what a fearful climate this is—but him!—He did not see us until we were close upon him, when I desired the driver to pull up, so he could not escape us if he had tried it; poor Sophie lay back in the volante, out of sight as she thought—I am sure I heard her heart beat. I asked him why he had not come to see us—he seemed unprepared to answer; indeed, as you used to say, he was evidently taken completely aback—and blushed, and then grew pale, and blushed again—for he saw very well who was cowering at the back of the carriage.—‘I was going to call on you this very evening,’ he said, at length; ‘I thought you would all be glad to hear of my promotion.—Poor Sophie’s rigid clasp round my waist relaxed, and she gave a sigh as if her heart had burst—but it was her pent feelings that had been relieved.—‘Your promotion!’ I cried, in great joy.—‘Yes, I have got poor Mr Donovan’s vacancy.’—‘Dead? is poor Mr Donovan dead?’—‘No,’ continued he, ‘he is not dead, but has invalidated this forenoon, and Sir Oliver has given me an acting order as lieutenant—I make no doubt it will be confirmed; indeed *he* said he knows it will.’

“He came in the evening according to his promise, and most happy we were to see him—but what a world of changes—the very next day the *Spider* arrived, and we heard of your escape, and to show you my composure, I have purposely kept this out of sight until this moment, nor will I say much now. I went when I heard it, and offered up my

prayers to that Almighty being who rules over all, and orders every thing for the best, although we poor short-sighted creatures may not see it, and blessed *his* holy name, that you had safely reached your destination.

"But I am getting confused, I find. The bearer of your letter, poor young man, is no more—he died this morning of yellow fever; and who do you think is appointed to the Spider?—why, Henry De Walden, once more—nothing, you see, but Henry De Walden!

"To make a long story short, Mr Duquesné has now given his consent to their union, but old Sir Oliver, who exercises a *great*, and to me unaccountable control over Henry, will not hear of it, until he is made commander, so they must both live in hope; but for the moment, they are but too happy to be extricated from the gloomy slough of despond in which they had made up their minds they were both set fast. My father, mama, Mr Duquesné, Sophie, and Henry De Walden, all unite in kindest regards to you. And now, my dearest Benjamin, do not be

alarmed at this blistered manuscript; my heart is melting, and weeping relieves me, but I am not unhappy—oh, no—but anxious—oh, *how* anxious!—I will now retire to my closet, to the rock of my trust, and pray to my God, and your God, in whose great hand we stand, to bless us both, and speedily, *if* it be his good pleasure, to bring us once more together, never to be parted. I am fond and foolish, Benjamin, fond and foolish, but I know to whom I write. The seaman who waits for the letters is ordered on board, and I must conclude. Give my love to your uncle—I am sure I shall *love* him—tell him he *must* love me, for your sake, if not for my own. Once more adieu, and God bless you.

"Your own affectionate

"HELEN HUDSON.

"P.S.—Dickv has scrambled up on my knee, to give me a kiss to send to his *papa*. He bids me say that 'Billy, de sheep, quite well, only him hair wont curl any more, like Dicky's, but begin to grow straight and ugly, like Mr Listado's.'"

NURSERY RHYMES.

Chacun a son gré peut gloser,
Mais je n'en veux point imposer,
Par un pompeux amas de brillantes paroles
Je raconte des faits et non des fariboles.

In the *Morning Chronicle* of the 31st January are some remarks upon the "Nursery Rhymes" in *Maga* of January last, which show that the writer had only heard of, and not read them, for they are not a commentary, nor an illustration, of "the House that Jack Built," but, as it were, a parallel case of the "Wall the Whigs built."

Agreeing with the writer, that "these pigmy works" are "compositions of the greatest antiquity," of which, from a view of their manner, subject, and terms, and a comparison of these with passing affairs at present, he does not hesitate to pronounce that they are, one and all, prophetic productions of the remote ages, I have carefully examined many, and find them so clear in their signification, that I cannot but think

a notification of the coincidences of prophecy and fact will recover for these morsels of antiquity the importance they merit. In truth, they are very wonderful productions. To what peculiar charm, but that secretly working power of truth, which will one day burst forth from its closed bed, are we to attribute their universality of favourable acceptance? They have been, and still are, the delight of old and young; and, strange to say, not the less so that they have not been understood. "Omne ignotum pro magnifico" is trite and true, but it implies a dark sublimity as the covering veil. In these productions the importance of the things portended demanded an impression to be made on all, of all ages and conditions, from infancy in its weakness, to age in its strength

and wisdom; and consequently, the sublime prophetic vein has been entirely abandoned, and a winning simplicity adopted. And this homeliness is itself a mark of extreme antiquity; for the earliest known predictions and sentences of moral maxims, such as ornament Hesiod's "Old Almanac," the deepest and wisest history, are all of this character.

I am surprised that the Chronicler should have been guilty of such an anachronism, as to imagine that

"In the year Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,
There shall not be a Protestant left alive."

The writer in the Chronicle is no less unfortunate in his attempt to elucidate one of these pigmy tales. It was natural enough perhaps to the conceit of our newspaper combatant to attach so much importance to his own pigmy warfare with another, as to look back to the creation of the world for something predictive of such an event; but it is really too much to expect all mankind to put on the ridiculous spectacles of the Chronicler, for that would be indeed to view all history, and even passing events, in as unprofitable a light as "old almanacs," and much more ridiculous. The utmost that can be said of such combatants and their squabbles is "Tempora mutantur," and both parties may add, "Nos et mutamur in illis."

I would preface my version of the "Pigmy Tale," selected by the writer in the Chronicle, with an extract

"the renown'd Pastorini had contributed his share"—Pastorini being no other than a modern Roman Catholic Bishop, the Right Reverend Charles Walmesley, D. D., whose false prophecies, under the name of Pastorini, were intended to bring about the events they pretend to foretell, the destruction of the Protestants in Ireland in 1825; somewhat previously to which time almost every bush in Ireland had affixed to it the following couplet:—

from Bacon's preface to his "Wisdom of the Ancients."

"I suppose," says he, "some are of opinion, that my purpose is to write toys and trifles, and to usurp the same liberty in applying that the poets assumed in feigning, which I might do (I confess) if I listed, and with more serious contemplations intermix these things, to delight either myself in meditation, or others in reading. Neither am I ignorant how fickle and inconsistent a thing fiction is, as being subject to be drawn and wrested any way, and how great the commodity of wit and discourse is, that is able to apply things in a sense never meant by their first authors. But I remember that this liberty hath been lately much abused, in that many, to purchase the reverence of antiquity to their own inventions and fancies, have for the same intent laboured to wrest many poetical fables."

PIGMY TALE.

"There was an old woman, and she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She went to the market to buy them some bread,
But when she came home she found them all dead.
She went up stairs to ring the bell,
She slipped her foot, and down she fell."

It is mere puerility in the commentator to suppose this "old woman" to be "the Times" newspaper—an illustration of the "non dignus vindice nodus." But statesmen, as governors of the world, the impress of whose thoughts, words, and actions after ages bear, as they are the personages of the tragedy and comedy of the life of generations,

may be objects worthy the dignity of mythological history, or the wisely affected buffoonery of patriotic poets. Frogs and mice have figured and prefigured great men, mighty heroes; and insignificant as they are in themselves, with the rays of truth behind them, have cast long before the shadows of coming events. Birds, frogs, wasps, and even the coarse buffoon-

ery of the sausage-vender, brought upon the stage at the risk of the author's life, and therefore with a grave intent, were considered the best *dramatis personæ* to represent the Athenians in the mirror of their own true history.

But that I may not wander—we must not be surprised then to find in these prophetic “pigmy tales,” great statesmen represented by old women. In fact, we find this was the case in the earliest ages, and it is noticed by Lord Bacon. The Grææ of ancient fable, or Greys, were old women, personifications of treasonable and seditious measures, of which statesmen are the authors, and so by a metonymy these old women are put for the statesmen themselves; and doubtless such was the use intended to be made of the fabulous Grææ—grey old women, with but “one eye and one tooth; all their strength,” thus says Lord Bacon, “consisting, before they break out into open rebellion, either in an eye or a tooth; for every faction alienated from any state, contemplates and bites. Besides, this eye and this tooth is, as it were, common, for whatever they can learn and know is delivered and carried from one to another by the hands of faction; and as concerning the tooth, they do all bite alike, *and sing the same song*, so that hear one and you hear all. Their eye to dis-

cover, their tooth to sow, rumours and stir up envy, and to molest and trouble the minds of men.”

Now is not this fabulous account of the Grææ, or grey old women, very much in accordance with some of our “Pigmy Tales,” or “Nursery Rhymes?” and it is the more apt for illustration, as it suits in many, even minute parts, to the tale selected by the commentator of the Chronicle. We cannot but fancy we see the whole Grey administration, with their one eye and one tooth, stirring up envy, and molesting and troubling the minds of men, and all ever singing the same song, “The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.” I entertain not a shadow of doubt that the tale, though written in the earliest ages, represents Earl Grey and his Administration; and that he is more particularly prefigured by the Old Woman, whom we may more properly designate “Madam Reform.” The Grey old woman—or, as one of these Orphics entitles her, “The Old Woman clothed in Grey;” a happy expression, signifying that she, or Reform, had become the idol of his heart, the *habit* of his mind, and that she was as it were clothed with him. The tale is decidedly prefigurative of his fall, and is wonderfully accurate in its detail, as we shall see upon examination.

“There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe.”

It is very absurd in the Chronicler to conceit that this shoe fixes the authorship of the tale to the time of the giants, in one of whose seven-leagues the old woman is made to live. For though Earl Grey is not the only statesman who has wished to stand, and has actually stood in better and bigger men's shoes, yet the difficulty of walking or making a “movement” in them must preclude the idea of living in them. I take the shoe, therefore, to signify the particular country in which such transactions must take place; and that it is likewise chosen for some relative qualities or accidents of the thing. Had it been a boot we might have

looked towards Italy; but the shoe, if any one will look at the map, is unquestionably England, and the precise part of it where the government is carried on is that which is most liable to “the pressure from without.” A shoe may also aptly represent a state, which, in the estimation of the indweller, may constantly require his cobbling, and patching, and welting, particularly the *upper-leather*; the shoe being continually put in the mire, and liable to great wear and tear, and scraping and rubbing and blacking, and may have given rise to the political axiom, that there is “nothing like leather.”

“She had so many children she didn't know what to do.”

How very true! the offspring of the Grey old “Madam Reform” being indeed beyond all number.

Their misery, beggary, and profligacy so great, that she was obliged to go “to market” for them. These

offspring have been brawling agitators, political unions all over the kingdom, seditious, lazy, clamorous scoundrels, and so unprincipled that they have made the legislature exempt them from the maintenance of their own brats, and thrown the burden upon their poor deluded mothers. It must have been impossible to provide for all these by going to market, but there were some particular favourites, those immediately about the person of Madam Reform, and having to do with the Grey go-

vernment, whom it was attempted to feed, not fill, for they had bellies so big, they could neither fill nor get rid of. For such as these, the tale says, the old woman "went to market," and would have fain sold herself could she have pacified her cormorant progeny. Just so did Lord Grey go to market, and took there the Irish Church, and sold a good slice of it; and when he came back to distribute!!! What says the tale?

"But when she came back she found them all dead."

That is, they were not positively dead and buried, for that would have been a blessing—but figuratively so—they had so fought about the distribution, that, as a body, to pull together, as Reform might desire, they were defunct, and were like the po-

litical cats that ate each other up all but the *tails*. Therefore, though these tails, like Polypi, may revivify, their political death at the time sufficiently vindicates the prophetic vision.

"She went up stairs to ring the bell."

Up stairs! How expressive, for people must walk up preparatory to being shown down. Up stairs must mean to the King's closet, where Lord Grey absolutely went to tell

the King that his ministry was virtually defunct; and to ring the bell was undoubtedly to call up *other servants*.

"She slipped her foot and down she fell."

Now, as we must suppose the ringing the bell to be a royal order, and not very willingly done, it was done with an ill grace, and so awkwardly that she *slipped* and *fell*. From these words a deeper meaning, somewhat intricately hidden, may be discovered. It is the *foot*, observe, that slipped—a very expressive word—and she fell. Translate it thus: Every Administration has a head and a foot. Some have been known only by the parts most prominently put forward—some put the best foot forward, some incline the head, and the most quiescent was the Broad-bottomed Administration. Let me attempt to apply the tale. The foot is the Commons part; Lord Althorp slipped, and gave such a motion to the head, Lord Grey, that, while the foot was unhurt, and indeed got uppermost, the head fell and received the contusion. And there are so many ways of slipping, backwards and forwards and sideways, that the word must have been grasped in the

prophetic vision to express the *slippery* manner of the foot's proceeding, by which Lord Grey, being made "the head and front of their offending" fell, and Lord Althorp *slipped* back again into his old place. "She fell." So it was with the Premier. The fall and no other catastrophe is mentioned—he fell upon the head: with whose bleeding image, it is said, he has been so perpetually haunted, as a concomitant prediction.

But when the looked-for events are very important, we must expect to find collateral prophecies, mutually elucidating each other, till the great truth expand in full-blown splendour. So I think the learned fabulous antiquary will find that all the "Old Women" of Nursery Rhymes are the Grey, and all relate to the transactions or fall of the Reform Minister.

Take as a specimen the first that suggests itself:

"There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
 She went to market her eggs for to sell—
 She went to market, and all in the way,
 She met a beggar, as I've heard say.
 She met a beggar, whose name was Stout,
 And he cut her petticoats all round about;
 He cut her petticoats all above her knee,
 That little was there left, and 'twas shameful to see.
 She began to weep, and she began to cry—
 'Oh!' said the little woman, 'be I I?
 If I be I, as I suppose I be,
 I've got a little dog, and he'll know me;
 If I be I he'll wag his tail,
 If I be not I he'll bark and rail.'
 Then the old woman went home in the dark,
 She began to cry and the dog began to bark;
 The little dog he bark'd, and she began to cry,
 'Oh,' said the old woman, 'I ben't I.'"

Now here, it must be remarked,
 is precisely the same old woman,
 the same going to market. And
 what had she to take there to sell?
 —eggs, something *hatched* as eggs
 are, long cherished, as of her own
 soul and being, sat upon, warmed,
 cushion'd, nested. How well it re-
 presents such a scheme as Irish
 Church spoliation, a good round
 compact hatching, with a fair out-
 side shell, and yolk within. There
 can be no difficulty in finding exam-
 ples of political eggs; and when
 they are addled, that is addle-pated
 inventions, are often counted as
 chickens before they are hatched,
 and then getting into mischievous
 hands, and flung adroitly, make
 themselves pretty well known, and

offensive to those whom they bespat-
 ter. Observe, it is in "the way"
 going to market, perhaps a second
 time, having some eggs still in the
 basket, she meets a beggarman.
 Who the big beggarman is I need
 not say. He is designated enough
 by his name—Stout, a sturdy beg-
 gar. The beggar, so as in compari-
 son there can be no other—and as
 to his conscience or care about
 knocking down or robbing the Grey,
 or any old woman, little need be said
 about that. He is the one surely
 prefigured by the Nursery Mytho-
 logist in the following—Robbin sig-
 nifying his *robbing* propensities, *bob-
 bin*, his tail, and Dan, that he would
 beg, in his own winning way, from
 Dan to Beersheba.

"Robbin-a-bobbin, the big-bellied Dan,*
 He eats more meat than fourscore and a man.
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
 He eat a butcher and a half;
 He eat a Church, he eat a steeple—
 He eat the Priest and all the People."

Fourscore and a man over at a
 meal, is remarkable accuracy. After
 this he is such a one as we may
 suppose the butchers would run
 after and say, Please to tell every
 one you buy your meat of me. But
 it is not pleasant to follow him in
 his voracity, devouring cow, calf,
 butcher, and all. It is strange that
 nothing is said of pigs, as if he ab-
 horred the tithe-pig, and drove all

the rest out of the country. Eating
 a butcher and a half is odd, and prob-
 ably alludes to a great breeder of
 cattle, and looks forward to "every
 man his own butcher." The butch-
 er and his half may be, therefore,
 the Northamptonshire man and his
 driver. Eating Church and steeple,
 meaning the Church Cess; Priest
 and People is clear enough. But to
 the tale.

* Some MS. have Ben; but this is most probably an error of the transcribers.

Here we have the rascally Beggarman, before all the hatchings are disposed of, intercepting the old woman, and not satisfied with the eggs which, no doubt, he took, "cut her petticoats all round about." Now, most likely, the old woman's petticoat was a Sunday petticoat, and had some flounces and ornaments, perhaps of better days, and worn a little for show, and a little out of reverence. Whoever has been at Loretto need not be told what religious reverence is paid to the Virgin's petticoat. And all know that the late King of Spain, Ferdinand, worked one with his own royal fingers for the blessed Virgin of some place or other. We know, therefore, that, in the language and practice of ancient mystics, it is symbolical of the Church. The wonder is, at first sight, that even the Beggar didn't respect it; but it was not the particular one he was wont to worship, and he probably,

for reasons of his own, had a great dislike to it. In explanation—O'Connell did most certainly cut the *Church measure* all round about; and by cutting it above the knee, is meant that he didn't leave enough to pray in—that as when the old woman should kneel down to pray, she wouldn't have wherewithal to cover her knees; so O'Connell, in his curtailment, wouldn't leave room or a church for Protestants to pray in. That it was a shameful sight to see, both as it regarded the exposure of the old woman Madam Reform's nakedness, and the mutilated garment itself, substituting the words Lord Grey and the Church, has been the universal outcry. The old woman doubted her own identity. So when the undertrafficking, in the name of the Ministry, but without Grey's knowledge, came to light, it is no wonder if he doubted his own existence as a minister.

"I've got a little dog, and he'll know me."

Little dog! Lyttleton—how near the very name!—will know me; and that I have nothing to do with the matter, I'll refer to Lyttleton. Such

strange events and botherings had assailed him, that he only supposes he is himself and the Prime Minister.

"If I be I, as I suppose I be."

If he is really the Minister, his little dog Lyttleton will know him so to be, and fawn and flatter, that is, "wag his tail." But if really dwindled to the contemptible shadow of authority, "he'll bark and

rail." The old woman went home in the dark. Grey was kept in the dark; Lyttleton pretended it was too dark to discover his master the Minister and his views, and so he barked.

"She began to weep, and she began to cry—
'Oh,' said the little woman, 'I ben't I.'"

Lord Grey's last doleful ministerial apologetical farewell speech is but a commentary on these two summing up lines. They are not only indicative of events that might well make the ex-Minister weep, but most perfectly so of character;

and in that respect in every feature agree with another piece of the mythologist, where the portrait is given with the force of Rembrandt, and the minuteness of Denner. For who can doubt the identity of the "grumbling old woman?"

"There lived an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.
And though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet the grumbling old woman would never be quiet."

How capital the portrait. We have the ruling passion strong in death. It is the same old woman that cau-

sed all the hubbub and riot. How amply she provided herself with victuals, "loaves and fishes!" So,

mutatis mutandis, who can forget how the ex-Minister provided for the cupboards and larders of himself and relatives? But still he grumbled about what he had done, and others had not done, and had done; was dissatisfied with his own Reform, and that he had too much curtailed the royal authority; and grumbled again of the "pressure from without." I have some doubts as to the "Death of Cock Robin," whether it be the Robin Grey of after song—Cock Robin, perhaps, from his being the "Cock of the Walk," a com-

mon vulgar language among the class who are chiefly Reformers; nor have I made out to my satisfaction as yet who killed him. If I succeed in my attempts to unravel that mysterious apologue, I will publish it in *Maga*, with some explanatory and critical remarks in preparation on "Raw head and bloody bones."

But it is fair to see the Old Woman in a better light, in a more confident, not desponding humour, when mounting to the summit of her ambitious glory.

"There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the Moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a Broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Where are you going up so high?—
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by."

This mythological *bijou*, "de Lunatico inquirendo," is very perfect. It must be confessed, that "seventy times as high as the moon" is a case of *Ultra-Lunacy*. One cannot but think of the song, "Long life to the Moon," and "If that time goes the Coach, pray what time goes the Basket?" Socrates, in the comedy of the Clouds, ascended in just such

a cabinet piece of furniture. The old woman's ascent here is flighty enough—it indicates ærial vapoury projects. Building castles in the air is sober rationality to this self-projection. The old woman here is, however, certainly the prototype of Madam Reform, and her whimsies seventy times beyond all known lunacies.

"For in her hand she carried a Broom."

Now, did not Grey, quite in a similar manner, and for a similar purpose, take his broom, or Brougham, in his hand? Thus has one single event of modern times thrown the light of truth upon the most obscure passages of many of these Nursery

oracles. The Witch and the Broom is now a mystery unravelled; and this one truth discovered, should convert the most sceptical as to the political signification of all the rhymes.

"And in her hand she carried a Broom."

She would not, it appears, trust Broom out of her hand. This Broom was no ordinary sweeper, and the Old Grey Woman, fancying that not only the earth, with its primeval rocks and all that it contains, had cracks and flaws, conceived also that the very heavens had cobwebs. Broom was nothing loath to begin the "sweeping measure." It may, with some appearance of coincidence with facts, be supposed that the Upper Regions denote our Upper House, which is termed sky or ceru-

lean, because it is more pure, and that we look up to it—that it was threatened with the besom, and really inflicted with the Broom of Destruction, is notorious. But I should be more inclined to believe that the sky is The Church, our lofty Cathedrals and Bishops' Palaces, which Lord Grey commanded the Bishops to set in order, meaning that he would soon sweep away their cobwebs with his ministerial Broom. There is a passage in a local history, connected with the Reform

agitation, that tells us what the cobwebs are and where they are—one of the orators at Bristol, whose “words that *burn*” instigated the Grey rabble to save the minister the trouble of putting the Bishop’s house

in order, said at a public meeting, “Should I show respect to a magnificent cathedral, by prohibiting the use of the brush and shovel, lest the vermin should be disturbed and the filth removed?”

“And I’ll be with you by and by.”

The confidence of the Old Woman that she could come down from this height at pleasure is amusing; but we are in the tale left to conjecture the fall, the throwing away the Broom, and utter discomfiture, and final extinction.

There is another personage connected with this passage in the Old Woman’s life and adventures. Some-

times we find him called Hop o’ my Thumb, sometimes Little Tom Tit—Jack Horner, &c. For that they are all one and the same there can be no doubt. He is on one occasion made to address old Madam Reform thus, and the reader will see how curiously it relates to the event just described:—

“Old Mother Bunch, shall we visit the moon?
Come mount on your *Broom*, I’ll stride on this *spoon*;
Then hey to go, we shall be there soon.”

We have here the change from Old Woman to Mother Bunch, an admirably typic name for one who may be supposed to carry on his shoulders the cares of the nation, one who would have to *back* and be backed by the many-headed monster, to be the general budget bear-

er. But be that as it may, the little Spooney’s affected innocence is capital. “Shall we visit the Moon?” He is evidently intended to portray the little factotum of Madam Reform, and his questioning seems to imply that he would be a mouth-piece. He is, beyond dispute,

“The Little Jack Horner
That sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his *Thumb*,
And he pull’d out a plum,
And said what a good boy am I.”

This is certainly Lord John Russell; he is clearly pointed out by putting in his thumb and pulling out

a plum. He is found again in another prophetic fragment precisely so occupied.

“Who are you?
Hop o’ my Thumb.
What are you doing?
Eating a plum.”

The Christmas pie evidently denotes the Church, into which he puts his thumb and takes out a plum, and here he stands as representative of the Russell family *pars pro toto*. He sits in a corner meditating and contriving, if he likewise, as his ancestors before him, getting a good slice of Church spoliation, might pick out a plum for himself. We all know a plum is a good round sum—he is delighted with the concep-

tion of a plan, and applauds himself, “What a good boy am I.” And it is with this view that the Orphic verse contemplates him riding on the Family Spoon, from which the House of Russell have been so well fed, and accompanying Madam Reform and her Broom to get his share of the “Sweepings.” Why he is called “Little Jack Horner,” is not so clear—it may be that he *thumb’d* his *Horn* book, in allusion to his author-

ship—but if he be the same as “Tom Tit,” who wrote a treatise on decayed constitutions, and was a quack noted for his panacea of Harts-horn, in allusion probably to Russell’s Le-

nitive, Russell’s Elixir, &c., he may, on that account, be called Jack Horner. He will be found in this character in the precious little typical History of Jenny Wren.

“With hartshorn in hand
Came Doctor Tom Tit,
Saying, really, good sirs,
It is only a fit.”

Only the “whisper of a faction,” quoth Lord John. It is remarkable enough that this family Spoon is again alluded to in a curious little

fragment of a mystic apologue, the completion of whose denunciation we have not yet seen.

“Hie diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump’d over the moon;
The little dog laugh’d to see such fine sport,
And *The Dish* ran away with *The Spoon*.”

We should here see that there has been or will be a great deal of *diddling*. The cat and the fiddle may or may not be as yet in action. I take the cow to be merely a change of sex, as in the case of the Old Woman, and really means John Bull, who has perhaps not only been *diddled* but *cowed*, and forced in desperation to take this insane leap “over the moon.” Here, too, is the little dog again, probably the projected

Speaker of the House of Commons. It appears clear enough, however, that there is to be a general *dishing*, and that those who *dish*, will *run away with the Family spoon* above mentioned and explained.

Who does not see in the following the entire new furnishing of Madam Reform’s House? and those who think that change has not been for the better, will be more struck with the application.

“See saw,* Margery Daw,
Sold her old bed to lie upon straw;
Wasn’t she a silly old slut,
To sell her own bed and *lie in the dirt*?”

The astonishment of the ancient bard, conjuring up the vision of the meeting of the first Reform Parliament, is exhibited in the excitement

of every faculty and organ; sight and hearing are summoned to be on the alert upon the occasion.

“Hark, hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, some in jags,
Some in velvet gowns.”

There is a MS. copy in the British Museum, which substitutes *silken* for velvet, by which I have been at times inclined to think this had in view O’Connell and his tail. But tag rag and bob tail may be found in both countries, and perhaps a commentator should guard against

his partialities. Whether the dogs bark at them or they bark like dogs, or whether both meanings may be in use, I do not stop to enquire. But in the Reform Parliament we do find that cockerowing has been an accomplishment not unnoticed. And if I am right in my former explana-

* Query, If any way connected with Louis Phillippe’s Sophy Daw.

tion of the *shoe*, that it means England, the oracle is of awful import; and this cockcrowing Parliament seems but to give early *note* of the

“Cock-a-doodle-doo,
The dame has lost her shoe,
My Master's lost his fuddling cap,
And doesn't know what to do.”

I know not who the Master can be, who, by the word Master, seems to have been early wedded to Reform, unless it be the ex-Chancellor, who is here said to have lost his “fud-

loss of the *shoe*, or country, at least to Madam Reform: For it is thus written:

dling cap,” so often used in the service of Reform; and *he* certainly at present does not know what to do.

A great Destructive appears to be marked out in this distich:—

“Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.”

We can imagine him upbraiding the Radicals in general, (particularly his own to come out of their *mines*,) for their slowness in rising; and the ready allusion to coal, points out the

individual “small coal man” of the day.

A great calculator is certainly here exposed:—

“Dickery dickery dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one, the mouse ran down,
Dickery dickery dock.
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Dickery dickery dock.
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Dickery dickery dock.”

The perplexity of the poor creature between the figures is here happily expressed, the accountant's confusion and pertinacity to come again—this mountain in labour and produc-

tion of a mouse, make up an identity of person not to be mistaken, and is a very keen satire. We find him again in the following:—

“Tottle'em, bottle'em, botherabø,
Who can count from one to two?
I can, I can, do, do,
One and two—see, calf, see,
That's not two, but three, three,
Three or two 's all one to me.”

The questioning urchin floors the learned calf—“Stravit Humum”—he falls *totally*—“Procumbit Humi Bos.”

It may be more pleasing to bring forward some of those passages of the Oracular Fable that are promising of good: For such there are. In the following may be seen a happier day for the church—not only the restoration of the Irish bishop-

rics, but an addition—and that this will be a delight to the King's eye—and that they will be no longer muzzled, as it were, by education laws, jealousies, and restrictions, but sing joyfully throughout the land. And the restoration of tithes in cash and kind may be gathered from the very first line; and from the second the *piety* with which this desirable end will be brought about:—

“Sing a song of *sixpence*, a *pocket full of rye*,
Four-and-twenty *blackbirds* baked in a *pie*.”

The thing being thus admirably done, according to the King's wishes, they are laid before him.

"And when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
Wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the king?"

Nor is this the only treat promised his present majesty, and may he long live to enjoy the prosperity of his country his heart desires. I know that, in the one I am about to produce, those who have named the Duke of Wellington "Dictator," will cry out, "Oh, here's a pretty prophecy—so the duke is king too, is he?" But I must, once for all, remind the reader, that, in the earliest ages, great persons had this and similar titles in all countries. The heroes of Greek history were all *αυαντες* or kings; and a good sailor, or steersman, was com-

monly called King of the Oar, or Rudder, as it might be; and Rex and Reguli in Latin, were terms for princes who were not, strictly speaking, kings. The title, therefore, in the following lines, given to the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Waterloo, so clearly marked out by name, Arthur, serves to show the extreme antiquity of the composition; and another king and queen being mentioned, before whom this King Arthur lays his dainties, renders the explanation more certain.

"When good King Arthur ruled this land he was a goodly king,
He stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding this king did make, and stuff'd it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat as big as my two thumbs;
The King and Queen did eat thereof, and noblemen beside,
And what they couldn't eat that night the Queen next morning fried."

There is a word here startling at first sight, but it really proves the great antiquity of the verse—that it was composed at a time when warfare, piracy, and stealing were one and the same thing. So we find in Homer no disgrace was implied, and no offence in the question, "Are you a robber?" and so here the word *stole* is used to denote the glory and conquests won by the great warrior, and is alone significant of a warrior. The three pecks of barley meal are the Duke's victories and England's trophies, won in France, Spain, and Portugal. And when "Arthur ruled the land," that during his ministry, or while he is one of the servants of the crown, the whole country, king, nobility, and commons, would be sensible that England has been, and will be still, a great gainer by his exploits, and, what is very promising indeed, that all will have enough to eat. Indeed, the great lumps of fat and plums bid us look to a state of

prosperity quite amazing; and if as yet we are not promised the entire restoration of the "Roast Beef of old England," for the times have been too long *out of joint* immediately to expect that, we shall at least have the fat, and plenty of it, and more in the fire. Peace and plenty go together,—and so it will be, and it appears so from this, that there will not only be enough for their present majesties, God bless them, but that the queen will happily and prudently put by for the use of those that are to come; and I should not be surprised if, this care of hers being noticed, those that are to come should be very near and dear to herself. I can even imagine I see her majesty delighting in the prosperity of affairs at home and abroad under a Tory Ministry, singing in these lines to some infant future king or queen, in the playful familiarity of domestic happiness, in the presence of the smiling and joyous King William,—

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with T—T for Tory, my dear,
Put it in the oven for Billy and me."

O! the subject is worthy the best historical painter in the country, or the nice family hand of Pickersgill; and the picture should be in the National Gallery.

I might go on at great length, but let these few specimens suffice. I

will conclude this picture in my mind's eye with so good an omen. "Quod felix faustumque sit,"—"Vivant Rex et Regina," and "Vos, Plaudite."

4th February, 1835.

WILLIAM PITT.

PART III.

It is remarkable as a national distinction, and still more remarkable as a public advantage, that in England all the great principles of the life of nations are in a state of perpetual enquiry. In the continental kingdoms the sole object of public interest is the conduct of the monarch or the minister. In France a new era has lately begun, but it is still the infancy of legislation, and may never reach the manhood. Even in America, we hear of little more than the tricks of elections transferred to the tricks of Congress; quarrels among obscure *coteries* in the villages expanded into interminable speeches in the legislature; and the whole annual labour of American wisdom, compiled for the world in the speech of the President, whose whole labour seems to be that of lucky finance, and whose financial triumphs, in the midst of a new world, demanding the largest liberality of government to foster the growing powers of the people, seems to be limited to the saving of so many dollars this year, within the narrowest scale of national penury the year before. But in England we have topics of a more deliberate, manly, and majestic order. With us, all is not one sullen stream of the feelings, allied to despotism,—a Lethe, in which the national mind sinks, and is buried; nor one furious democratic torrent, in which it is hurried breathlessly along. The breadth and depth of the public mind among us allows room for many currents—for all the innumerable impulses of earth and heaven upon its expanse—for the tempest to shake its surface, without penetrating its depths—and, above all, for that great periodic revolution which never fails—that perpetual recurrence and tide of thoughts and things, which is essential at once to its uses and to its salubrity. The advantage of this fortunate distribution, this return of events and renewal of discussions, is to be directly found in the know-

ledge of public principles which it constantly calls into exercise—in the ceaseless vigilance over public men and affairs which it demands—and in the solid experience which it administers to the successive generations of a land, where freedom always lives, and is always tried by power, popular rashness, or individual corruption.

A strong instance is before us at this hour.

The Head of the State is arraigned for exerting the right of choosing his Ministers. The charge is a grave one. But here we are not driven to the necessity of investigating political problems—of diving into the obscure mysteries of the constitution, nor even of revolving the pages of remote history. But half a century has elapsed since a King of England exerted the same right, under the strongest circumstances of personal difficulty and public clamour. We are thus not driven to the prevarication of living testimony for our facts, but appeal to the past, and are answered from registers which have passed beyond the influences of faction;—we draw the lessons of political wisdom from founts which are sealed against all the turbidness of the time. But in these evidences from the lips of the ancestry of freedom, we have not merely the moving principles,—we have the more substantial wisdom of the actual results. We see the monarch, in 1783, after having received a Ministry forced on him by circumstances, and bearing with that Ministry until it fell by its own act, summoning other men to his councils; pronouncing his unalterable right to exert this power for the benefit of the nation; resisting all efforts to overthrow his resolution; and finally succeeding, and casting the fallen Cabinet into a minority of twenty-three years.

On the 2d of April, 1783, the memorable Coalition Ministry was declared. The Duke of Portland, first Lord of the Treasury; Fox, Secre-

tary for Foreign Affairs; Lord North, Home Secretary; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Keppel, first Lord of the Admiralty; Lord Stormont, President of the Council; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal. The change of members in the Cabinet was characteristic. Lord North's Cabinet had consisted of nine. In the Rockingham and Shelburne Cabinets, the number had been eleven; it was now but seven. The number of Cabinet Ministers may be so far increased, as to form a serious obstacle to deliberation, and a large Cabinet is generally a suspicious evidence of the soundness of Ministry. It looks too like compromise; men are paid for their principles by the indulgence of their vanity. But Fox's number was a direct contrivance for power. He had not merely the three Rockingham votes, while Lord North had brought in but two of his friends; but Fox's votes, the Duke of Portland, Lord Keppel, and Lord John Cavendish, were not only more bound to him, but they exercised higher departments. The Treasury, the Admiralty, and the Exchequer, could be but feebly counteracted by the Presidency of the Council and the Privy Seal. Fox was thus virtual sovereign; yet he moved his sceptre gently over the head of his colleague. He suffered him to dispose of lord stewardships and lord chamberlainships; and thus, if he did not atone for the privation of power, at least softened the abruptness of its decline. In the minor but active offices, Fox again asserted his sway. The great name of Burke less added to than adorned the administration, as paymaster of the army. His brother Richard, with Sheridan, were made secretaries of the Treasury, and Colonel Fitzpatrick was Secretary at War.

It is a truth, and a truth that does the highest honour to England, that nothing can compensate in the public feeling for want of principle. The Coalition Ministry was composed of the most brilliant materials that England had ever seen. In other days, the solitary genius of a Walpole or a Chatham had thrown a lustre over the general mediocrity of the Cabinet. But here were col-

lected the most powerful orators, and the leading wits, and the most accomplished individuals of the highest ranks of society. Fox's public eloquence was beyond all rivalry for strength, vividness, and feeling. North's wit was exquisite and incessant. The annals of oratory have never seen an equal to the grandeur of Burke's conception, and the colouring of his language. Lord Townshend's promptitude and pleasantry, and Fitzpatrick's grace, animation, and elegance, were incomparable in their day of general pleasantry and animation. Of Townshend, who then replaced the Duke of Richmond, we have heard much from local knowledge. He had been already distinguished in his profession, having been second in command under the celebrated Wolfe; and, on the death of that officer, forcing the enemy, panic-struck by their extraordinary defeat, to surrender Quebec, and with it the French empire in the West. But it was in Ireland, a much more difficult position, that he shone. Whether from ill fortune, ignorance, or the general inaptitude of the English noble to adopt the habits of other countries, England has been in general strikingly unlucky in her Irish viceroys. Among the long list of representatives of majesty, from the famous and ill-fated Strafford, but one had hitherto acquired the good will of the Irish people, and that one was the Earl of Chesterfield. His instruments were neither the profundity of his wisdom, nor the zealotry of his opinions, but his wit, his invincible good-humour, and his punctilious attention to the enjoyments of the people. He has left behind him an enduring monument of his lieutenantancy, in the formation of a vast park in the neighbourhood of the Irish capital, which he reclaimed from being in the state of a swamp, and made one of the finest pieces of public ground in Europe. His pleasantries are still recorded among the people, and his name will be remembered as long as there is recollection for public services.

The viceroys who succeeded each other with such rapidity, from the commencement of the reign of George III., and whose rapid suc-

cession was one of the calamities of the country, were uniformly unfortunate in their efforts for popular regard. Even from the period when to conciliate popularity had become a direct ministerial purpose, the failure was scarcely less palpable. Lord Harcourt's intelligence and vigour were forgotten in the chillness of his manners. Lord Buckinghamshire's knowledge, and what was called his aristocratic zeal for the interests of the country were but a feeble drawback on haughtiness. Lord Carlisle's elegant scholarship was laughed at as spurious refinement. The Duke of Portland and Lord Temple, though each highly valued in the beginning of their government, yet closed their career in general indifference. Lord Worthington was an invalid, and unable to join in the national spirit of festivity. Townshend, fond of society, a humorist, acquainted with various stages of life, naturally of a vigorous understanding, cultivated in the school of experience, and largely acquainted with political and personal difficulty, possessed the exact measure of qualifications to make him a favourite among a people equally remarkable for talent, recklessness, and pleasantry. Faculties like his naturally delighted in similar companionship; and the table of the Lord-lieutenant speedily became the central point of a crowd of the wits and humorists of Ireland. An eloquent Opposition was either boldly met, or artfully softened by a Treasury Bench equally abounding in argument and pleasantry. Townshend's *bon mots* were passed from lip to lip through the streets; and though his direct mission was at once to break down a powerful party, which had taken the reins of government out of the hands of the minister, and to resist an Opposition adorned by the highest talents of Ireland, two tasks, either of which might have baffled very remarkable abilities, and which actually involved him in the keenest personal altercations with party; yet those hostilities were scarcely echoed, and never felt by the general body of the nation. His congenial good-humour covered his multitude of political sins: his manly

temper, soldierly bearing, and promptitude of wit, made him the purchaser of "golden opinions" of all sorts of men; and when he at length, after his allotted term of five years, gave up office, he was followed by the universal regrets of the nation.

This example is important from its evidence of the qualities essential to the successful government of Ireland. A great English satrap cannot govern it. No expenditure of his money, however lavish, will atone for the reserve of his manners. Political knowledge is not enough, where the true science is knowledge of human nature. Birth, public distinctions, eloquence, and scholarship, have all been singly exhibited on the largest scale, and all successively failed. Prodigality of expense, and personal dissipation, have been tried in their turn, and have discovered, by painful experience, that they utterly miscalculated the Irish character. The true power of popularity resides in sympathy, in the adoption of the national feelings, without giving way to the national follies, and in at once making due allowance for prejudices, and in vigorously coercing crimes. To cultivate national esteem in Ireland by laxity of personal character, by idle profusion, or licentious excesses, is altogether to mistake the national mind. Stained as the public fame of the country has been by the predominance of a fierce faction, the mind of the countless majority is still quick to judge, and keen to censure the slightest relaxation of the nobler qualities of our nature. Perhaps the best viceroy for Ireland would be an Irishman, sufficiently trained to English habits to escape the predilections of his birth, but sufficiently retaining the feelings of his original nature to enter into the sentiments and impulses, the common enjoyments as well as the common sufferings, of his country.

Fitzpatrick, the new Secretary at War, was a leading figure of this group of the high-bred and accomplished. He had the solid qualities of a gallant soldier, some of the talents of a statesman, and all the graces of a man of the first fashion.

With a person manly, commanding, and handsome, and manners which, though lofty, were elegant, he was naturally admired among those courtly circles to which such advantages are objects of peculiar admiration. But in addition he had a fine taste for literature; and, though he exhibited his powers chiefly in the lighter poetry, this poetry was remarkable for point, polish, and even, not seldom, for pathetic beauty. From early association he had been the friend,—from public habits he had become the partisan, of Fox. Unhappily, not content with following the political principles, he adopted the personal weaknesses of that distinguished personage. At Brookes's the passion for play was ruinous and universal; and Fitzpatrick, always accustomed to lead the fashion, plunged headlong into the fatal error of his tribe. Perhaps no instance of individual vice, not amounting to a public crime, was ever punished more publicly than the gaming of Fox and his favourites, Fitzpatrick and Sheridan. The gaming table, unquestionably, was the primary obstacle to the national confidence in the great leader of Opposition. The general language was, "Can we trust a notorious gamester with the finance of the country, or can we rely on his prudence as a statesman who has ruined himself as a private individual?" To this language there was, and there can be, no secure denial; the same intemperate eagerness for indulgence, the same disregard for public morals, and the same reckless defiance of inevitable disgrace and dilapidation, must form the ingredients of the character under whatever accidental changes of position. The distance between St James's and Downing Streets could not teach sudden self-control, nor the command of the vast resources of the English treasure inculcate economy in a mind whose principle was profusion. Sheridan, with all his genius, was cast down by this vice through all the grades of public contempt, until he perished. Fitzpatrick finally closed his showy career in decay of mind, body, and reputation. Fox was morally exiled from the high station for which he was formed by nature, for which his fine abilities designated him from

early life, and for which he continually struggled, with the keenest eagerness of political ambition.

The remaining appointments of this notorious Ministry were rapidly made. Lee was brought back to the Solicitor-Generalship; Lord Northington was sent by Fox to the Irish government. The Duke of Manchester was named ambassador to Paris. The only difficulty was raised on the disposal of the Chancellorship. The King desired to retain it in Lord Thurlowe's hands; it was offered to Lord Loughborough, who declined it, and it was at length put into commission.

All was triumph for the time on the part of the Foxites. They had trampled on Shelburne, whom they hated, and had overcome the King, whom they regarded as almost a personal opponent. Never was a party more apparently secure, nor whose security was destined to afford a stronger lesson of the fallacy of all political confidence. Looking round the whole public horizon, they saw not a vestige of hostility capable of being matured into resistance. The King was indignant but passive, Pitt had returned to his books, and seemed to think only of returning to his profession. Shelburne had shrunk from public life in sullen resignation. Thurlowe was still fierce and still ambitious, but his power had passed away, his personal character had no charm for popularity. He rolled his thunders still, but at a distance; their fires were ineffectual, and even their growlings were forgotten. One figure alone in the Cabinet exhibited a melancholy contrast to the rejoicings of the new circle of power. North, prime minister for twelve sessions, now sat the possessor of an inferior office, lost in a crowd which once either feared or followed him. But no man was more fitted to grace adversity. His exhaustless good-humour, his universal good-nature, and a wit which neither time nor circumstance had the effect of depressing, rendered him still the delight of the House, and threw round his fall a respect which was often refused to the bolder pretensions of his confederates in authority.

A similar descent has since occurred, in the case of Lord Sid-

mouth. But his premiership had been of too short a duration to leave on him the stamp of fallen supremacy; and he was spared, by his removal to the House of Peers, the contrast between the holder of the first office of the state and the Secretary for the Home Department. With regard to North himself, the original intention had been to give him a Peerage; but other considerations repelled the object. He felt that his retirement from the House of Commons would throw the whole power of the state into the hands of his colleague—that Fox would be, not merely prime minister, but sole minister—and that the friends and adherents of the North interest would be gradually drawn away, or extinguished in the overwhelming force of his rival.

The first operations which came before Parliament were those on which, perhaps, the character of an English Administration is most rapidly decided—finance. The Budget was opened on the 16th of April. Nothing could be more unfortunate than its attempts to relieve the national burdens. A loan of twelve millions was negotiated. The abuses which had been so loudly charged upon Lord North's Administration were diligently adopted by its successors. The chief part of the loan was privately taken, L.7,700,000 being subscribed by eleven bankers, nearly upon their own terms, the remaining L.4,300,000 were distributed among the bankers in general, the monied companies, and *private friends*. But the negotiation had no sooner transpired than it produced a universal outcry. Pitt headed the Opposition on the subject. He demonstrated that the holders had no less a bonus than *six per cent*—complained that the benefits of public competition had been disdained, and declaring that competition was ready, forced the Chancellor of the Exchequer to acknowledge that he had been offered to the amount of sixty millions. Lord Shelburne proved that the national loss on this single bargain amounted to L.650,000! The bonus actually rose to eight per cent before the bargain was concluded. But the public opinion was still more unequivocally marked by the general fall of the

stocks. The three per cent consols at the beginning of the Ministry were at 70, by December of the same year they were at 56,—a fall totally unprecedented, without a war, or any public calamity to shake the confidence of the people.

Soon after this exposure, Pitt followed up the blow by bringing in a bill for the abolition of fees in the public offices. The subject is still so amusing, from the extravagance of this old abuse, that we shall give an abstract of his speech. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had opposed the motion on the ground of inutility: Pitt proceeded to show its necessity.—“He would prove that abuses in offices of revenue really existed, and to a very great amount. In the Navy Office, when an enquiry was instituted by the (Shelburne) Board of Treasury, the answer was, that no *fees* were received by that office. On a closer examination, however, it came out, that though *fees* were not received, *gifts* were—that those were received by many of the officers, and that, among the rest, the chief clerk of the office, whose salary was but L.250 a-year, received no less than L.2500 in gifts. Those were the wages of corruption, and undoubtedly hazardous to the efficiency of the ships and stores, inasmuch as they were bribes to silence on abuses. Contracts had been made, which gratified the Government and the country by their apparent lowness. The solution of the enigma, however, was, that the officers who were to look to the execution of the contract were in the pay of the contractor. The Secretaryship of the Post-office had a salary of L.600; the annual income, by fees on the packets, was made up to L.3000. The two Secretaries of the Treasury had L.2000 a-year each; but in war the fees swelled those salaries to L.5000. The supply of furniture for the public offices was one general abuse, there being evidence that officers not only made no scruple to order the different articles, at the public expense, to their dwelling-houses in town, but to their country houses, and that at the most extravagant rate. The abuses in the public offices under the head of stationery were almost

incredible, and frequently ridiculous in the extreme. He had heard of rooms papered with the public stationery. The annual charge for stationery was above L.18,000; and it would, he believed, astonish the noble lord in the blue ribbon (North) to learn,—for he fully believed that the noble lord had no idea of any such circumstance,—that the year before last he had cost the public no less than L.1800 in stationery; and, great as this sum must appear to gentlemen, he should not have wondered,—knowing, as he did, of what curious articles the bill was composed,—if the amount had been as many thousands. One item of the bill was a charge of L.340 for *whip cord!*” The motion was agreed to, a committee appointed, and the bill passed the Commons; but it was finally opposed by Ministers in the Lords, and lost.

Pitt might have made statements still more ludicrous, and not less true. A man of large fortune, and member of Parliament, was publicly mentioned, who, on his being made a lord of trade, gave an order for a superfluity of pewter ink-stands for his own use. The ink-stands were brought, and he instantly exchanged the whole with the dealer for a handsome silver one. This piece of dexterity was too prosperous not to be followed up. He was said to have ordered green velvet enough to make him a complete court dress, under pretence of making bags to contain his office papers. Stationery, the old official temptation, had not escaped his adhesive touch. His correspondents could recognise in his letters the office paper, full ten years after the Board of Trade itself was no more.

The interesting portion of this period is the King's conduct to the Administration. He made no secret of his disapproval. He openly declared that they had been forced upon him; and the result may be deemed a sufficient prediction of their fate, whenever a Ministry shall thus have roughly grasped at power. In the audience given to the Duke of Portland on the formation of the Cabinet, his Majesty said, that he had no inclination to suppress his sentiments on the subject; that, feeling the new arrangements to be altogether com-

pulsory, the new Ministers might dispose of the places of Government just as they pleased; that he would not oppose, nor refuse his signature to any act presented to him officially for his sanction; but that the responsibility of advising the measures must rest solely with themselves. But his displeasure was still more distinctly marked by the declaration that he would not create any British Peers on their recommendation, and by his displeasure at Lord Stormont's (his personal friend) accepting the presidency of the council.

This was the brilliant portion of Fox's life. He never was so animated, active, and vigorous, alike in parliamentary exertion and in general intercourse with society, as at this period. The virtual head of the Government, he exhibited all the obvious requisites for this high position in an extraordinary degree. Always a most powerful debater, he was now an indefatigable one;—always fond of society, he now gave himself to the full play of his social capacities;—always sportive, good-humored, and abounding in pleasantry, he was now the universal delight and leader of all that was sparkling and accomplished in the gay conflicts and collisions of wits, scholars, and men of the world. His entertainments to the ambassadors and other distinguished strangers, as foreign minister, were of the most costly order. No man was better acquainted with the habits of foreign life. His knowledge of the French language was unusually perfect, and his intelligence on the various interests of the continental courts, and the chief points of diplomatic ceremonial and law, surprised all those who had seen him only in his dissipated hours. But Fox was capable of singularly close application, the ground-work of a vast variety of general knowledge had been early laid in his mind, and that mind was of so powerful and retentive a texture, that while it mastered the most perplexing subjects with apparent ease, it seldom lost any thing which it had once acquired. But here panegyric must close. If Fox had been formed for the express purpose of showing how the finest talents might be rendered useless, he would have per-

fectly fulfilled his vocation. Born with a hereditary veneration for monarchy and aristocracy, he sacrificed all his objects to the shout of the populace. Entering public life in the service of Government, and the son of a royal adherent, his first labour was to separate himself from the royal cause, and, by dealing out personalities against the Sovereign, sow the seeds of irreparable personal alienation; adapted by nature, and trained by habit, for the highest exercises of the noblest of human sciences—statesmanship—his whole governmental supremacy, from the beginning to the close of a life of fifty-eight years, amounted to less than two. His errors and his virtues are now alike in that spot where censure and praise are equally unheard. The sacredness of the grave interposes itself between all bitterness and his memory. But we may justly lament that such powers should have been so lost to his country while he remained here, and that from his tomb we can draw no other moral than of defeated hopes, wasted ability, and worn-out fame.

The close of the year 1783 was a moral on a larger scale, a moral of the infinite uncertainty of all national provision for peace, the uncertainty of all great public transactions, and the shortsightedness of all political prediction. If Europe had possessed a temple of Janus, it would have been shut by the general hand of mankind. Peace had been made with all the leading belligerents of the world—with France, Spain, America, and lastly, with Holland. Even the Eastern disturber, Hyder Ali, the most formidable military genius which India had produced since the days of Arungzebe, had closed his career but the December before; intelligence of which had arrived just at the period of the general signatures of European peace. Every thing promised the most unbroken tranquillity for an unlimited length of time. Yet, but a few years were to pass before Europe was to be involved in the bloodiest and most subverting hostilities known since the fall of the Roman empire.

The fates of parties and politicians sink into insignificance beside those tremendous examples of the instability of human things. But it

is remarkable that the supremacy of the Foxite administration was similarly verging on the most fatal fall, at the moment of its most acknowledged supremacy. The moral is, that no administration, forced upon the King of England, can be of long continuance, and no moral is more salutary for the preservation of British freedom. No one now conceives the possibility of arbitrary power issuing from the throne. Every one, but the wildest partisan, is aware of its formidable probability of exercise by the populace. It is therefore of the first importance that a great protective power should be found somewhere, and it is obvious that this power cannot be placed with more wisdom in any portion of the community than in the individual who alone, having nothing to hope or fear, being personally exempt from all injury, and equally exempt from all political temptation, is naturally placed in the best position to think gravely, act wisely, and deal honestly, in all the great concerns of empire.

Yet the mode in which the royal displeasure operated to overthrow the Coalition, was at once so simple and so circuitous, that it forms one of the most striking cases of cause and effect in court history. Fox had offered such irreparable offence to the King in person, that reconciliation was never attempted by him. From the beginning, he felt that he must depend on himself, and the calm intractability of the Sovereign, evinced as it was on several occasions, determined the minister to lose nothing by deference to the royal feelings. But there was another consciousness strongly urging Fox to bold hazards. He had been the man of the people. He was so no more. His junction with North had loaded him with the sins of the old Cabinet, enhanced by the sins of the new. He was openly charged even with having brought to the blunders of Lord North political frauds of his own. No state manœuvre had ever been pregnant with a more unpopular progeny than the Coalition. It was clear that the minister had lost his popularity. He could no longer, in case of triumph, strengthen himself with the people. He could as little, in case of failure,

retreat upon the people. In this difficulty he took the daring measure of rendering himself independent of both King and people.

The memorable India Bill was alike the intended instrument of his ambition, and the means of his ruin. Its history is now too notorious, or too remote, for public interest. The results alone are important, as substantiating the general moral of resistance to the constitutional authority of the King. The first English East India Company was established in 1600. The charter was renewed successively by James I., Charles I., James II., and William and Mary. A second company was established in 1698. The two were finally combined in 1708. Those Companies were strictly commercial, and their privileges, constitution, and government, were regulated by the necessities of traffic. But another scene, unequalled in European or Oriental history, was now to open. The traders became sovereigns; the victories of Clive, a great military genius, who, like his masters, had risen from the desk to wield the truncheon, and whose gallantry deserved the sceptre, threw back the gates of an empire which every hour saw extending. The vast provinces of Bengal, Bohar, and Orissa, with the five Northern Circars, provinces equal to European kingdoms, were the prizes of the British sword. The factious illiberality of party libel, or the ignorant jealousy of foreigners, has charged England with aggression and avarice in those extraordinary conquests. But no charge was ever more destitute of foundation. The English wars in India were the product of the strictest necessity. In their origin they were totally defensive. The merchants fought for the narrow strip of land round their factory; for their ships and for their merchandise. The native prince, who repelled his enemy as well as theirs, by their assistance, rewarded them with additional privileges in the land, and with a portion of the territory forfeited by the invader. The restless rapine of the Eastern sovereigns producing perpetual infractions of treaties, and their inferiority to the British in arms, discipline, and courage, producing the natural result, in new partitions of the conquered ter-

ritory, at length the Company stood in the attitude of sovereigns. But then came the severer trial. Sudden opulence, novelty of power, and a distance of eighteen thousand miles from the eye of authority, gave birth to excesses in the subaltern agents of this vast dominion. From the first territorial accession in 1765 to 1773, the nation had looked only with astonishment at the prowess of the British arms. But in 1773 other feelings called the attention of Government to the abuses of authority, and a bill was brought in by Lord North to meet the chief sources of animadversion. The bill was practically eluded in India; and in 1781, on petitions at home and representations from abroad, Lord North moved for a "Secret Committee," to enquire into the Carnatic War, and consider the general state of the British possessions in the East. The committee with Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, as chairman, sat for two years. The report contained a prodigious mass of information on all the heads of revenue, government, and polity. It was embodied in no less than 121 resolutions, submitted from time to time to the House, and the result was a universal acknowledgment, that nothing but the immediate and vigorous interposition of the throne could save the Indian empire.

But the European crisis was too anxious for Ministers. The interposition was delayed. Dundas, impressed with the dangers of the delay, brought in a bill, founded on his resolutions. To suffer a measure of such importance to proceed from a private individual, would have been contrary to all the interests of the Cabinet. The bill was opposed by Ministers, and lost. But upon its ruins Fox determined to build not only a new system for India, but a permanent dictatorship for the existing Minister of England.

On the 18th of November, 1783, in a speech of extraordinary detail, information, and eloquence, he developed his memorable plan for the reform of India. He proposed to establish, for the supreme authority, a Board in London, to consist of seven commissioners, in whom were to be vested the authority over all property belonging to the Company,

all control, civil, military, and commercial, all appointments of officers of every description, in both England and India, and the possession of all charters, privileges, and papers. For the details of Government, eight assistants were to be appointed by those commissioners, their chief employment being the commercial affairs of the company. In the first instance, both the commissioners and the assistants were to be appointed by *Parliament*, their power continuing for a limited term of three or five years, any of the commissioners to be removable by the King, *on a vote* of either Houses of Parliament, and any of the eight assistants to be removable by five of the commissioners. Any vacancy which should happen among the commissioners to be filled up by the King, and any among the assistants by the Court of Proprietors. Finally, the commissioners were to lay before the Board of Treasury yearly, at the beginning of the session, a statement of their proceedings. The bill was to be followed by another, giving security to the Indian subject, rectifying spoliations, &c.

This plan had been sedulously kept from public knowledge until the last moment. But its hazards were instantly seen by the vigilant sagacity of Pitt. He pronounced it a design for vesting the whole power of India in the hands of the Minister, and for thus continuing the domination of that Minister until the day of his death, and the domination of his party while we continued to possess an Indian empire.

Nothing can be more evident, from the simplest view of the bill, than the Ministerial resolve to defy all the power of the constitution. The whole patronage of India, the military and judicial commissions, the contracts, the trade, the purchase of merchandise and stores to the amount, even then, of six millions a-year, in the hands of a small body of men, must have created an influence dangerous to the throne and the constitution. With this influence on his side, a corrupt or ambitious minister might make himself master of every corruptible mind in the country, and storm the legislature. The bill, by its own nature,

in the first instance, involved the most comprehensive violation of private property ever known, by the seizure of the rights of the stockholders; the most comprehensive violation of public engagements, by the seizure of the charters; and the most comprehensive violation of established policy, by the general change of the Indian system in all things that related to government and trade. But still higher evils were connected with this singular usurpation. The commissioners were placed in such a rank of independence, with respect to India, that they were enabled to resist the actual policy of the King's Government, if such were their pleasure, and thus plunge England into unexpected war with European princes on account of Indian possessions, they not being compelled to keep up any communication with Ministers beyond the mere annual statement of their measures. The guards proposed in the bill against those formidable results, were as palpably inefficient. The commissioners were to be appointed by Parliament. But this was virtually the appointment of whoever swayed the Parliament, which individual then was Fox. The commission was to be appointed only for four years. But long before that time the effect of its patronage would have been felt in securing the Foxite Ministry; and as a vote of a submissive Parliament had created the commission, a similar vote would renew it. The power of removing a commissioner by a vote of either House was given. But it must naturally be ineffective, for nothing would justify Parliamentary interference except *gross* misconduct, and even that interference would still depend on the will of the minister, armed with the resistless patronage of India. The appointment by the King, in case of a vacancy by death, would be equally ineffectual, for if the minister still held his power, the appointment would vest in one of his friends; or if Fox were, by any accident, thrown out, he left behind him six commissioners to contend against one. As to the argument that the power proposed by the bill was only that hitherto exerted by the Company, the direct answer was, that no difference could be greater than between

an authority divided among the members of a great company, not politicians, and with a thousand different views, and an authority concentrated in a small body of political persons, partisans by their nature, independent of the Crown, and owing their existence to the minister.

Pitt, from the first announcement of this most daring assault on the constitution, stood forth as its defender, and exhibited powers worthy of the occasion. His first effort was to retard the violent and suspicious rapidity with which the Cabinet hurried on the second reading of the bill. "But a single week has been proposed to comprehend a bill which extends to every function of government, and menaces every interest of the empire, present and to come.—Such is the time," exclaimed Pitt, "allowed by the mercy or the contempt of the Cabinet for the enquiry into principles which involve the living and future fates of England and India. And such is the scheme of usurpation and defiance which is planned by the man always loudest in sounding the alarm of danger to the liberties of the country. I can see nothing in the haste exhibited in carrying this iniquitous measure through Parliament, but the precipitancy and ardour of plunderers, eager to grasp and hold fast their prey."

The public were now awakened to their danger, and universal astonishment was succeeded by universal indignation. The East India proprietors instantly petitioned the House, denying the charges of the bill. The East India Directors followed, with a demand to be heard by counsel. Yet, in the debate on going into committee, the motion was carried by 217 to 103, so suddenly had the members scented the banquet spread for them in India.

But the bill was to undergo a different fate in that assembly which has so often rectified the errors of the House of Commons, and which, by its superiority of personal means, its remoteness from the immediate pressure of popular influence, and its large interest in the preservation of public tranquillity, has been so long the refuge of the constitution. On the 9th of December, the bill

was brought up to the House of Lords by Fox, followed by an imposing train of members of the Commons' House. Lord Thurlowe instantly pounced upon it with beak and talon. He declared "it to be a measure whose sole object was to create a power unknown to the constitution, an *imperium in imperio*—a strange and violent attempt to destroy the balance of the constitution. The present bill did not tend to increase the influence of the crown, 'twas true; but it tended to set up a power in the kingdom, which might be used at once in opposition to the crown and to the people." Turning to the House, and with that tremendous burst of voice which so powerfully suited his bold eloquence, "I desire," said he, "to see the crown respectable, to see the crown great; but if this bill should pass, the crown of England will be no longer fit for a man of honour to wear. The King will take the diadem from his own head, and place it on the head of Mr Fox." In the debate, on the 15th, Lord Temple, on being charged with saying that the King was hostile to the bill, declared that he had obtained an audience of his Majesty by his right as a peer, and that, though it was contrary to form to say what his advice to the Sovereign had been, he was ready to say what it was not, "It was *not* friendly to the principle of the Bill." On the question, Ministers were left in a minority of 79 to 87. The fate of the measure was inevitable, and it instantly followed. On the 17th, the committal of the bill was *negatived* by a majority of 95 to 76. The bill was finally rejected without a division.

The King had thus far triumphed over his obnoxious Cabinet, and he determined that no time should be given to recover themselves. On the day after the debate, late in the evening of the 18th, he demanded the seals of the two secretaries of state, and on the day following, placed them in the hands of Lord Temple, who was sworn in as secretary, and who wrote letters of dismissal to the remaining ministers. Pitt was summoned to the head of the Treasury. He had steadily refused the office but nine months before. But the public aspect had totally changed. The Cabinet was

in the lowest condition of popular esteem. The Lords and the King had risen together. The emergency was pregnant with hazard to the King's authority, for if the Cabinet should force themselves back on him once more, he must be a cipher for life. Still the difficulties of Pitt's situation might have appalled a less resolute mind. He was to face a House of Commons crowded with partisans of the late Cabinet, furious in its wrath at their fall, and pouring out the most violent declamation on what they pronounced the unlawful influence of the King's name. To increase his perplexities, Lord Temple resigned the seals within three days, under the nominal pretext of more freely meeting the charges of tampering with the royal confidence, the true motive probably being his alarm at the force arrayed against him. Many of the leading persons, friendly to Pitt and his principles, shrunk from the responsibility of a Cabinet in a direct state of war with the House of Commons. It was universally predicted that this Cabinet could not live a month. Pitt was fully sensible of those difficulties. Lord Temple's secession almost shook even his matchless serenity. "This was the only event," says his most intimate biographer (Tomline), "which I *ever* knew to disturb Mr Pitt's rest, while he continued in good health. Lord Temple's resignation was determined on at a late hour in the evening of the 21st; and when I went into Mr Pitt's bedroom the next morning, he told me that he had not had a *moment's sleep*. He expressed great uneasiness at the present state of public affairs, at the same time declaring his fixed resolution not to abandon the position he had taken, but to make the best stand in his power, *though very doubtful of the result*." At length the Cabinet was formed. Pitt, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Thurlow, Lord Chancellor; Lord Gower (afterwards Marquis of Stafford), President of the Council; the Duke of Rutland, Lord Privy Seal; Lords Carmarthen and Sydney, Secretaries of State; and Lord Howe, First Lord of the Admiralty. Thus, in doubt and difficulty, commenced the most glorious Admini-

nistration of England, and Pitt was the inspiring name.

The remark has been already made, that the history of English politics is the finest lesson for a politician. The crisis in which the Minister met the Parliament on his assumption of office is a striking example of the maxim. But a month since the English Ministry stood in the exact position of Pitt in December, 1783. The question then was, as it has so lately been, whether the minister should meet the existing House of Commons, or call a new one? No Cabinet had ever been so powerful in the Commons as that of the Coalition. No incipient statesman had been less successful in his attempts to carry measures against that powerful influence than Pitt. His talents were acknowledged; his information struck every one with wonder; his integrity was above all suspicion. He had already, in mere boyhood, placed himself in the foremost rank of debate; but his propositions were almost uniformly unsuccessful. In the great struggle of his early career, the India Bill, he had been beaten by majorities of two to one; he had been beaten by the same majorities, even after the dismissal of the Cabinet was certain. The presumption and boyish folly of his hoping to stand his ground against Opposition was a subject of incessant ridicule in the House. Fox contemptuously pronounced it a political absurdity totally unparalleled in the annals of immature ambition. The motion for a new writ for Appleby, the borough for which Pitt sat, was received with a burst of universal laughter! Fox openly staked his political foresight on the impossibility of conducting the public business by *this shadow* of a Ministry. And to make assurance doubly sure, the Opposition resolved to delay the passing of the Land-tax Bill, a measure essential to the national debt of that year, and which, therefore, must be passed before even an opportunity for a dissolution of Parliament could be given. It was evident that Opposition looked upon that House of Commons as their own.

All these circumstances were revolved by the new minister. In

his consultations with his friends, every argument was urged by them to dissolve Parliament. The anxiety of his opponents to retard a dissolution, seemed to be a direct index to the adoption of the contrary measure. But his deep-thinking and powerful understanding soon decided otherwise. He saw that a premature appeal to the nation might terminate in a general impression that he had yet to learn the national mind. It was true, that the numbers of the Ministerial side might be increased by the new election, but the real question was, whether these numbers would be increased to the amount of making his administration powerful. Most of the great parliamentary interests were directly adverse to him. The public feeling, on the other hand, had not yet expressed itself with satisfactory decision. The conduct of North's combination, however stigmatized by men of honour, had not excited a spirit of scorn deep enough to overbear the personal interests that exhibit themselves when the question is of elections. The India bill was still recent, and the public mind had not yet possessed leisure to fathom the depths of that daring attempt at imperial plunder. But Pitt relied on the common sense and honour of the nation, to discover at length the contrast between his services and those of his opponents, and he determined to make the trial with the existing Parliament. If he failed, he still possessed the power to dissolve it, with the additional advantage of proving to the nation that mere stubbornness and partisanship had rendered it unfit to carry on the national business. If he succeeded, he disarmed his antagonists on their own field, broke up their party, proved to the nation how little they had been sustained by character, and how much by patronage, and drove them into a state of political destitution, which nearly precluded their ever forming an effective parliamentary force again.

The man who thus reasoned, was little more than twenty-four years old!* And it was at this age that Pitt, unaided, took upon him the government of the British empire.

The overwhelming nature of the task which he thus adopted, may be judged of from a few of the immediate subjects which pressed upon his Councils—the regulation of the Indian system demanding instant consideration—the state of the revenue at home, connected as it was with the necessity of reforming innumerable fraudulent practices upon the public—the restoration of the public income to a capacity of meeting the public expenses—the provision for an unfunded debt of thirty millions—a system for the reduction of the national debt—the choice of new taxes to supply the deficiency of the revenue—the disturbed condition of Ireland, even then a perpetual source of anxiety to Government—the pressing claims of the sufferers by their loyalty in the Colonial war—the commercial treaty with America—the vast, complicated, and threatened interests of England with the leading kingdoms of the continent—those, and more, formed the labour which was to be borne by a youth, scarcely acquainted with public life, or accustomed to the exercise of his own understanding. Those widely various subjects, involving questions of the most difficult order which can be presented to the human mind, were thrown on the capacity of Pitt, unsupported by colleagues, Parliament, or the country. It is needless to say, how triumphantly they were borne; with what matchless clearness they were elucidated, with what steady vigour their principles were embodied, and with what solid strength their practice reinforced the liberties and the prosperity of England. Such are the duties, and such the glories of an English Minister. To fulfil them, seems almost beyond the bounds of the human faculties; but as the difficulty is great, so is the renown. The whole range of honourable ambition offers to man no nobler prize than the fame of an English Minister, worthy of his task. None more above the common soarings of mankind, none more comprehensive of good to general society, none entitled to more imperishable distinction in the ages to come.

* He was twenty-four on the 28th of May, minister on the 19th of December, 1783.

THE WYVILLES.

1.—*George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond, Hartley Rectory, Devonshire.**Leamington Spa, August.*

MY DEAR FRED,—Don't be alarmed for the health of your old friend, when you see my letter dated from this enlarged edition of the Hospital of Invalids. I am still sound, wind and limb, and almost as active with the weight of fifty-six years on my back as in the merry times of our youth, when you and I, Fred,—with humility be it spoken,—were a couple of as gay young fellows as one would wish to meet with on a summer's day. It does one good to recall old times, and that is one reason why you and I are such indefatigable correspondents. I have written you a letter on my birth-day every year for these thirty years, and received your unfailing answer in the Christmas week. That is what I call a right English spirit, Fred—never to give up an intimacy with an old friend, when you have found by experience that he is a good and true one. I have been musing over some of our old adventures. I think they are something like wine—they improve every year. Some of them did not strike me much at the time; but now, after they have been bottled up for a quarter of a century, they have a flavour with them that none of one's newer incidents can equal. Do you recollect, Fred, when you and I, and Dick Breton and Jack Burn, came home, as hard as our nags would carry us, from Harley one night, and just got into college before the stroke of twelve? What a dark night it was, and how Dick kept boasting all the time of our gallop, that his horse was fresher than ever! And then do you recollect his consternation when he discovered that the hostler by mistake had mounted him, in the hurry and darkness, on the Black Jewel, that was on its way to run at Epsom races? It makes one laugh yet to think of Dick's rage, when an officer came next morning, and arrested him for horse-stealing. Ah! these were the times, my boy, for mirth and jollity: there is no such fun

nowadays. I don't believe any Oriel man has been had up for theft since the year of Dick Breton's exploit. How strangely that party is scattered now! Jack Burn keeps his ears warm with a judge's wig, and Dick Breton is a baronet and major-general, with ten thousand a-year, eighteen halfpenny-faced children, and only the recollection of a liver. You and I, Fred, are changed least of any. You were always a quiet, comfortable sort of fellow, and settled down as naturally as possible into a steady, respectable rector; and I have flourished as much as the rest of the vegetables in the fat fields of Glemsworth Hall. A squire, a parson, a judge, and a general, were four young fellows upon four fiery horses, dashing through turnpikes, or over them, I forget which;—my favourite pace now is a quiet amble, and my charger a cob of fourteen hands. There is not such another punch in Suffolk. 'Twas given to me by Harry Travers; and as the rascal has behaved so infamously since, I think I ought to send him the pony back; but what can I do, Fred? he is as sure-footed as a mule, and warranted to carry sixteen stone. In short, his good qualities are innumerable—well bred, steady without the least taint of vice, and just in his prime. On reading this last sentence over, I see it is a little doubtful whether I mean the horse or the man. I mean the Galloway, Fred—the other has noble points about him, but is cursedly ill broke in—I'll tell you more about him some other time—I will only let you into the secret, that this same Harry Travers is the cause of my being here; there, that will set you guessing. I have told you already I am sound as a bell in health—and so I am; but notwithstanding that, I am afflicted with a very troublesome disease, in the shape of a daughter eighteen years of age—as beautiful as there is any occasion for, and filled to the brim with feeling and ro-

mance, which is just another name for—mischief. I undertook to be my own physician; and as this Master Travers lives with his uncle, the old curmudgeon who bought the Scarlock estates, which lie close into mine, I prescribed a change of air. My boy Tom is just come from his travels; very much improved, I believe, but I hav'n't yet seen him. I have sent him home to take care of things in my absence, and have ordered him, without showing any symptoms of suspicion, to keep a watchful eye on young Travers, and a designing, blue-eyed, sweet-looking little thing, his sister. As I am so far away from home, and have neither workmen to superintend, nor any thing to do, but strut about the

streets, I will perhaps write you oftener than at other times: for this Emily of mine, though a very nice, well-behaved, affectionate girl—I will say that for her—is not so much of a companion as she used to be, but mopes a good deal, and raves a great quantity of nonsense about Shakspeare that wrote the plays. Do you recollect John Kemble in Cato the night we went to Covent Garden after taking our Bachelor's—but, by the by, I don't think Shakspeare wrote Cato. Remember me very kindly to my good friend, Mrs Walsond, and my god-daughter, little Jane; and believe me your very sincere, old friend,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

2.—Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs Margaret Bethel.

MY DEAREST AUNT PEGGY,—I wrote you a very hurried note just before leaving home, telling you of our removal to this place. As to its being for the sake of papa's health, I don't believe a word of it; he is stronger and better-looking than I ever remember him. Ah! I can't help feeling that I am the cause of his leaving home, and I may say happiness, behind him; for 'tis quite melancholy, I assure you, to see how out of his element he seems among the butterfly people of this frivolous town. He walks up and down the street as if he had no object in life but to while away the time; and, though we have only been here two days, I am sure he is more heartily tired of it than I am.

Two days after that happy, happy dinner at Scarlock, every thing seemed suddenly and unaccountably changed. My dearest friend!—the sweetest girl you ever saw in your life!—Oh! aunt Peggy, how you would love her, if you knew her so well as I do!—dear, dear Charlotte Travers was so good, so kind, so enchanting! In fact, ever since their old uncle, Mr Dobbs, came to live at Scarlock, we have been more attached than sisters, and, for nearly half a year, not a week passed without our meeting two or three times; and papa was so fond of her too. And her brother, Mr Henry Travers, was a great favourite of his. They were both almost constantly at Glems-

worth, and you may easily imagine what a comfort dear Charlotte was to me, as we have no *near* neighbours but themselves. I will describe my Charlotte to you as nearly as I can. She is a little taller than I am, which you would not be surprised at, for she comes of a very tall family. Her brother is much taller than Tom. I should think he was fully six feet high; but then he is so elegant and graceful, that he is quite free from the awkwardness which is generally produced by great height. Her eyes are a deep, rich brown; not so dark or penetrating as her brother's, nor so proud and haughty-looking. Her smile is very like his; and altogether, I am sure you would say, that Charlotte Travers is as beautiful as an angel.

Well, all this went on most delightfully till two days after our dinner at Scarlock, which I wrote you an account of, and then things went on very differently. Papa grew peevish and sullen; never laughed or joked with me as he used to do; never took me out for a ride; nor mentioned the name of his favourite, Charlotte Travers. I thought this very odd, and still more unaccountable that he hurried me off here on a single day's notice; leaving my maid Patison at home, and only bringing old Giles Gubbins, the coachman, to look after his punch pony. He used to call it Young Harry, because it was a present from Mr Travers;

but now he never calls it by its name, but only says, "Giles, bring round my bay Galloway." I expect a letter from my brother Tom, who is at home, and hope to hear of my darling friend Charlotte through him. And now, my dear aunt Peggy, I will tell you about our situation here.

We have a suite of rooms in the — hotel, and are as comfortable as if we were in a private house. The streets are spacious and handsome, and the country in the neighbourhood the most beautiful, and the richest in England. We are within an hour's drive of Warwick Castle, or Guy's Cliff, or Kenilworth, or the birth-place of Shakspeare. All these we are going to see next week, and I will give you as good a description

of them as I am able. But lovely as this place is, I cannot help fancying how fresh and beautiful the green lanes about Glemsworth must be in this enchanting summer. How delicious the dark sombre shade of the huge sycamores that form the avenue to Scarlock must be now, with their leafy tops so interlaced, that, in walking beneath them, you might fancy you were in some old cathedral, with its dim religious light, and might listen for the swell of the noble organ to waft your soul beyond this visible diurnal sphere, and lap your senses in Elysium. Ah! when shall we get back to dear old Glemsworth!—Your ever affectionate niece,

EMILY WYVILLE.

3.—*Thomas Wyville, Esq. to George Wyville, Esq.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had stood here on my post without seeing any thing of the enemy for two days, and began to think of taking the first step myself, by calling on old Dobbs, and reconnoitering the position of his forces. However, I assuaged my *ennui* as well as I was able, by revisiting the scenes of my youth, which are rendered doubly dear to me by having been absent from them so long. Three years' tossing about in foreign parts has not rubbed off, I assure you, one particle of my English feeling, and I prefer the secluded beauty of an English village, with its venerable church tower arising from amidst a grove of trees, and the cottage smoke curling in blue wreathes far up into the silent air, to the more dazzling prospects of France or Italy. In looking at them my eye only is delighted—it never gets clear into the heart, as a home view, like the scene from our own Merrill Down. And certainly the landscape from that point is very much improved, by the additions your new neighbour has made to Scarlock Hall. The new facing he has given the turrets, and the very judicious openings he has made in the woods, give a greater harmony to the landscape than I had ever thought it susceptible of. But I am wandering from the business of the letter. Yesterday, about one o'clock, after I had been

strolling about the park for several hours, I had retired to our old schoolroom, where Emily had left some of her books and drawings. I had thrown myself into the old arm-chair, with my back to the open window,—I had a book in my hand, but as I have now forgotten what book it was, I suspect I could not have been very highly interested in its contents; but certainly, whether by the story I was reading, or by something else, my mind was entirely occupied, when I was awakened out of my reverie by a step just at my side, and then a faint shriek! I started up and saw, nearly sinking to the ground, with agitation and alarm, the sweetest creature in the world; her cheek pale with fear, and in the next moment flushing with confusion. Excuse me, she said, I expected to find Emily here. I told her my sister had left the country, and enquired if it was Miss Travers whom I had the honour to address. It was, indeed; and really, my dear father, I can't at all see how Emily can possibly be in the smallest danger from so very desirable a companion. She told me that her brother had accompanied her to the gate, and after our mutual awkwardness at so unexpected a rencontre had worn off, and after a great deal of laughing at her unceremonious *entrée* by the window, I ordered Lightfoot, and offer-

ed to accompany her till she rejoined her escort in the village. Her brother, however, not expecting her return so soon, had ridden somewhere else, and as she was afraid to return to Scarlock without him, we cut off into the lower woods, in hopes of finding him at a summer house to which she told me he was in the habit of making frequent pilgrimages. The thing that astonished Miss Travers more than any thing else, was the suddenness of your removal from Glemsworth, and Emily's entire silence on the subject. Poor thing, I could not help pitying her for losing her only companion through the savage meanness of the uncultivated barbarian her uncle. But in case this simplicity should turn out to be assumed, and both she and her brother are in a plot to thwart your designs, I have determined, as the best means of watching her closely, to ride out with her as often as I can. If you will tell me more at large than you have hitherto done the actual result of your conversation with old Dobbs, and your fears as to the designs of young Travers, I shall be more able to assist you than now when I am kept comparatively in the dark. After a long ramble through the alleys of the wood, we at last encountered her brother. I was struck with his resemblance to his sister, and though prepared by your last instructions to be suspicious of him, I could not help thinking, from his appearance, that he was rather deserving of the praises you used to lavish on him in the letter you sent to me when I was on my travels. We met as if we had been old friends, for really Miss Travers introduced us to each other in a manner which made it impossible for me to keep up the appearance

of reserve which I had intended. I determined, however, not to have more conversation with him than was absolutely unavoidable, so I attached myself almost exclusively to his sister's side. This, I think you will allow, is the safest way, for if I permit myself to get on friendly terms with him, I shall find it very difficult to keep a properly unprejudiced eye upon his movements. After a delightful ride, I left them at Scarlock gate, and as they are going to-morrow to a farm of old Dobbs's—how immensely rich the old hunks must be!—about eight miles off, over Lipscomb Down, I thought that was a very good opportunity of fishing out more of their real character, and I have accordingly agreed to go with them. Now, could any thing be more lucky than this acquaintance, so unexpectedly formed, and, from that very circumstance, divested at once of all the forms and stiffnesses of an ordinary introduction? I shall write to you the result of my observations to-morrow or next day. Now, that a sense of duty to you has reconciled me to my position here, I must confess that I thought it very provoking to have been sent down to this solitary mansion without once seeing either you or Emily after so long an absence. I hope you find Leamington agree with you, and if you do, I should advise you to be in no great hurry to deprive yourself of its advantages. Every thing goes on here as well as if you yourself were on the spot; and as Emily has luckily left the key of her book shelves, I can employ my spare time very profitably in study. Write to me immediately, and believe me, dear father, &c.

THOMAS WYVILLE.

4.— *George Wyville, Esq. to Thomas Wyville Esq.*

THAT'S the very thing; stick to it, my boy, and Harry Travers—Mr Henry Travers, I mean—confound the boy, I can't help thinking and speaking of him as if he were my own. Well, that young man will find it impossible to escape your penetration. You ask me the particulars of my interview with old Dobbs. Did you ever see him? He is the

scurviest-looking old rascal you ever saw—thin as a board, with a face apparently carved by a very rough workman out of a log of damaged mahogany. He and I used to get on very well, though he was continually jeering me about my high birth, as he called it; he was always doing the same to his nephew and niece;—for General Travers,

their father, you'll observe, made what is called a low marriage, though, from all I can hear, their mother was a very respectable, lady-like sort of woman. You know, from my letters, what a favourite of mine young Harry was. In fact, he was the nicest lad that could be—famous rider, capital shot, admirable fisher;—in short, one of the pleasantest, best-informed fellows you can fancy. I was always thinking what an excellent companion he would be for you on your return, and installed him very nearly in your place, as my right hand man upon all occasions. As to minding his uncle, he did not care a stiver for all the old Dobbs's that ever walked, compared to me. And if the truth were told, I think he likes me better yet than e'er a relation he has in the world, for Harry is the best-hearted—but enough of this. Two days before I came here in such a hurry, I went over to Scarlock, and sat down for a few minutes with old Dobbs. The old fellow has a habit of beginning every conversation with a strange grumpy sort of cough, and the bitterer the speech he is going to make, the quicker and more frequent grows his—ugg! ugg! ugg! After speechifying to each other about the weather for some little time, I thought it best to come to business with the old gentleman in an open, honourable kind of way; so I said to him,

"Your nephew, young Travers, is a great favourite of mine."

"Ugg, ugg—He is very well till he is known."

"Well, for my part, I like him the better the more I see of him. And what I was going to say to you was this, that if so be as by any chance our young ones should take a fancy to each other, why, then"—

"Ugg, ugg, ugg," interrupted old Dobbs; "why then, neighbour Wyville, you must make the young man your gamekeeper; and as to the young woman"—

"Mr Dobbs," I said, getting angry at the impertinent old vulgarian, "I want to hear only a plain answer to a plain question. You would object to the match?"

"Ugg, ugg—between Glemsworth Manor and Scarlock Hall?—by no means—ugg, ugg."

"Why, you must be aware, Mr Dobbs, that I have a son, and can do very little for my daughter."

"Then I can do nothing—ugg, ugg—for my nephew; for—ugg, ugg—d'ye see, you squires of gentle blood are very glad to get hold of a good settlement in any way you can—ugg, ugg. If it's love that makes Miss Emily run after my nephew, why let her marry him, and be contented. He shall get no settlements from me."

"We don't want any from any penny-saving old curmudgeon like you," cried I, in a great rage; "and if you gave him all the money you have scraped together, he should never have my consent to marry any one belonging to me. So, good morning."

"Ugg, ugg, ugg. What if he marries her without asking your leave?" replied old Dobbs, growing nearly as angry as I was. "What if he takes her in spite of you? what if he runs away with her before a month is past? Ugg, ugg, ugg."

"I shall take special care he has no opportunity."

"Ugg, ugg—no settlement from me. But what's to hinder him from marrying any squire's daughter he pleases? what's to hinder him, I say? Ugg, ugg."

Before he had time to finish his harangue, I had left the insulting old scoundrel's house; and as I have made up my mind to keep Emily out of the way, I brought her off here, in hopes of her meeting some fellow that will put Harry Travers out of her head. But do you, in the meantime, continue your guard upon the brother and sister; spite old Dobbs in every way you can; and, after I have got all things a little more comfortably settled here, I will run down for a day or two to Glemsworth to see how the land lies. I have no time for any more at present; so remain your affectionate father,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

5. *Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs Margaret Bethel.*

WE have now been here, dearest aunt Peggy, for a whole fortnight, and still I have heard nothing of what they are doing at Glemsworth. My brother Tom has written two or three letters to papa; but their contents are rigidly kept from me. We were terribly dull for the first week. Papa had nothing to do. The news-room grew tiresome, so did the pump-room; and as we had no society, I was quite sorry to see him so wretched. Three or four days ago, however, he became acquainted with an old gentleman who lodges on the same floor with us. He is paralytic, and blind of an eye—very sarcastic and ill-natured; but papa finds him very amusing. I am glad of it for his sake; but, I must confess, the hideous snuffle with which all Mr Griper's good things are said—for he speaks almost entirely through his nose—becomes excessively annoying. Regularly about twelve o'clock every day, we hear the creaking of the little wheeled chair, which he never leaves, coming along the passage, then a tap at our door, and here he sits with us all day. If we go for a walk, nothing will please old Griper but to have his chair wheeled up and down the street close beside us; so that from morning till evening we are never without the company of papa's new friend. He is one of that sort of persons one is always sure to meet with at watering-places. There is no person we know any thing of in any part of England with whom he is not acquainted. Papa calls him his peerage, almanac, and army-list, all in one. He is even acquainted with our neighbour, old Mr Dobbs; and shook his head greatly when papa asked him if he knew any thing of Harry Travers. Ill-natured, ridiculous old man, I can scarcely endure him. He even talks disparagingly of my amiable Charlotte, and told us in strict confidence, that old Dobbs had hinted to him that he had a plot to unite the Glemsworth property to his own, by getting young Wyville to marry his niece!

You ought to have seen what a rage my father was in at this information. He called him cozening old

Jew, and fifty other epithets worse than these, and said, he would go down and put a stop to the whole plot, by disinheriting my brother, if he ever said another word to my charming Charlotte. Another word, thought I. So they are acquainted. How very odd, that Tom should never have written to tell me so. Isn't this old Mr Griper the most provoking creature that we could possibly have met with? But the most puzzling circumstance of all is, how the fact of my brother's marrying Charlotte can, by any possibility, unite the two properties. The old man is not surely so mad as to make the girl his heir. Ridiculous thought! And if I could fancy for a moment that she entered into so unprincipled and infamous a scheme, "Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings"—But no! The thing is impossible, and the whole story is only another ill-natured invention of this detestable old slanderer, Mr Griper. He seems to have no pleasure equal to the delight of teasing and opposing me. Papa and I went a few days ago a pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakspeare. We drove through a most enchanting country, full of rich views and splendid mansions, and arrived at last at the birthplace of the Bard of Avon. The enthusiasm of the moment was enchanting. My temporary freedom from the cynical remarks of Mr Griper added, if that were possible, to the raptures of my enjoyment in treading the same street, viewing the same scenes, and breathing the same air as the immortal poet. But my father's apathy was scarcely less provoking than would have been the sneers of his new acquaintance. To all my rhapsodies on the genius, the pathos, the tenderness, the magnificence of the glorious being, he only answered,—“Ah! cleverish chap, no doubt. Elliston was capital in Falstaff.” The idea of that fat brutal old man being the only one of all the creations of the enchanter that comes to my father's mind while standing on the very grave of the imager of Constance, of Macbeth, of Hamlet, and of Romeo! 'Tis horrible!—most

horrible! But our old coachman, Giles, was a thousand times worse, and made me blush for my country, to think that one human being—one Englishman, of whatever grade in society—should be so profoundly ignorant of the very name of the greatest miracle that ever his country produced. He turned to the person who showed us the tomb, and said,—“And, pray, can you tell us where this here old gentleman lived?”

“In this very town,” was the answer.

“Mayor, mayhap, or topping tradesman? We ha’ a many finer monuments in Glemsworth church. We ha’ one to old Bill Figgins the grocer, with a statue twice as big as this. But then Bill Figgins was mortal rich. Was this here Mr Shakespur a rich gentleman?”

“He was very poor when he began the world.”

“Ah! so was Bill Figgins,” said Giles.

“He was accused of stealing deer out of a gentleman’s park.”

“He was?—Then I wouldn’t give Bill Figgins’s monument for a score of his’n—for Bill was always honest.”

“He then went to London, and, they say, held gentlemen’s horses at the doors of the theatre.”

“What! and slipt out their handkerchiefs, mayhap, or their pocket-books, as they walked past?—One of the light-fingered gentry—eh?”

My father stood by, and enjoyed this conversation very much. The whole scene was profanation to me, so I left them, and wandered in that beautiful churchyard. In silence, and with my heart full of a vast variety of emotions, I lay in a corner of the carriage as we went home, where, as usual, we were received in our own apartment by the odious Mr Griper.

“I hope you’ve enjoyed your trip to the birthplace of old Billy the deer-stealer?” he snuffled.

“Ah! very nice place indeed,” replied papa;—“the town seems most admirably supplied with coals—I wish to heaven we had such a canal near Glemsworth.”

“And you, miss, have you picked up any more information about the life and manners of the playwright?”

I took no notice of his impertinent question.

“He’s a pretty subject, truly,” he continued, with his insufferable whine, “to be the object of a young lady’s idolatry!—A robber in his youth—a vagabond in his manhood—a tipping, prosy, beer-drinking rascal in his old age—a sulky neighbour—a cruel master, an unkind husband”——

“Was he all that?” said my father. “Prove this, Mr Griper, and I’ll burn every volume the scoundrel wrote, the moment I get back to Glemsworth.”

“Why, it can’t exactly be proved,” replied Mr Griper, “because, unfortunately, at that time there was no brother poet to give us *mémoires* of his friend; but I think we may fairly guess that he was all I have said. For my own part, I have no doubt, in spite of the frowns I see gathering on Miss Emily’s brow, that he was a hard-hearted, selfish, sulky old rascal; and it is only a great pity Sir Thomas Lucy didn’t tuck him up on one of the trees in his park.”

“What sort of a looking fellow was he?” said papa, evidently believing all the scurrilous old man’s assertions.

“Why, a little, ugly, bandylegged fellow—fat and punchy as an alderman—with two great goggle eyes, and a red fiery nose, from breakfasting on onions and raw gin.”

I could endure this blasphemy no longer, and flaunted out of the room, but not before I heard the low snuffing chuckle of my tormentor, and the broad, open, hearty laugh of papa—I’m sure I never longed so fervently for any thing as for the departure—(I don’t exactly mean the death)—of this provoking old Griper. I have kept a journal of all our trips to the different places in this neighbourhood—to Warwick Castle, where my heart swells with the triumphs of a tournament or a feast of peacocks,—to Kenilworth, vocal with the pomps and pageantries of the noble Elizabeth, and consecrated no less in the memory of the tender and the pure, by the agonies and sighs of the lovely Amy Robsart,—to Stoneleigh Abbey, fit only for the residence of a poet, the lover

of the good and beautiful,—but as I shall send my journal to you, my dearest aunt Peggy, the moment it is completed, I will spare you an abstract of it in the mean time.—You will see how anxiously during all this letter I have turned my thoughts away from home. Alas! if I only mention the word, papa looks so black, and Mr Griper gazes

at me with his one eye with such an expression of slyness and derision, that I am afraid to open my lips upon the subject. Writing to you is the greatest consolation I have. Pity your poor niece, and believe me, ever affectionately, your

EMILY WYVILLE.

6.—*Mr Giles Gubbins to Mrs Bartlett, Housekeeper, Glemsworth.*

DEAR SAL, cording to promuss, I sit down to right you with mutch plessure. Our dooins here has been but so so. About ten days ago there comed a cripple gentleman to live in the next sweet rooms, as they calls 'm here, to our master and young missus. He is a rum 'un, surely. But master takes to 'im greatly; and, what's more, thoff he has only one eye, and never no legs, I'm considerable mistaken if he don't take a'ter Miss Emily. He be continually axin' questions about her whenever he meets me in the passage, as he goes whirring along in his sedan. I'll keep watch over the old varmint, so if Master Harry calls, tell him we are all in good health and well to do. I wish we was all back at Glemsworth. I can't think what put it in master's head to come here galivantin' among a set of people as sits in little arm chairs, runnin' on wheels, and calls 'emselvies anvyleeds. They are quer people them anvyleeds surely, but we doesn't know none on 'em except this here old gentleman Mr Griper, as I told you on as axin' so much about our young missus. Tell Master Harry we are all right, and no mistake. 'Cordin' to promuss, I will now tell you all as we have seen; but as my memory is very bad, and I never took no notes at the time, I perhaps confuses them a bit. We have seed Warrick Castle, and Landleworth Castle, Statford on Haven, and Stonelegh Habby; but my mind is so worried with the lot on 'em, that I can't recollect which on 'em I seed first. Howsomever, in Warrick Castle we seed a number of things. But the most wonderfulest thing of all was a huge porridge pot, equal to our hundred gallon boiler, as belonged to a wicked fellow in these parts called Shakespur. He

stole a horse, and then had something to do with holding deers at the doors of a theatre. Howsomever, there the pot is, sure enough. There was also a great head of some enormous beast called a ell-of-want; and the fat gentleman as showed us the coorosities, said something about a man of the name of Seesar—I always thought that was the name of a dog—as built a tower here, so I suppose he was a toppin' mason in this here country. Then there was a ruination—no, that was at Candleworth—a statue of a man not half the size of Master Figgins's in our church at home—no, I think that wur at Statford on Haven. But the place I remembers best about was Stonelegh Habby. You never seed sich a beautiful place in your born days; Scarlock Hall is nothin' to it. The gentleman as lives here was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth; she came down for to see him, and every body thought she was a goin' to marry him; but here was the devil to pay, for he was married already to a very beautiful young lady, one Miss Hamy. Well, what does he do, but, like a bloody-minded villain, murder she; and a'ter all, the Queen, God bless her, would have nothin' to say to him. Now, between you and I, Sal, I don't think this here Reform bill is of any kind of use whatsomever, if a man be at liberty to murder his wife without impunity, as a body may say. But here, this here gentleman is still livin, and from all I can see, as much liked and respected as if he was as innocent as a babe. Oh! Sal, the sin of this here world is prodigious. But whether this happened at the Habby or Candleworth Castle, I am not very sure; but it isn't of no grit consequence, so as it happened somewhere. After this account of our

travels, you'll see as I have been a storing my mind with useful and entertainin nollodge, like the little books as lies in your room. There's nothin like travellin for openin one's mind,—or his eyes either, for the matter of that. I've seed a sight of things sin I left hoam. The horses, to be sure, is very fine; and master's cob—young Harry—is the hadmiration of all the fat old gentlemen in the town. They are always a axing me if it is to be sold; but master wouldn't part with it for its weight in ginnies; so tell master Harry we are all right, and never to be down-hearted about nothin, for it will all come round in time. I wish we was all back hoam again, for they puts too little hops in their beer, tho' the porter I must confess is particklar. O, Sally, I hasn't had a bit of a junket-like since I left the old manor. The bar-maids in them parts

is uncommon high; and besides, for the matter of that, I never could see no use in a parlour, with one whole side of the room, and one-half of the door-way, made of glass,—a pretty joke it would be if there was a glass door to your room at Glemsworth, where you and I and the butler has all been so snugg. I really wishes we was all back again, for I feels in this outlandish place just like one of the babes in the wood. Master would be as tired of it as I am, if it wasn't all along of this cripple gentleman, as takes to him amazin;—so no more at present, but remains your fello-servant,

GILES GUBBINS.

P. S. Tell Jim Fyler to be careful in givin the bay mare a canter every mornin. Young missus will ride her again before long.

7.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs Margaret Bethel.*

I AM sure it is one of the most delightful things in the world to have such a dear, kind, good-natured maiden aunt as I have. What could I do in this banishment from all the places and all the friends that were dear to me, if I had not your sympathizing bosom, dear aunt Peggy, on which to repose my sorrows? My situation here grows more and more distressing every day. This wicked old man, Mr Griper, does all he can to make me wretched; and he has now got so completely the mastery of papa, that he follows his advice in every thing. He has pressed him to Glemsworth for the whole of this autumn, and (horrible to relate!) the invitation is accepted. Indeed, I overheard him promising to papa to make himself useful in keeping me out of the clutches of that dangerous young man, Harry Travers. Did you ever hear of any thing so indelicate? I only wish Harry had heard him—But no! I wouldn't for all the world have Mr Travers know of their suspicions. It is really too bad to be twitted in this way, as if I had become secretly engaged to poor Harry, when I assure you there is no ground for it. It may perhaps strike you as very odd, that Harry never even hinted

at any thing of that kind to me. I must say it appears rather extraordinary to me, especially as I know from the dear open-hearted Charlotte, that he doesn't consider me merely a common acquaintance. But now to be suspected wrongfully is very provoking.

I had written thus far, when I was summoned to the drawing-room, and there I found papa and Mr Griper in deep divan. Papa held a letter in his hand, and paced up and down the room in a state of excitement. "The old rascal," he said, "that old scoundrel Dobbs will succeed, I verily believe, in both the things he has threatened me with. Young Travers gone off about ten days ago into Devonshire; and my boy Tom fallen evidently over head and ears in love with that minx, Miss Charlotte!"

"O, delightful!" I cried.

"Hold your tongue, miss," replied papa, in a towering passion: "If he has made such a fool of himself, he shall suffer for it, I can tell ye."

"And quite right too," snuffled old Griper. "She must be a very designing sort of vixen, this friend of Miss Emily's; and as to the young

man Travers having gone into Devonshire, I don't believe a word of it."

"How? where do you think he's gone to then?" said papa.

"Why, here to be sure. I have no doubt he is lurking about in this very town—perhaps in this very house," replied Griper, looking impudently at me.

"I wouldn't advise him to let me catch him here—that's all. But what, in Heaven's name, is to be done? Old Dobbs shall not triumph over me, if I can help it. Tell me, my dear Griper, what I ought to do?"

"Why, your object, as I understand you," answered Mr Griper, "is to prevent Harry Travers from running away with your daughter. There is no use keeping the matter a secret now. Old Dobbs crowed over you, and boasted that Travers would do so within a month, without asking your consent, and without his agreeing to settle a shilling on his nephew."

"Yes, that's what the old rascal said. But, adad! I think we'll beat him; for three weeks are past already, and it will be an extraordinary matter if we can't keep him at arm's length, at all events, for seven day's longer."

"But there's another thing," continued Mr Griper, "that you have to guard against; and that is—that old Dobbs and the girl together don't hook in your son to a marriage without any settlement,—so that the old fellow will do you on both points, and have both niece and nephew provided for without coming down with a single shilling."

"The skinflint old Jew! It isn't so much that, as the triumph it will be to him: there will be no end of his cursed 'ugg, ugg!' But how can I prevent it?"

"Your only plan, my dear Wy-

ville, is this: You have a friend in Devonshire near the place they say young Travers is gone to?"

"Yes, old Fred Walsond."

"Well, write him. He will easily ascertain whether or not he is really there. Go you, in the mean time, for two days to Glemsworth, and settle matters as you best can with Master Tom and Miss Charlotte. Leave charge of this young lady to me: I'll keep guard over her as if she were a golden apple; and"—

"Capital! the very thing!" exclaimed my father, shaking his friend's hand. "What could I have done without you? Emily," he continued, turning to me, "I put you entirely in the charge of my friend, Mr Griper. See no one else but the landlady and your maid till I return. You have your books and music, and Mr Griper will pass the mornings with you. I shall be back in three days, and hope to hear good accounts of you when I return."

"I am sorry, sir," I said, "you have not paid me the compliment of reposing confidence in my own sense of propriety, but put me under the care of a person whose company is at all times disagreeable, and still more so, when he is mean enough to take on himself the character of a spy." I glided majestically out of the room as I said this, but not before I heard papa say, "Never mind what she says, Griper; we'll keep her out of old Dobbs's hands at any rate." So here, dearest aunt Peggy, am I kept a prisoner, and without even the miserable consolation of having done any thing worthy of such restraint, and under the guard, too, of that detestable old man. I can't write another word.—So, adieu, dear aunt, your disconsolate niece,

EMILY.

8.—George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Fred. Walsond.

NEVER can any man, my dear Fred, know what it is to be thoroughly miserable, till he is plagued with marriageable daughters and flirting sons. I told you in my letter from this place, that I had set Tom to keep watch over young Travers and

his sister. What the deuce do you think they have done? Why, blinded him, and, I verily believe, worked him into a marriage. You will say, why not? I will tell you. Old Dobbs, the girl's uncle, is a queer, disagreeable, purse-proud, old fellow, and

put me into a rage with him the last time I saw him. I went over to speak to him about his nephew, who had been throwing sheep's eyes, as the saying is, at my Emily. He laughed and sneered, till I lost all patience, and told me, that if his nephew chose, he would run away with my girl in a month,—but he first of all said he would condescend to agree to the match, if I settled my whole estate on the bride! Did you ever hear of such a rascal? And now what do you think his plan is? Why, to get my son to run away with his unportioned niece, in hopes, as my good friend, Mr Griper, suggests, to put me into a passion with the boy, disinherit him, and settle all upon Miss Emily, who will by this time have been snapt up by young Travers, without so much as saying to me, by your leave. Here's a plot! I would submit to a great deal if I could only spite the old man. But how to do it is the question. One way, certainly is, to keep my girl out of young Travers's reach; and at the same time to resist my boy's marriage with his niece, till I have returned him tit for tat for the insult he offered to me, by promising to consent to the match, provided he settles every acre of Scarlock Hall upon the bride. This will be capital revenge, and I sincerely hope the old rogue's indignation will choke him. All these plans have been put into my head by the pleasantest old fel-

low I ever met with. He is a prodigious victim to rheumatism, and is blind of an eye, over which he wears an enormous black patch. He lives constantly in one of those whirligig sort of chairs they have here, and has been of great use to me. He recommends my going to Glemsworth to put my revenge on old Dobbs in execution; and he has promised, in the mean time, to be as watchful as a dragon over Miss Emily. So much for her. She is pretty safe, I conclude, for though the fellow has only one eye, by Jove, he is as clever as the old chap we used to read of that had a hundred. Now, what I want you to do, is to ascertain for me immediately, whether Harry Travers, as I hear by a letter from home, has gone on a visit to your neighbourhood—to the house of a gentleman of the name of Sir Peregrine Potts, near Hartley. If so, the game is our own. But old Griper suspects that his Devonshire visit is a hoax, and that in reality he is on the watch in Leamington. Lose no time in letting me know.—What could I have done without such an assistant as Griper! He is coming to me this autumn. You must make an effort to come and meet him. I am sure you will like him, he is so confoundedly satirical and sharp. But the chaise is at the door, and I must be off.—Yours ever sincerely,

G. W.

9.—*Miss Emily Wyville to Mrs Margaret Bethel.*

Oh, dear aunt Peggy, how you *will* be surprised at what I am going to tell you! Scarcely had papa been gone half an hour, when a message came to me in my bedroom, that a person requested to speak with me in the parlour. I went, and saw a very elegant handsome young man; and as I was hurrying out of the room again, thinking it was some unaccountable mistake, he rushed forward, calling me "Emily, sister Emily!" and when I looked again, I found it was my ever kind and affectionate brother! Was ever any thing so curious! It took a weight off my heart at once. I told him all the incidents of our stay here. He laughed immoderately at them all;

and when I described my horror and detestation of the grim old gorgon who was set to watch me, his enjoyment of the joke, as he called it, became uncontrollable. I confess I felt greatly alarmed, in spite of Tom's presence and protection, when at this moment I heard the chair of the watchful Mr Griper creak, creaking along the passage. At last the door opened, and in, as usual, wheeled my tormentor.

"So! Miss Emily," he snuffed, "who's this?—You've lost no time, I see.—Is this Mr Travers come to disobey your father's injunctions already?"

My brother during all this address was nearly convulsed with laughter.

—“Yes,” he replied, “old gentleman—my name is Harry Travers, and I claim this young lady as my bride—What just cause or impediment can you advance to the contrary?”

“Only this,” growled the invalid, “that I’ve a witness here who can swear that you are not the real Simon Pure.—Come into court!”—and as he said this the door was pushed open, and Charlotte Travers rushed into my arms.

Whilst we were mutually embracing, and I wondering by what strange accident all this had come to pass, old Griper wrung his hands and tore his hair, as if he were distracted. But what was my horror, when my brother, walking up to him, said, “Come, old gentleman, to the right about! your absence is particularly requested!”—and he actually proceeded to lay hands upon his chair. Then, with a shout of prodigious laughter, in which even Charlotte joined very heartily, old Griper tore off the patch from his eye—the grey grizzled wig from his

head—leapt out of the chair, and in a moment was kneeling at my feet. ’Twas Harry Travers! Isn’t this more like a scene in a play than in actual life? How he has been able all this time to disguise himself, I can’t imagine. But what will papa and old Mr Dobbs do? We are all in a great alarm about how they will bear this disappointment. My brother says our only safe plan is to put it out of their power to throw any obstacles in the way; and I think he has persuaded Charlotte to enter into his views. Heigh ho! I have no spirits to write you at greater length. Harry evidently agrees with my brother, only he says he is afraid to hint at such a thing as a trip to the church to-morrow, in case old Griper makes any opposition. We can do nothing but laugh over the whole matter. Now that Charlotte is here, I never felt so happy in my life. I will write again to you soon.

Your dutiful niece,
EMILY.

10.—*George Wyville, Esq. to the Rev. Frederick Walsond.*

THEY’VE done us, Fred,—the young ones have done us completely. As to young Travers and Sir Peregrine Potts, take no trouble about that. I told you in my last what my plans were about old Dobbs. You shall hear how I sped.

On arriving at Glemsworth, and asking for Tom, he was no where to be seen. None of the people had seen him for two or three days, and couldn’t even guess where he had betaken himself. I could, though; and made direct for Scarlock Hall. I made sure Mr Dobbs had tried all he could to inveigle my son into a marriage with his niece, as I had been informed by my lame friend in his wheel-chair, and be hanged to him! so, brimful of anger, I walked into the library,—“Well, Mr Dobbs,” I began, “pretty behaviour this of yours—wheedling my boy to take your niece off your hands.”

“Ugg, ugg!—this is too much of a joke, neighbour Wyville. Your coming to crow over me is most insulting,—ugg, ugg!”

“To crow over you? what the devil do you mean, sir? Hasn’t

your niece run off with my son? Don’t you expect, by that trick of yours, to get me to give my whole estate to my daughter, who is to be whipped up immediately by your precious nephew? No, no, old gentleman, your plot’s discovered;—thanks to your friend and mine, Mr Griper.”

“Mr Griper? Ugg, ugg!—I know no such person, ugg!”

“He knows you though, and that’s quite enough for me. You shan’t succeed, I promise you.”

“Ugg, ugg! I don’t understand what you’re driving at. You tell me your son has run off with my niece. Let her go,—ugg, ugg!—I am ready to give up her fortune whenever her husband demands it, ugg, ugg!”

“Her fortune?” said I. “Why, I never heard a word of it.”

“Ugg, ugg!—very likely;—ugg, ugg! If she had only told me of her intention I would have made a better bargain for her, that’s all. But you and your son have beat me,—ugg, ugg!”

This was a perfect puzzle to me —“Do you mean, Mr Dobbs,” I

said, "to deny that you have hooked my boy into this match?"

"Hooked—ugg, ugg!—into a match, with twenty thousand pounds, and no settlement? ugg, ugg!"

"Pray, Mr Dobbs, are you acquainted with a very infirm old gentleman of the name of Griper?"

"Never heard of him,—ugg!—who is he?"

"Why, he has staid in the same house with me at Leamington for a fortnight. He said he knew you very well. I have left him in charge of Emily."

"Whew!" said Mr Dobbs, "say you so, Mr Wyville? You have conquered on one wing; see if I don't beat you on the other."

The old gentleman rang for his carriage, put four posters to it, offered me a seat, and off we set on our way to Leamington, moping and wondering, one in each corner of the carriage. Next day we thundered down the main street; and, on looking up, who should be gazing at us from the window of my own drawingroom but Master Tom and Miss Charlotte Travers.

I couldn't find it in my heart to be angry, more especially as I saw how vexed old Dobbs was. We hurried up stairs.

"Ah! Tom, you're a pretty fellow," I began; "playing such a trick; and as for you, Miss Charlotte"—

"Oh!" interrupted Tom, "let me introduce you, Mrs Wyville!"—

"What! married? ugg, ugg, and not a word about settlements?" said Mr Dobbs.

"Even so," replied young Hopeful. "Don't you think I've done exactly as you told me, father?"

"How?" said I.

"Why, spited the old gentleman—look at him."

"But where is my friend, Mr Griper, all this time?" said I.

"Oh!" replied Tom, "old Griper will be here directly;" and at that moment in wheeled the old invalid in his chair.

"How's this, Mr Griper?" I cried—"where's your ward? This is your friend, Mr Dobbs; you don't seem to recognise him."

"Ugg, ugg! never saw the gentleman in the whole course of my life."

"Don't say so," replied Mr Griper, snuffling even more than usual.

"Didn't you boast to my friend, Mr Wyville here, that your nephew, young Travers, would marry his daughter within a month?"

"I did—ugg, ugg!"

"Without a settlement?"

"Yes."

"To spite her father?"

"Yes."

"Then, dear uncle!" cried Mr Griper, jumping out of his chair, and throwing off his disguise—"tis done to your heart's desire—and here comes Mrs Henry Travers to answer for herself."

The laugh was now turned against me; and old Dobbs, after enjoying his triumph for a while, held out his hand to me, and said, "Ugg, ugg! couple of old fools, neighbour Wyville; least said soonest mended; let us all home again as soon as we can, and since we can't make our children wretched merely for the fun of tormenting one another, why, I say—ugg, ugg—let us make them as happy as we can."

Now, Fred, be a good boy; leave Hartley for a week or two, and join us during our rejoicings. Bring my god-daughter Jane with you; and believe me yours, very sincerely,

GEORGE WYVILLE.

TOWN ECLOGUE.

SCENE—*London University.*

SECRETARY and PORTER.

PORTER.

THE Schoolmaster's abroad, abroad—oh! when will he come home;
When he should be in England, what does he do at Rome?
Our intellect is stopped—education's at a stand,
And worst of all, the Tories have got the upper hand.

BOTH.

Oh! the wondrous, wondrous man that has plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

How flattering were our hopes, when he told us with delight
That he had undertaken to teach the King to write;
Though we knew it not before, we could not doubt it then,
That the King was no great clerk till our master nibb'd his pen.

BOTH.

Oh! the wondrous, wondrous man that first moved our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

No doubt, you fondly thought he would guide the royal hand,
And rap it o'er the knuckles with an absolute command.
For this is the prerogative our *Ruler* shall maintain,
The glory of the schoolmaster of Great Cockaigne.

BOTH.

Oh! the wondrous, wondrous man of the Juggernaut Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

When first he went abroad, (he had only reached Boulogne,)
The poor soul he sat sighing, a Frenchman told his moan;
His thoughts were on the Bags, but his seat, alas! a stone—
"O where, where am I now, once so very near a throne!"

BOTH.

Oh the wondrous, wondrous mover of the Juggernaut Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

The Times have turn'd against him—men, women, children scoff;
He writes no letters to the King, for he has kick'd him off—
"I'm dead," quoth he, "at parting," and then he twitch'd his nose,
"I'm dead, and not a living have I left me to dispose."

BOTH.

Oh then sad was the man that plann'd this Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

We must not talk of patronage—the Bishops only sneer,
And ask about the Livings of Two Hundred Pounds a-year.
And the people now have learnt that his promises so large
He only meant as humbug, but never to discharge.

BOTH.

Oh he knew the art of humbug that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

Of his livings, sure the last he gave nobly, though in pique,
That on Oxford and on Cambridge his vengeance he might wreak;
So vilifying S——ck, he chose to punish both;
Though folks say the vilifier quite forgot his oath.

BOTH.

Oh he's a match for all, that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

While sighing at Boulogne, a hope assuaged his grief,
And so he wrote to Lyndhurst that he might make him Chief.
But Chief he was not made—though refused, he begg'd the more;
For his country's good alone it was, to that he stoutly swore.

BOTH.

No doubt, no doubt—the wondrous man that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

Then he travell'd farther on, and the farther on he went,
The foolish folk of England became the more content.
So like a good old Schoolmaster he would not be in debt,
And wrote to scorn the acceptance of the Place he could not get.

BOTH.

Oh the clever, cunning man that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

Of his letters to the King, folk, judging by some scraps
That have strangely come to light, pronounce them cunning traps;
And be sure 'twas wisely done, like our Schoolmaster, to get,
By a nice familiarity, the King into our net.

BOTH.

Oh, he knew that was the way to move our Great Machine,
The London University, and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

Our Master knows all arts, e'en better than his books,
He fishes in all waters, and baits with many hooks;
And let King or noble nibble, just like gudgeon or a trout,
He'll give them line enough for play, and then he'll pull them out.

BOTH.

Oh he's the man, for hook or crook, that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

He writes no letters now—and yet he comes not home—
Our London University, it cannot go to Rome.
We are growing very small, and the fact proud Oxford sees,
And though beautifully less, 'twill be never by Degrees.

BOTH.

Oh would that he would come, and give help to this Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

The Council stand aghast, and know not what to do,
And our Students take example, and are playing Truants too;
And they swear (the odious name) that knowledge is a tree,
That will never thrive for them in our Stinkomalee.

BOTH.

Oh would that he were here, to set right this Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

Our Schoolmaster abroad! to Rome why should he go?
Perhaps for Irish pardons, got for kissing the Pope's toe;
For he knows the subtle trick, and once studied how to kneel,
When the spirits in his head were just tripping up his heel.

BOTH.

Oh worthy that, the mover of our Marvellous Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

He turns his hand to every thing—he doesn't go for nought;
Be sure he'll bring back novelties, the Students should be taught,
From Jesuit schools of Italy, and institutes of France;
And teach the march of Intellect to caper in a dance.

BOTH.

Master of every art and trick, that plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

His yearly gibes on Eldon, now wasn't that a hit,
That the people all might look to him in Eldon's place to sit;
And being on the Woolsack then lauding Eldon's fame,
That every tongue should say "how great," and do for him the same?

BOTH.

Oh he was a gracious Chancellor, who plann'd our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

Then his despatch of business, as 'twere swept off by elves,
Till few would come into the Court of "*Settle it Yourselfes.*"
His taking sham-forsaken fees by compensation's paw—
His new decision of all suits, that Humbug shall be Law.

BOTH.

And thus he clear'd the Courts by our Wonderful Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

The King dissolved the Parliament—the People too applaud—
The King is getting popular—the Schoolmaster abroad—
Oh would he had been here to have gone from town to town,
And have told, as once in Yorkshire, what a bauble is a crown.

BOTH.

Oh would he had been here to have moved our Great Machine,
The London University and the Penny Magazine!

PORTER.

And if he doesn't come, I'm quite sure that we must go;
And our London University remove to Rotten Row.
And I shall get no wages, and you will get no fees,
Professors get no salaries, and the Devil take degrees.—

BOTH.

Oh, ruin seize the man if he save not this Machine,
The London University and its Penny Magazine!

SECRETARY.

In truth I fear the worst—and ere the worst befalls,
'Twere better we bethink ourselves of packing up our alls.

PORTER.

But first we'll to the Chequers to discuss the public weal,
And there we'll drink damnation to Wellington and Peel.

SECRETARY.

With a requiem to the glory of our Marvellous Machine—

BOTH.

The London University and the Penny Magazine!

[*Exeunt in doleful enthusiasm.*]

STORIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IN the middle ages, almost every effort of the human mind took shape in the most primitive form of fiction—fable. This has been at all times the most attractive medium of conveying simple moral truths; and at a time when the long experience of generations had not produced *comparisons*, and so given rise to *reasonings*, it was the *only* medium through which the popular mind could express its untutored conceptions. Yet we find these conceptions, infantine as they are, merely so, from the simple credulous mode—through preposterous facts—in which they are conveyed, and not at all from the moral lessons or truths which they inculcate. On the contrary, in this latter respect, they are models. In fables—beyond which we have advanced—the primitive wisdom and simple lessons of life have ever had their aptest illustration. But unfortunately—having advanced beyond the fable—we have left morals exactly in the state in which it was when embodied therein. This is one of the reasons why we recur with so much pleasure to ancient legends and stories. We find the same moral notions, which we acknowledge at present, prevailing in them, under a somewhat different aspect. This is, no doubt, as far as it goes, highly satisfactory. But have we built thereon? Have we added thereto? We think not. The political revolutions of society have made some change of application in this primitive notion; philosophy has corrected some errors, and analyzed *ad infinitum*. But after all, we go back to the fable or the proverb, and there find contained in a nut-shell all we have been reading about through volumes. We will not assert that this might be otherwise; probably it could not, yet this *statu quo* in the science of morals strikes us as a circumstance to be paused upon. It seems that, in this case, as in every other, what has been every body's business has been nobody's. We leave here moral philosophers out of the question, for they have been *mere* metaphysicians. Had they been worthy of their name, they would, we think, have produced

some *effective* change in, or accession to, our moral and spiritual views. Plato, we know, and Socrates, did this in their time. The Christian religion completely revolutionized the moral world, and many *studious* believers in Christianity entertain sentiments on several important subjects which are *peculiar* to themselves. But whether or not there be any thing really new to be learnt in morals, derived of course from Christianity, every one, we think, will agree with us, that what is already known is almost a dead letter to the great mass; and that in practical morality at least our progress, if any, is very disputable. We hear much of the march of intellect, but nothing of the march of morals; and we verily believe that the darkest periods of the middle ages were as much advanced in this respect as we are at present. If physical violence prevailed then, so does intellectual depravity, in an overbalancing degree, now; and we would match the wickedness which is contained in a single day in certain newspapers of the French or English metropolis, with the assassinations and robberies which happened in a week on the highways in feudal times. But one great proof of our backwardness in the moral science is, that such a thing as *intellectual wickedness* is not acknowledged to exist. In many, therefore, of course, it is comparatively venial. The robber lords of past times, also were, some of them, the most estimable and admirable characters of their epoch. Whilst then we see the intellect advancing *uninoculated*, (we use the word advisedly, for virtue is *not* the natural and necessary fruit of knowledge without moral truth,) we look upon such an advance as an horrid portent, to be feared and shuddered at. Knowledge is power, and if there be an accession of power without an accession of moral control: that is, if power be conferred in an immensely increased ratio, whilst the only regulator which can make it beneficent remains inactive, and is thus completely overmastered by that which it should regulate, we consider such disproportioned pro-

gress to be of all dreadful things the most dreadful that can be contemplated.

We know not whether the stories we are about to present to our readers may seem to have called for these observations. But it has never been thought out of character that a grave parson should say a grave grace before his guests sit down to a merry repast, and of such we now—having said our grace—invite our readers to partake.

The first tales which we shall relate, are from a work of Massenius, a German Jesuit, published at Cologne in 1657. This work is entitled *Palæstra Dramatica*. There is a piece, called *Sarcothæa*, on which Lauder founded his accusation of plagiarism against Milton. It is a history of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise; has so far some resemblance to Milton's *Paradise Lost*—but no further. That Massenius, however, was a man of some imagination, may be seen, we think, from the following stories. They may appear, perhaps, somewhat childish, but in this, we think, consists their great charm. Though no one would now think of fabricating stories of the same kind, yet almost all will cast a retrospective glance on such with the zest almost of childhood, in the same way as a grown person may contemplate with delight the play of children, though he feels, with a

sigh, that he can only join with them pleasurable for a moment. There is a mixture of credulity and unbelief in many of these stories, which seems to say—in the dark we believe, but in the daylight we laugh; a mingled strain of earnestness and fun, (as in the two last we have selected,) a kind of compromise between terror and a joking mockery over it, which characterised the superstitions—even of the church—during the middle ages. Without some credulity, such tales (except by a remote sympathy such as we at present feel) could have no attractions; and without a spice of scepticism they could not have been rendered so *piquante*. They have, besides, to us the merit of being *antiques*, and we contemplate them with pleasure as specimens of the art of fiction in its infancy. Perhaps this is the most discriminating merit of the first story we shall relate, (very imperfect versions of it have lately been published,) though we recollect the time—in our schoolboy days—when such a tale, simple as it is, would have moved—*shaken* us with far deeper feelings, and would have given rise to much brooding cogitation, and boiling indignation and astonishment. We beg of our readers to summon this schoolboy spirit whilst they read what follows:—

THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

“Of all my wives,” said King Ninus to Semiramis, “it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all.”

“Let the king consider well what he says,” replied Semiramis. “What if I were to take him at his word?”

“Do so,” returned the monarch; “whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others.”

“So, then, if I asked it,” said Semiramis, “you would banish all your other wives and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and Queen of Assyria?”

“Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already,” said Ninus, “since you reign by your beauty over its king?”

“No—no,” answered his lovely

mistress; “I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed.”

“And to reign then you think so great a pleasure?”

“Yes, to one who has never experienced it.”

“And do you wish then to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?”

“Take care, O, king! do not offer too much.”

“No, I repeat it,” said the captivated monarch. “Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign-mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it.”

“And all which I command then, shall be executed?”

"Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and, placing it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through it with so grave and majestic an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more *piquante* and amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will conti-

nue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the King approach my throne," said Semiramis, with a loud voice.

The secretary approached, two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "'Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order.' Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now: 'Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree."

She took the three orders, thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance, and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate

because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he, laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank flowers and fruits, and the slaves having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed before the throne—

"And you," said she, to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zopire, "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis, till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch.—"'Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The *fête* was magnificent; a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honour. "You are," said she, "a foreign king, come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes," replied they.

The *fête* was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said—"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is you yourself, my lord—you who speak—What have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, beautiful queen," said he, "pardon me." And he added, in a lower tone, "I would that this *fête* were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign;" and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," said she, in a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not then be angry," said she, in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment?"

"No," said he.

"Slaves," said she aloud, "seize this man—this Ninus."

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare every thing for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobeying eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten to the fortress, Zopire; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy only wants its *dénouement*; pray let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis, "Slaves, recollect the eunuch—strike!"

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still upon his lips.

"Now I am Queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis; "and perish every one, like the eunuch and like Ninus, who dare disobey my orders."

The next story we shall give is from the same ancient and forgotten author. It is called

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

Vitalis, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, "Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened;

but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitalis, "who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely."

"I will do what I can," replied the peasant.

Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedge-bill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—“Listen, huntsman,” said he, “to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison.”

"Good," answered Vitalis, "ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted."

"I ask for nothing," said the peasant, "but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride."

So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and a moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. "It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit," said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?" cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; "my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard," said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"Oh God, oh God," cried he, "to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only."

Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah, then, I must die. Oh God, oh God!" and he wept and sobbed in a heartbreaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this

horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours; I give them all; and may I die here if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta in the forest; but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis; "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said the other, and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis,—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis

had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis; "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fireplace was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he; "the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, "they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!"

Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage where he saw an enormous provision of game,

two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. "And you then," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?" The serpent glided rapidly under an heap of dried leaves, and reappeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. "A diamond!" cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"How much do you ask for it," said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, "To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is not worth so much, give me less," said Massaccio; "I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But the police now arrived and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"Relate to us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal."

Massaccio related his adventure.

"So," said the inquisitor, "you saved the Signor Vitalis?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he promised you a marriage-portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"Let the Signor Vitalis appear," said the same inquisitor.

Vitalis appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis," said the inquisitor.

"No, I know him not," replied Vitalis.

The inquisitors consulted together. "This man," said they, speaking of Massaccio, "is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted." Then, making a sign to an officer of police, "Take that man," said he, "to prison."

Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble signors, noble signors," said he, "it is possible that the diamond may have been stolen; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion, and the serpent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis," (turning to him,) "I ask you not for the marriage-portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit."

"Noble signors," said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, "I can only repeat what I have already said: I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?"

At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey sputtered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah! these are the animals of the pit," cried Vitalis, in alarm.

"Signor Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, "you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a

narrow prison. And you," continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, "since a Venetian had promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.

The story with which we will close is a miracle related by St Gregory of Tours, and is taken from his book, "*De Miraculis Martyrum*."

St Eloi, Bishop of Lyons, having just been buried, a pagan came at night to strip his body of its grave clothes. He opened the sepulchre, lifted up the body, and prepared to take off its shroud, when all at once the corpse stretched out its arms, seized the profane violator of the tomb, and held him till the next morning. The judge condemned the pagan to death for having violated the sanctuary of the dead, and ordered him to be taken and executed immediately. But the corpse would not let the prisoner go, but held him faster than ever. The judge understood that this signified, that the culprit should be pardoned. Which being done, the saint let the man go, and fell back into the tomb.

Though difficult to keep one's countenance on reading this most veracious fact, it is impossible not to be struck with the beautiful moral it contains. Respect for the grave is inculcated, and at the same time the weightier lesson—that slight crimes should not be visited by capital punishment. So it is: Truth peeped out through Superstition in past times as it does through Infidelity now; and by the one it is as much obscured as by the other.

FRENCH AND GERMAN BELLES LETTRES.*

SURELY the living authors of France and Germany have been changed at nurse! Our erst impassioned, even while pedantically studious, Teutonic cousins, who were wont to soar upon the wings of mysticism into the clouds, who, provided they could command our sympathizing tears, or excite an interest that held us panting in breathlessly throbbing curiosity, recked not at what cost of morality they effected their object, now laugh merrily at whatever they cannot understand, and trust for the success of their romances to the metaphysical development and graphic representation of the character of an individual, of a nation, or of an age; whilst our once light-hearted, sneering, but decorum-worshipping Gallic neighbours seem only to believe the more implicitly, the more incomprehensible the dogma offered to their credulity, and seldom put pen to paper, (at least in works of amusement,) save with the benevolent intention of making the reader's each particular hair to stand "on end" with horror, which a judicious use of the seven deadly sins—the Newgate Calendar would be *too tame*—abundantly supplies.

Fully to exemplify this marvellous interchange of national character, if not of individual authors, would require more time and space than, amidst the urgent pressure of important political hopes and fears, dangers and consolatory gleams, we can afford to mere literary matters. Yet, sooth to say, the discussion, at least that portion thereof which regards France, would not be altogether irrelevant to our present fears and dangers. Wherefore we shall take leave so far to alter our mind, as, after briefly dismissing the purely German mutation of character, to devote a page or two to the French, ere we proceed to offer our intended very short illustrations of both, in the shape of an account of,

and extra cts from, a French physiological novel, and a German pathological farce.

The German change we apprehend to be neither more nor less than a progressive step in cultivation, civilisation, and consequent refinement; and as such it will be hailed by genuine critics, if not by the genuine novel-readers, who love to tremble and shudder over their book. For the reality of this new strain of German romance, we must here content ourselves with referring German scholars to the popular and voluminous works of Spindler, Tromlitz, Bronikowski, &c. &c.; and mere English readers to the accounts of the productions of these and other admired German novelists, in the periodical expressly devoted to foreign literature, namely, the Foreign Quarterly Review. Of the existing German disposition to laugh at unintelligible philosophy, we shall give a specimen from the medical farce before us, by Raupach, one of the German living dramatists; which, however, we reserve for the close of our lucubrations, the proper place and office of farce being to end serious things merrily.

We now come to the French alteration of character, in which we find an illustration, humiliating to the pride of reason, of the moral or rather demoralizing effect of violent political excitement; in other words, of the revolutionary fever, in lowering the tone of national feeling, and consequently of a nation's belles lettres, if not of its general literature. That, under the *ancien régime*, the French were a moral or religious people, we assuredly do not mean to assert. Notoriously they were the reverse. But we do shrewdly suspect, that in those days vice and infidelity were pretty much confined to the highest and lowest classes of society, and to those few, highly-endowed and highly educated members of the middle class, who made a

* *Le Magnetiseur* (the Magnetiser), par Frédéric Soulié. 2 vols. 8vo. Bruxelles, 1834.

Die Feindliche Brüder odia Homöopath und Allopath. Possenspiel von (The Hostile Brothers, or the Homöopath and the Allopath, a Farce by) Dr Ernest Raupach, Hamburg, 1834.

profession of letters. It is at least a strong presumption in favour of the general morality of the middle class, the *Bourgeoisie*, that many virtues, and more especially connubial fidelity, were derided as *bourgeois* qualities; and that rare phenomenon, in French good society, a happy marriage, was expressively depreciated as a *ménage bourgeois*. Still this good society, or highest class, observed a respect for what they deemed prejudices, a care for female reputation, and a perfect decorum of manner, which rendered vice, by slightly veiling it, both less disgusting, and perhaps less infectious to the simple-hearted and light-minded.

The Revolution of 1789 entirely broke up this system. Good society fled, or died upon the guillotine; and amongst the *Bourgeoisie*, political excitement usurped the place of trade and industry. Commerce became nearly stagnant; and, whilst a large portion of the uneducated working classes, thus thrown out of their usual occupations, were deprived of the means of earning regular wages, and reduced to derive their daily bread from chance, the pay of a demagogue, or crime, a few of the same class suddenly acquired wealth and power, and superadded the vices with the manners of the alehouse, to the vices of their more refined predecessors. Moreover, the constant sight of bloodshed, by hardening all hearts, seems to have actually annihilated all moral sense. French literature adapted itself to the taste of the French; that is to say, the Parisian world, as thus remodelled; and the novels produced during the first Revolution were such as no modest woman could read. If, as we have heard it whispered, they were read by some of our fair countrywomen, we confidently trust that it was because they were not understood.

Bonaparte, both as First Consul and as Emperor, endeavoured, earnestly endeavoured, to correct this evil, or rather its cause, to wit, the gross vice and gross manners of the Revolution; for of this effect of those causes he was most likely unconscious. But his marshals and great dignitaries of the empire, being mostly raised from the ranks, could bring only the habits and man-

ners of the guard-room to the new court. The wives of these dignitaries having mostly grown up under, and been formed by, the Revolution, were little calculated to aid the more elegant Josephine in working any great reform in the Parisian salons; and, by the showing of that pleasant gossip, Madame Junot, herself decidedly, by birth and education, nearly the best of the bunch, in essentials the example of the emperor, and indeed of the whole imperial family, more than counterbalanced his professed taste for nuptial proprieties; whilst as to external decencies of social intercourse, she discovers no consciousness of having been treated disrespectfully, when words, which she cannot repeat, were uttered in her presence, ay, even in conversation with herself. Under such circumstances the tone of light literature could improve but little.

A greater alteration was wrought by the Restoration, when the bad passions of the Revolutionists took a different direction. Novelists, save some very very few honest imitators of Sir Walter Scott, now split into two schools. The one, which we may term the Royalist, headed by M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt, wrote extravagantly sublime poetico-prose romances, unexceptionable as to morality, but having nothing to do with nature, probability, or possibility. The other, the Liberalist school, was neither moral nor immoral, confining the epithet to domestic qualities; it stooped not to notice such trifling matters, but devoted its labours wholly and solely to the laudable purpose of promoting the views of the revolutionary faction, by loading past times, courts, and, above all, its *bête noire*, the feudal nobility, with obloquy, and painting every petty *seigneur* of a *chateau* as a Nero, a Heliogabalus, or a Robespierre.

Last came, thus heralded, partly perhaps thus prepared, the revolution of the *three glorious days*, with its necessary consequences, a barricade throne, a republican monarchy, and incessant struggle between a populace grudging even the nominal power and title they gave, and a king who, however he came by his sceptre, chooses to wield it like a king—who, not daring to be a constitutional, chooses to be an absolute

king. Since this last revolution, light literature has superadded to its former indelicacy and vituperation of the past, the revolting character to which we at first alluded. And could it be otherwise? Could readers, whose habitual state is one of conspiracy and detection, of conflict with an overwhelming military force—this last, if it refers to one sex only in proper person, includes the other vicariously, in the persons of lovers, sons, &c.—could readers, daily habituated to such stimulants, sympathize with the simple and innocent, though deep and passionate, loves of a Romeo and Juliet, thwarted only by adverse circumstances? Why, even the alleged atrocities of feudalism now began to pall upon the sated appetite, requiring higher seasoning to make them relish. For this seasoning, recourse, as was before hinted, was had to the seven deadly sins; and these pleasing ingredients are now blended, with all the skill of French cookery, in all hashes and fricassees of the present as well as of the past. Upon the stage, adultery and murder are frigid, are absolutely *perruque*—the fashionable word for old-fashioned and stupid—if not enlivened by a due admixture of incest and parricide. But as to our antiquated insular notions—we fear we are altogether *perruque*—these are not very delicate matters, or peculiarly fitted for general readers; we shall content ourselves with specifying one tragedy, and refer those who wish to know more upon the interesting subject, to an able paper in the Quarterly, and to the FRANCE of the new metropolitan member, Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer,—an author who cannot be suspected of any anti-Gallican or anti-revolutionary prejudices. In this one tragedy, *La Tour de Nesle*, a queen of France, who had begun her career by intriguing with her page, and murdering her father,—plays the Messalina in the Tower of Nesle, situated upon the river Seine, with the pleasing improvement upon the imprudent Roman princess, of drowning her paramours to ensure their discretion. In the course of the tragedy, she intrigues with her two sons by the page—it is true she does not know who they are—drowns one, as usual, and, meaning to make the other

kill their now troublesome father, the ex-page is caught in her own snare. Enough surely of tragedy!

A novel which is to be read by the fireside requires less intense, less fierce interest, than the acted drama, and, accordingly, the novelists do not pepper quite so high as the dramatists. Very often the murder of a beloved bride upon the wedding-night by the adoring bridegroom, and a few tiny peccadilloes of the like nature, answer their purpose, though we by no means intend to charge them generally with such tameness; but even in those, we conceive that the more easily interested English reader may trace the demoralizing influence of which we have spoken.

But here we must pause to correct, or, in parliamentary phraseology, to explain, what Maga said, in the month of January last, touching that highly gifted, but singularly unwomanly, at least dishonest-womanly authoress, Madame Dudevant, *alias* George Sand; whose moral character, however, we beg it may be understood that we presume not to impeach. We have, we blush to say, shown ourselves precipitate, and, what we are not often, credulous. We spoke of this lady and her novels upon report, upon the strength of French praise, without having seen either; and having now made ourselves better acquainted with the subject, we here solemnly revoke our hearsay verdict, and correct our erroneous statements.

First, of the lady. She has neither assumed, nor, to the best of our knowledge and belief, legally acquired, the name of Madame Sand. In fact, she is said to have been too unlucky in her first matrimonial speculation to be likely again to entangle herself in those conjugal bonds, against which the whole force of her talent is directed in most of the six popular and clever novels that we have now read, to wit, *Indiana*, *Valentine*, *Lelia*, *Rose et Blanche*, *Le Secrétaire Intime*, and *Jacques*. No; Madame Dudevant simply assumes the name of George Sand, without any madame, or mademoiselle either, and writes under the borrowed semblance of man, evidently to emancipate herself from the various shackles with which, even in these enlightened times, and in civilized

young France, poor woman is still fettered. And in concealing her sex, the lady has of a surety done wisely.

Her novels, as before said, are clever; the two first very clever. She hits off character spiritedly; her style is brilliant, her satire keen; and she seizes unreasonably upon the reader's sympathy. But she writes, if not licentiously, yet with an utter recklessness, as well of right and wrong, as of common decency. She attacks all existing social institutions, and especially marriage, which she treats as an abominable device for oppressing and enslaving helpless woman; and in *Jacques*, she openly avers that some better plan ought to be devised for ensuring the legitimacy, or rather for ascertaining the filiation, of children. Her most virtuous heroines are either wives ready to elope with seducers, or frail without eloping, or regular courtesans. Of her virtuous men, one who is uniformly excellent is so disagreeable as to be universally disliked; another, after disgusting a passionately fond young wife by dullness, silence, and smoking, deliberately breaks his neck that she may marry her paramour; and he who is agreeable, as well as good, has, after a youth of more than libertinism, been justly convicted of forgery, branded, and sent to the galleys; in which admirable school he has become a first-rate philosophical moralist. Farther, Madame Dudevant's only happy marriage is a secret one, in which the husband's stolen visits so injure the reputation of the wife, a sovereign princess, as to expose her to the grossest insults from her own *Secrétaire Intime*.

But enough of Madame Dudevant, and also of our disquisition on causes. Turn we to the books now upon our table, and to our proposed illustrations of the changes which gave birth to the disquisition. And first the French physiological novel demands our notice.

This novel is by no means deficient in the ordinary allowance of adultery, incest, &c. &c. &c.; but our present object being to illustrate rather the existing propensity to believe what is incredible, so it be not religious, to enhance crime by a liberal use of mystic improbabilities, than the taste for sheer unadulter-

ated vice, these now somewhat commonplace, and, to us, disagreeable crimes, would not have tempted us to introduce the book to our readers, were they not, for the very structure of the fable, grafted on a more extraordinary, a most singular groundwork. This groundwork is animal magnetism, in which the really talented author, Frederic Soulié, appears to be a firm believer, and which he here represents as abused to vicious purposes. An abuse, by the by, the possibility of which we have hitherto heard the advocates of animal magnetism deny, upon the plea, that energetic benevolence was indispensable to the magnetiser's efficient exercise of his powers.

The main points of the story of *Le Magnétiseur*, omitting all such wickedness as is unconnected with animal magnetism, are briefly these:—An adventurer, who calls himself Baron de Prémitz, being a powerful magnetiser, throws a young lady into magnetic sleep, and, during her insensibility, dishonours her, for the purpose of forcing her wealthy father, Baron Lessay, to accept him as a son-in-law. Other schemes divert Prémitz from this plan; and Lessay's rage is heightened by his daughter's honest and constant assertions of her innocence, even after she has become an unwedded mother. At length he suspects the fact; and being luckily a still more powerful magnetiser than the Baron, puts Prémitz to sleep, extorts his confession, and forthwith stabs him.

What reader could desire a more magnetic tale? We will now, without vouching, however, for M. Soulié's magnetic orthodoxy, extract part of a *séance*, or scene, of magnetism, concerning which our author says,—“As to what we have just related, we declare that we witnessed it. We are writing neither a theory, nor a course of magnetism, but we have seen the results here described; and if the persons who exhibited them to us were not still living, and in a situation to shun irksome publicity, we could name them. Was it quackery, truth, the presence of a real fluid, of an invisible agent, that caused these perturbations of the regular order of things? Is it, as some assume, delirium of the imagination—an extravagant mental

excitement? We give no opinion. This we have seen, and time will assuredly explain it."

We have chosen to preface the *séance* with this avouchment of its truth, as essential to its interest, although the author has reserved it for the close. Now to the scene. The room is filled with spectators—the somnambulist is a woman, idiotically mad.

"Offered by mere chance to the experiments of M. de Prémitz, he had obtained, by magnetizing her, such prodigious results, that he had withdrawn her from the hospital, and placed her in lodgings. * *

Unrecognisable from age, sickness, and suffering; lean, sallow; her eye dim; her body convulsive; her lips sunken; her limbs dangling; her muscles and nerves relaxed; without strength or reason, her appearance surprised the assembly. Some suspected a feigned insanity, others felt their hearts oppressed. She cast a wandering glance around, but apparently found nothing to arrest it. At Prémitz's command she sat down, and at his invitation several persons questioned her. She muttered a few incoherent, scarcely intelligible, words, looking at the questioners with eyes so utterly devoid of meaning, that the most incredulous almost believed her madness genuine.

* * * * *

"Prémitz then placed himself before his patient, and said, 'Will you sleep?'

"'With all my heart.'

"'Sleep then.'

"He pointed his hand towards her brow, and she slept."

Prémitz now expounds some magnetic doctrines, and, in answer to expressed suspicions of collusion, gives a certificate from *la Salpêtrière* as to the patient's condition. Upon her name being read, the Duchess d'Avarenne exclaims,—

"'Honorine Radon! Honorine Radon! Ah!'"—Then, after a moment's thought, she addressed Prémitz,—
'But she is mad—remembers nothing?'

"'In her ordinary state nothing,' said Prémitz, dwelling upon every word; * 'but in her actual state of

lucid somnambulism she recovers every thing, understanding and memory.'

"'Memory!' said the duchess. 'Can I question her?'

"'Through me, easily; but at this moment, as she is in relation (*en rapport*) with none but me, she would hear no voice but mine.'

"'Then,' said the duchess, hesitatingly, 'ask her where she was born.'

"The baron put the question. Honorine remained immovable, but answered audibly and distinctly,—
'I was born at the village of Etang, in Auvergne.'

"'Up to what time did she live there?' asked the duchess.

"'Till the year 1788,' said Honorine.

"'What were you then doing there?' asked Prémitz, without awaiting the duchess's question.

"'I was lady's-maid to Madame d'Avarenne.'

"'That is true,' said the duchess eagerly; 'I now recollect this person; it is needless to question her further.' In a low voice she added, 'I do not choose to be made an exhibition for any one.'"

* * * * *

"M. de Prémitz now seated himself in front of the somnambulist, took her knees between his, her hands between his; then renewed his magnetic manipulations, passing his hands over her face, and placing them now on her head, now on her stomach. An air of satisfaction, of joy, gradually diffused itself over the countenance of the wretched creature, which at last attained to an appearance of ecstasy, lending a supernatural interest to that pale and withered face.

"The thralldom of the somnambulist is now complete; she *wills* only at the will of her magnetizer; she understands beyond the limits of her intellect. The first experiment shown was this:—A glass of pure water being brought, M. de Prémitz asked the somnambulist if she was thirsty. She answered in the affirmative; and, upon his enquiring what she wished to drink, said, 'Lemonade.' Prémitz then breathed upon the

* He has a plot upon the duchess, founded upon his knowledge of a concealed crime of hers.

water and gave it to the patient, who drank it, and said it was excellent lemonade. At this result many persons smiled, but the unknown physician became more attentive. Honorine then said she was hungry, and should like to eat a peach. Prémitz offered her a piece of tallow upon which he had breathed. (Poor somnambulist! exposed to such practices!) The somnambulist devoured it, seemingly with great relish. Prémitz then desired a few lines to be written in text hand; the unknown physician complied with the request, and Prémitz commissioned another stranger to bandage the patient's eyes. When the impossibility of her seeing was ascertained, Prémitz placed the written paper under Honorine's elbow, and with, or through, her elbow, she read the writing."

The incredulous physician next pinches and pricks the unhappy somnambulist, and fires off a pistol at her ear, without her evincing any consciousness of what is doing. Prémitz then offers to place him in magnetic relation with her, that she may perceive and understand him.

"The incredulous doctor then asked Honorine several questions, to which she replied with a choice of language that surprised him. But his surprise became a species of stupefaction when Prémitz said he might question her in foreign languages. He put a question to Honorine in Latin, which she promptly answered. It was possible she might understand Latin,—he put the next in Italian. She understood, and answered it as readily. A woman! A woman of the lower orders! A woman reduced to live by such jugglery, if what he saw were jugglery, to be a Latin and Italian scholar! That was indeed a marvel. But the doctor now collected all his linguistic skill, and spoke English. This question was understood, and answered like the others.

"The incredulous physician was now supposed to be Prémitz's accomplice. Another stranger suddenly handed him a paper, saying, 'Will you put that question to the somnambulist? Read it as you can, without stopping.'

"The doctor read half a dozen words; the somnambulist remained silent,

" 'Do you not understand me?' asked the doctor.

" 'No,' said she, 'for you do not understand yourself. When you speak to me not in French, I do not understand your words, but your thoughts. Whilst you pronounced those words, they gave you no thought for me to read.'"

This answer confounds every body, the doctor included, for he had not understood the words he read.

"The giver of the paper exclaimed, 'Yet it is German as good as the gentleman's English. Surely she might have understood it.'

" 'She cannot,' said Prémitz, 'unless the reader understands it. Allow me to read the paper.'

"Prémitz had scarcely ended the sentence when Honorine replied. 'You ask,' said she, 'whether the reign of the Bourbons will last; in two months there will not be a Bourbon in France.'"

Of course, this scene passes a few weeks before Napoleon's return from Elba. But our readers will, we apprehend, have had enough of magnetism. We were about to cast aside the volume, but it is only fair, before we conclude, to give a specimen of M. Soulié's powers, better adapted to general appreciation, to wit, a scene of popular commotion at Rome in the year 1798, during the fervour of Gallo-Roman republicanism. It needs no introductory explanation.

"At the corner of the *Piazza Nivona*, a few paces from the Pantheon, stood a group of men and women, tumultuously extolling the happiness of being free. An orator, perched upon some steps, was declaiming a political pamphlet from the spot where, two years before, he had *improvised* a joyous song. Above him, at the angle of a wall, was fixed an image of the *Madonna*, dressed out with an enormous tri-color cockade. The divine infant in her arms wore another, as large, and even the symbolical representation of the Holy Ghost (a dove) that hovered over the Holy Family, was decorated with this republican ensign. * * * A woman passed near the politicians; she cast her eyes upon them, and pursued her way with a slight gesture of dislike.

" 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed one of the assemblage, 'that woman

passed the *Madonna* without saluting the tri-color cockade.'

" 'She is a great lady,—She is an aristocrat,' answered those who heard the remark.

" 'She defies us!'—'She insults us!'—'She looked at us over her shoulder!'—'She pointed contemptuously at the *Madonna*!'—'She muttered between her teeth.'—'She treats us as rabble.'—'She threatened us.'—'Those are the folks who would hang us all if they got back the power.'—'And who have done it?'—'And shall we suffer it?' 'No!'—'No!'—'No!'—'Revenge!' 'Yes, revenge!'—'Death to the aristocrats!'—'To the Tiber with the aristocrat!'—'To the Tiber with the silk gown!'—'To the Tiber with the lace cloak!'—'To the Tiber with the velvet bonnet!'

The crowd pursue the unconscious object of their anger, but losing sight of the obnoxious lace cloak and velvet bonnet at the corner of a street, commence a domiciliary visitation.

" 'We will search this house.—Who art thou?'

" 'I make the antique lamps dug up in the Campo-Vaccino.'

" 'Didst see a woman in a silk gown, a lace cloak, and a velvet bonnet?'

" 'No; I was in my back shop.'

" 'Cry the Republic for ever!'

" 'The Republic for ever!'

" 'That's right; thou'rt a good citizen.'

" 'Try this.'

" 'Why dost shut up thy shop?'

" 'Faith, master'—

" 'There are no masters now.'

" 'He's of the aristocrat faction.'

" 'Let's hang him if he'll not speak.'

" 'Alas! brother, I do not know'—

" 'He calls me brother; he's a creature of the monks,—a Vatican spy.'

" 'But, worthy citizen, I am a Jew.'

" 'And dost call me brother, dog of a Jew!'

" A kick sent the poor Jew to the farther end of his shop; nor would he have escaped so, had not a shout arisen from another group, 'Tis here! 'Tis here!' All ran to the cry; and the shouters explain; 'Tis here! 'Tis here! Here is a door they refuse to open. But it's all in vain!

She shall not escape us! To the Tiber with the aristocrat! Open! Open!'"

This proves to be an empty house, but whilst the mob prosecute the search, the lady, unsuspecting of her danger, appears at a window with an old man.

" A tile, hurled at the window at which they stood, struck the old man on the head. The woman shrieked, and, dragging him away, disappeared from the window. The cries of 'To the Tiber with the aristocrat!' continued, and the door was broken open.

" A raging band rushed into the room where she was binding up the old man's wound. When she was asked whether she had not recently passed by the *Piazza Nivona*, and had answered in the affirmative, they shouted furiously, 'She confesses it! She confesses it! To the Tiber! To the Tiber! To the Tiber!'

" Some of the fiercest sprang forward to seize her. The terrified old man interposed, saying, 'But what is her crime?'

" 'She has insulted the colour of liberty. She's an aristocrat, and so art thou! Begone, if thou wouldst not share her fate.'

" 'What!' cried the old man, 'let you murder my daughter before my face!'

" 'His daughter! He sides with her! He's a traitor. To the Tiber with both!'

" 'Right!' shouted a voice; 'but first make them beg pardon. Bring them to the *Madonna*.'

" They had just reached the corner of the street with their victims, when the crowd fell back upon itself, and a cry arose of, 'The French! The French!'"

A body of the French troops quartered in Rome, having been summoned by a spectator, are indeed on the scene of action.

" A general officer, on horseback, made his way soothingly into the crowd. * * * He was readily suffered to advance, but the mob closed behind him, incessantly shouting, 'The French for ever! The French general for ever! To the Tiber with the aristocrats!' The general was now but a few yards from the prisoners. They saw him; and the old man, irresistibly impelled by the

hope of rescue, shouted, 'Here! Here!' At these words, a terrible movement is made amidst the dense mass that encloses the father and daughter. A sharp, a single cry is heard, and the old man, whose gory head had caught the general's eye, disappears. The general guesses the event—he draws his sword, and strikes at all who oppose his progress. The crowd opens, and discovers the old man lifeless on the ground, his daughter kneeling beside him, and a man, with his arm round her waist, trying to drag her away. On seeing the horseman's approach, the man lets go his hold, but, resolved not to lose his revenge, draws a knife from his girdle, and raises it against his unobserving victim. A last exertion brings the general close to the group,—a terrible blow of his sabre, and the knife drops, with the hand that brandished it, to the earth. The wretch flies yelling away, and fierce imprecations arise from the crowd, that presses upon the general and the lady. * * * He looks around, and with a voice heard above the roaring of the multitude, shouts 'Forward, grenadiers!'

We confess that we, perhaps in civilian ignorance, wondered why they did not follow their general, at least when they saw his danger. Now, however,

"The clash of bayonets is heard. The soldiers rush forward. The crowd gives way. The grenadiers reach their general;" and all is well that ends well.

With this satisfactory assurance, we shall dismiss the philosophical French novelist, and take up the German medical satire embodied in a farce. We fear that few unprofessional English readers are sufficiently familiar with the medical systems, which, amongst other transcendental sublime unintelligibilities, every now and then seize, with a sort of monomaniac passion, upon the susceptible and enthusiastic imaginations of Germany, fully to appreciate the comic banter of this droll effusion of a dramatist highly admired in the legitimate walks of tragedy and comedy, at which we ourselves, we are not ashamed to confess, despite all our professional gravity, have laughed heartily. We think, however, that a very few ex-

planatory words may enable every one to understand the joke

The word *Homöopathie* is constructed from two Greek words, *ὁμοιον παθος*, meaning similar suffering; and the Latin exposition of the principles of the system, laid down by the inventor and his disciples, is *similia similibus curantur*, or, like is cured by like. In plain English, the Homöopath doctrine is, that a disease will be most radically cured by those medicines which, if administered to a healthy subject, would produce, not an identical, but a very similar disease. As, *e. g.*, we may suppose, for we never had the luck to fall into the hands of a *Homöopath* doctor, that to a lethargic patient laudanum would be freely given. Not largely, however, for this is not all. *Homöopathie*, we further understand, abhors mixtures, and administers single drugs in the smallest possible doses, and at long intervals, that the effect of one dose may be over ere another be taken. An almost irresistible recommendation it must be owned.

The *Homöopath* farce before us turns upon the mutual love of two cousins, the daughter of a *Homöopath* physician, and the son of an *Allopath*, or *anti-Homöopath* apothecary. A friend of the lovers thinks that these professionally antipathetic brothers may be reconciled if brought together; and to effect this, persuades each that the other is mad. In their way to visit each other hereupon, they come to the town where their sister resides, and severally visit her. In the heat of conversation the Apothecary drops a roll of paper, which Tile, the plotting friend, picks up, and says—

"You are losing something, Mr Apothecary. Hey dey, what is it?—(As he takes it up, the roll unfolds to the length of a yard—it is a prescription.)

"*Apothecary*. A trifling prescription that I wrote out for myself by the way. The sharp wind has made my throat somewhat roughish, and prevention is good.

"*Tile* (who has run it over). A tumblerfull to be taken every quarter of an hour. That is a good deal.

"*Apothecary*. Ah, worthy Mr Notary, in these horrible times, when the *Homöopathie* pestilence is so ra-

pidly spreading, it were well for the luckless apothecary if he could swallow his whole stock of drugs himself.

"*Tile*. Too true. Pedigrees and apothecaries' shops are hourly growing cheaper.

"*Apothecary*. Ay, ay! Ten years ago my business was worth thirty thousand dollars, between brothers. Now, I could barely expect five and twenty, even were it from a lad in a hurry to get married.

"*Tile*. Wo to the viper brood of *Homöopaths*, that devour apothecaries' shops.

"*Apothecary*. Viper brood—excellent—(taking *Tile's* hand.)—Yes, there still is virtue upon earth. Come you to Naumburg, Mr Notary, and fall sick there! You shall have more physic than your utmost exertions can gulp down."

But this we give only illustratively. The scene we propose to extract is that in which the *Homöopath* physician displays his system. The stage presents two inn bedrooms, divided by a thin partition, with an unfastenable door. The doctor is lighted into the inner chamber by *Fittig* the waiter.

"*Doctor*. Pour away, lad, pour away! I must have more wine to digest your detestable supper, (*drinks*.) What wine did I order, rogue? Hey.

"*Fittig*. Rudesheimer, your honour.

"*Doctor*. Then you are queer geographers here. You must have changed the locality of Rudesheim, for this wine smacks of the neighbourhood.

"*Fittig*. Then it must smack right pleasantly, for it stands in the immediate neighbourhood of a cask of Lafitte.

"*Doctor*. You villain, that is not the neighbourhood I mean. This is mixed with Naumburg wine. * * * It is shameful thus to adulterate wine, not because you cheat your customers, for that is a matter of trade, and every one must drive his own, but because all rational curative science requires that every medical power, one of which wine is, should be ad-

ministered pure and simple. Knowest thou what *Homöopaths* and *Allopaths* are?

"*Fittig*. Not I; I know none but footpaths and bridlepates.*

"*Doctor*. Oh ignorance!

"*Fittig*. I am sorry if it displeases your honour.

"*Doctor*, (after looking a while at him, says kindly,) You seem to me a merry fellow; and, I doubt not, are healthy, quite healthy, in rude health?

"*Fittig*. Yes, thank God! I only wish my pocket were as stout.

"*Doctor*. If thy pocket be weakly, weren't not well to procure for it something restorative? A dollar, for instance?

"*Fittig*. Gladly; but how?

"*Doctor*. By spending the night here, in my room, without sleeping.

"*Fittig*. These rooms are, to be sure, something out of the way; but I can assure you they are not haunted, and your honour has nothing to fear.

"*Doctor*. Nonsense! I want to observe you.

"*Fittig* (*aside*). The deuce! He belongs sure to the secret police. (*Aloud*.) Oh, your honour, that's not worth the trouble. I am an honest chap, a poor downright waiter, not even a freemason, or any thing of the kind.

"*Doctor*. How? Delirious? (*Feeling his pulse*.)

"*Fittig* (*aside*). I'm wrong—Spies count one's words, not one's pulse.

"*Doctor*. Quite regular. Thou art healthy as a fish in water—quite delightfully healthy. Wilt stay?—Thou'lt have nothing to do but to sit quietly there.

"*Fittig*. And keep awake.—If it were at least two dollars.

"*Doctor*. It shall be two. When can'st come back?

"*Fittig*. Perhaps in a couple of hours, sir.

"*Doctor*. As I could wish; it will not work sooner. A man, a word—(*Opens a small medicine-chest, and takes out a bottle and a spoon*.)

"*Fittig*. A man, a word—Is your honour going to take physic?

* To preserve the pun, we have been forced to change the answer. In German a god-father is a *pathe*, and *Fittig* says he knows none but christening *pathes*.

"Doctor. No, it's for you.

"Fittig. Who? Me? When you have just said that I am in rude health?

"Doctor. Certainly; and therefore I will make you artificially ill, that I may observe you.

"Fittig. Hey! hey! That were worse than the police.—Your very humble servant. (*Going.*)

"Doctor (*stopping him*). Hear me, my son, hear me. All medicines must be tried upon the healthy ere they are administered to the sick. Take this medicine, therefore, that I may assure myself whether it will produce, as I expect, palpitation of the heart, uneasiness, convulsions, giddiness, dulness of the senses, and fainting.

"Fittig. No, sir, no, that will never do. My senses are not so oversharpe that they need to be dulled.—What! have such a whole pack of diseases, and all for a couple of dollars!

"Doctor. You shall have a ducat, my son.

"Fittig. Not for an hundred ducats. (*Tries to escape; the Doctor pens him up in a corner.*)

"Doctor. Listen to me, boy. It will be serving science. (*Pours the medicine into the spoon.*)

"Fittig. Plague on't! I have enough to do to serve my travellers—science may get served as it can.

"Doctor (*offering the medicine*). Take it, my good lad, take it, for the sake of suffering humanity.

"Fittig. Go, sir, go. We pay sixpence a-month to the poor-box, and surely that is doing more than enough for suffering humanity.

"Doctor. You unfeeling barbarian! Swallow it, cannibal, swallow, or—

(*Fittig throws away the spoon, slips under the Doctor's arm, and escapes.*)

"Doctor (*alone*). Barbarism, nothing but barbarism and darkness in this our German fatherland! Yet how brilliantly enlightened might that country be that is the cradle of *Homöopathie*! * * * (*Putting on his dressing-gown and nightcap.*) Now let me make myself comfortable, and prepare the proper medicine for my poor insane brother. Without seeing him, I would lay any

wager that I pitch upon the right one. He was always of a melancholy temperament, and your melancholy men, when they go mad, are always raving and frantic, just as peaceable men are quarrelsome in their cups. Hold! An idea! a brilliant idea! a ray of light! a great idea! Wine deprives men of their senses, producing a kind of frenzy in drunkenness; must it not, then, be a specific against all insanity? If it be, and it must, I am immortalized. (*Takes a tiny pestle and mortar out of his little medicine-chest, and places them before him on the table.*) This grain contains one ten-thousandth part of medicine—(*puts it into the mortar*)—now mixing it with these ninety-nine grains of milk sugar, (*empties a box into the mortar,*) each grain will contain one-millionth part of medicine,—a terribly strong dose, but then we have to deal with a terribly violent malady. I am convinced that he must be in the very worst state of raging frenzy."

We begin to weary of extracting. But in case any of our readers should wish to know the result of the plot, we will tell them, that the Apothecary being lodged in the adjoining room, the two brothers so terrify each other, or rather each himself, that, being on the ground floor, they jump out of their respective windows, and, in dressing-gowns, nightcaps, and slippers, get to the police magistrate's house, where a ball is in progress, and where Tile, one of the company, by persuading the drunken magistrate to send them both to a madhouse, induces both brothers to prove their sanity by embracing and signing the marriage-contract of their children, which he has ready drawn in his pocket.

We shall now take our leave alike of Animal Magnetism and of *Homöopathie*, recommending to the consideration of our invalid readers the advantages of being cured with less than one millionth part of their ordinary allowance of drugs; but far more earnestly to that of all, the symptoms of deteriorated intellect and character, resulting from hyper-political excitement, which the present state of French light literature affords.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

PART II.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES.—ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO and Juliet is placed next to Hamlet, in the usual arrangement of the poet's works, but in every thing else how widely separated are these wonderful productions! in their internal spirit as well as their outward accompaniments, how total the opposition! Far behind us, we have left the dusky towers of Elsinour, its gloomy galleries, its haunted platform; the hollow murmur of the Baltic sea, the chill breath of the northern wind, the regions of gloom without and melancholy within,—and suddenly as in a dream we find ourselves in climes, "where other voices speak, and other sights surround." The fiery sun beats fiercely into the market-place of Verona; the young blood boils beneath his influence; cavaliers cross each other, with eyes in which defiance lowers; it needs but a word to make the swords spring from their scabbards; blades clash, blood flows, and we are swept at once into "all the currents of a heady fight." Then in the brightly illuminated halls of palaces follow the dance and the revel; masques flit before us in mazy rounds, the music of the lute or mandoline rings in our ear; for platforms where spirits walk abroad, we have the balcony haunted only by love and youth, and silvered by the broad bright summer moon; the aloe raises its head beneath its beams, the odour of the myrtle and orange is on the air of night; from yon pomegranate-tree the nightingale wails, or the lark "doth beak the vaulty air above our head," to herald the approach of dawn.

The change in the spirit of the two plays is proportioned to the change of scene. As in Hamlet all is speculation, so in Romeo all is vehement passion and precipitate action. The current of life in Hamlet seems to stagnate, or to retrograde;—here it is confined in one narrow channel, down which it gushes, with the headlong im-

petuosity of a torrent, till it is dashed over the precipice. One overpowering passion takes possession of the soul, and is instantly carried into action. There is no hesitation, no reflection; no reliance on accident, no procrastination;—the events crowd upon each other in a rapid and fatally logical sequence; six days is the brief period of existence which is allowed to the birth, the triumph, and destruction of youthful Love. The play embodies the very essence of life—but an essence so potent, so intoxicating, that even to taste is dangerous,—to drink is death.

Romeo and Juliet is the only play of Shakspeare in which the whole movement of the action is made to turn on the passion of Love. It is the only play too, it appears to us, not only in Shakspeare, but in the world, where that passion is represented in its truly dramatic aspect, or in such a light as to command fully, and irresistibly the sympathies of all. In the way in which love is generally treated on the stage, it is felt to be an impertinent and tedious interference with the real business of the piece. When it is represented merely as one of many other passions, the same in its origin and its nature with them, holding divided empire with jealousy, with envy, with pride, with hatred; contending with duties, with prejudices, yielding to views of selfishness, or the rules of society; it may be decorous, but it is not dramatic. Voltaire rendered a service to the stage, when he laboured to banish from the theatre the love scenes of the Drama,—as he found them in the pages of Corneille and Racine,—as they are to be found indeed in every dramatic author except Shakspeare. Love mixed up with other feelings and contending with them on equal terms, balancing between opposing considerations, uncertain of its line of conduct, impressing the mind of

the spectator with the same uncertainty, is a picture which excites no sympathy, touches no noble or elevating chord within the mind; but, on the contrary, jars against that inward faith, which even the coldest heart delights to cherish, in the omnipotence, the omniscience, the divinity of Love.

In a very different light has the passion been represented by Shakspeare. Here is indeed that Eros, which haunts the dreams of youth, which lives in the memory, and casts back a sunshine even on the twilight of age: not a passion of this noisy world, but a celestial sentiment; mysterious, immortal, born of the Deity, returning into his bosom. Where its spark lights it is inextinguishable; where its essence penetrates, it indelibly colours with its golden hue the whole fountain of existence. All duties yield to it, for it is itself the highest of all; all evil passions disappear before it, for they cannot coexist with its presence; it cannot hesitate or doubt, for a divine revelation has announced its destiny; all prejudices of rank and of society, all rules of custom, are abrogated by the dictates of its higher law; it is open and undisguised, for it is guilt only that is suspicious; it is not clamorous but calm, and yet assured, for it confides in its own energies, and its heavenly though invisible source. One and indivisible, it is never at war with itself, nor distracts us with a conflict of feeling. We foresee its course from the first, and follow it to the last with clear and unbroken sympathies. It no longer appears as a mere disturbing force, crossing the path of other duties, and jostling them in their courses, but a calm celestial luminary, which, in its irresistible round, draws all minor objects within its orbit, and round which they are contented thenceforward to perform their humbler revolutions.

In this point of view, love is not only highly dramatic, but perhaps the most dramatic, the most fascinating of all exhibitions of passion. For it is the only one in which perfect purity can be combined with perfect power; in which the whole diapason of the human heart may be run through without touching one jarring note of evil. Our sympathy with

Macbeth is the sympathy of fear,—arising from the consciousness of a common nature, and the inward feeling, how easily in the best of hearts the slumbering demon may by circumstances be called into action; it is imperfect, it is in a manner extorted. But our sympathy with Romeo and Juliet,—with beings who live not in themselves but in each other, to whom selfishness, pride, ambition, envy, are unknown, who have made for themselves an Eden on earth, and hedged and girt it about in the hope that nothing evil would enter its calm precincts,—this sympathy is cordial and perfect; it is the sympathy produced by love and admiration, and the boding sense of coming evil, made more affecting and impressive by the very unconsciousness and thoughtless happiness of those who are so soon to be its victims. Nothing can be conceived more deeply interesting than the position of two beings so situated, to whom love has become a religion, and whose whole thoughts and actions are thus necessitated, as it were, by a power so essentially inconsistent with, and at variance with, those forces that regulate the ordinary course of human affairs. The collision with the world, with the warring passions of rivals, with family pride and “lodged hate,” with all the accidents of an ill-starred destiny, is inevitable; and every one, save themselves, perceives that the result must be a hapless one; they alone have no thought and no fear; while *we* are dropping “some natural tears” at the thought how soon they shall be driven from their ideal paradise, “they, hand in hand,” are wandering through its flowery walks, and repeating,

“ Good-night, good-night! parting is
such sweet sorrow,
That I could say—good-night, till it be
morrow ! ”

The world is all before them, bright and smiling. They cannot conceive that external circumstances should resist the omnipotence of this feeling which, in their own hearts, has effected so sudden and mysterious a revolution; has banished the visionary attachment of boyhood; has annihilated the prejudices of feudal enmity; has overcome the

bashfulness of womanhood; has bound up their existence in either other at once, and yet for ever?

Love, which has wrought such miracles within, may yet change even the hard hearts of kindred and fathers, and heal up the old wounds which pride and violence had inflicted. They see Verona, long agitated by the quarrels of their houses, once more united in amity and peace; they behold in imagination Montague and Capulet joining their hands above their bridal bed, which are only to be united above their grave.

This perfect self-abandonment, this union of wild fervour with extreme youth, the passions of the woman with the purity of the girl, can be conceived as existing only in beings of a southern clime. Hence the solicitude apparently with which Shakspeare has laboured, by all the accompaniments of the scene, to impress upon us continually its Italian character. The opening quarrels of the servants—for even to them has the feudal strife of their masters descended; the luxurious masquerade scene, with its display of all which can awaken or charm the senses; the freedom of tone which pervades it;—remind us incessantly with what suddenness and fatal energy the passions must shoot up into maturity in such a region, and under such fostering influence, and prepare us for the scene on the balcony—for the bursting forth of that fire which already smoulders in the bosom, and requires but the slenderest spark to kindle it into a flame. Juliet is pure and innocent; but she is already in mind and body a woman—an Italian; her heart demands an object; her feelings, “deep and boundless as the sea,” a reservoir into which they can overflow. So also with Romeo. His fantastic love for the haughty Rosaline, which we see from the first to have been but a boyish dream, excites no ideas of inconsistency of character; it only shows the early development of a temperament of fire; affords a standard by which to estimate the strength of the new passion of the heart, which extinguishes at once the old vision of the fancy; and assures us the more firmly, that, when the man truly loves and is beloved again, it

will be unalterably, and with that headlong energy which nothing can resist; but which is but too likely to hurry himself and the object of his passion to destruction. Every thing about Romeo from the commencement announces the favourite and the victim of love. His first attachment, fantastic and superficial as it seems, has yet preserved the freshness of his character; his heart has not lost its innocent bloom; amidst the wild mirth and loose gaiety which surrounds him, he is melancholy; for he has no feeling in common with the reckless and somewhat libertine Mercutio, or the thoughtless and commonplace Benvolio; something purer and holier than Verona has yet offered to him hovers before his thoughts, and fills his heart with a nameless longing. Thus alike in youth, in purity of sentiment, in depth of feeling, and in confidence in the world, these beings are thrown together. The accidental nature of the meeting, and the instantaneous electric communication of their feelings, are in perfect harmony with the celestial inexplicable source to which Shakspeare has traced the origin of love. They seem to feel by a mystic freemasonry that each is to be the other's destiny; that they are parts of one whole hitherto separated, henceforth to be inseparable on this side of time—

“And like two solitary rills, that side by side flow'd on,
And had been long divided, they melt at once in one.”

In this instantaneous union there is no giddiness, no levity. It is not the hasty, transitory preference of a boy and girl for each other, whose idea of eternity is of three weeks' duration; it is marked by that seriousness and solemnity that attend the consciousness that two beings are drawing from the urn of fate the unalterable lot of life. Juliet feels from the first scene that hers is fixed—that “if he be married, her grave is like to be her marriage bed.” Even in her interview with Romeo on the balcony—amidst all the excitement of a first fond confession of attachment—amidst all the visions with which hope and passion gild the future, the thought creeps in

how awful and irrevocable is the step she has taken—

“ Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease
to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens.”

Her whole conduct subsequently is the result of this sense of the earnestness of her situation; she cannot trifle with her lover, for the sentiment she herself experiences is too holy to be tampered with; she is open and undisguised, because she feels that love cannot mistake the language of innocence; she urges forward the nuptials, because she would place their union, if possible, beyond the reach of fate, and invest it with an additional character of sacredness and solemnity.

Yet Romeo and Juliet are any thing but mere abstractions—mere beings of sentiment and imagination. The perfection of these characters lies in the art with which the human and divine elements are blended in them in the harmonious union of the senses with the soul. Schiller has in his *Thekla* attempted a character of the same kind as Juliet. His picture of this daughter of the North, the twin-sister of her of Verona, yielding with the same rapidity to the irresistible influence of a first passion, and forgetting every thing in that devotion, is certainly, next to that of Shakspeare, the most striking and affecting with which we are acquainted. But the very conditions under which the character could be supposed to exist in the drama of *Wallenstein*, excluded the warmth and vigour of colouring which Shakspeare was enabled to spread with such force and truth around the great original from which Schiller drew. The calm angelic daughter of the iron-hearted and iron-handed Friedland, leaving her convent for the first time, and meeting on the threshold the hero to whom her young heart devotes itself, as to a guardian angel, yields, perhaps, with as deep a conviction and as entire a devotion as Juliet to the influence of this newly-discovered sentiment; but her feelings, trained from the first to submission, can find no vent in words—they manifest themselves, not in action, but

in patience of suffering—not in vehemence, but only in endurance. Consistently with truth and German nature, Schiller could not have portrayed the character otherwise; but such a delineation is too ethereal, too refined for the purposes of dramatic interest. To awaken our sympathies, something more passionate, and partaking more of the ordinary leaven of humanity, is required; for Platonism is no basis on which the interest of a drama can be rested. All the fire which can be united with innocence of heart—all the elements, physical and moral, which make up the mysterious compound Love—

“ All thoughts, all visions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame ”—

must be employed, if our feelings are to be heightened into sympathy, our pity into tears.

Thus has Shakspeare treated these characters. He will admit of no separation of love into the spiritual and sensual—save indeed where he wishes to present the passion in a comic point of view, by ridiculing the affectations of Platonism, or exposing the coarseness of a mere animal passion,—but in his pictures of real love both elements are united—the soul and the senses take their part, and the *whole being* loves—for only the whole being can love truly. Thus it is, that this romance of youth lays so firm a hold on the universal sympathies of mankind; that, unlike all other lovers, Romeo and Juliet are never tiresome; that though they love they are not love-sick; that they recall to each of us, in a sublimated and concentrated form, all the early longings of the soul, the hopes and fears, the heart-felt joys, the scarcely less sweet sorrows of the past.

It has sometimes been said that Shakspeare was careless in the construction of his plots, and that where he borrowed from Cintio, Bandello, or other Italian writers, he has generally altered the incidents for the worse. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that Shakspeare was not less skilful in this department than he was omnipotent in the construction of character. Romeo and Juliet is an admirable instance of the tact with which he improved while he borrowed. The immediate source

from which the plot of this play reached Shakspeare is well known to have been neither Girolamo de la Corte's history, nor the novels of Massuccio, nor Luigi da Porto, but Arthur Brooke's tedious "Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet." But Shakspeare perceived intuitively that the languid movement of the action in Brooke's poem, which is spread over a long period of time, was utterly unsuited to the vehemence of the passions which were to lead to the catastrophe. Hence he condensed the events of months into days, and gave to the whole the sultry gloom and headlong sweep of a tempest.

In the arrangement and exposition of the piece the same tact and skill is discernible. While love is the moving power, family hate is the principle of obstruction, and from the contest of these two forces, the whole action is evolved with the most felicitous and easy flow.

In the outset, the quarrels of the very servants, the rude representations of the passions of their masters, impress us with an idea of the violence and long duration of the feudal hate which has thus descended even from the highest to the lowest, and of the fatal obstacle which it must interpose to the hopes of the lovers. No sooner are we thus masters of the position in which they stand, than chance instantly brings the future victims together, and love, kindled as if by lightning, takes possession of both. Their wishes hurry to their accomplishment; the masquerade, the garden scene, the cell of Friar Lawrence, succeed each other with breathless rapidity; for a moment the star of love seems to be in the ascendant, and the baleful planet which lowered upon them at the outset to have waned and disappeared. But it has been but obscured for a moment; it flashes forth again too soon in the encounter of Tybalt and Mercutio, and the fatal revenge of Mercutio's death by Romeo, which leads to his banishment. One other short scene of passionate happiness follows, and then the gloom deepens and deepens

to the close. Love bears up in vain against the inexorable force of circumstances, "weight still is laid on weight till the resistless pressure bears him down." The hostile principle of hate triumphs through the fourth and fifth acts, and only at the close of the piece does the spirit of love begin to reassert its empire: when over the tomb of their only children, the bereaved fathers unite their hands, and bewail those fatal feuds which have led to this mournful consummation. In their sad embrace, in their too late lament over the ruin they have caused, we hail the arrival of better days for Verona; with that last peal which has blighted the lovers, the thunder has died away, the storm has howled itself to rest, and peace, like the evening star, after a troubled day, is seen rising placid and cloudless above the night of the grave.

Is there an imagination which has not been fired by the moonlight scene in the garden, in which Shakspeare seems to have condensed all the magic of his genius, and all the music of his numbers! Juliet leaning from the balcony, inspired like Genevieve by "all impulses of soul and sense," beneath "the rich and balmy eve," and unconscious of her lover's presence, whispering her new secret to the ear of night, and Romeo watching beneath, seeing no peril in the swords of angry kinsmen, braving danger and death to obtain that interview, are figures which imprint themselves indelibly on the memory.

"The dialogue in the garden," says W. Schlegel,* "has a romantic tone, and yet the picturesque, the fantastic, are blended throughout with that simplicity, in which we recognise the immediate effusions of the heart. What sweet secrets does the omnipotence of the poet betray to us! The close and silent night alone may be the witness of these touching complaints, these outpourings of affection, these confessions, these partings and returns. How she hurries to knit the indissoluble bond! Even the scenery around is not without its influence. Under the clear

* Charakteristiken und Kritiken. Von August Wilhelm Schlegel und Friedrich Schlegel. A joint work by the two brothers, which has never been translated into English, and is comparatively little known in this country.

heaven, which may well suggest to Romeo his comparison of Juliet's eyes to stars, shaded by those trees which the moonbeams tip with silver, the lovers are placed under the direct influence of nature, and set free from the artificial relations of society. So also in the parting scene, the charm of a southern spring is brought before us by the nightingale which nightly sings from the pomegranate-tree; and not the stroke of the bell, but the voice of the lark, announces the ill-omened approach of day.

"As Juliet's whole being is love, so is fidelity her virtue. From the moment she becomes the wife of Romeo, her fate is united to his; she has the deepest loathing of every thing which could tend to separate them; she fears equally to be torn from him, or to be false to him. The tyrannous vehemence of her father, the commonplace character of both her parents, offends us, but it spares Juliet the contest between love and filial affection, which would in this instance be out of place; for here the feeling is represented not as a deviation from moral rules, or at war with duties, but in all its original purity, as the first and best boon that nature has to bestow. After such a meeting, Juliet can feel no reverence for her parents, and when she is compelled to dissemble, she does it resolutely, and with no scruples of conscience.

"That the hint of Juliet's fearful soliloquy before swallowing the sleeping draught is to be found in the tale, is only an additional proof of Shakspeare's skill. This superficial resemblance of the commonest and the highest is the triumph of art. With what inimitable superiority has he accomplished this masterpiece of representation; first, Juliet's terror on finding herself alone—almost as in her grave; then her sinking of heart—her natural suspicion—the resolution with which she repels it; the tumultuous images of terror which crowd into her brain; and at last the wild, distracted haste with which she drains the draught, which it would have been unnatural for her to have swallowed calmly!

"Her waking in the grave, and the few brief moments of existence

which follow, are finely connected with the wildness of the former scene by the force of contrast. The slumber which has so long held her senses prisoner has stilled the fever of her blood. She opens her eyes like a child, to whom something has been promised by her mother, who has been dreaming of it, and wakes her mother to ask for it. She wakes with a calm and perfect consciousness of the terrors around her. She will not allow herself to be dragged from the spot when she sees her husband lying dead. She asks nothing: she knows enough."

A pleasing contrast to the wildness of Romeo's passion is afforded by that of Paris. The one is love—the other inclination. Paris seems a quiet, gentle nature, to whom all extremes are hateful. He excites no great interest during his life, but there is something deeply pathetic and affecting in his death. He has come to strew flowers on the grave of his intended bride. The sight of him whom he believes to be the cause of her death exasperates even his calm temperament into rage: he shuts his ears to the affecting appeal of his rival—he rushes upon his fate, and dies happy in the thought that his adversary will grant his last prayer.

There are few characters on which Shakspeare seems to have bestowed more care, or lavished more wit, than Mercutio. He has but little share in the action of the play; he acts, indeed, but once, where he encounters Tybalt. But as it is his death which hurries Romeo to that of Tybalt, and is the origin of all the misfortunes which follow in such rapid succession, it was necessary to invest the character with a corresponding importance. "As the play," says Schlegel, "may be called one great antithesis, where love and hatred, the sweetest and the bitterest emotions, festive mirth and gloomy forebodings, embrace, and the fulness of burial vaults, youth and self-annihilation, stand closely side by side; so the frolic levity of Mercutio is contrasted with the visionary melancholy of Romeo. Mercutio's wit is not the cold offspring of the efforts of the understanding, but the spontaneous out-breakings of his restless tempera-

ment. The rich vein of fancy which, united in Romeo with deep feeling, inclines towards the romantic, under the influence of Mercutio's clear intellect assumes the shape of genial humour. In both, the fulness of life is conspicuous; in both appears the fleeting duration of all that is fairest, the rapid decay of all those flowers of existence, over the blight of which this play may be considered as a tender lamentation. Mercutio, like Romeo, is destined to an early death. He deals with his life as with a sparkling wine, which we hasten to drink ere its spirit evaporates. Ever active, ever jesting—an admirer of beauty, yet a heretic in love, as brave as he is selfwilled—equally ready to do battle with his sword as with his tongue, even his death-wound cannot check the current of his humour, and he leaves the world with a jest, as in life he had jested at all it contains."

"The part of the Nurse also Shakspeare has obviously laboured in the spirit of love; every thing about her has a speaking truth. As the ideas in her brain seem to be associated by the slightest and most arbitrary threads, so in her actions there is but the connexion of inconsequence. She belongs to those beings in whom nothing appears to take root save prejudices, and whose morality seems to fluctuate with the accidents of the moment. She is jealous of her reputation, yet has a sort of disinterested pleasure in sins of a certain kind, and develops no inconsiderable qualifications for the office of go-between. Her chief pleasure is a tale of marriage, or a secret amour. It is not baseness, but a weak and culpable good-nature which dictates her advice to Juliet, to forsake Romeo and marry Paris. That her fidelity towards the lovers cannot stand against temptation, is a circumstance which was necessary fully to illustrate Juliet's strength of mind, since she can no longer find a stay or a support in those by whom she is surrounded, and, alone and unassisted, must carry into effect the counsels of Father Lawrence. Had the Nurse's conduct flowed from real baseness of heart, it is hardly possible to conceive that Juliet should ever have

chosen her for her confidante. The strange incongruous union of good and bad in her character, is admirably suited to its object; and richly as Shakspeare has lavished on the part his treasures of knowledge of the heart, we cannot think he has been too prodigal."

It is well known that, on the English stage, the catastrophe has been materially altered. Garrick, who proceeded on the notion that, in every tragedy, the more heartrending the grief could be rendered the better, could not resist the temptation of *amending* Shakspeare, and closing the whole play with a distracting scene of separation between the dying lovers. He determined that Romeo should not die, till Juliet had an opportunity of waking from her sleeping draught, and joining in a pathetic chorus, to the blearing of fair eyes and the great damage of many white pocket-handkerchiefs. No great invention certainly would have been required for this, had Shakspeare thought that the close of Romeo and Juliet ought to be constructed on what a clever writer calls the "greatest misery possible principle," any more than for a totally opposite termination, namely, that Juliet should awaken just in time to prevent her husband from swallowing the poison, and that all should end merrily as a nursery tale.

"It appears to me," says Schlegel, "that Shakspeare, whether from his close adherence to the tale which he had before him, or from deliberate consideration, has chosen the better course. There is a degree of suffering beyond which all additions become torture, or glide off without effect from the mind, already saturated as it were with grief. In this brief and terrible meeting of the lovers, Romeo's remorse at the thought of his rash suicide, and Juliet's despair, in the momentary revival of her hopes, followed by their sudden destruction, when she seemed to have reached the very goal of her wishes,—would have been too harassing, would have in all probability deviated into distortion. No one doubts that Shakspeare could have represented such a scene with overpowering strength; but here, on the contrary, there was need of

every alleviation, that the mind might not, by harsh dissonance, be roused from the gentle sorrow into which it had been lulled. Why should farther suffering be laid to account of destiny, which has already so much to answer for? Why should the tortured Romeo not be left to shake off in peace from his life-wearied frame 'the yoke of hostile stars?' He holds his beloved in his arms, his dying consolation is in the thought of an eternal union. She too seeks death in kisses on his lips. Their last moments must be left undivided to tenderness and pity, that we may firmly cherish the thought, that though the lovers have perished, love still survives."

It is in this spirit too that Shakspeare has prolonged the action for a little beyond the death of the lovers, and shown us that the same stroke which had levelled their hopes and happiness with the ground, has destroyed also that spirit of hatred from which their miseries had sprung. The feeling of consolation which must always accompany every proper tragic close, would have been incomplete without the scene where Montague and Capulet, beside the tomb of their only children, abjure their enmity.

"The lovers have not fallen in vain, for important and beneficent are the effects of their sacrifice. The victims themselves seem but transfigured before our eye, and no weak sorrow nor bitter grief is mingled with the pure and elevating feeling with which their fate inspires us. Yet there is not wanting enough of the irony of life; for, looking on the reconciliation which has just taken place, we ask these heads of parties the involuntary question, 'Why did not your foolish quarrels end earlier? If blood must flow ere ye could be satisfied, might not that of Tybalt and Mercutio have contented you? Now, only when the last, the costliest jewels of your house are taken from you; when the blooming youth of Juliet, of Romeo, of Paris, lies trodden into dust beneath your feet, you have the misfortune to be wise; now, when ye have little or nothing left to lose, ye desolate old men! do ye begin anxiously to guard against farther loss. It need-

ed but a word from the Prince, to make you clasp your hands above your children's tomb—those hands now too feeble to wield a sword. Scarcely can you now tell the cause of your quarrel. And who are to be the chief gainers by your tardy reconciliation? Your servants! Samson, Gregorio, Abraham, and Balthazar, will no longer need to fight and brawl in your cause, and Verona's streets will be more tranquil than of yore.' These thoughts involuntarily occur; and although the poet has not expressed them in words, he yet excites them in our minds, for undoubtedly such thoughts floated across his own. He wished not to write a mere love-tale, but to exhibit clearly the broader picture of human life. Looking into the mirror which Shakspeare holds before us, we see pathos, elevation of mind, and irony, all blended in harmonious unison. Even this irony at the close, strongly as it is expressed, produces no harsh or overpowering effect; for the idea still recurs, 'Better late than never,' and the peace of a city is perhaps precious enough to be purchased by the death of five persons. Thus our compassion becomes again calm and still."

The incident of the sleeping-draught—of a potion which was to enchain the senses, and produce "the borrowed likeness of shrunk death" for two-and-forty hours, yet leave the patient at the close in perfect health,—is not a very probable one, and required the aid of every circumstance to remove from the mind our doubts as to its possibility. This is done so far as the difficulty admitted of being removed, by representing Friar Lawrence, by whom the draught is furnished, even in the very first scene where he appears, as one who has long pried into the secrets of nature, and familiar "with the powerful grace that lies

"In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."

The idea, no doubt, is not original, for the same qualities are ascribed to Lawrence in the poem of Brooke; but Shakspeare instantly perceived the propriety of dwelling on and enforcing a point which seemed so important, with a view to the main inci-

dent on which the catastrophe turns. But Friar Lawrence's character in other respects is sketched with great delicacy, and is in its way a very finely finished portrait—in a sober, greyish colouring, no doubt, as becomes the subject, but in admirable keeping.* “Like a mild Providence, which, however, is unable to ward off the stroke of adverse fate, appears Friar Lawrence beside the lovers; no saint, but a man of wisdom in a monk's cowl—a worthy, gentle, meditative, old man”—not without a certain sublimity, through his intimacy with the secrets of lifeless nature, and strikingly attractive, through his accurate knowledge of the human heart, which in him is united with a cheerful, and even witty humour. He has a rapidity of perception, which enables him to discern the right moment for action, and to act on it; courageous in his schemes and resolves, he feels their importance with a humane earnestness, yet exposes himself unhesitatingly to dangers, that good may come. When he complies with the solicitations of his young friends, he yields not to the impetuosity of their passion, but to the strength of his own convictions; to his holy reverence for a passion like this, of which he can still form an idea, though his heart has never experienced it, or, at least, the atmosphere of his being has long been purified from such convulsions. He demands of Juliet the resolution of a heroine; he encourages her to constancy in love as to a virtue; he seems to anticipate with confidence that in her he will not be deceived. He has nothing of his order about him except some skill in disguise, and perhaps some touch of physical cowardice. The last feature, however, ought, perhaps, to be laid to the score of age. It overmasters and unmans him so, that he leaves Juliet alone in that luckless night in the churchyard, which, in his calmer mind, would have been inexcusable. And yet shortly afterwards, in a danger which he sees he cannot escape, he becomes calm, collected, and master of himself. It is singular that this monk should on all occasions

deal so little in religious allusions or considerations, and so much in moral ones. When he seeks to comfort the despairing Romeo, he offers him “adversity's sweet milk, Philosophy.” And the beautiful speech which he addresses to him may, indeed, be called a sermon of pure intellect. Once only does he allude to heaven, in addressing the sorrowing parents of Juliet after her supposed death, that is to say, on an occasion when he is not in earnest. We may see from this the absurdity of Johnson's remark, when he observes, that Shakspeare meant to exhibit in Juliet the punishment of hypocrisy, “because most of his deceptions are practised under the guise of religion.”

While the play of Romeo and Juliet has been so deeply felt, and its beauties so truly appreciated, as in Germany, it is singular that so distinguished a poet and critic as Goethe should, in his adaptation of the play to the German stage, have varied so much from the original, particularly in the opening scenes of the piece. We have already observed, that in that exposition the dramatic skill of Shakspeare is particularly susceptible. First the quarrels of the servants, then the masters; the entrance of the melancholy Romeo,—his fantastic attachment for Rosaline, so soon to be thrown off as a garb which had never fitted him; the chance which suggests the idea of presenting himself at Capulet's banquet; the simplicity of the scene between Juliet, her mother, and her nurse, connecting the idea of childhood with the scenes of passionate womanhood, which follow so rapidly; all these form an introduction so clear, so natural, so captivating, that we are surprised how Goethe should have thrown them all aside, to commence the action at once, and without explanation, by the masquerade in the palace of Capulet. It seems to us not less singular, that, instead of prolonging the action, as Shakspeare has done, for a few moments beyond the death of the lovers, so as to exhibit the extinction of feudal hostility between the rival houses, and thus dismissing the spectator with a “vade

in pacem," he has preferred the plan of closing at once the grave of the lovers and the piece, by a single moral observation from Friar Lawrence.

Two things impress themselves strongly on the mind, even of the most careless reader, in the perusal of *Romeo and Juliet*; the exquisite music of the versification, and the accumulation of imagery. The song of the nightingale itself is echoed in the magic numbers which describe it; a chorus of divine voices seems to float through the air, and to catch and prolong the accents of the lovers till they die away upon the ear of night. It is wonderful with what skill, with what perfection of imitation, all this has been rendered back in the translation of Schlegel. It was his first translation, we believe, and it is his best. Will our English readers pardon us, if we place beside Shakspeare's enchanting lines a few corresponding verses from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Schlegel, in which the very pauses, the rise and fall of the versification, the very soul of the original, is placed before us?

" JULIET.

Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on the way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be
gone.

" ROMEO.

Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do
beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our
heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills
it so."

" JULIA.

Trau mir, das licht ist nicht des tages
licht
Die sonne hauchte dieses luftbild aus
Dein fackelträger diese nacht zu seyn
Dir auf dem weg nach Mantua zu leuchten;
Drum bleibe doch; zu gehn ist noch
nicht noth.

" ROMEO.

Lass sie mich greifen, ja lass sie mich
töden,

Ich gehe gern mich drein, wenn du es
willst,
Nein, jenes grau ist nicht des morgens
auge
Der bleiche abglanz nur von Cynthia's
stirn.
Das ist auch nicht die lerche, deren
schlag
Hoch über uns des himmels wölbung
trifft,
Ich bleibe gern; zum gehn bin ich ver-
drossen
Willkommen tod! hat Julia dich besch-
lossen."

Of the richness, the riotous prodigality of the imagery, and particularly of those allusions and plays on words, which many have so severely condemned in the speeches of the lovers—and of which Johnson remarks, that, be the misery of the personages what it may, they are never at a loss for some ingenious turn amidst their griefs—let us hear the truer and more profound views of Schlegel.

" When Love reveals itself to Love, the only aim of the heart is to express its internal conviction, and to inspire in the beloved the consciousness of that conviction. It shuns the pomp of words in which the empty professions of pretended attachment might clothe themselves with equal ease; it ventures not to attempt the inexpressible; but it possesses the secret of breathing a higher soul, even into simplicity itself. Can any one overlook this heart-touching tone, in the confessions, the protestations, the soft love whispers of *Romeo and Juliet*? Juliet yields, with as much childish openness as *Miranda* in the *Tempest*, and what she says

' Is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love.'

But the admiration, the idolatry of the beloved one, cannot express itself without imagery; it must find a vent in the boldest comparisons. With the magic stroke which has isolated and exalted that object above all the world, it has lost the standard of reality, and can soar to the farthest limits, far as the wings of fancy can bear it, without being conscious of its wanderings. Love is the poetry of Life, why should it not grow poetical upon its object? Love falls involuntarily into these

far-fetched comparisons, which wit can only laboriously bring together. There exist inconceivable contradictions in the very being of Love; even with the fullest reciprocity, it cannot resolve itself into perfect harmony, and has a natural inclination towards antithesis. Still more is this the case when it has to sustain a conflict with outward embarrassments. A play on words is a comparison or contrast between the meaning of words and their sound; and, as in *Love*, the spiritual and the sensual are always striving after a union, as it borrows from the one the tenderest allusions to apply them to the other, so it may amuse itself in like manner with the resemblances of sound. Such plays on words are generally condemned as childish and unnatural. If the former term be applicable to them, the latter cannot; and experience, in fact, convinces us, that children delight in these allusions and double meanings. But *Love*, in its perfect abandonment, carries the soul, even with the full developement of all its organs, and in all the vigour of life, back as it were into the state of childhood. Without intending it, I find I have been writing Petrarch's apology, whose strange images and comparisons, whose ever-recurring contrasts and mystical allusions have been a stumblingblock to so many readers and commentators. His ideal, ethereal, resigned adoration of *Laura* has indeed nothing in common with the youthful glow of strength and fire which impel *Romeo* and *Juliet* to live and die for each other; but the style of his poetry has a close resemblance to the colouring of *Shakspeare's* expressions of tenderness."

We shall conclude this short notice by an extract from another work of *Schlegel*, (his *Dramatic Lectures*), in which he thus cha-

racterises, as a whole, this beautiful play, which he justly styles a magnificent hymn to love.

"It was reserved for *Shakspeare* to unite purity of heart, and the glow of imagination, sweetness, and dignity of manners, and passionate violence, in one ideal picture. By the manner in which he has handled it, it has become a glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul, and gives to it the highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,—and, at the same time, is a melancholy elegy on its frailty, from its own nature and external circumstances—at once the deification and the burial of love. It appears here like a heavenly spark, that, descending to the earth, is converted into a flash of lightning, by which mortal creatures are, almost in the same moment, set on fire and consumed. Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly bold declaration of love, and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternatings convulsions of rapture and despair, to the death of the lovers, who still appear enviable, since their love survives them, and by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power; and all these contrasts are so blended, in this harmonious and wonderful work, into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the imagination resembles a single but endless sigh."

MICHAUD, in his description of an Egyptian funeral procession, which he met on its way to the cemetery of Rosetta, says,—“The procession we saw pass stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead stopped thus before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before those of their enemies to effect a reconciliation, before they parted for ever.”—*Correspondance d'Orient, par MM. Michaud et Poujoulat.*

THE LAST JOURNEY.

SLOWLY, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
 To his long home.
Short grows the homeward road,
On with your mortal load.
 Oh, Grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remembered spot
 Where he hath been;
Where late he walked in glee,
There from henceforth to be
 Never more seen.

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move—
Bear not the form we love
 Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
 Last looks of light.

Rest ye—set down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here.
 Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
 Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet—
“Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
 (Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we’ve gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
 All to each other?”

“Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
 Darkly to dwell.
Giv’st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
 Oh, friend, farewell!”

Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
 Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
 Grave! bid him hail.

Yet, yet—ah!—slowly move;
Bear not the form we love
 Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
 Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
 Even at his gate.—
Will the dead speak again?
Utt’ring proud boasts and vain,
 Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose.—
List! list! what sounds are those,
 Plaintive and low?
“Oh thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
 Ere hence I go.

“Curse not thy foeman now.—
Mark! on his pallid brow
 Whose seal is set!
Pard’ning I past away.—
Then—wage not war with clay—
 Pardon—forget.”

Now his last labour’s done!
Now, now the goal is won!
 Oh, Grave! we come.
Seal up this precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
 Take the soul home!

ANTIQUE GREEK LAMENT.

BY MRS HEMANS.

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

I pine for thee through all the joyless day—
Through the long night I pine :—the golden sun
Looks dim since thou hast left me, and the spring
Seems but to weep.—Where art thou, my beloved ?—
Night after night, in fond hope vigilant,
By the old temple on the breezy cliff,
These hands have heap'd the watch-fire, till it stream'd
Red o'er the shining columns—darkly red—
Along the crested billows ;—but in vain !
Thy white sail comes not from the distant isles—
Yet thou wert faithful ever. O ! the deep
Hath shut above thy head—that graceful head ;
The sea-weed mingles with thy clustering locks ;
The white sail never will bring back the loved !

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lov'd one!

Where art thou—where ?—had I but lingering prest
On thy cold lips the last long kiss,—but smooth'd
The parted ringlets of thy shining hair
With love's fond touch, my heart's cry had been still'd
Into a voiceless grief ;—I would have strew'd
With all the pale flowers of the vernal woods,—
White violets, and the mournful hyacinth,
And frail anemone, thy marble brow,
In slumber beautiful !—I would have heap'd
Sweet boughs and precious odours on thy pyre,
And with mine own shorn tresses hung thine urn,
And many a garland of the pallid rose.—
—But thou liest far away !—No funeral chant,
Save the wild moaning of the wave, is thine ;—
No pyre—save, haply, some long-buried wreck ;—
Thou that wert fairest—thou that wert most loved !—

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one !—

Come, in the dreamy shadow of the night,
And speak to me !—E'en though thy voice be changed,
My heart would know it still.—O ! speak to me,
And say if yet, in some dim, far-off world,
Which knows not how the festal sunshine burns—
If yet, in some pale mead of Asphodel,
We two shall meet again !—O ! I would quit
The day, rejoicingly,—the rosy light,—
All the rich flowers and fountains musical,
And sweet familiar melodies of earth,
To dwell with thee below.—Thou answerest not !
The powers, whom I have call'd upon are mute ;

The voices buried in old whispery caves,
 And by lone river-sources, and amidst
 The gloom and mist'ry of dark, prophet-oaks,
 The Wood-gods' haunt—they give me no reply!
 All silent—heaven and earth!—for ever more
 From the deserted mountains thou art gone—
 For ever from the melancholy groves,
 Whose laurels wail thee with a shivering sound!—
 And I—I pine through all the joyous day,
 Through the long night I pine,—as fondly pines
 The night's own bird, dissolving her lorn life
 To song in moonlight woods.—Thou hear'st me not!
 The Heavens are pitiless of human tears;
 The deep sea-darkness is about thy head;
 The white sail never will bring back the loved!

By the blue waters—the restless ocean waters,
 Restless as they with their many-flashing surges,
 Lonely I wander, weeping for my lost one!

THE JUNGFRAU OF THE LURLEI.

(A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.) *

Who sails with pennant waving gay
 So swift adown the Rhine?—
 A chief I see with ostrich plume,
 A chief and boatmen nine.

As swallow swift with dipping wing,
 So swift they glide along,
 And ever as they lift the oar
 They raise the merry song.

It is the young Count Palatine
 That comes in that swift boat,
 And he a deed of strange intent
 Within his heart hath thought.

For he hath heard of the Jungfrau
 That on the Lurlei stands,
 And he in haste is coming now
 On her to lay his hands.

By Mary Mother hath he sworn,
 The maiden shall be mine—
 Now fresh to work, my merry-men,
 And row we down the Rhine!

The pilot was an aged man:
 Deep thought with blithe content
 Upon his weather-beaten brow
 And cheek was friendly blent.

"I rede thee, young Count Palatine,
 I rede thee well," quoth he,

"I am a man of many years,
 Though but of low degree.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
 My spirit bodes no good
 Of this strange voyage that we sail,
 We do not as we should.

"The Virgin of the Lurlei rock,
 We know not what she be:
 She may be of the angel race;
 She is no bride for thee.

"Or an Undine she may be,
 A daughter of the stream;
 Rough mortal hand to touch a maid
 So pure may not beseem.

"For oft-times at calm eventide,
 As native fishers tell,
 When mellow shines the parting light,
 And chimes the vesper bell,

"She beckons with a friendly hand,
 And, pointing to the flood,
 There, if you fish, she seems to say,
 Your fishing will be good.

"And whoso, with the rising sun,
 First casts where she hath shown,
 The choicest fish that Rhine can boast
 That day he calls his own.

* The popular tradition on which this ballad is founded, is taken from the Appendix to *Schreiber's Handbuch furs Reisende am Rhein*. P. 36.

"I rede thee well, Count Palatine,
My heart misgives me sore,
I rede thee, turn from this Jungfrau,
And think on her no more."

"Have thou no fear, my pilot true,
Thou know'st I mean no harm,
The maid shall grace my festal board,
Shall rest within my arm."

"And be she of Undine-tribe,
Or of the angel race,
The Heaven that sent me such a boon,
Therefor shall grant me grace."

And to his words a loud halloo
His merry comrades shouted;
The pilot strove to smile in vain,—
He shook his head, and doubted.

And plash, and plash, and hll-hilloa!
Still gaily on it goes
Adown the stream, till to their view
The Lurlei rock uprose.

And on that rock there shone a sheen
Of mingled sun and moon,
And as they nigher came, they heard
A strange unearthly tune,

But wondrous sweet. The Jungfrau
sate
Beside the silver sand,
And held a string of amber beads
In her uplifted hand.

And her the mellow-setting sun
And mellow-rising moon
Beshone, as there that Virgin sate
And sang her witching tune.

"Now, by high Heaven! that golden
hair,
That eye of blue is mine!"—
So spake, and sprang with sudden leap,
The young Count Palatine;

But sprang too soon. His hasty step
Missed the deceiving shore:
The whirling eddy sucked him down;
He sank and rose no more.

"Saint Ursel, save us!" cried the men,
And rowed them up the Rhine:
The maid was seen no more that night,
Nor more the moon did shine.

The Count was wroth; he loved his son:
Three trusty knights sent he,

To seize that Jungfrau, and revenge
Her wicked sorcerie.

For he did deem his son was drowned
By cursed craft of hell—
Three holy red-cross knights he sent,
To break that fiendish spell.

The three knights came. The Jungfrau
read
Their message on their face.
"Touch me no mortal hand, for I
Am of Undine race!"

She said, and in the deep blue wave
Her amber-beads she threw—
"Come, father!—welcome, watery home
Ungrateful earth, adieu!"

The waves did swell, the waves did roll,
The waves did heave them high;
Into twin foamy steeds their crests
Did shape them fearfully.

And on the one a king therè sate,
Old Kühleborn he hight;
He wore an emerald mantle green,
With pearls his crown was dight.

A sceptre of the watery reed
His outstretched arm did wave,
And with an eye of ocean's blue,
A quick command he gave.

And she, the daughter of his love,
Besprang the second steed,
And bowed her low before her sire,
That helped her in her need.

The waves fell back, the waves fell down
Into their caves they coil,
As if by Jesu's voice rebuked,
Their face lay calm as oil.

The knights beheld it from the rock,
Their knees sink down in prayer,
And signing many a holy cross,
Unto their boats they fare.

And on the cradled wave upborne
A silver shell they saw;
A shining text was writ thereon,
They read that text with awe.

"Think twice, rash man, before thy foot,
Disturb a holy spot:
The lovely shapes of earth and sky
Behold—but touch them not!"

ON AN INSULATED ROCK ON THE SUMMIT OF MOWCOP, NEAR CONGLETON, IN
CHESHIRE, KNOWN BY THE NAME OF THE MAN OF MOW.

PRIMEVAL man! and there thou art, the same
As when, some sixty centuries ago,
Wrestling with Chaos, thine amorphous frame
Rush'd into being from the world below.
Say, canst thou recollect that great commotion
When Nature gifted thee with locomotion?

What called thee forth, what powers gave thee birth?
Wert thou first quicken'd by that central fire
For ever burning in the womb of Earth?
Or dost thou claim old Ocean for thy sire—
From him convulsive throes of life receiving,
When rocks were rent in twain at his upheaving?

How long endured thy solitary doom,
Condemn'd alone to view the watery scene?
What spark of life illumin'd first thy gloom?
Did months, or years, or ages intervene
E'er to the Cestrian vales below were given
To teem with every gift of bounteous Heaven?

How long e'er sin defaced the moral world
Didst thou look down on innocence and bliss?
How stoodest thou the shock, when hills were hurl'd
By Noah's deluge down the dark abyss?
How, Man of Mow, didst thou retain thy station
Amidst those scenes of death and desolation?

If rocks had tongues, full many a tale couldst thou
Reveal of olden antiquated times—
And though thine heart is stone itself—thy brow
Perchance hath wept for men, and all their crimes,
Follies and frauds, and endless sins outrageous,
Proving that vices are, like plagues, contagious.

Oh for the note-book of thine early life,
Or journal written in maturer age!—
From the first dawn of elemental strife
Thou hast, indeed, withal to swell thy page.
What strange events, what wondrous lucubrations,
The ups and downs of worlds, as well as nations.

Doubtless thou hast not stood so long at top
Of yon wild ridge unvisited and lone—
Surely the mighty monarch of Mowcop,
Can boast some subjects suing at his throne.
Britons or Picts, or Romans in their glory,
Each in their turn have rang'd themselves before ye.

Thousands and thousands may have bowed the knee,
Or fallen prostrate at thy rugged shrine ;
A pagan priesthood may have worshipp'd thee,
Their favour'd Moloch—sacred and divine ;
Consulted solemnly, in times portentous,
Just as Apollo used to be at Delphos.*

Alas for thee ! That innovator, Time,
Hath made sad havoc with thy pristine fame,
In reputation thou art past thy prime,
And nothing now is left thee but a name.
Thy former claims would now be deemed pretensions,
The baseless theories of man's inventions.

Yet still old Time hath spared thy rugged form ;
Years roll on years, all seasons wane alike,
The heats of summer, or the winter's storm :
On thy stern front in vain the lightnings strike—
It seems as if no earthly revolution
Could help thee on thy way to dissolution.

And yet, the day shall be, colossal Mow,
When thou thyself must bow thine haughty head,
When rocks stupendous more by far than thou
Must lapse to dust, and mingle with the dead.
When once again a final conflagration
Shall utterly despoil the whole creation.

When this round world, and all therein shall quail
Before the breath of Him who wills its end ;
When living souls, and valiant hearts shall fail,
And mounds and mountains at his fiat bend—
Dissolved in air, released from condensation,
To float in space, a gaseous exhalation.†

D. T.

* We admire every thing in these fine lines except this supposed rhyme.—C. N.

† See Herschel and Mrs Somerville on Combustion and Dispersion of Heavenly Bodies.

SPENSER.

No. VI.

THE FAERY QUEEN—LEGEND OF THE RED-CROSSE KNIGHT.

Romeo and Juliet, fare ye well !
Your lives began but with your
loves—your loves ended but with
your lives. How passionate ! how
blissful ! how agonizing ! and, all at
once, how still ! Was ever day so
bright hurried into night so black ?
Dallied ever broken hearts so des-
perately with death ? Rushed ever
the young, the pure, and the beauti-
ful, with such frenzy of desire into
the grave ? Corruption may not
touch their bodies—love-embalmed
in our imagination, that cannot think
of such decay. The gates of the
tomb are shut—no noise from the
upper world shall ever disturb their
nuptial couch—no light waken the
bride on the bridegroom's breast—
their faces smile together, as if each
knew that the other was near.
Despair has left their foreheads, to
which delight has returned. After
all their trouble, their eyelids are
closed in profounder peace ; nor
evermore shall they let fall a single
tear.

And why weep we thus for ficti-
tious woes—for funerals passing by
with their palls in the wavering
world of poetry—for burials that
never were in earth, though seem-
ing " of the earth earthy "—astound-
ed with the sound of tomb-doors,
that close with a clash but in ima-
gination's ear—overcome with pity,
that cannot be sustained, for the fate
of phantoms ?

We weep, because God in his
goodness gave us the gift of tears.
We weep for phantoms, because we
ourselves are phantoms. Are we
not the Shadows of Shades ! Our
life is but a dream—and we sadden
at the dream of a dream—in which
the sorrow is an image of our own
sorrow—the death of our own death.
Brooding on our own mortality, the
soul creates mortalities more mourn-
ful than we can imagine even ours
may be ; in some moods we draw
comfort—nor can accuse ourselves
of selfishness—from the superior
sorrows of these ideal sufferers—

in others we darken our lot—nor
feel guilty of ingratitude—by bring-
ing over it a gloom that belongs not
to the atmosphere in which we
breathe, but to a region haunted by
intenser griefs.

It has been curiously enquired
why we should fear the future—em-
powering it by our own passions to
disturb the present, and destroy the
blessings that may brighten the pass-
ing hour ? Such a question is idle
—for the Future is a foe whom we
are for ever nearing and nearing, and
we fear he may strike us dead. But
the Past has no power to harm us—
it has expired, and is buried : and
who in his senses cares for a ghost ?
Yet we cannot rid ourselves of the
Thoughts which pursue or accom-
pany us ; and, waking or sleeping,
they lie or sit or walk by our side.
Thus are we haunted—nor yet think
ourselves superstitious—with the
Future and with the Past. They of-
ten so possess us, that we are aware
not of the Present ; and, knowing
all this, is there any wonder that
our desires go beyond all that the
Three can offer—yearning for what
never was, nor is, nor will be—
something more sweet or solemn,
more tearful or terrible—fictitious
because reality offers nor joy nor
grief sufficient for the soul's desires
that are not to be satisfied, far less
satiated, by all that may exist be-
neath the skies.

But the craving is still for more
and more misery and anguish—some
more portentous guilt—some hitherto
unheard-of despair—some more rue-
ful expiation—some ghastlier death.
We find them all in Shakspeare—
therefore his tragedies in their trou-
ble are dear to mankind. What had
Juliet been to us, had we but seen her
in the garden, or thought of her but
in the nuptial bower ? Imogen, had
she still continued but the star of
her father's court—enjoyed by Post-
humus in secret—an unsuspected
bride ? Desdemona, had she but been
wooed and won and wedded by the

Moor, and no Iago had ever seen their happiness? Cordelia's self, had she but been driven by her father out of his sight? One and all had been forgotten in a day. But Juliet exchanged the cup of life, when mantling with bliss, for one in strange confusion given by death—and having seen her drain *that* to the dregs—as a sunny vision, storm-struck, but that will not fade away, we cherish her and all her charms in our hearts for ever. Imogen became poor Fidele, and we believe we saw her buried. Arisen as if from the dead, we could not endure to see her die again; yet as she retires from our eyes, encircled though seem her brows with joy, they seem to us likewise sanctified by sorrow—remembering her woe in the woods. Were there ever, think ye, such deaths as the deaths of Desdemona and Cordelia? As we look on, we think never, never, never beneath the skies was there such misery as this! But sorely are we mistaken, for Shakspeare drew from a well unfathomable in its blackness—even he knew not the utmost depth of passion—nor had he conceived all the guilt that may yet come bubbling up in unimaginable blood.

But we must hide this volume of Shakspeare, for it will not suffer us to look at this volume of Spenser, which has been lying open before us all the evening—let us see at what place—Ninth Canto—twentieth stanza of the Faery Queen.

Prince Arthur has just gone, disappearing away in all his magnificence; and yonder light on the edge of the horizon, is it a last far-off farewell to Una and the Red-Crosse, sent from the Deliverer's sunbright arms? Let him go, and let all blessings go with him, in search of Gloriana on her golden throne. But we will accompany the fallen, and her who is his comforter, and hear them communing together, left by themselves on their perilous journey—much yet by him to be done and suffered, ere before Una's eyes the dragon by her hero is made to die. Call we him a hero? Wan and weak, downcast and desponding, ashamed to lift up his eyes, deaf even to Una's voice, and in utter exhaustion of all high and noble passions—a mute. To Una's sight, and in Una's soul, he is still a

hero, dearer to them both because of all that wretchedness—for had it not been brought upon him by the power of evil spirits, when he was all the time willing to devote all his services to her sake? And heavenly Una! has she not a heart for perfect forgiveness of all the wrongs that to herself could be ever done on earth? Knowing that He, whose cross her Champion bears, will pardon all sinners who are contrite—that though their sins have been red as crimson, yet shall they become white as snow.

Spenser never once says that Una is beautiful—he calls her simply the “lovely ladye;” but in her face, her figure, and her apparelling, we see the beauty of the soul, and that it is perfect. And what other beauty can there, indeed, be on earth, or in heaven? We behold it in the love of childhood to age—in the tenderness of young health sitting patiently to nurse the sick-bed. And does it not bless our eyes in forgiveness? How beautiful the thought of mercy!

And now Una, in our reverent imagination, is more beautiful than even she seemed at her divine poet's first showing her to our delighted eyes—now as we think we see her sitting at the side of her knight, by some spring in the wild, bathing his temples with its coolness, nor, as mingles with it holier water from her eyes, ashamed to let fall a kiss along with that gracious dew, and then wiping it dry with her hair.

“But she now weighing the decayed
plight,
And shrunk synewes of her chosen
knight,
Would not a while her forward course
pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful
fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew.
For him to be yet weak and wearie well
she knew.”

It is ill for us when the sick body sickens the soul—and even then we faint as if to die. But, oh! the swooning, like a long-protracted death—when it is the sick soul that has sickened the body, and both together—struggle as they may—are felt every moment that they make their escape from its brink—as if again relapsing into the grave!

So had it been with the Red-Crosse, and had his leach been any other than Una, he had surely died. She knew, by knowledge from above, the seat of his disease—and she administered simples gathered from among the flowers of Heaven—herbs of sovereign virtue—in whose balm there is immortal life. Yet their efficacy is lost on the soul that is sick almost even unto death—if it receive not with lowliest gratitude the sweet restoratives; and slow must be the recovery, and acute its

pains, of the sinner hoping to be saved, and obeying his guardian angel in all she bids—whether it be to sit up and pray, or to lie back in the hush of heaven-sent sleep.

All unfit is still her Champion for any high emprise—but they two are proceeding on their way; though his great heart is not what once it was, it knows not fear—though weak his limbs, he can sustain on his breast the silver shield—and did danger threaten Una, he would arm for the encounter.

“So as they traveild, lo! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still as he fledd, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd;
Als flew his steed, as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had been a fole of Pegasus his kind.

“Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe; and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproach of knighthood’s fayre degree
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope, or armes, has now no memoree.

“The Red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd;
There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
That of himselfe he seemd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
‘Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arrayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.’

“He answerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde;
But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemed forth to shake:

“‘For God’s deare love, Sir Knight, do me not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after mee!’
Eft looking backe would faine have runne away,
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie;
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his blood-frozen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnes rather feare did reach;
Yett, forst at last, he made through silence suddein breach.”

The Red-Crosse is not so sunk in his own sorrows as to be insensible to such a miserable sight. A knight flying like a felon escaped from the scaffold—and staring as if he yet felt at his throat the hangman's hands. We forget the power of the poet in his picture, and partake the fear of the victim, nor are ashamed of his shame. Yet read again the passage, and you will agree entirely with Upton, “that such a picture of a desponding, terrified, poor creature, in the utmost agonies of fright and despair, was never drawn so lively by any poet or painter.” Homer's Dolon, “standing astonished, his teeth chattering, and his colour fled,” before the fierce Diomed and the stern Ulysses—Orestes' self, as Euripides has shown him, pursued by the infernal Furies—are not so vividly placed before our very eyes, nor force us with such sympathy to shudder for their fate. What fear can that be, which has cowed the pride, the honour, the heroism of knighthood—and can hurry a man, armed at all points for battle, in such shameful guise, to the uttermost ends of the

earth, so that he had but strength for ever on to flee?

“For God's dear love, sir knight, do me
not stay;
For loe! he comes, he comes fast after
mee!”

He! Who? Is it the Sarrazin? One of the three fierce brothers of the brood of Night? Some giant, whose voice is thunder, and his tread earthquake? Back is he ever looking—but alone and unpursued he flees—the sound of his own flight is all he hears; but he thinks it the feet of one close behind him—of one more appalling than death—

“A man of hell, that calls himselfe DES-
PAYRE.”

He has no eyes for Una, and sees her not. But the presence of the Red-Crosse somewhat calms the quaking of his heart; and at the sound “of his bold hartie speech” he feels as if he might yet be rescued from the “Man of Hell.” At last “he made through silence sudden breach,” and thus it was that he spake:—

“‘And am I now in safetie sure,’ quoth he,
From him that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?’
‘Feare nought,’ quoth he, ‘no daunger now is nye.’
‘Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,’
Said he, ‘the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

“‘I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst!)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee;
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyed to see her lover languish and lament;

“‘From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen, (God from him me blesse!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despayre*:
Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
Of tydings straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

“‘Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Emboist with bale, and bitter byting grieve,

Which love had launched with his deadly darts ;
 With wounding words, and termes of foule reprimde,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life ;
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife ;

“ ‘ With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
 But I, more fearful or more lucky wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare ;
 But God you never let his charmed speeches heare !

“ ‘ How may a man,’ said he, ‘ with idle speach
 Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health ?’
 ‘ I wote,’ quoth he, ‘ whom tryall late did teach
 That like would not for all this world’s wealth.
 His subtil tong, like dropping honny, mealt’h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine ;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
 O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine !’

“ ‘ Certes,’ said he, ‘ hence shall I never rest,
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde :
 And you, sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.’
 ‘ I that hight Trevisan,’ quoth he, ‘ will ryde,
 Against my liking, backe to doe you grace ;
 But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
 For lever had I die then see his deadly face.’ ”

The action in the Faery Queen moves quick, though we have seen it complained of for moving slow. It moves fast or slow, as the one pace or the other is required. Here it moves in double-quick time, and in a moment we are at the mouth of a Cave. What though it be Day ? There are some days more dismal than any nights—and this is one of them ; for know ye not that it is the day that broods over the region of Despair ? And have ye never found yourself overshadowed by that day, and, looking round, seen that you were in that region, while your heart lost all hope that it might be but a ghastly dream ? You answer—Never. Then be thankful to your Maker, who by the touch of his finger—lighter than the shadow of a leaf trembling in the air—has turned the brain of genius into madness, till the earth swarmed with fiends be-

fore its eyes, and the waters were changed into blood.

What though it be day ? The owl is satisfied with its gloom, and is shrieking from the craggy cliff. What though it be day ? There is light enough for the ghosts to see by it one another’s faces—and what more would they have ? You may remember a passage in Virgil—

“ Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
 Visa viri ; nox cum terras obscura
 teneret :
 Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sæpe queri, et longas in fletum ducere
 voces.”

Upton thought of it as Spenser showed him the Cave of Despair, and no man shall ever be blamed by us for thinking on any occasion of any passage in Virgil. But were there no other unlikeness—this one is sufficient to secure to each of the

great poets his right to his own inspiration—night darkens Virgil's picture by its very name Nox—day dims Spenser's; but it is such a day as is more dreadful than night—the dimness showing spectacles of horror the darkness would have hidden

—and scenery suitable to the things that people it—owls, and ghosts, and the carcasses of suicides. Preserve us, heaven! from

“The man of Hell, that calls himself
DESPAYRE.”

“Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave,
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle:

“And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcasses were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene;
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th' other forst him stayer, and comforted in feare.

“That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind;
His griesly lockes long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

“His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.”

And how shall the Red-Crosse combat and kill Despair? True that he is not the prowtest knight now he once was—yet surely he will never sink beneath such a villain, whom it would be shame to knighthood to slay with knightly arms—a wretch unworthy even to be trodden under a hero's heel. Let Trevisan undo the rope from his own neck, and fasten it round that of the accursed caitiff, and calling on a ghost to be hangman, let “the Man of Hell” be suspended from one of the “stubs

of trees.” The Red-Crosse, eyeing him sternly, asks if justice demands not that for blood there should be blood. But the “Man of Hell,” lean and squalid though he be—as an hungered—hideous in ragged attire that hides not his fleshless bones—with “hollow eyes, that looked deadly dull,” and jaws starvation-shrunk, is not to be frightened in his own Cave, either by word or sword. He knows his power, to which all those corpses bear witness—scores of them cold and baked in blood that is now crust—

one by his side yet warm, and in its throat the knife. Without stirring, he keeps "low sitting on the ground," and assails the Red-Crosse with his voice.

"The knight much wonders at his sudden wit:"

and well he may do—for

"That poor old man is greater than he seems."

To him has been given might and mastery even over the servants of the Cross. "What frantic fool art thou?" he asks, "who darest give so rash doom to me?" The Prince of the Air had gifted him with eloquence—persuasive eloquence—in melancholy moods, when the body has been wasted, and the soul outworn, perilous if long listened to—fatal, if they fly not, to all that are woman-born. Deadly dull as look his hollow eyne, they see into the core of the human heart, and the most secret thoughts that may be lurking there, ready to rise at a wicked word, and gathering into one passion, to drive men mad. Sorry sights, of a truth, are there around and in his Cave! But why blame him because wretch after wretch has sought this dismal place, wearied of life's heavy burden, and laying it down, that they may get rest—rest—eternal rest!

But Spenser must tell you, in his own irresistible stanzas, of all the deadly witchcraft of the Voice of the Cave. Let no man, as he prizes his

immortal soul, ever enter into an argument with

"The man of hell, that calls himself Despair."

Should you at any time, at the dusk of the evening, and in some lonely place, all on a sudden see him standing at your side, in God's name bid him begone—for a single whisper in your ear tells you who it is; and if you devoutly name that name, he will pass by like a shadow. But if you enter into converse with him, he may hold you there till midnight—and as the stars go out, and the moon drops from the sky, you know not what wicked thoughts his voice in the darkness may inspire into your heart—perhaps of death as an eternal sleep—untroubled by the dream that is for ever disturbing life, till it becomes a curse no longer to be borne. The dream of a last day of judgment for the sons of a day! Penal fires to all eternity kept burning by a merciful God for all the poor sinners whom he had the cruelty to create of dust, and chose to make the dust flesh. Believe it not. The flesh—dust that breathes, and thinks, and feels, has become miserable—let it avail itself of its mortality, and become again part of the insensate earth!

Hear now the colloquy between him and the Red-Crosse, and say if you would choose at an hour when your heart was sick within you—to chop logic with Despair.

"Which piteous spectacle approving trow
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red-crosse knight did vew,
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein sayd, 'Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood here shed in sight?"

"'What franticke fitt,' quoth he, 'hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What iustice ever other iudgement taught,
But he should die who merits not to live?
None els to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deservyng death.
Is then uniuert to each his dew to give?
Or let him die that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease that liveth here unneath?"

“ Who travailles by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe that long hath stood
Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood ?

“ He there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it dally wanderest :
What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave ?
Is not short payne well borne that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.’

“ The knight much wondred at his suddein wit,
And sayd, ‘ The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it :
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed.’
‘ Who life did limit by almightie doome,’
Quoth he, ‘ knowes best the termes established ;
And he that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

“ ‘ Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heven and earth ? did not he all create
To die againe ? all ends that was begonne :
Their times in his eternall booke of Fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date :
Who then can strive with strong Necessitie,
That holds the world in his still-chaunging state ?
Or shunne the death ordaynd by Destinie ?
When houre of Death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

“ ‘ The lenger life, I wote the greater sin ;
The greater sin, the greater punishment ;
All those great battels which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now prayd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough they evill life forespent ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

“ Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th’ ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ;
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake,
And ever fickle Fortune, rageth rife :
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

“ ‘ Thon, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state ;
For never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disaventures did amate ;
Witnes the dungeon deepe wherein of late

Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
 And though good lucke prolonged bath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

“ ‘Why then doest thou, O man of sin! desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough that to this lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with periuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?’ ”

“ ‘Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guiltie be of thine impietie?
 Is not his law, Let every sinner die,
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to die willingly,
 Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes; die soone, O Fairies sonne!’ ”

Orator, philosopher, theologer, and poet, is not Despair? No Atheist he indeed, but an orthodox divine. What was Diogenes in his Tub to Despair in his Cave? Plato! thou reasonedst well when round thee—as on thy spacious shoulders hung the thick clustering tresses, and words sweeter than honey distilled from those lips, on whose roses, in thy cradle, the harmless bees from Hybla or Hymettus had settled in a swarm—flocked the Athenian youth, to hear, in the groves of Aca-

deme, their illustrious Master discourse most excellent music on the Immortality of the Soul! But had Despair had his Cave among the olives there, thy School would have been thinned; other topics he indeed would have chosen, but of surety he, who could thus drive to distraction the Christian soul, would have overcome the Heathen—easy to him would it have been to shake the throne of Jove, who thus darkened the providence, and perverted the attributes of Jehovah.

“ The knight was much enmowed with his speach,
 That as a sword's poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

“ In which amazement when the miscreaunt
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
 (Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt
 And hellish anguish did his soule assalle)
 To drive him to despair, and quite to qualle,
 Hee shewd him painted in a table plaine
 The damued ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine,

“ The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.

Then gan the villein him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was dew to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

"But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolved to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe again did start."

Despair, no doubt, had seen a weak woman trembling at the mouth of the Cave, and afraid to venture in—haply the knight's leman, whose love was light, and after the suicide of her paramour, would soon provide herself with another Make. So might have thought the villain—for what could he know of Una's heart? He had never seen before that face of heaven. She swooned not—she shrieked not at that dreadful sight—but—rushing to his side—rescued the Red-Crosse from Despair.

"Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said, 'Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochful strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vaunst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?"

"Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire that chosen art?
Where iustice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place."

Meek and innocent was Una as the milk-white lamb she led, when first she met our eyes—but her poet,

heaven-inspired with a knowledge of the divine things in her being, and prescient of her divine actions from afar, then told us of her high descent—and we see now the dauntless bearing of her, the daughter of a king. The "lovely lady" is transfigured into a "dreadless angel." "Severe in youthful beauty," she spares not the weakness of him she saves. Yet what tenderness in her reproaches! "Frail, feeble, fleshy wight" she calls him—but next moment, as if her heart misgave her—she says, and we can imagine with what a gentle voice,

"Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart."

Seeing him recovered or recovering from that fit so nearly fatal, in her gratitude to heaven before her eyne what glorious images begin to break!
"Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursed place."

By those two words—"Sir Knight"—he again becomes her Champion, and the Champion of the Cross.

"So up he rose, and thence amounted streight."

He has again become, we said, Una's champion, and the champion of the Cross. Alas! alas! by that passion-fit so sorely shook has been his bodily and his spiritual frame, which had ere then been reduced to utmost weakness—that more unfit than ever is he to proceed on his great emprise. An easy prey would he now prove to the dragon's maw—and Una, seeing that the fire of life is burning low and almost about to expire, thinks to lead him to a Holy Infirmary, where wise physicians and tender nurses minister and wait on disea-

sed souls, nor allow them to leave its sacred quietude till they are again made whole. "Our knight," saith Upton, "is brought to the House of Holiness to be cured of his weaknesses and diseases; for sin is the disease of the soul: and as the body is to be cured by its proper physic, so the moral defects and diseases of the mind are to be cured by mental physic; and the soul is to be restored by the grace of God. This auncient house to which he is brought is the *οικος πνευματικος*, the Spiritual House mentioned by Peter. Plato calls these "diets daint" of which Spenser speaks, *ἐσιασεις λογων καλων* which Cicero translates *Epulæ sermonum bonorum*. Xenophon too mentions these dainty diets "*Διαίτη την ψυχην επαιδευσε*." But before we come in sight of this auncient and most Holy House, we are prepared by a solemn stanza, full of great scriptural truths, to expect the power of that peace which passeth all understanding within its heavenly walls.

"What man is he, that boasts of flesh-ly might

And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to
fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the fiedle most cowardly doth
fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power
and eke will."

The stanza is wholly constructed of the spirit of sentences from the Old and New Testament. "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm," saith Job. "This is victory, even our faith," quoth the disciple whom Jesus loved. And what Christian heart remembers not the words of St Paul? "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." "Here," Upton observes well, "the poet is all scriptural; and the reader is to expect nothing but divinity, after this solemn opening and preparation."

"There was an ancient house not far away,
Renowned throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It governed was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore,
Whose onley ioy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore;
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

"Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thether to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In godly thewes, and godly exercise;
The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were,
Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

"Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes; but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humilta. They passe in, stouping low,
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

"Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in,

Where them does meete a francklin faire and
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
 His name was Zele, that him right well became,
 For in his speaches and behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

" There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
 Of myld demeanure, and rare courtesee,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre,
 In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
 And knew his good to all of each degree.
 Hight Reverence; he them with speaches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a squyre, so great persons to greet.

" And afterwardes them to his dame he leades,
 That aged dame, the lady of the place,
 Who all this while was busy at her beades;
 Which doen, she up arose with seemly grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace;
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

" And her embracing, said; ' O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread!
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
 From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
 Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead;
 What grace hath thee now hether brought this way;
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hether stray?

" ' Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place; or any other wight,
 That hether turnes his steps; so few there bee
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right!
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way:
 O! foolish Men, why hast ye to your own decay?'

" ' Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O Matrone sage!' quoth she, ' I hether came;
 And this good knight his way with me address,
 Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heven is blowne.' The auncient dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

" Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise,
 Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wise;
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace;
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her christall face,

That could have dazd the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.

" She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horreur made to all that did behold;
But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

" Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in *blew*, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish, in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

" They, seeing Una, towarde her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unas meeke request,
And him salute with well-beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest."

Where shall we seek, and, seeking, find such sacred poetry as this, out of the Book by which it was inspired? " By humility we enter into grace," and therefore humility here keeps the keys of the House of Holiness. " Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" and Spenser says,—

—" When they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way."

" Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life;" and Spenser says,—

—" They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way
which he did show."

Upton bids us " observe the progress of Christian graces; beginning with humility, we should proceed with being zealous of good works. Zeal is here drawn courteous—not a malignant and sour zeal." And how beautiful is the behaviour of Reverence! That Christian feeling which " knows its good to all of each degree," subordination being in religion, because in nature.

What observance—still, sweet, and gracious—as Una and the Red-Crosse are orderly conducted to the inner chamber where Dame Cælia dwells! She knows Una at a look; and how tender is that reception! How gracious, too, is the " Godly Matron," to that warlike man who has arrived, hand in hand with Truth, in her peaceful house! And how pregnant these few words!

" Straunge thing it is an armed knight to
see
Here in this place."

The sisters Faith and Hope are
" goodly virgins " indeed—yet as

" They, seeing Una, towarde her gan
wend,"

Nor Faith,

" Who was araied all in lilly white,"

nor Hope, who

" Was clad in blew, that her beseemed
well,"

lovelier than she in her white wimple and black stole! And do not our hearts burn within us to see Una, after all her sorrows, enfolded in

such embrace! At first sight, they see that she is their sister—and at first sight the wanderer returns their love.

"Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly ioy each other for to see!"

Which of the Three, think'st thou! my Mary! is the most beautiful?—Faith is the elder of the Two, whose dwelling is in the House of Holiness. She can be none other than saving and justifying Faith—even the same Spirit who, on Sabbath,—all unseen her presence, but felt in the hush,—guides thy hands as they turn the holy page, and lets fall from her eyes the light by which thine read the letters of life! Her countenance, thou seest, is fixed in sweet composure, and changes not—for she is assured of heaven. A halo is round her head—a type of her divinity; and, lo! in her right hand a Cup. The primitive Christians mixed wine and water in their sacrament—and the serpent coiled therein,

"That horreur made to all that did behold,"

is an emblem of Eternity—yea, the serpent lifted up in the wilderness was, thou knowest, the type of the great Physician of Souls lifted up on the Cross. No need to tell thee what Book is in her other hand—"both signed and sealed with blood."—Why should not Hope, who is younger than Faith, have so cheerful a countenance? Why should the poet have said of her, who yet looks so happy,—

"Whether dread diddwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell?"

Because Faith is without fear—whereas fear beats in the heart of Hope—but not so as to disturb her—unless at times when she has been left too long alone—and then she seeks her sister's bosom, and her heart is stilled. Her robes are blue, because she loves the colour of the sky—and so are her eyes. Of other light how could they be? Since

"Ever up to heven as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swarved
other way."

So cheerful as Faith she may not be—yet more cheerful is she than any other being on earth beside; and well may she be so, leaning on that silver anchor, whose support is sure. Between the Two stands Una—and daughters seem they now of one mother—nor is either Faith or Hope more beautiful than Truth.

Cælia, Faith, and Hope have long been discoursing with Una and the Red-Crosse "of many a noble gest;" but now Cælia the godly matron tells that 'tis the hour for rest.

"Then said the aged Cælia; 'Deare dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of youre
toyle

And labors long, through which ye hether
came,

Ye both forwearied be; therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres re-
coyle.'

Then called she a groome, that forth him
ledd

Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in ensie bedd:
His nam ewas Meeke Obedience rightful-
ly aredd."

All night long, Una lies thinking of her Red-Crosse, and weeping for sake of his soul. True that she had saved him from Despair, and now in the House of Holiness he is lulled asleep. Humble, zealous, reverent, obedient he had shown himself to be, the few hours he had been within its walls. Since first the "plain clownish young man" had clad himself in heavenly arms, many a good fight had he fought, but he had met too with fatal overthrows. On parting with Prince Arthur, the knight had given him "his Saviour's testament;" but alas! he had shown ere then and since, that he had not committed it to the memory of his own heart—

"Though writt with golden letters rich
and brave,

A worke of wondrous grace, and hable
soules to save."

The Red-Crosse must be initiated by Fidelia into the mysteries of religion.

"Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,

That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

"And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt.
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whitt;
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 (That weaker witt of man could never reach)
 Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will;
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach;
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse again to life the hart that she did thrill.

"And when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from Hevens hight;
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the fouds in tway;
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would command themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat;
 Almighty God her gave such powre and puissaunce great.

"The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forelore;
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes!

"But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
 Els has his sinnes so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity."

In her distress Una goes to Cælia,
 and implores comfort from her

"Who well acquainted with that com-
 mune plight
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded
 hart;"

and Cælia sends to the Red-Crosse
 a leach

"The which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same; his name
 was Patience."

Salves and medicines had he for
 many a malady of the soul, but it
 was beyond even his skill, to purge
 or heal

"Inward corruption and infected sin."

So the Red-Crosse clothed himself
 in sackcloth and ashes; and Pen-
 nance every day did "disple him"
 with an iron whip; and Remorse did
 so prick his hart

"That drops of blood thence like a well
 did play;
 And sad Repentaunce used to embay
 His body in salt water smarting sore,
 The filthy blotches of sin to wash away.
*So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay
 at deathe's doer.*

In which his torment often was so great,
 That like a lion he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh, and his own synewes
 eat:

His own deare Una hearing evermore

His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often
tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden
heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :
Yet all with patience wisely she did
beare ;
For well she wist his cryme could els be
never cleare."

Patience and True Repentance
than brought the Red-Crosse to Una,
and she, "joyous of his cured con-
science, him dearly kist," and be-

sought him to cherish himself, and
from his careful breast to put away
all consuming thought. Hope and
Faith were beautiful in their virgi-
nity as Una's self; but not more
beautiful than the matron and mo-
ther Charissa — Charity — who had
just "left her fruitful nest," and
came to him to instruct him in her
religious lore and love, that would
fain bless all the human race; and
in her task she was assisted by
Mercy.

"She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare ;
Full of great love ; but Cupid's wanton snare,
As hell she hated ; chaste in worke and will :
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

"A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold ;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told :
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chayre.

"The knight and Una entring fayre her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood :
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

"She was right ioyous of her iust request ;
And, taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of Love, and Righteousnes, and Well to donne ;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

"Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde ;
Her name was Mercy ; well knowne over all
To be both gracious and eke liberal :
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide world's wave ;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save."

Mercy brought him "eftsoones into Beadsmen, vowed to the service of
an holy hospitall," in which Seven God, did spend their days in all man-

ner of godliness, namely, in doing good. Upton reminds us that the schoolmen reduced Charity to Seven Heads—to entertain those in distress, to feed the hungry and give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to relieve prisoners and redeem captives, to comfort the sick, to bury the dead, to provide for the widow and orphan. Mercy, as she introduced to them the Red-Crosse, received the reverent obeisance of the Seven Beadsmen.

“For of their order she was patronesse, Albe Charissa were their chiefest funderesse.”

Thereafter did Mercy lead him to a hill, where, in a little hermitage, Heavenly Contemplation meditated day and night on God and his goodness, and enjoyed union with God. He asks “to what end they clomb that tedious height?” And Mercy answers—

“‘What end,’ quoth she, ‘should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight

Should make his marke, high Heaven to attaine?

Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right

To that most glorious House, that glistereth bright

With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand be-
hight

By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.”

So the holy hermit conducts him to a highest hill, and shows him the new Hierusalem.

“The citty of the Greate King hight is well.”

The same that is shown in Revelations,—“and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God, and her light was like unto a stone most precious.”

Then the sire reveals to him his lineage, and propheties that by his noble deeds he will become the tutelary saint of England—St George.

“‘O holy sire,’ quoth he, ‘how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bownd:
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence and too exceeding shyne.
So dark are earthly things compared to thinges divine!

“At last, whenas himself he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre;
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre.
So came to Una, who him loyed to see;
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Caelia and her daughters three.”

BLACKWOODS'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXIV.

APRIL, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

Contents.

WILLIAM PITT. No IV.,	557
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. CHAP. XIII. THE SUICIDE,	579
SILAS FLESHPOTS; A "RESPECTABLE MAN,"	595
THE SKETCHER. No. XI.,	605
CONVERSATIONS OF M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND,	620
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. X.	627
A SCREED ON POLITICS. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD,	634
"THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS." BY MARY HOWITT,	643
THE TYPE OF PROMETHEUS,	651
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK. BY WILLIAM HAY,	652
EDMUND SPENSER. PART VII. (CONCLUSION.)	659
JUDGE NOT, AND OTHER POEMS. BY EDMUND PEEL,	677
THE BRITISH MONTHS. BY RICHARD MANT, D.D., BISHOP OF DOWN,	684

EDINBURGH:

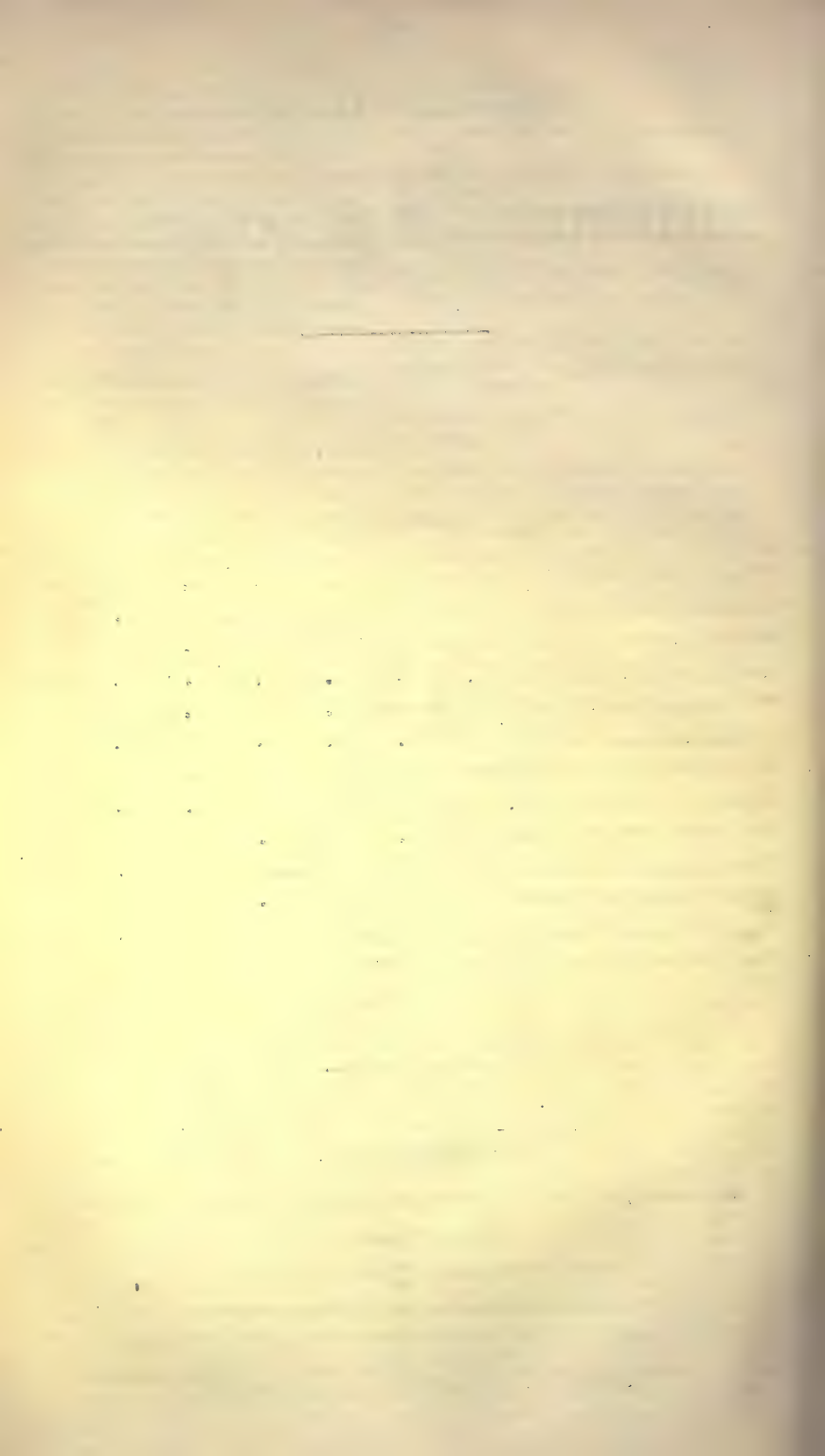
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXIV.

APRIL, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. IV.

THE history of Pitt substantiates in the clearest manner two principles, of the highest importance to the British statesman of every period—that the nation eminently honours political manliness; and that no rank of ability, destitute of moral worth, can possess a permanent ascendancy in the general mind. As an illustration of those principles, the remembrance of this first of British ministers is of immeasurable value. The minister who shall emulate him in his steady intrepidity, pure patriotism, and stainless life, may scorn the assaults of party. The statesman who reposes his popularity on the strength of his talents, while he insults public feeling by the license of his life, must see in the humiliation of Pitt's brilliant rival the prognostic of his own decline.

The circumstances under which Pitt assumed the Ministry in 1783 have been already remarked, as bearing the most singular likeness to those of the present hour. The strength of his antagonists, their connexion with the proudest part of the aristocracy on one side through North, and with the most violent part of the democracy on the other through Fox; their influence over the chief organs of public opinion, their power in the cities and boroughs, their great abilities, and their submissive majorities in the House of Commons, raised a mass of obstacles, before which the boldest courage, or the

most practised wisdom of earlier polity would have recoiled. No minister of former times had ever found such a rampart to storm, or, if he had found, could have stormed it. Perhaps no Cabinet, gifted with whatever variety of powers, could have broken down the prowess of the Opposition which in this memorable year marshalled itself against the young minister. It was the combination of talents in Pitt alone, the extraordinary possession by an individual of "the various faculties of statesmanship," that gave him the triumph; great eloquence, the coolness of age with the fire of youth, the circumspection of experience with the impetuosity of enthusiasm, the fine dexterity of a consummate knowledge of mankind with the straightforward plainness of language which, disdaining all artifice, forced its way to conviction.

Pitt's public speaking has been charged with duplicity. The charge is a calumny of the most palpable order. The character of his speaking was clearness. Of all the great parliamentary speakers, he least appealed to the passions; he never floated away on the wings of the imagination; he never laboured to raise a cloud between himself and the truth, and either blind his opponents or bewilder them with airy splendours and fantastic beauty. His early triumphs in the House of Commons had shown with what mastery he could wield those customary weapons of the orator. But, from the

moment when he ascended to the higher region of power, he assumed arms and armour of a nobler temper—logic, vivid and resistless; lofty scorn, that withered where it smote; knowledge, purified from all that was frivolous, or temporary; and language of a simplicity and strength, that struck its meaning direct into the mind.

He had refused to dissolve the Coalition Parliament. So far his policy differed from the measures of our contemporaries. That lesson is now past. But the more important lesson of his triumph over a refractory Parliament remains to guide later firmness, if the trial is still to be encountered. The whole period has the spirit and moral of a great dramatic scene, the powerful struggle of vigorous capacities, stimulated by the highest prize of human ambition, the government of a free people; the efforts of the erring side growing more violent as they grew more hopeless; calmness, moderation, and dignity on the one hand, repelling every successive assault of passion—rashness, and personal resentment on the other; the assailant at length exhausted, feeling his strength hourly fail before the imperturbable front of his adversary, at length yielding utterly, and seeing that adversary advance from his citadel, break down the last remnants of resistance, and take full and final possession of the field.

The expectation of the empire never was more awake than on the day of the meeting after the Recess, the 12th of January, 1784. On that day Pitt was to reappear in the House as member for Appleby; and on that day Fox, at the head of the Opposition, was to fulfil all his old prognostics, that no power in the constitution could withstand the will of the Commons of England.

On that day Fox attended early in his place, and to the universal surprise, at an hour when the House was usually occupied by routine, at half-past two in the afternoon, moved the order of the day for the Committee on the State of the Nation. His purpose was to get possession of the House, and prevent any business being brought forward until he had carried his

own motions. But his speech was shortly interrupted by the arrival of the new members to be sworn, and, among the rest, of the man who was so soon to meet him in the most extraordinary struggle of ability and influence that the country had displayed.

After the members had taken the oaths, Fox and Pitt rose, both presenting themselves at the same moment, and demanding to be heard; Fox on the right of having been already speaking, Pitt on the right of delivering a royal message. The Speaker declared that the right lay in Fox, unless he thought proper to wave it. Fox vehemently declared that he would not wave it, contemptuously adding, that the King's message might be delivered *after* other business which was of *great importance* to the House was done. He concluded, by moving the order of the day. The manœuvre of silencing Pitt was shortlived, for on this motion he, of course, was entitled to speak, and he spoke with dauntless determination. To the violent charge of secret influence, he replied in the loftiest manner, "defying calumny to bring a shadow of proof that he went up back-stairs, that he knew of secret influence; his own integrity would be his guardian against that danger, and the House might rest assured that, whenever he discovered any, he would not remain a moment longer in office."—"I have neither," said he, exalting his voice, and fixing his eyes on the heads of Opposition, "the *meanness* to act under the concealed influence of others, nor the *hypocrisy* to pretend, where the measures of an administration in which I had a share were blamed, that they were measures not of my advising. *This is the only answer I shall ever deign to make on the subject*, and I wish the House to bear it in their mind, and judge of my future conduct by my present declaration." After a succession of motions by Fox, Lord Surry moved, that "It is the opinion of this Committee, that, in the present situation of his Majesty's dominions, there should be an administration which has the confidence of the House and the public." This

resolution was carried without a division. Lord Surry again moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the late changes in his Majesty's Councils were immediately preceded by dangerous and universal reports; that his Majesty's sacred name had been unconstitutionally abused, to affect the deliberations of Parliament; and that the appointments made were accompanied by circumstances new and extraordinary, and such as do not conciliate or engage the confidence of this House." Dundas moved, that "The Chairman do leave the chair." An active debate followed; his motion was negatived by 232 to 193, and Lord Surry's passed without a division. It was not till the close of the debate that the King's message was allowed to be heard. It related to the transfer of some German troops from America. The House did not adjourn until half-past seven in the morning.

To the general eye this debate was decisive. On the first day of his reappearance in the House, Pitt had been left in two minorities of 39 and 54, and beaten in five motions, two of which were directly against his tenure of office. As a minister, he seemed on the brink of ruin. With a House of Commons raging against him—totally unrestrained without doors—as totally destitute of official assistance within, except in the person of Dundas, who stood by him with fearless steadiness—Pitt was left alone to meet the most practised debaters, the most subtle intrigue, the whole weight of patrician influence, and the whole oratory of popular partisanship. We have no example furnished by the history of senates of such a mass of political influence being resisted successfully by any minister, however mature. Yet this was the trial of Pitt before he had attained his twenty-fifth year. Panegyric may be lavished on public abilities, but when was it ever so deserved? His eloquence might have found its equal in some of those extraordinary instances of precocious faculties which strike the eye in the history of popular assemblies; but where is to be

found the moral courage totally unmingled with rashness, the judgment seconding the ardour, the almost intuitive knowledge of the workings of the political mind, the combination of the loftiest coolness with the most indignant and inflexible scorn of all that was mean, double, and hypocritical in party? We may search the pages of public life in England in vain for a rival or a second, from the first day of its legislation to his own. We may equally in vain revolve the records of Greek and Roman statesmanship for a man so gifted to save his country, and so eminently performing the great duty for which he was made.

Of this day of disaster, Pitt wrote a brief detail to the King at Windsor. His Majesty immediately answered him in language which a defeated minister has seldom heard from his king—language of firmness, dignity, and unshaken confidence. The royal letter was in these words:

"Mr Pitt cannot but suppose that I received his communication of the two divisions in the long debate, which ended this morning, with much uneasiness, as it shows the House of Commons much more willing to enter into any intemperate resolutions of desperate men, than I could have imagined. As to myself, I am perfectly composed, as I have the self-satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty. Though I think Mr Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the other ministers what measures are best to be adopted in the present crisis, yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I shall dine in town, and, consequently, be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life. But I can never submit to throw myself into its power. If they in the end succeed, my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit."*

This manly and intelligent declaration of the royal mind, is a sufficient reply to those idle conjectures which represented the King's per-

sonal faculties to be inferior to his station. Nothing more forcibly expressed, or conceived more in the spirit of high deliberation, could have proceeded from any statesman in his dominions. Its results not less gave an answer to the equally idle notion that the King is constitutionally a cipher in the state. On this letter of the King the whole future turned. If he had made a pusillanimous communication to the minister, that minister must have given way. If he had even hinted at compromise, the minister must have felt the ground crumbling under his feet, and have considered thenceforth only how he might fall without degradation. But the King's solemn avowal that he felt the struggle as one in which there was no alternative between victory and disgrace—the pledge that he would resist the faction to the last moment of his being, and the noble fortitude of his concluding words—words in which he evidently contemplated exile or the scaffold—instantly fixed Pitt's determination, and, in that determination, fixed the fates of England down to this hour.

It is, fortunately for us, now a mere matter of speculation—what might have been the results of Fox's mastery of power on that occasion. He must have come to the Ministry as no minister had ever come before; with the consciousness, that having vanquished the monarch, corrupted the House of Commons, and overawed the people, he could have no antagonist in his wildest schemes of aggrandizement. We may perhaps not load him with the intentional guilt of conspiracy against the constitution. It is even possible, that from the moment of his assuming unqualified power, he might have desired to repair the breach through which he had stormed the constitution. But who shall tell how far this feeble recompense might be then within his means? He too had his pledges. He had heaped responsibilities on himself, from which escape was impossible. He must have given additional power to the House of Commons which had achieved the victory for him. He must have diminished the authority of the Lords, of which the Commons were always jealous, and which

had exhibited an actual spirit of resistance to himself. Thus, the King reduced to the mere registrar of his will, and the Peers amerced of their privileges, the Constitution must have broken down before his march, and the Commons have been his body-guards. He would have become Dictator at the head of a Republic—a Civil Cromwell. But Cromwell, though he overthrew the throne, had left the elements of the Constitution behind him. He had not altered the constituency. Fox, the public advocate of a general change of the representation, must have altered the constituency, thrown the representation into a more popular form, and thus far prohibited the resurrection of English liberty. His first measure also would naturally have been that daring act, by which he had already attempted to master the throne, and which would now be essential to his mastery of the people. The infinite treasure of public corruption which lay open to his hands in the purse of India, could not have been suffered to lie idle. The Dictator would have felt that he was laying the foundation-stone of his perpetual supremacy in an Indian Directory. The bill would have been passed, and the principles of the nation have been purchased by the lawless profusion of this lord of Hindostan. While this system was maturing and pullulating—while every interest of the country was gradually gathered under the shade of a government which spread its branches over them only to turn the common nutriment of national freedom into poison, and drop death on all that reposed within its circle, the French Revolution would have come. Through what scenes of rival horror England might have been destined to pass—or to what fearful consummation she might have hurried, while all the protecting powers of her constitution slept or were disabled—her King a captive—her legislature factious and corrupt—her popular strength fettered or frenzied, may exceed all limits of language. To what final and universal ruin all Europe might have been condemned by its own alternate weakness and violence, when the great restrainer of evil, England, was helpless, or leading the way to inflammation—

a slave bleeding away in every vein under the task-master, or a maniac tossing its torch at the head of European faction and rapine, to set fire to the last memorials of government and religion. Those scenes are terrors which must now rest in the contemplation of that high Providence above, which sees the future as the past, and spares man the misery of seeing the impending possibilities of a determined course of national crime. But once more, without the slightest desire to charge the memory of Fox with the willing purchase of supremacy at this hideous prodigality of ruin, what is there to be found in his habits, character of heart, or public declarations, capable of affording security against its most startling extremes? Glowing, bold, ambitious in every feature of his mind—rash and intemperate beyond all the decorums of debate in his speeches—and the unhesitating and avowed slave of pleasure in every shape—self-indulgent, contemptuous of public opinion in his personal gratifications—what political purity was to be expected from Fox, in the possession of boundless rule, with measureless wealth at his command, the patronage of an empire spreading over half the world awaiting his distribution, and but one care remaining, how to make this prodigious prosperity his own for ever?

Can it be thought the work of accident that, in the very hour when this extraordinary man commenced the most daring portion of his extraordinary career, another individual should have been summoned to the public councils the direct reverse of him in all but vigour of genius? Grave, decorous, pure, too lofty in character to be reached even by libel—too manly to be shaken by the most imminent hazards—eminently honouring the decencies of private life—immeasurably superior to the temptations of public gain—severe, strenuous, and almost sacred in every view of personal conduct and national obligation; yet, instead of being fettered and frozen down by those grave qualities, bearing within his frame a spirit of fire, a noble elevation of mind which could soar with the highest, an ambition which spurned all things beneath the consummate glory of England,

and a heroic devotion of heart, which, if the trial had come, would have rejoiced to mingle its ashes with the ashes of her last altar. In this language there is no exaggeration. It is substantiated by his labours, his councils, the impress of his whole policy—his life, his death. Pitt stamped his image and superscription on all that was sound and solid in the policy of his own day. There is not a great work of subsequent statesmanship existing, under whose foundations we should not find the coinage of that most gifted, most honoured, and most permanent name.

Pitt, on the evening for which the royal letter appointed the interview, received in person a renewal of the King's determination. His own had never wavered, and now, with additional confidence, he proceeded to combat the arts and force of faction. On the 14th, he introduced his bill for the government of India, placing the political interests of the company under the management of a board of control; but leaving the patronage and commerce in the hands of the company. But the Commons were still in the hands of Fox; and the bill, after proceeding a few stages, was thrown out at his dictation. But this question was rapidly merged in another, more "home to the hearts and bosoms" of the time. In allusion to some phrases in a speech of Mr Powis, expressing his wish for an united government, Fox, speaking to Lord Charles Spencer's motion for the removal of ministers; pronounced, "that though he neither courted nor avoided union with any party, and thus had coalesced with Lord North, yet that the present ministers had got into office by a conspiracy against the constitution;" qualifying this charge, however, with the personal compliment,—"I venerate the character of the young man who holds the reins of government at present; I admire his virtues, and respect his ability." In this debate the most remarkable speech was made by Dundas, a speech curiously and importantly applicable to the question which still so strongly presses on the English mind, the right of the King to choose his ministers. After congratulating the House on the judicial temper in

which they were evidently about to treat this great question at last, and denying, with contempt, the old charge of secret influence, he seized on the main question with singular force and directness.

"His Majesty's present ministers have, I assert, been constitutionally chosen by him who has the sole right to choose them. But, by this resolution, they are to be instantly turned out. Sir, I ask, is it for their incapacity and insufficiency that you would overthrow them? (Hear, hear.) Then, sir, I insist that their incapacity and insufficiency shall be named in the motion. Let the House know on what grounds they give their vote. Let me tell you, sir, our constituents will ask to know; the people of England will ask to know why ministers, named by his Majesty, are instantly turned out by the House of Commons—turned out before they are tried—condemned before they are accused!

"Sir, if this resolution means any thing, it is in the spirit of an address, requesting the King to appoint a new set of ministers. I beg, therefore, the House will go with me in considering how the royal mind must feel, and what sort of language his Majesty must hold to himself upon such an address. 'You send me back the ministers I have just chosen. *Have I not then a right to choose my ministers?*' 'Certainly; yes,' you will say. 'But then what crimes have they committed? Certainly not one act of their administration is yet passed. Are they, therefore, without the confidence of the House of Commons? Are they men so unpopular, so incapable, so insufficient, that you will not bear with them even for a moment? Is the minister who devotes himself to the House of Commons particularly so unpopular and incapable? I had chosen him, I had singled him out, as a man of talents the most astonishing, of integrity the most incorrupt, of a reputation the most extraordinary. I had imagined him the favourite of the House of Commons. I had been taught to fancy, that in celebrating his name all my people joined in one voice of praise. Is it for this, therefore, that the House of Commons thus instantly condemn him? Is it on account of his unex-

ampled reputation, that I am desired to withdraw my public confidence from such a man? It follows, no doubt, that you wish me to substitute characters as opposite as possible to his. You wish me to name some man or men in whom I can place no confidence, some man or men whom my people execrate, and in whom I myself, in perfect unison with my people, cannot confide. If such men are to be my only choice, if unpopularity, hatred, and distrust, are to be the great characteristics that form a minister in these days, it would be matter of the sincerest joy to me if the House of Commons would permit me to wave my choice. Let the House of Commons *name their minister*—let them search out persons suited to their purposes. Only let me not be forced to play the farce of naming to them men whom they have singled out, whom my conscience condemns on public grounds, and whom my people tell me they do not approve.'

"Such would be the natural answer of a king, allowing him to be a man of feeling and a man of honour like ourselves, on such an unheard of address as this. This must necessarily be his private sentiment and soliloquy on the occasion. Therefore, I would beseech the House at once to name the men in whom alone they are determined to confide. We know their names already. Let us bring in a bill naming the right honourable gentleman and the noble lord *exclusive ministers* of this country *for a term of years*; for that, sir, is the plain English of the resolution. Except, indeed, that by the present motion, the House of Lords is exempted from any share in the nomination. Whereas, if it were a bill, it would not be the House of Commons alone that would name the ministers of this country."

To the statement made by Fox, that this was not a question, who should be minister? but a great constitutional question, Dundas irresistibly replied—"I meet the House on that ground, and I request no more favour than this, that every man who thinks with the right honourable gentleman, that this *is not* a question, who shall be minister? will vote with him, and I am content that only the rest shall vote

with me. I feel on this ground perfectly sure of finding myself to-night in a most respectable majority. I have no personal objections to the noble lord, or the right honourable gentleman. It is upon clear constitutional grounds that I resist this vote; and I call upon the independent part of the House to stand forth, and maintain the character, the moderation—for thus, I will venture to say, they will most effectually maintain the true consequence—of the British House of Commons. Let the House look well to its conduct this night; for this night it is about to decide *what is the Constitution of this country*. The assumption of power and privileges which did not belong to it has once proved the overthrow of this Constitution. We are verging towards the same precipice again—we are claiming to ourselves the right of appointing ministers—we are disclaiming the nomination of his Majesty without cause and *without trial*."

On this day Pitt was again defeated; the resolution was carried by 205 to 184. On the Friday following he was defeated once more; and the commitment of his India bill was thrown out by 222 to 214. On the strength of this victory Fox moved the same night for leave to bring in a bill for the regulation of Indian affairs, which he declared to be similar to his former one. Leave was given; and Fox, flushed with success, peremptorily demanded of the minister whether it was the intention of the Cabinet to dissolve Parliament, and prevent the progress of the bill. A new and curious scene was now exhibited. Pitt, with all his promptitude to speak, showed that he could not be *compelled* to answer. Fox, at the close of his speech, haughtily called on the minister "to rise and declare explicitly what was the true construction to be put on the King's language as to the continuance of the session." Pitt did not rise, Sir Grey Cooper then assailed him, declaring that "if Mr Pitt persisted in his silence, the House should come to some resolution on the subject." A loud and general cry was now uttered from Opposition for Pitt to rise. He was immovable. Fox then started from his seat, and, after a

violent harangue, pronounced "that he could not speak of the sulky silence of the right honourable gentleman in any other terms than those of indignation." Pitt still made no reply. Mr Dempster next attacked him, and declared against a dissolution. No notice was taken of the new assailant. The House was now in an uproar; and the most vehement cries called on the minister to submit. Still he merely smiled, and did not condescend to utter a word. General Conway then rose in great warmth, and, after upbraiding him for the contemptuous nature of his silence, exclaimed, that "Ministers had come into power in secrecy, and were determined on retaining it by corruption." Adding, "that they were now about to dissolve Parliament after sending their agents through the country to bribe the electors." Pitt now rose; but it was to call Conway to order; desiring him to specify the instances where corruption had been attempted; and telling him that he could not prove his assertion, and that the assertion which he could not prove he *ought not to have made*. "No man," said he, loftily, "by whatever artifice,—by affected warmth, or real anger,—shall draw me aside from that purpose which on mature deliberation I have formed. Individual members have no right to call upon me for replies to questions involving in them great public considerations. Nor is it incumbent on me to answer interrogatories put in the harsh language that has been used." Then, turning to Conway, and sternly rebuking him for the intemperance of his expressions, he electrified the House with one of those fine remembrances of the classics which never failed him. Slightly touching on that obvious disparity of their years, which might have justified intemperance on his side, while it should have produced gravity, wisdom, and moderation on that of the old general, he said, in the words of Scipio to Fabius,—"*Si nulla alia re, modestia certe, et temperando linguam, adolescens senem vicero.*"

All the leading members of Opposition now successively repeated the demand; some with dexterity, some with violence, all urgently, and all in vain. At length Fox, hopeless

of vanquishing his determination, rose, for the fourth time, "to express his astonishment at the right honourable gentleman's silence, which he felt to be an insult to the House;" and, at two in the morning, moved an adjournment to the next day, when "he hoped members would attend, to take proper measures to vindicate the honour and assert the privileges of the House." The next day was Saturday, an unusual day for debate, but no time was to be lost in discharging the full wrath of the Commons on the imperturbable minister. The threatened debate, however, produced nothing more than a tearful speech from Mr Powis, who, though a grave and an able man, had the ridiculous habit of weeping on all occasions when he was much excited, and a promise from Pitt that the House should not be dissolved "before Monday." So trifling was the result of a menace which was to have swept the Ministry into oblivion.

But other causes were now beginning to operate. The contest between the two great rivals had already awakened public attention. On one side was seen Pitt standing alone; on the other the whole force of Opposition. The national admiration grew night after night at the bold resistance of the young minister, at the extraordinary and various ability of his defence, his readiness to meet every new shape of difficulty, and the matchless resources of eloquence, argument, and information which every debate exhibited only more and more. The subject of a dissolution was again urged on him by his friends, and even by the highest authority. The King, convinced of the irreclaimable spirit of Opposition, strongly recommended the measure. In a letter of the 25th of this month, he said—"The Opposition will certainly throw every difficulty in our way. But we must be men; and, if we mean to save the country, we must cut those threads which cannot be unravelled. Half measures are ever puerile, and often destructive."

If additional evidence of Pitt's judgment were required, it would be given in the highest sense by his decision in this instance. The

dissolution would palpably have relieved him of difficulties sufficient to overcome any steadiness but his own. It would have shown to all men the resolute temper of the King; would have largely diminished the number of his opponents, and in all events would have respited the minister from that perpetual contest which impeded the whole business of the country. He now pondered the question again. He came to no hasty decision; gave full weight to every circumstance against his own opinion, and finally reverted to his former determination of waiting till a more fitting time. His reasons were these; he felt that the country, though awaking, was not yet sufficiently awake; that the conflict between the House and the constitution was not yet sufficiently understood to produce any effective loss of power to the Opposition; that Fox must be left to take his course in those precipitate measures which would inevitably alienate the national feeling; and that, when those things were done, and not till then, would be the time. Then a dissolution would displace the strength of the combined party for perhaps a long period of years.

During this deliberation, an effort which excited great attention was made by a meeting of country gentlemen at the St Alban's tavern, headed by Powis, Marsham, son of Lord Romney, and Grosvenor, member for Chester, to form a union of the leaders on both sides, and pacify the House. This attempt, founded much more on zeal than on discretion, soon fell to the ground. Pitt answered the proposal by saying "that he should be happy to co-operate with the wishes of so respectable a meeting in forming a more extended administration, if it could be done with principle and honour." The Duke of Portland, as the organ of the Opposition, answered in a more imperious tone—"That he should think himself happy in obeying the commands of so respectable a meeting; but the greatest difficulty to him, and, he imagined, the greatest difficulty to Mr Pitt, *was Mr Pitt's being in office!*"

This answer should have been regarded as setting the question at rest; for no man of common sense

could have expected that Pitt would divest himself of his authority merely to give his opponents an advantage; and, after thus acknowledging his inability to sustain himself, hope to gain from his weakness what he could not obtain by his strength. On a further application, Pitt proposed to the King, that, to gratify the wishes of the St Alban's meeting, he should be permitted to have an interview once more with the Duke of Portland, "for the purpose of forming an united ministry." The proposal was received by his Majesty with surprise and agitation. But he replied, next morning, by the admirable letter, which it is due to his memory to give:—

"*Queen's House, 30 m. past 10, A.M.*

"*February 15, 1784.*

"Mr Pitt is so well apprized of the mortification I feel at any possibility of ever again seeing the heads of Opposition in public employments, and more particularly Mr Fox, whose conduct has not been more marked against my station in the empire than against my person, that he must attribute any want of perspicuity in my conversation last night to that foundation. Yet I should imagine it must be an ease to his mind, in conferring with the other confidential ministers this morning, to have on paper my sentiments, which are the result of unremitted consideration since he left me last night; and which he has my consent to communicate, if he judges it right, to the above respectable persons.

"My present situation is perhaps the most singular that ever occurred in the annals of this or any other country; for the House of Lords, by a not less majority than near two to one, have declared in my favour; and my subjects at large, in a much more considerable portion, are not less decided. To combat which, Opposition have only a majority of twenty, or, at most, of thirty, in the House of Commons, who, I am sorry to add, seem as yet willing to prevent the public supplies. Though I certainly have never much valued popularity, yet I do not think it is to be despised, when arising from a rectitude of conduct, and when it is to be retained by following the same

respectable path; which conviction makes me esteem that of duty, as calculated to prevent one branch of the Legislature from annihilating the other two, and seizing also the executive power, to which it has no claim.

"I confess I have not yet seen the smallest appearance of sincerity in the leaders of Opposition to come into the only mode by which I could tolerate them in my service—their giving up the idea of having the Administration in their hands, and coming in as a respectable part of one on a broad basis. And therefore I, with a jealous eye, look on any words dropped by them, either in Parliament or to the gentlemen of the St Alban's tavern, as meant only to gain those gentlemen; or, if carrying further views, to draw Mr Pitt, by a negotiation, into some difficulty.

"Should the ministers, after discussing this, still think it advisable that an attempt should be made to try whether an Administration can be formed on a real, not a nominal basis; and that Mr Pitt, having repeatedly, and as fruitlessly, found it impossible to get even an interview on what Opposition pretends to admit is a necessary measure, I will, though reluctantly, go personally so far as to authorize a message to be carried in my name to the Duke of Portland, expressing a desire that he and Mr Pitt may meet to confer on the means of forming an Administration on a wide basis, as the only means of entirely healing the divisions which stop the business of the nation. The only person I can think, from his office, as well as personal character, proper to be sent by me, is Lord Sydney. But should the Duke of Portland, when required by me, refuse to meet Mr Pitt, more especially upon the strange plea he has hitherto held forth, I must here declare, that I shall not deem it right for me ever to address myself to him again.

"The message must be drawn on paper, as must every thing in such a negotiation, as far as my name is concerned. And I trust, when I next see Mr Pitt, if, under the present circumstances, the other ministers shall agree with him in thinking such a proposition advisable, that he

will bring a sketch of such a message for my inspection.

"GEORGE R." *

In this transaction another evidence was given of Pitt's matchless judgment. It is not to be supposed that he could ever have voluntarily sought an union with Fox. Their habits, principles, and views were so palpably irreconcilable, that the one must have been master and the other slave. Pitt, by making the first concession, must have been regarded as prepared to sink still lower, and the King and the Minister must have been finally in the chains of Fox. This was the result to which his Majesty evidently looked, and which influenced his strong dislike to the interview. It is no dishonour to the Sovereign to have conceived his penetration only second to that of the Great Minister. Pitt's resolve was fixed. He reasoned, that a compliment paid to the country gentlemen would not be thrown away; that the nation would be pleased by seeing him stubborn only to his antagonists in the House, but complying to his wellwishers without. He equally felt that Opposition was totally insincere; that nothing would content it but the entire power of the State; and that the negotiation, commence how it might, must be shortlived. The advantages of moderation, sincerity, and success, would be then on his side, and the national feeling would finally be still more amply turned in his favour.

The result, step by step, realized the prediction. The King's message was delivered on the same day to the Duke of Portland, signifying "his Majesty's earnest desire that his grace should have a personal conference with Mr Pitt, for the purpose of forming a new Administration, on a wide basis, and on fair and equal terms." The blunders of Opposition in this crisis seemed to have been laid on them by a spell. They actually considered this message as a virtual resignation of ministers, and a virtual abandonment of them by the King; and proceeded with the arrogance of men assu-

red of triumph. Before he would even condescend to an interview, the Duke of Portland haughtily demanded what was the meaning of the word "*equal*" in the message. The word "*fair*," said he, might stand, as any arrangement they should come to might be FAIR. But he required of Mr Pitt to inform him what he understood by the word "*equal*." Pitt's answer was, naturally, that the meaning of the word might be best explained in a personal meeting. The duke persisted, "that he could not meet Mr Pitt until the word were explained." But Pitt was not to be thus browbeaten into preliminary submission; and the treaty broke off at once. The St Alban's meeting, evidently chagrined, passed a final resolution—"That this meeting, having heard, with infinite concern, that an interview between the Duke of Portland and Mr Pitt is prevented by a doubt respecting a *single word*, are unanimously of opinion, that it would be no dishonourable step in either of the gentlemen to give way, and might be highly advantageous to the public welfare." The resolution was, of course, unnoticed by both parties: the meeting had exhausted their powers of persuasion, and the country gentlemen went their way. Pitt gained all the laurels of this abortive negotiation. An outcry was attempted against his sincerity; but the transaction was too clearly before the public. All the readiness had been shown on his side: all the reluctance on the other. He had made the proposition: the other had rejected it. He had offered the explanation and the interview: the other had insisted on the explanation as the price of the interview. The proof was complete, and the calumny was heard of no more.

The House of Lords took but a slight share in these personal conflicts, but it had already shown itself the bulwark of the constitution. On the 4th of February, on the Earl of Effingham's two motions,—“That an attempt in any one branch of the legislature to suspend the execution of law, by separately assuming to itself a discretionary power, was

unconstitutional; and, That the undoubted authority of appointing to the great offices of the Executive Government is solely vested in his Majesty, and that the House had every reason to place the firmest reliance on his Majesty's wisdom in the exercise of this prerogative," the former was carried by a majority of 47; the numbers being 100 to 53. The latter passed without a division! And an address, founded on the latter, was immediately carried, also without a division. The King answered the address shortly, but expressively; declaring, with marked emphasis, that he had no object in the choice of ministers "but to call into his service the men *most deserving of the confidence of his Parliament*, and of the public in general."

Those who regard the higher stations of life as unmixed felicity, may learn from the condition of the monarch of the most prosperous and powerful dominion of the earth, how far from a bed of roses the royal couch may be. Probably there was not an individual beneath the throne, apart from guilt, who might not have been an object of envy to George the Third during the greater part of his reign. With what natural, though manly, solicitude, he looked to the course of this trying time, may be estimated from his letter to Pitt on the *morning of the day* when those motions were to come before the Lords. After again lamenting the lengths to which the House of Commons had gone, "I trust," said he, "that the House of Lords will this day feel that the hour is come for which the wisdom of our ancestors established that respectable corps in the state, to prevent either the Crown or the Commons from encroaching on the rights of each other. Indeed, should not the Lords boldly stand forth, this constitution must soon be changed; for, if the two only remaining privileges of the Crown are infringed—that of negating bills which have passed both Houses of Parliament, and that of naming the ministers to be employed—I cannot but feel, as far as regards my person, that I can be no longer of utility to this country, nor can with honour continue in this island."

The melancholy dignity of the latter

part of this communication, shows with what strong sensibility the monarch felt his situation, and not less distinctly shows the infinite hazards into which the violence of Opposition was on the point of precipitating the country. The retreat of the King would have unquestionably been the result of their first successes, for no man was firmer in his resolution when it was once formed; and the result must have been either a regency under Fox with all the evils of a dictatorship, or a republic, or a civil war.

This was the period to have seen the celebrated leader of Opposition in his full prowess. Fox was now in the vigour of life, of capacity, and of ambition, and all stimulated to the highest pitch. The prize of all almost within his grasp; a single step would place him in the highest rank of an European statesman, the King his viceroy, and all that was substantial in sovereignty his own. The character of his mind, too, was loftier, more expanded, more commanding, less absorbed in details, and more abounding in great principles of government, legislation, and action, than in the later times of his Parliamentary life. In the French Revolution he appeared only as the advocate of a cause, the desperate advocate of a fallen cause; speaking still with extraordinary power, but throwing this power palpably away; labouring fruitlessly, and with consciousness of his failure, to make the worse appear the better reason; gradually abandoned by every man of eminence on his own side, struggling against the declared voice of England; blazoning as virtues what he himself could not deny to be crimes, though he pronounced them crimes of necessity; day by day dragged down by the weight of a cause execrated more and more by mankind; and forced to defend the abominations of the bloodiest of all democracies, in contradiction to every native impulse of his own birth, habits, and feeling, until he was overwhelmed by his fatal advocacy, and shrunk, self-expelled, from the walls of Parliament.

But in his palmy day, he was the leader, less of a party, than of all that constituted the rank, opulence, high blood, and popular pretension of the

empire; with a crowd of men, each exhibiting the finest faculties—each now a historic name—the Burkes, Sheridans, Erskines, Norths, and a long succession of daring, intelligent, and devoted adherents, all shouting after his triumph, and all ready to drag his chariot wheels to the temple of victory. No man of his day, or of any other on the records of the legislature, held a station of such acknowledged and actual mastery. The years 1783 and 1784 were the true golden hours of Fox. "Hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest." Yet even in these hours, the original defect of his character for the highest honours of statesmanship might have been discoverable. The blaze of Parliamentary wonder which surrounded him,—all the clouds of popular incense which were continually ascending before him,—could not conceal that the idol was but the work of human weakness after all. His unhesitating grasp at power wherever it came within his reach,—his self-confidence in his fortunes,—his rash reliance on the distinction paid to his great abilities, his still more hasty calculation on his unchangeable popularity,—and his disastrous and unprincipled contempt for those graver and nobler qualities,—that respect for political honour and personal virtue, which no political change has ever been able to erase from the breasts of the British nation, obviously and inevitably prepared the way for his fall. His whole course during this period was one continued blunder. Nothing can be clearer than that he assailed the Administration before he could lay down any ground for the assault but that they were in possession of the power which he coveted. A judgment less rash would have waited until the new Cabinet had been hurried into some precipitate measure, or had been forced by circumstances into some unpopular one. By the contrary conduct, he gave them the strong advantage of appealing to the national justice, and pleading that they were condemned without trial. His next error was the perpetual obtrusion of the votes of Parliament as paramount to the authority of the King. He was here combating, in the mere pride of power, a doctrine which every man

who heard him knew to be a principle of the Constitution. He farther reduced the question to a struggle, not between the House and the ministers, but between the House and the throne; and he made the hostility irreconcilable, by the still grosser error of indulging his petulance in personalities to the King himself. Having thus rendered all compromise impossible, and put all conciliation at a measureless distance, he committed the further and extraordinary blunder, of giving his antagonist an occasion for throwing the whole charge of inveterate hostility, individual arrogance, and party insatiability on his head. The Duke of Portland's haughty correspondence settled that portion of the subject.

The consequences of this tissue of errors were rapidly felt. Political blunders are never barren. Fox found their offspring in perhaps the most immediate decline of popularity ever known. As if the nation had waited but till the moment when his recovery was hopeless, the whole storm of wrath and ridicule burst upon him at once. Public meetings denounced his ambition on every side,—public speakers held him up to scorn, as the very embodying of national evil; "armed with abilities only to delude, and successful only to ruin,"—pamphlets poured an incessant hail of accusation against him,—while the eloquence of Pitt, animated into vividness, tore his cause to pieces,—sometimes smiting him with lofty indignation, at others pouring the more remorseless pungency of his unrivalled sarcasm into the wounds of the astonished and overwhelmed dictator of party. Pitt's talent for the keenest expression of scorn, free from all the rudeness of phrase which degrades it into virulence—a talent among the rarest of public life—may be exemplified by a slight and single instance, given under all the imperfections of the Parliamentary reports of that day. Fox, finding that the public spirit was rising against him, had begun to speak contemptuously of "popular movements, and mob impulses," and charged the Ministry with defying the will of the House, on the strength of opinion in the streets. Such are the reckless changes familiar to pub-

lic protestation. Opposition had lately suffered strong marks of contumely in their attempts to win over the multitude, and they were now universally writhing under a sense of popular defeat. Pitt did not suffer this fact to be forgotten. He flung it against the adversary in every shape into which it could be moulded,—it was calm contempt,—it was scoffing commiseration,—it was grave wrath,—it was stinging ridicule. “The right honourable gentleman,” said he, “has appeared to-night in a character perfectly new to him; he is to-night the champion of the majority of this House against the voice of the people. ‘Imposture’ was the word used by his learned friend. The right honourable gentleman improves upon the idea, and tells you that ‘Imposture’ was used by ‘way of civility.’ It is then by way of complimenting the people of England that the right honourable gentleman says, their opinions are founded in ‘imposture,’ and then, by way of libelling those addresses, and libelling this reign, he recalls to your mind the infamous reign of Charles II. * * * ‘But,’ says the right honourable gentleman, ‘how should the people understand the India-Bill? Do they know all the abuses in India?’ True, sir, the people may not have read all your voluminous reports; neither, perhaps, have one-half of the members of this House read them; but they know, that no correction of abuses in India, not even rescuing India from loss or annihilation, could compensate the ruin of this Constitution. The plain sense of the country could see that objection to the India bill;—they could see that it raised up a new power in the Constitution,—that it stripped at once the Crown of its prerogative, and the people of their chartered rights,—and that it created that right honourable gentleman the dictator of his King and country.”

After having gravely exposed the hypocrisy of Opposition, he thus burlesqued their discomfiture:—“But, sir, the right honourable gentleman still ventures to deny that the addresses have sufficiently marked what is the opinion of the people. He talks of battles at Reading, at Hackney, and at Westminster. At Reading, sir, there was *no* battle;

the county addressed unanimously, in the face of its members, though the honourable member, (Major Hartley,) tells you, how he exerted his oratory to deprecate the address. As for Hackney, I behold over against me a most valiant chieftain, (Mr Byng, member for Middlesex,) who is just returned from that field of Mars, whose brow, indeed, is not, as before, adorned with the wreath of victory; but from whose mouth, I doubt not, we shall hear a faithful, though, alas! sir, a most lamentable history of his unfortunate flight and defeat. Whether at Westminster, it is sufficient proof of victory to say, ‘the people would not even hear me;’ whether that right honourable gentleman, (Fox was then member for Westminster,) who once could charm the multitude into dumb admiration of his eloquence, and into silent gratitude for his exertions in the cause of freedom; whether he, once emphatically named the ‘man of the people,’ is now content with the execrations of the multitude, who once, perhaps, *too much* adored him; whether, in short, the sonorous voice of my noble friend, (Lord Mahon,) was a host in itself, those are points which I shall not decide. But sure I am, that the right honourable gentleman will not honestly expect to persuade me that the voice of the people is with him, if Westminster is his only example.”

Then, in allusion to Fox’s boast of the high names which adorned his party, he turned to Lord Camden, and gave a brief but striking panegyric to his eminent character. “Sir, I am not afraid to match the minority against the majority, either on the score of independence, of property, of long hereditary honours, of knowledge of the law and Constitution, of all that can give dignity to the peerage. Mr Speaker, when I look round me, when I see near whom I am standing, (Lord Camden was present at the debate,) I am not afraid to place in the front of that battle—for at that battle the noble peer was not afraid to buckle on his armour and march forth, as if inspired with his youthful vigour, to the charge—I am not afraid to place foremost that noble and illustrious peer—venerable as he is for his years,—venerable for his abilities,—

venerated throughout the country for his attachment to our glorious Constitution,—high in honours,—and possessing, as he does, in these tumultuous times, an equanimity and dignity of mind, that render him infinitely superior to the *wretched party spirit* with which the world may fancy us to be infected.”

While the House was in admiration of this fine change from the language of the keenest scorn to generous and lofty praise, he burst upon it by a sudden and powerful rejection of the terms proposed by Fox for his alliance, that he must resign office and break up the Ministry before any negotiation could be entered into. Those he pronounced, and rightly, terms which would instantly reduce him to a condition of ignominy. “Sir,” he exclaimed, “I have declared again and again, only prove to me that there is but a reasonable hope—show me even but the most distant prospect—that my resignation will at all contribute to restore peace to the country, and I will instantly resign. But, sir, I declare, at the same time, *I will not resign* as a preliminary to negotiation. I will not abandon this situation, in order to throw myself on the *mercy* of the right honourable gentleman. He calls me now a nominal minister,—the mere puppet of secret influence. Sir, it is because I will not consent to become a merely nominal minister of his creation—it is because I disdain to become the puppet of that right honourable gentleman, that I will not resign. Neither shall his contemptuous expressions provoke me to resignation. My own honour and reputation I never will resign. That I am now standing on the rotten ground of secret influence I will not allow; nor yet will I quit this ground in order to put myself under the right honourable gentleman’s *protection*,—in order to accept of my nomination at his hands,—to become a poor, self-condemned, helpless, and unprofitable minister in his train;—a minister, perhaps, in some way serviceable to that right honourable gentleman, but totally unserviceable to my King and to my country. If I have indeed submitted to become the puppet and minion of the Crown, why should he condescend to receive

me into his band? * * * *
Admit, that I have more than my share of the King’s confidence, how is my being out of office two days to make any diminution of that confidence? The right honourable gentleman, therefore, every moment contradicts his own principles. But he knows, that if I were first to resign, in the forlorn hope of returning as an efficient member into Administration, I should soon become the sport and ridicule of my opponents; nay, and forfeit the good opinion of those by whose independent support I am now honoured.”

The whole aspect of public affairs at the time when this eloquent and manly exposition of feelings was made, bears so close a resemblance to the present day, that the speech might be put into the lips of any leading member of the existing Cabinet; but the resemblance is as close in the details as in the principle. The proposal of stopping the supplies, which the country has lately heard with so much astonishment—a proposal which would effect a virtual bankruptcy in the funds, throw the army and navy into necessary mutiny for bread, pauperize nine-tenths of the empire, and break up the whole system of government at a blow—was threatened by the great leader of disaffection exactly fifty years ago. Yet his consciousness of the infinite evil of the attempt, confined even him to a menace, and the public outcry of alarm and indignation made him as suddenly and hopelessly labour to clear himself from the stigma of having been sincere, even in the menace. But he was in hands which were strong enough to tie him to the stake. “The right honourable gentleman,” said Pitt, in his loftiest tone, “tells you, sir, that he means *not to stop* the supplies again to-night, but that he shall *only postpone* them occasionally. He *has* stopped them once, because the King did not listen to the voice of his Commons. He now ceases to stop them, though the same cause does not cease to exist. Now, sir, what is all this but a mere bravado? a bravado calculated to alarm the country, but totally ineffectual to the object. I grant, indeed, that if the money destined to pay the *public creditors* is voted, one great part of the mischief is avoided. But,

sir, let not this House think it a small thing to stop the money for all *public services*. Let us not think, that, while such prodigious sums of money flow into the public coffers without being suffered to flow out again, the circulation of wealth in the country will not be stopped, nor the public credit affected. It has been said, 'How is it possible that Parliament should trust public money in the hands of those in whom they have expressly declared that they cannot confide?' What, sir, is there any thing then in *my* character so flagitious? Am I, the Chief Minister of the Treasury, so suspected of alienating the public money to my own, or any other sinister purpose, that I am not to be trusted with the ordinary issues?" (A cry of No, no, from the Opposition.) "Why then, sir," he exclaimed, seizing on the admission with instant effect, "if they renounce the imputation, let them also renounce the argument."

On the all-important topic of dismissing the ministers, simply because a majority of the House of Commons may think fit to disapprove of the royal appointment, he again speaks in language, at once of the most forcible logic and of the clearest constitutional wisdom. "I will not shrink from avowing myself the friend of the King's just prerogative. Prerogative, sir, has been justly called a part of the *rights of the people*. Grant only this, that this House has a negative in the appointment of ministers, and *you transplant the Executive into this House!*

* * * * Let this House, above all, beware of suffering any *individual* to involve his own cause, and interweave his own interests, in the resolutions of the House of Commons. The dignity of the House is for ever appealed to—let us beware that it is not the dignity of *one set of men*. * * * * If the constitutional independence of the Crown is thus reduced to the very verge of annihilation, where is the boasted equipoise of the constitution? where is the balance among the three branches of the legislature which our ancestors measured out to each with so much precision? where is the independence? where is even the safety of any one prerogative of the Crown, if its power of

naming ministers is to be usurped by this House; or if, which is precisely the same thing, its nomination of them is to be negatived by us without stating any one ground of distrust in the men, and without suffering ourselves to have any experience of their measures? Fearful, therefore, as the conflict is, my conscience, my duty, my fixed regard for the constitution of our ancestors, maintain me still in this arduous situation. It is not any proud contempt, any defiance of the constitutional resolutions of this House—it is no personal point of honour, much less is it any lust of power, that makes me still cling to office. The situation of the country *requires* it of me; and I will add, the country calls aloud to me, that I should defend this castle. I am determined therefore, and *I will defend it.*" But no appeal to either their reason or their public feeling could break down the stubbornness of a House inflamed with faction. Pitt was again defeated by 197 to 177. Fox, pursuing his victory, immediately moved an address, to be presented to the King upon the throne by the whole House, calling on him to throw out the Ministry. A long debate ensued, and Pitt was again defeated by 177 to 156. The House did not adjourn until between five and six in the morning.

But the King still exhibited the admirable firmness which had rendered him so worthy of the growing confidence of the people. He answered the Address by manfully stating, that he had heard no valid charge against the ministers of his appointment—that all proposals for an united Administration had been rendered abortive, though seconded by himself—and that he could not discover any public object as likely in the smallest degree to be advanced by the dismissal of the Cabinet. "Under these circumstances," concluded his Majesty, "I trust my faithful Commons will not wish that the essential offices of executive government should be vacated, until I see a prospect that such a plan of union as I have called for, and they have pointed out, may be carried into effect."

This answer instantly produced a farther advance in the hazardous

career which Fox had prepared for his party. Under the name of considering the supplies, the ordnance estimates had been already postponed, and a motion was now made for an adjournment, which would necessarily postpone the navy estimates; thus the fleet was to be left to chance. Pitt resisted this violent measure, and so clearly stated the alarming results, that, though he was, as usual, defeated, it was only by a majority of seven, the smallest against him hitherto, the members being 175 to 168. Fox was so startled at this change, that, though it was universally believed that his original determination had been to stop every branch of the supplies,* he gave up the object from this moment, and no more ventured to touch upon their obstruction.

The nation had not looked upon this memorable struggle with indifference from the beginning. But its feelings were now daily shaping themselves more visibly into action. London took the lead, and, on the 28th, the day after this debate, a committee of the Corporation, formally preceded by the city-marshal, and accompanied by the sheriffs, went to Berkeley Square, where Pitt then resided with his brother, Lord Chatham, to present him with the freedom of the City, in a gold box of one hundred guineas value. The *reason* of the gift was of still more importance than the honour. It was—"As a mark of gratitude for, and approbation of, his zeal and assiduity in supporting the legal prerogatives of the Crown, and the constitutional rights of the people." He had been invited to dine on that day with the Grocers' Company, to whom the committee were to conduct him. Great crowds were assembled in Berkeley Square from an early hour, and a prodigious concourse of people joined the procession on its way. From Temple Bar the colours of the City, and of the Grocers' Company, were carried before the carriages to Grocers' Hall, in the midst of perpetual acclamations. On his arrival and taking the oath, Wilkes, then Chamberlain of the City, addressed him in a speech

of unusual length, and lavishing the most unbounded, yet discriminating praise, on the young minister. It ended with a direct and not ineloquent allusion to the conflict going on in Parliament,—“I know, sir, how high you stand in the confidence of the public. Much is to be done; but you have youth, capacity, and *firmness*. It is the characteristic of a true patriot *never to despair*. Your noble father, sir, annihilated party, and I hope you will, in the end, bear down and conquer the hydra of faction which now rears its hundred heads against you. I remember his saying, that, for the good of the people, he dared to look the proudest connexions of this country in the face. I trust that the same spirit animates his son, and as he has the same support of the Crown and of the people, I am firmly persuaded that the same success will follow.”

An incident which occurred on this day, and which might have been attended with the most unhappy consequences, showed the folly and the fury into which men may be betrayed by faction. On Pitt's return from the dinner, still attended by a prodigious number of people, who were dragging the coach in which he, Lord Mahon, and Lord Chatham were seated, a rush was made from a club-house in St James's Street, frequented by his political opponents, and, just as the carriage was passing the door, it was surrounded by a party, among whom were distinguished several members of the club. They were armed with bludgeons and broken chair-poles, forced their way through the people, attacked the carriage, which they forced open, and aimed several violent blows at Pitt, whose life would probably have been the sacrifice, but for the exertions of his brother, who threw himself before him. At length those in the carriage sprang out, and made their escape, though with great difficulty, to a neighbouring house; but their servants were severely injured, and the carriage was nearly destroyed.

Fox's Parliamentary resources were not yet exhausted. He had felt the hazard of stopping the sup-

* Tomline.

plies, and this bold step was not to be repeated. But it seemed more essential to his interests than ever that the House should not be sent back to their constituents in the present change of the public mind, and he resolved to render this impossible, by a *short* mutiny bill. A mutiny bill, passed from month to month, would necessarily forbid a dissolution. Against this desperate measure, which would overthrow the discipline of the army, Pitt reasoned with his usual power, and with his now habitual ill success. He was defeated on a motion for an adjournment, whose purport was to impede the regular yearly mutiny bill, by 171 to 162. But so small a majority as nine was menacing; and this measure, like the stoppage of the supplies, was summarily abandoned.

This was the last blow. The contest could be protracted no longer. The King's firmness was evidently not to be shaken. The Minister's talents were as evidently not to be overcome. The public opinion was too rapidly rising, from admiration at Pitt's defence, into wrath at his rival's attack, and the decrease of the majorities told Fox that the days of his supremacy were at an end. He now determined at least to leave behind him a record on the journals of the House of the principles of his long and singular resistance to the royal authority and the national will. As it was known that he was to make his last motion on public affairs, the House was crowded for many hours before the beginning of the debate. He spoke with his usual ability; but with more than his usual violence, against what he pronounced the insulting and unconstitutional conduct of ministers; concluding with a motion for an address to the King, representing, at remarkable length, the disapprobation of the House at the continuance of ministers in office to whom the House of Commons had refused its sanction. Nominally admitting the right of the prerogative, but denying its exercise; asserting the right of the Commons to stop the supplies, but admitting the perils which rendered it criminal; pronouncing the power of the Commons to demand the removal of the

Cabinet for unfitness, yet acknowledging that no instance of unfitness had been alleged, nor had any distinct charge of the kind been even thought of. Such was the tissue of alternate truisms and contradictions, which he was rash enough to place on the journals. Nothing could have been a more direct testimony against his own capacity for every function of public life. As a parliamentary leader, it exhibited him committing his party to a creed that courted instant confutation; as a candidate for office, throwing out a personal defiance, which must make his ministry directly obnoxious to the monarch; and, as a senator, proclaiming principles which had already been contemporaneous with the extinction of the throne.

Pitt had now triumphed; and he, of course, sent an account of the night to the King. His Majesty's answer was equally prompt and intelligent. "Mr Pitt's letter is, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory I have received for many months. An avowal on the outset that the proposition held forth is not intended to go farther lengths than a kind of manifesto, and then carrying it by a majority of only one; and the day concluded with an avowal that all negotiation is at an end, gives me every reason to hope, that, by a firm and proper conduct, this faction will by degrees be deserted by many, and at length be forgotten." The letter terminated with a tribute as strikingly expressed as it was justly due to the extraordinary man by whom the victory was achieved.

"I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence as well as rectitude of one person in the House of Commons this great change has been effected; and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction, that, in having supported me, he has saved the constitution, the most perfect of human formation."

Pitt's feelings, with that letter in his hand, might be envied.

All struggle was closed henceforth; and the House waited, at its last gasp, for the blow which was to end its existence. On the day after the acknowledged defeat of Opposition the mutiny bill was carried for its usual duration of a year; Sir

Matthew Ridley, a strenuous Foxite, taking occasion from its passing to exonerate, so far as declarations would go, his party from measures which they virtually acknowledged to be on the verge of high treason—"By our conduct this day," said he, "I and those with whom I vote will prove *how false the reports* are, that we intended to stop the supplies, throw out the mutiny bill, and plunge the nation into anarchy and confusion." After this *amende*, it was unnecessary to press him with the facts that the leader of Opposition had actually made the attempt in both instances, had as distinctly avowed his right to make it, and was driven from it only by the evident fear of his party to lose all hold upon the nation. The debate was long talked of for a new instance of Pitt's sarcastic skill. Mr Powis, who had originally voted for the minister, but who subsequently, from some affectation of exhibiting his independence, had gone over to Fox, rose after Ridley, and with that curious and absurd alternation of praise and blame which he thought an evidence of his daring to have an opinion of his own, pronounced his habitual sorrows that "the House of Commons had been conquered; that the minister held his place in defiance of their addresses; and that, though a vote of the Commons could once bestow a crown, it could not now procure the dismissal of a minister." This reference to the Revolution of 1688 was of course laughed at; the orator having forgotten to add the important distinction of the cases, that in the former the nation was with the Commons, in the latter against them. He then said, that "often as he had been charged with inconsistency, he would expose himself again to the charge, by voting for a long mutiny bill, which would enable the minister to dissolve Parliament," for "he was willing to let ministers run their mad career; he was convinced that a dissolution would be ruinous; *But the Commons were conquered!*" He then proceeded to give a description of the "troops that surrounded the Treasury Bench," whom he divided into the Premier's body-guard, light young troops, who shot their little arrows against all who refused

allegiance to their chief." The second were, the "corps of royal volunteers, stanch champions for prerogative." The third was "a legion of deserters, who, having no other object than interest, and having deserted to the minister, would be equally ready to desert from him."

The last topic was a peculiarly unfortunate one to have suggested itself to this changer of sides, and Pitt gave him some of those passing lashes which must have singularly galled a haughty and ostentatious declaimer. "As the mutiny bill is the subject before the House," said Pitt sportively, "I am ready to admit that the military picture which the honourable member has been pleased to draw is peculiarly proper for exhibition on this day; he is certainly quite in the right to display that talent for which he is so well qualified; for having once described the opposite army while he opposed it, it is now fit that he should describe that which he at present opposes, but *with which he formerly fought*." Having thus awakened the House to the line which he was about to pursue, he then fell on Powis again. "The honourable member," said he, "like all men of ability, cannot help delighting a little in its exercise; and his *forte* being to alter his mind, he is resolved to show how clever he can be on *either side* of the question, and with what powers of eloquence he can, without any visible cause, oppose an administration which he had once supported." He then followed him keenly through his military catalogue. "The first corps, the House was told, was composed of light archers, who shot their little arrows with great dexterity. Probably the honourable member's armour had not been so strong as to be proof against the arrows of those archers, for those weapons which he seemed so much to despise, had evidently galled him. As to the prerogative volunteers, who formed the second band, I am proud of their support; because neither they nor I can be fond of the prerogative, without being fond of the constitution, of which the prerogative is a part; nor can I, for the same reason, be an enemy to the House of Com-

mons, which is a part of the Constitution, and, consequently, to me an object of veneration. As to the third band, I cannot conceive why the honourable member should call them deserters, merely because they did not think proper to go the length to which others were hurrying the House. But the honourable member certainly must be admitted to be something of an authority on the subject. He had peculiar opportunities of knowing the secrets of the enemy; for, having served in *both armies*, and having undertaken the task of negotiating, he was able to do his friends signal service, by the information which he might *collect as a spy*, while he enjoyed the immunities of an ambassador."

We may conceive with what cheers and laughter this *exposé* was received by the House. But the discipline was not yet done. "The honourable member," said Pitt, "has stated what he calls the debtor and creditor side of the account, in the negotiation for an union of parties. It may, perhaps, suit *his* ideas to state the business as a *matter of barter*. But, as the only object I had in the transaction was the public good, I considered, *not what men would give or gain*, but what would promote the prosperity of the country!"

The speech struck home to Powis, who by this time had found ample reason to regret his searching for counsel on both sides of the House, and equally ample to consider the imprudence of provoking his punishment from so formidable a hand. He fastened on the word "spy," and, rising in great wrath, demanded whether, "by applying the word to him, the minister meant to charge him with dishonourable conduct?" The question seemed sufficiently unnecessary, after the denouncement of his tergiversation. But the minister had more important objects in view than to heal the wounded fame of Mr Powis; he simply replied, that he charged him with nothing; that he had merely intended to convey the idea, that the honourable gentleman, "having served in both armies, knew the secrets of both, *as well as any spy could*." With this repetition

of the phrase, Mr Powis was forced to be content, and to take with him the lesson, that political trimming is always despised, and deserving to be despised.

The fall of faction was complete. The whole country was in a tumult of rejoicing at the overthrow of a parliamentary despotism, which, in its progress, must have usurped every power of the state, turned the throne into a cipher, and renewed the bloody era of the civil war. In its exultation, the preeminent individual, whose ability had fought the battle in the House of Commons, was loaded with every testimony of national homage. A long succession of addresses from public bodies in all parts of the country were presented to the minister, containing the highest praises of his conduct, and urging him to unflinching firmness in rescuing the principles of the constitution.

But there was one individual, and but one, to whom still higher gratitude was due, who, exhibiting from the beginning of the struggle a sagacity no less profound, and a courage not less intrepid, than the great Minister, had, with more to lose, evidently prepared him to hazard all for the safety of England. That individual was the King. During that most anxious period, the humblest instrument of office did not labour more indefatigably, or the highest counsellor of the Crown advise with more knowledge of the spirit of the constitution. He almost alone saw, from the commencement, the true nature of the contest, that it was not a competition for office, but a trial of the whole principle on which was built the prosperity of the empire. It was for this reason that he openly spoke of the probability of his withdrawing from the Government, and the country, or from life. This determination, he foresaw, would be a matter of course, if the Coalition Ministry gained the day. Their principles were fatal to the security of the constitution. An all-powerful House of Commons must be only the delegate of an all-powerful mob; every establishment of the state, the liberty of individuals, the rights of hereditary property, and of all property, would be at the

mercy of a vote of the House of Commons from hour to hour, that vote at the mercy of a majority, however composed, that majority at the command of the first demagogue who might combine the power of speaking with every excess of the most profligate ambition, and that orator essentially at the dictation of the rabble by whom he had been made, by whom he was sustained, and from whose violences he daily gathered fresh intimidation for the Legislature.

The King saw this inevitable result, and he disdained to be dragged at the chariot wheels of faction. He knew, from the experience of all history, that the dungeon of a monarch has but one door, and that door opens to the scaffold. Thus the sentiment was not the result of an unmanly melancholy, still less of an unmanly impatience; it was the deliberate conclusion from the known facts of popular supremacy.

And what is the difference between that hour and this? The whole difference consists in ours being much the stronger, more palpable, and perilous case of the two. In Fox's day, there might have been some honourable mask of party, disguising to the general eye the visage of the fierce and foul spirit of parliamentary dictation. Fox and North were both persons of unquestionable eminence, the highest rank was the natural object of their pursuit. They had formed strong connexions with public men and public affairs, in the course of a long, showy, and powerful public career. They severally possessed great talents. Of such men, it might be plausibly conjectured by the superficial class of politicians, that they could have no design beyond the conquest of office; that they had too much to lose and to honour in the Constitution, to be capable of throwing it into peril; that if their ambition were headlong, they were hurried into the excess only by the very force and ardour of their faculties; but what similitude to this leadership exists now? What ground for the strong muster of Opposition is discoverable in the characters of those who exhibit this formidable and violent following? At this moment even the few who displayed

any semblance of public ability on the fallen side have disappeared, and the actual leader of the Opposition is one of the youngest and least experienced of the late Ministry. What, then, is it that unites so large a number of the representative body, binds them in such strong confederacy, and urges them forward with such precipitate resolution? Unquestionably something altogether different from the old ties or stimulants of party. Neither generous attachment to distinguished individuals, nor old political connexion, nor the natural and justifiable homage with which men honour great abilities. For all the occasions that give birth to those impulses have passed away. Unable to solve this problem on old principles, can we refuse the solution offered by new? Are not a wild determination to innovate, a reckless love of desperate experiments, and a sanguine view of consequences, which every man can conjecture, and all good men must deprecate, the ingredients of that new cup of intoxication which the French "Three Days of July" prepared for the lip of England, and which, if but touched, fills the heart with alternate fatuity and frenzy?

George the Third, during this entire crisis, saw it in its true point of view, an assault on the liberties of England. The India bill was instantly felt by him to be a scheme of a powerful demagogue to make himself master of the state for life, and to render it hereditary in his party. The King was no lazy depositary of a crown, of which the jewels were left to be plucked out to wreath round the brow of the liberticide. He lingered under no shield of ministers. He boldly came forward—constantly assisted at councils—constantly advised with ministers—cheered, confirmed, and sustained them by perpetual correspondence—and under their heaviest defeats invigorated them by new assurances that he would stand by them to the last. He seems to have been awake to every change in the circumstances of ministers, the House, and the people; and in all to have formed and delivered opinions which do equal honour to his principles and his understanding. On the 18th of February, on the eve

of one of the greatest debates of the period, the King, anxious to strengthen Pitt's confidence for the night, wrote to him—"Mr Pitt may depend on my being heartily ready to adopt vigorous measures, as I think the struggle is really no less than my being called on to stand forth in defence of the constitution against a most desperate and unprincipled faction." These vigorous measures were a dissolution, which Pitt, though beaten on that night by 208 to 196, postponed until he should have vanquished Opposition on their own ground. On the 20th, Pitt had been beaten by two successive majorities of 20 and 21, and a most insulting address had been carried. The King wrote his directions for the spirit of the answer. "I trust that while the answer is drawn up with civility, it will be a *clear support of my own rights*, which the addresses from all parts of the kingdom show me the people feel essential to *their liberties*." He even took cognizance of the style of his ministers, and felt evident pleasure in gratifying Pitt with the well-deserved praise of superior grace of language. On the morning after one of the debates in which he had peculiarly distinguished himself by the elegant dexterity of his satire, the King wrote to him, after alluding to some matters of business—"I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr Pitt on Monday. In particular, his employing a *razor* against his antagonists, and never condescending to run into that rudeness, which, though common in that House, certainly never becomes a gentleman. If he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as, I trust, many more evils, which time and temper only can effect."

The time was now come for that appeal to the nation, on which the Minister had determined from the beginning, but which neither the art nor force of Opposition was to precipitate or retard. He obtained the supplies without compromise, and compelled the heads of Opposition either to fly from the debates, or to sit in sullen silence. To the last he

exhibited the same superiority to the tamperings or threats of his antagonists. On the 22d of March, on bringing up the report of the Committee of Supply, he was eagerly questioned on the probability of a dissolution. Lord North, Mr Eden, and General Conway successively animadverted on it as unjust, severe, impolitic, &c.; but no answer could be obtained from the Minister. He did not condescend to utter a syllable. He had already fixed his determination, and he did not think it necessary to gratify his querists by explaining. He continued contemptuously silent through the night, and left the answer to be given by the event. That answer was not long delayed. In two days after, (the 24th,) the King went down to the House, and delivered this decisive speech from the throne:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—On a full consideration of the present situation of affairs, and of the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I am induced to put an end to this session of Parliament. I feel it a duty, which I owe to the Constitution and to the country, to recur, as speedily as possible, to the sense of my people, by *calling a new Parliament*. I trust that this measure will tend to obviate the *mischiefs arising from the unhappy divisions and distractions* which have lately subsisted, and that the various important objects which will require consideration may be afterwards proceeded upon with less interruption and with happier effect. I can have no other object than to preserve the true principles of our free and happy Constitution, and to employ the powers intrusted to me by law for the only end for which they were given, the good of my people."

The Parliament was dissolved on the 25th of March, and the new Parliament summoned to meet on the 16th of May.

We have in this detail the narrative of a period pregnant with the fates of half a century,—that half century itself pregnant with the most fearful perils, the most overwhelming catastrophes, and the guiltiest national corruptions within the last thousand years. In that period the principles were established by Pitt

and his sovereign which bore the country in unexampled triumph through those perils, and placed England at the head of Europe. The battle in 1784 was fought in Parliament only preparatory to its being fought in the streets. If the projects of Fox were confined to outrageous personal aggrandizement, his principles extended to national ruin. The violence of Opposition was of the most daring, arrogant, and grasping order. They looked upon the King as already at their feet, all the honours and offices of the state at their mercy, and their seizure of them not only certain but permanent. Their addresses to the throne were not supplications, but menaces. Those petitioners for the royal grace came to storm the royal fears. No language that haughty assumption of power ever used was forgotten, in those rescripts of a tyrannical House of Commons, to its sovereign. Delicacy, decorum, and even the respectful formalities of language to a king, were equally abjured in their appeals to the throne. They demanded and defied; yet this whole array of practised, inflamed, and arrogant hostility was totally put to the rout by steadiness, fortitude, and persevering principle. The success of Fox would have inevitably plunged the country into a revolution. He would have felt himself rapidly so dependent on the multitude—his temperament was so incapable of refusing the prizes of popularity, let the purchase be what it might—his moral nature was so self-indulgent, feeble, and vitiated, that, in the first trial of his virtue against his passions, he must have given way to the grossest political temptation. The constitution would have been yielded, perhaps with an eloquent speech on the painful necessity of circumstances, perhaps with a contemptuous smile at the human absurdity of expecting public self-denial from the gorged voluptuary of private life; but the evil would have been done, and the British name turned into a warning for nations too confident in the patriotism of profligates—or the constitution, after being plunged into a sea of blood, would have been left to the hands of posterity to draw it up from its darkness, mutilated, disfigured, and

almost beyond the hope of breathing again.

The lofty perseverance of the Minister was among the great qualities which gained this most memorable triumph. He fought the Opposition for eleven weeks *alone*; and during that time he never allowed the most dexterous of his antagonists to gain the slightest advantage over him. He was never betrayed into a rash expression, never inflamed into unbecoming wrath, never entrapped into undue disclosure. He sat, night after night, the same imperturbable depository of government, suffering the storm to rage on, until it was his pleasure to check its ravings. But when he rose, he poured out the same torrent of eloquence which dashed and withered his enemies; at once caustic and generous, graceful and daring, classical and vigorous, it was equally unrivalled in the discussions of polity domestic and foreign, in the more general contests which turned on political principle, and in those powerful, and sometimes most pathetic appeals, in which he addressed himself to the native-born feelings of honour and patriotism in the breasts of Englishmen. For nearly two months he was constantly repelled, defied, and insulted by the House. He never in *a single instance* obtained a majority. In the long succession of debates, from the time of taking his seat on the 12th of January, 1784, to the time when Opposition finished their career of violence by a manifesto almost of treason, March the 8th, he was defeated in *fourteen* great debates—the result of any one of which might have sent him from the Treasury Bench to the Tower. Still he persevered, with a manliness which conferred the highest panegyric on his nature, a penetration which placed his ability in the highest public point of view, and a confidence in the national character, which nothing but singular nobleness in the heart of the Minister could have dictated, and nothing but singular virtue in the heart of the people could have sustained. From the beginning, he took his stand against the ignorant principle, which we again hear asserted, that “*the House of Commons has the right to declare who shall be the Ministers of the country.*” He proved that this

power, once established, would be effectually the establishment of a *democracy*. He was not to be answered by the trifling pretence that the Commons admitted the King's right to nominate; he showed that the royal nomination must be a burlesque, where the right of the House of Commons to annul it day by day was assumed as a privilege; that this privilege would make government a mockery of the hour; that while the votes of a thing so palpably dependent on chance as a majority, were to exercise the actual control over the appointment of the royal counsellors—all that belongs to the stability of public council, all foreign connexion, all the security of laws, must be blown loose to the winds; that the very conception went to defraud the House of Peers of their constitutional share in the public interests; that it would leave the King but in the situation of a head clerk of the House of Commons, and, as the natural consummation of all, that

the Commons themselves would be crushed by some burst of national anger, as they had been before—the soldier would, as he had done before, finish what the demagogue began, and the liberties and name of England would of necessity merge in either a rabble republic, an iron despotism, or a helpless slavery to some continental power, provoked by its insults, or tempted by its exposure to invasion.

In our further view of this most formidable period, when the foundations of English freedom were all but shaken by the hand of faction, and all but laid anew by the hand of this preeminent patriot, Minister, and man of genius, we shall observe the happy consequences of his triumph to the constitution—the vigour which it communicated to the royal councils, and the general security, strength, and contentment, which were its first fruits, to the people.

CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. XIII.

THE SUICIDE.

EARLY on the Monday, we accordingly started on our journey, and that evening arrived at very comfortable quarters on St Ann's bay.

We did not get under weigh next morning until the sun was high—it was nearly ten in the forenoon—as we had only to go the length of Prickly Pear Cottage that day, a property belonging to a crony of mine uncle's, at which we had promised to dine and spend the night on our way to St Thomas in the Vale, where we were to call a halt, to attend some military dinner or another at Bogwalk tavern.

The beauty of St Ann's, the principal grazing parish of Jamaica, surpassed any notion I had previously formed of it;—the whole district being a sea of gently undulating hill and valley, covered with the most luxuriant waving Guinea grass—across which the racking cloudlets, borne on the wings of the fresh and invigorating breeze, chased each other

cheerily—as if it had been one vast hay field, ready for the scythe, thickly interspersed with groves of pimento and fruit-trees, whose picturesque situations no *capability* man could possibly improve. The flocks of cattle that browsed all round us, whether as to breed or condition, would have done credit even to Lincolnshire. Lord Althorp should go and take a squint at St Ann's—I daresay the worthies there might make him *custos*.

At length, as it drew on to three in the afternoon, we saw the cottage glittering in all the West India glory of green blinds and white paint, through the grove of fruit-trees in the centre of which it was placed. It was a long low building, raised about ten feet off the ground on brick pillars, under which gambled half-a-dozen goats, and surrounded by a cool and airy piazza, while the neighbouring thickets were peppered with a whole cluster of small white-wash-

ed buildings, comprising kitchen, gard-du-mange, houses for the domestics, pig-sties, and poultry-yard.

We dismounted at one end of the piazza, where a door, kept gaping ajar by a large stone on the floor, to which access was had by a flight of steps, seemed to invite us to walk in. We ascended the stair and entered. The dark mirrorlike floors, the fragrant odour of the fresh gathered bitter oranges which had been just used in polishing them, the green shade of the trees that overshadowed the building, tossing their branches, and rushing and twittering in the sea breeze—the beautiful flowers that crept in at every open blind and crevice, (a knot in the weather boarding could not drop out but in would pop a rose, or a bud of double jessamine, as if trying to escape the ardent gaze of the sun)—the twilight of the rooms, and the glorious view of the everlasting ocean in the distance, (with a tiny white winglet of a sail sliding along here and there,) crisped with blue waves, as if the water had reflected the mackerel sky that glowed over all, until both were bleended out at sea beneath a silvery haze—were indescribably luxurious and refreshing—their sweet and cooling influences more strongly felt, from the contrast they afforded to the heat and dust of the lowland road we had just left.—Oh! I could—curse it—*there's* a mackaw—there *is* a mackaw—a bird I detest and abominate—so my poetry is all blown to the moon in a jiffy. I would rather sit and listen to the music of the setting of a saw, while enjoying the luxury of a sick headach.—But let me whistle back my fancy again, and get on with my story.

Several ladies' work-tables, with the work lying on them, tumbled as it were in haste, and chairs disarranged, showed that our approach had not been observed until we were close aboard, and that the fair members of the family had that moment fled, in order to make themselves presentable; indeed this was vouched for by the laughing, and *fistling*, and *heckling* we heard in a room, whose window opened into the piazza.

Presently a tidily-dressed brown waiting-maiden, with flowers on her

gown the size of the crown of my hat, and of the gaudiest colours—she looked like one of those Chinese figures on a punch-bowl—popped her head in at the door, and after showing her white teeth, disappeared. She had very evidently been sent to reconnoitre, and I could not avoid overhearing her say in the inner room aforesaid, close to the open window of which, our party were clustered, “Oh, nyung missis—dere are old massa Frenche—one tall town-looking buccra, wid big hook nose like one parrot bill—one leetler fat one, hab red face, and one fonnny coat, all tick over wid small silk barrel, and broider wid black silk lace—And—oh, I forgot—one small slip of a boy, dat roll side to side so”—here she seemed to be suiting the action to the word—“like de sailor negro.”

Now this was *me*, your honour.

At this moment we heard a noise as if a man had been scraping the mud off his shoes at the scraper in the back part of the house, and giving various orders at the same time in a loud voice to the servants; then a heavy step through the lofty hall, and enter a tall, sallow, yellow-snake of a man, in wide white jane trowsers and waistcoat,—the perspiration streaming down his face, and dripping from the point of his sun-peeled nose, while the collar of his shirt and his neckcloth were also very sudorous. He wore a threadbare blue coat, the buttons all covered with verdigris, and a hat—which he kept on, by the way—worn white at the edges, with the paste-board frame of it visible where the silk nap had been rubbed.

“Ah, Frenche,” quoth mine host, for it was no other, “how are you, my dear fellow? Paul, call your misses—and, Mr Twig, I am so glad to see you. Boys, get second breakfast—we have kept it back on purpose.”

“Twang,” thought I.

“Frenche, my lad, introduce me—your nephew, I presume?”

I bowed, and was shaken furiously by the hand.

“I should have known him, I declare; so like you, my old cock.”

“Gammon again,” thought I.

“And, Twig, I say, you must introduce me too.” Here he indica-

ted Don Felix, and prepared to "pull his foot," as the negroes say, in that direction also—in other words, to make his bow to Monsieur Flamingo, who was accordingly made known to him in due form, and had his fingers nearly wrung off, as mine had been. Don Felix, so soon as he was released, took an opportunity of catching my eye, shaking them aside, and blowing the tips as if they had been burned.

The ladies now appeared—our hostess, really a splendid woman, and her daughter, fresh off the irons of a fashionable English boarding-school, a very pretty girl, but suffering under prickly heat, a sort of a what-do-ye-call-um, a kind of Jamaica imitation, but deucedly like 'tother thing in Scotland; and the plague of freckles—ods bobs how I do hate freckles!—where was I—oh—so our lunch or second breakfast was really a very pleasant one. From that time until dinner, we talked, and read, and played bagatelle, and amongst other weapons employed to kill time, Miss Cornstick was set to play on the piano. She was, I make no doubt, a first-rate performer, and *spanged* her fingers from the keys as if they had been red hot iron, and tossed her head about as she sung, and cast her eyes towards the roof as if she had seen something surprising there.

"That's what I call singing with animation, at all events; I wish the peddles were my enemies," whispered Don Felix.

"Ah, how missie *do* sing—how him *do* play on de pinânô—wery extonishing fine," quoth the brown ladies' maid *sotto voce* behind the open door of the anteroom, but loud enough for me to overhear.

However, allow for some few trifling peculiarities of this kind, and we had every reason to be exceedingly pleased with our entertainment, for we had a capital dinner, and some superb Madeira, and the evening passed over delightfully on the whole.

When we came to retire, I was shown to my sleeping apartment, a small room partitioned off from the end of the piazza, that is, altogether without the brick shell of the house itself.

I had proceeded in disrobing, and

was about putting out the candle, when I heard a "cheep, cheep" overhead, as of a mouse in the paws of pussy. I looked up, and lo! an owl, perched on what seemed a shelf, that ran along the wall overhead, with mousey sure enough in his beak.

"Hillo," said I, "Master Owl, this will never do; you must make yourself scarce, my boy,"—and I seized a fishing-rod that happened to stand in the corner of the room—"there, take that, your owlship," and I made a blow at him with the but-end, but missed; however it had the effect of startling him off his perch, and with a loud *squake*, he took wing round the room. The first consequence of his vagary was the extinction of the light, whereby he got the weather-gage of me regularly, for although he could not see in the light, he saw beautifully in the darkness, and avoided my haphazard blows most scientifically. At length, amongst other feats of skill, and evidences of composure, I fractured the *monkey*, or earthen water-jar that garnished my toilet table, and finally fell over the steps at the bedside, to the great loss of the skin on my shinbone, and to the large effusion of my patience.

"Why, Jinker, Jinker!" I could hear a door open.

"Why, Jinker," said a man's voice,— "what noise is that in the piazza, in the name of wonder?"

Snore—snort—yawn. "Can't tell, massa," replied the negro domestic, who was thus roused from his lair in the piazza, "but I will go *see* de sound, what it is, massa."

"You will," thought I, as I heard him groping and grumbling all about—"What naise is dat, my fader? what a knock my nose take again dat post him,—mi say, what naise dat is?" quoth Quashie, more than half asleep—"Nobody hanswer? Me say de third time, what naise, eh?"

I had gathered myself into bed the best way I could, but the owl continued his gyrations round and round the room, and here gave another *screech*. "Ha," said Jinker, "creech howl, massa—creech howl."

"Screech owl," rejoined Mr Cornstick, for it was he who had spoken; "how the deuce can a screech owl

upset chairs, smash the crockery, and make such an infernal to do as that? Get a light, sir."

All this while I was like to choke with laughter. "Jinker," said I, "bring a light here, and don't alarm the family. Tell Mr Cornstick it is only an owl that has got, I can't tell how, into my room—nothing more." I heard Mr Cornstick laugh at this, and say a word of comfort to Mrs Cornstick, as I supposed, and she again began to console a *wée skirling* Cornstick, that I concluded was their bedfellow, and then shut the door.

Creak—another door opened.—"Diana!" said Miss Cornstick, in great alarm—"Good gracious! what is *all* that, Diana?"

"Noting, misses, but one fight between de leetle sailor buccra and one howl."

So, here's a mess! The whole Cornstick family—men, women, and children—set alive and kicking in the dead of night, by me and my uninvited visitor!

Presently Jinker appeared with a lighted candle, but by this time the owl was nowhere to be seen.

"How him get away, massa? I no see him."

No more did I. We continued our search.

"Him cannot possib have creep troo de keyhole."

"I should rather think not," said I; "but there he was, perched up in that corner, when I first saw him. He was sitting on that very shelf. Where the deuce can the creature have stowed himself?"

"Shelf!" said the negro; "shelf! What shelf, massa?"

"That one there; isn't it a shelf?"

"Shelf! O no, massa, it is de gutter dat lead de rain from de roof of de house dat come along here under de eaves of de shingle, you know, and den pour him into one larsh barrel outside; but top!"—Here Jinker got on the table, to inspect the lay of the land more perfectly. "Ah, I see he hab come in, and go out troo de guttering, sure enough"—(a square uncovered trough.) "He must have nest hereabout, massa."

"But how shall we *keep* him out," said I, "now since he *is* out?"

"Tap, I shall show you. Give me

up one on dem towel, please massa. I will tuff him into de hole till day-broke."

"Indeed, but you shall not do *that* thing, my beauty; none of your stopping the gutter. Why, only suppose it should rain in the night, Snowball—eh? You don't want to drown me, do you?"

"Massa, no fear of dat—none at all; de moon clear, and hard as one bone; and de star, dem twinkle sharp and bright as one piece broken glass when de sun shine on him. No, no, all dry, dry—no rain before morning. Rain! dere shan't be no rain for one mont."

"But I am not inclined to take your word for this, my lad; so!"—

"Bery well, massa; bery good—massa know betterest; so, since massa want howl for bedfellow, Jinker can't help it—only massa had better put someting over him face to cover him nose, or him yeye—basin will do—oh, howl love piece of de nose of one nyung buccra very mosh."

Come, thought I, sleeping with a basin on one's face is too absurd after all; but better even than that be drowned—"So, friend Jinker,"—I was now resolved—"since *that* is your name, *stop* the hole you *shall not*; therefore, jink out of the room, will ye, for I am very drowsy."

I fell asleep, but the notion of this said conduit leading through my room haunted me. At one moment I dreamed I heard the rain beating on the roof of the house, and against the blinds, and the next the rushing, and rippling, and gurgling of the water along the hollow wooden pipe; then I was wafted by the *sound*—there's a poetical image for you—to the Falls of Niagara, and was standing in the cave of Eolus, with the strong damp gusts of cold wind eddying and whirling around me, as if it would have lifted me off my feet on the wings of my shirt—for mind I had no other garment on—below the Great Horseshoe fall, with the screen of living waters falling, green and foam-streaked like a sheet of flowing glass, past my eyes, down, down, down—and boiling away into the Devil's Pot under foot. Anon the sparkling veil of water was bent towards me, until it touched the tip of my nose, and I turned to escape,

but the basin on my face prevented my seeing. Presently it became transparent, as if the coarse delf had been metamorphosed into clear crystal, and down thundered the cascade again—for it had ceased for a moment, you must know—sprinkled this time with drabble-winged owls, as thick as Bonaparte's coronation robe with bees. I was choked, suffocated, and all the rest of it. "Murder! Murder!—I am drowned—I am drowned—for ever and entirely drowned!" and in an agony of fear I struggled to escape, but in vain—in vain—

"The waters gather'd o'er me!"

when enter friend Jinker—"Massa, massa, who hurt you? Who kill you? Who *ravage* you?"

Bash, something wet, and cold, and feathery flew against my face—"Oh, gemini, what is this next! Lights—lights—lights—my kingdom for a farthing candle!"

"Will massa only be pleased to sit down on de bed and be quiet one moment," said my sable friend.

I did so; and beginning to breathe—for the Falls of Niagara had now ceased—I rubbed my eyes, and lo! the blessed sun shone brightly through the lattice just opened by Jinker, and out flew the owl with a loud screech, more happy to escape than I was to get quit of him apparently, and flying as a drunken man walks, zig-zag, up and down, against trees and bushes, until it landed in a pimento-tree about pistol-shot from the house, where he gave a wild "Hoo, hoo, hoo," as if he had said, "Thank my stars, I have found rest to the sole of my foot at last."

But such a scene as the room presented! Notwithstanding friend Jinker's prognostication, there had been a heavy shower, and the bed was deluged with dirty water—the green matter from the shingles discolouring all the sheets—while the floor was flooded, the water soaking through the seams, and drip dripping on the dry ground below, like a shower-bath.—"Now, dat howl! him do it all, massa," quoth Jinker, "sure as can be."

"Don't you think the rain had somewhat to do with it too, Jinker?" But Jinker was deaf as a post.

"Here, you see, when you trike

at him, he drap de mouse—dere him lie dead on de table; so he come back when you sleep, and no doubt after de rain begin, for see de felder tick on de nail in de gutter, and de howl must hab been tick in de hole, and choke de water back, and"—

Here Quashie caught a glimpse of my disconsolate physiognomy, all drenched and forlorn. It was too much for him; so, forgetting all his manners, he burst into a long and loud laugh. However, no serious damage was done; and at breakfast there was not a little fun at my expense.

It turned out that our entertainer, and his wife and daughter, were bound on a visit to some neighbour; so, as our roads lay together so far, we all started after breakfast together. I was a good deal amused at the change in the outward woman of my *ladies' maid*, the handsome brown girl in the gay gown already mentioned, who now appeared stripped of her plumes, without stockings or shoes, in her Osnaburg chemise, and coarse blue woollen petticoat—the latter garment shortened, like the tunic of her namesake Diana, by a handkerchief tied tightly round her waist, just over the hips, exhibiting the turn of her lower spars to considerably above the knee—with a large bandbox on her head covered with oilskin, and a good cudgel in her hand. I asked Mr Cornstick how far they were going. He answered it was a ride of fifteen miles, and, in the same breath, he called out to the brown damsel,—
"Say we shall be there by second breakfast-time, Diana."

"Yes, massa."

"Mind we don't get there before you."

"No fear of dat, massa," said the silvan goddess, smiling, as she struck off through the woods at a pace that would have pleased Captain Barclay exceedingly. It appeared that she was to take a short cut across the hills.

"How can that girl *trust* her naked limbs in such a brake?" said I.

"Why not, don't you see she is a *chased* goddess?" said Don Felix.

"Now, Flamingo, I verily believe you will peck at a grain of mustard-seed next," quoth friend Twig.

We now started; Mrs Cornstick on a stout pony, with the head servant, Mark Antony by name, but as ugly a flat-nosed *nigger* as Christian could desire to clap eyes on by nature, holding on by its tail. Then came Miss Cornstick on her palfrey, with a similar pendant, but her page was a fine handsome mulatto boy, while we brought up the rear—the whole cavalcade being closed by the mounted servants. By and by, the road being good, although mountainous, we spanked along at a good pace, and it was then that the two fellows pinned to the ladies' tails—their ponies', I beg pardon—showed their paces in a most absurd fashion, making great flying strides at every step, so as to keep time with the canter of the quadrupeds. They looked like two dancing-masters gone mad. I thought of Cutty Sark clutching the tail of Tam O'Shanter's grey mare Meg.

"Do you see that humming-bird?" said Jacob Twig, who was giving me a cast in his curricule—Flamingo having changed into my uncle's gig. Crack—he knocked it down on the wing with his whip, as it hovered over some flowers on the roadside. "That's what I call a good shot now."

"Ah, but a very cruel one," said I.

"Sorry for it—shan't do it again, Mr Brail."

"Safe in that," thought I.

On coming to a cross-road, the Cornsticks struck off to the left, and, saying good-by, we stood on our course.

Nothing particular occurred until we were descending the hill into St Thomas in the Vale. The sun was shining brightly without a cloud. The jocund breeze was rushing through the trees, dashing their masses of foliage hither and thither, turning up the silvery undersides of the leaves at one moment, and changing their views into all shades of green the next. The birds were glancing and chirping amongst the branches. The sleek cattle were browsing contentedly on the slope

of the hill, and the merry negro gangs were shouting and laughing at their work—but the vulture was soaring over all in pride of place, eagle-like, far up in the clear blue firmament, as if the abominable bird had been the genius of the yellow fever, hovering above the fair face of nature ready to stoop and blast it.

The sky gradually darkened—all cloudless as it was—for there was not a shred of vapour floating in its pure depths so big as the hand of the servant of the prophet. The gloom increased—not that kind of twilight that precedes the falling of the night—but a sort of lurid purple hue that began to pervade the whole atmosphere, as if we had been looking forth on the landscape through a piece of glass stained with smoke.

"Heyday," said Felix, "what's the matter? I see no clouds, yet the sun is overcast. It increases;"—the oxen on the hill sides turned and looked over their shoulders—"Can't be time to go home to take our night spell in that weary mill yet, surely?"

The large carrion crows rapidly declined in their flight, narrowing their sweeping circles gradually, until they pirouetted down, and settled, with outstretched wings, on the crags above us, startling forth half a dozen bats, and a slow sailing owl, the latter fluttering about as if scarcely awake, and then floating away steadily amongst the bushes, as if he had said—"Come, it *must* be the *gloaming* after all—so here goes for mousey."

The negroes suddenly intermitted the chipping and tinkling of their hoes, and the gabbling of their tongues, as they leant on the shanks of the former, and looked up. "Hiegh, wurra can be come over de daylight, and no shell blow yet."*

We now perceived the chirping of insects and reptiles that usually prevails, during the hours of night in the West Indies, begin to breeze up. First a lizard would send forth a solitary whistle, as much as to say, "It can't be night yet surely?" Then, from the opposite side of the way, another would respond, with a low startled "*wheetle wheetle*,"

* The gangs are turned in at dinner-time by the sounding of a conch shell.

which might be interpreted "Indeed but it is though;" and on this, as if there had been no longer any doubt about the matter, the usual concert of crickets, beetles, lizards, and tree toads, buzzed away as regularly as if it had indeed been evening in very truth.

"An eclipse of the sun," said I, and sure enough so it was; for in half an hour it gradually lightened again, and every thing became once more as bright and cheery, and everyday-like as before.

We arrived at Bogwalk tavern to dinner, where we found a grand party of the officers of the regiment of foot militia, and also of the troop. The general commanding the district had reviewed them that morning, and was to have dined with them, but for some reason or another he had to return to Spanish Town immediately after the review. It was a formidable thing meeting so many red coats and gay laced blue jackets; and, of course, I was much gratified to learn, that the brown company fired remarkably well—how steadily the grenadiers passed in review—and how soldier-like Captain M——, who commanded the light horse, had given the word of command.

"How thoroughly your horse is broke now, Mac.," said a tall man, with a nose like a powder-horn—"steady as a rock, and such courage!"

"Courage!" rejoined Captain Mac., "he would charge up to the mouth of a cannon."

"Ay," whispered Flamingo to me, "if a bag of corn were hung on the muzzle."

We started early, as the night fell, and arrived in Spanish Town the same evening; and next day we were comfortably domiciled in Squire Flamingo's mansion in Kingston.

It was the race week, and the town had gathered all the fashion of the island—nothing could be gayer.

Our friend Twig had several running horses, and altogether the bare legged black jockeys, with the stirrup-irons held between their toes, parrot fashion, and the slight thorough-bred things they rode, both acquitted themselves extremely well; and we had matches amongst the officers of the garrison, and

theatricals, and pig races, and I don't know what all.

Speaking of theatricals, if you will wait a moment I will tell you of an amusing playhouse row that I happened to witness, and wherein my friend Flamingo and myself bore conspicuous parts *by mistake*.

It happened to be an amateur performance, and we had just seated ourselves in the second row of a *buccra* box, near the stage.

I was admiring the neatness of the house, which was great for a provincial theatre any where, and the comical appearance the division of castes produced, as thus:—The pit seemed to be almost exclusively filled with the children of Israel, as peculiar in their national features—here as every where else; the dress boxes contained the other white inhabitants and their families; the second tier the brown *ladies*, who seemed more intent on catching the eyes of the young *buccras* below, than attending to the civil things the males of their own shade were pouring into their ears above; the gallery was tenanted by Bungo himself, in all his glory of black face, blubber lips, white eyes, and ivory teeth. This black parterre being powdered here and there with a sprinkling of white sailors, like snowdrops in a bed of purple anemones; Jack being, as usual on such occasions, pretty well drunk.

A smug, little, fresh complexioned fat gentleman was sitting on the same bench along with us on the right hand—that is, next the stage—and a young stray Hebrew, having eschewed the pit, sat on our left—we were thus between them—a post of no small danger, as it turned out. There had been some wrangling between these parties before we entered as it seemed, for no sooner had Flamingo and I taken our seats, than Moses said *across us*, but, as it afterwards appeared, intending to address the *little ruddy man*, "If you say that again, sir, I will pull your nose."

Thereupon, up rose the *short ruddy man*, and up rose the *long Don Felix*, each appropriating the insult to himself; but Flam, who never dreamed that any nose could be spoken of when his own kidney potato was in company, was first,

and levelled little Moses in an instant. This was the signal for the sea of Jews in the pit to toss its billows, and, like a great cauldron, to popple and hiss, until it boiled over into the boxes, in a roaring torrent, that speedily overthrew both Don Felix, the little ruddy man, and *I Benjie*, who had neither part nor portion in the quarrel, *into the bargain*; and such a pommelling I never got before or since.

In the midst of the uproar, a magistrate—a most excellent and sedate personage—planted his back against the pillar behind, and shouted to “keep the peace;” but one of the assailants speedily gagged *him*, by passing his arm round his neck, and pinning him to the post, as if he had been a culprit undergoing the Spanish punishment of the *garotte*.

At length the row became so serious and *national*, that the whole house was likely to side with one or other of the parties, so the manager sent for the chief magistrate in town, (not the mayor, who was absent,) and the first thing Don Felix did, when the storm abated, and he could screw himself from under the benches where he had been forced, was, in his haste and confusion, to throttle the very man of authority himself, taking him for one of the enemy. The tumult again breezed up, and we now ran some chance of being extinguished altogether; and a gigantic black-whiskered Israelite had upheaved a stick, which threatened to prove the thickness of my skull, had there been any doubt about it, when I was saved by the timely succour afforded by a powerful sailor-looking chap, who had fought his way towards us, clearing a path right and left amongst our enemies, like a walking windmill.

“Foul, foul—stick against fist—fair play is a jewel;” sung out the windmill, whom, it flashed on me at the moment, I had seen before, and, suiting the action to the word, he seized him of the black whisker and parrot nose, neck and croup, and pitched him down bodily into the thickest of the troubled waters of the pit, as if he had been a juvenile branch of the grunter family—not pig upon pork, however, but Jew

upon Jew, where he floundered on the sea of heads for a minute, like a harpooned whale come to the surface to breathe, and then sank, to have his ribs very sufficiently kneaded by the knees and feet of his rebellious compatriots.

Having accomplished this feat, the sailor, as if desirous of escaping observation, slid out of the *mêlée*, and I lost sight of him.

The fight continued, but the police were by this time in the house, and fortunately we were taken into custody, and bailed by our friends. Next day we escaped with a fine.

At breakfast, Twig was comforting us. “Poo, poo—never mind—it was all a mistake—all a mistake, you know.”

“Yes,” quoth Don Felix, “but my ribs are not the less sore; no mistake there I assure you.”

But to return to the races. On one occasion, a certain Captain Jack Straw, master of one of the London ships, and the Collector of the customs, were two of Flamingo’s guests at dinner, and a match was made between them, to come off next morning.

It was given out to be a trial of bottom, as they were to ride six times round the race course. Now the latter was a measured mile; a six mile heat, thought I, in such a climate, and the owners to ride! However, there was nothing more said about it, and I had forgotten it, until Mr Flamingo took me out in his Stanhope at daybreak the next morning to see the racers sweated; and there, the first thing that met our eyes was old Straw sure enough, with his hat tied under his chin by a red bandana, and his trowsers shuffled up to his knees, ambling along mighty fussily, on a great chestnut mare, as unlike a race-horse, as one could well fancy an individual of the same species to be; for although he *appeared* to be cantering along, the pace was so sluggish, that we passed him easily in a trot. Those who have seen Ducrow in the Tailor riding to Brentford, caprioling on the stage as if he were going fifteen knots an hour, while he never shoots a single fathom a-head, will form a good idea of our friend’s appearance and style of locomotion.

"Well, Jack," cried Flamingo, "how come you on? who wins?"

Here the Collector came rattling up astern, deucedly well mounted, standing in his stirrups, his long nose poked between his horse's ears, and riding, regular jockey fashion, without his coat, a handkerchief tied round his head, and his whip crossed in his teeth, and sawing away with his hands.

As he passed the old sailor he pulled up.

"Now, Jack, do give in, and don't boil me to jelly; you see I have done four rounds of the course, while you have not completed two. You must be aware you have no chance; so give in, and come and breakfast with me—do, that's a good fellow."

"Give in," roared Jack, "give in, indeed! That's a good one—why, the old mare's bottom is only beginning to tell—give in, Master Collector!—No, no—besides, I see your horse is blown—there, mind he don't bolt—give in, indeed!"

And thereupon he made a devil of a splutter; heels, arms, and head all in a fidget, and away shot his antagonist once more, leaving Jack puffing and bobbing away on his asthmatic mare, up and down, up and down, in a regular hobby-horsical fashion, as like his own heavy-sterned ship digging through a head sea on a bow-line, as could well be imagined.

However, the Collector *did* win, which honest Jack had foreseen all along, although the six mile gallop had put him into a rare fever, and old Straw, bearing no malice, as he said, after handsomely paying the stakes, went and breakfasted, in great glee, according to invitation, with his conqueror.

That day at dinner we met both the equestrians, when Jack told us, that his mate had *run* three pipes of Cognac and twenty dozen of claret, during the time the coast *was clear*, and that he had sent a case of the latter to his *friend*, whom he had so cleverly kept in play, with his compliments, "not to ride races where there were six-mile heats again, before breakfast."

As we rode up to the course next evening, at four o'clock, as usual, we were somewhat late, and found the rope drawn across the ingress at

the bottom of the course. The bugle to saddle had sounded some time before; so we had to pull up where we were, in order to see the horses pass. We were standing with our horses' heads close to the ropes, when an overseer of some neighbouring estate rode up, pretty well primed apparently, and, to our great surprise, charged the rope, which he did not appear to see. He was only trotting his mule, however, and there was no appearance of haste or violence about him; but when the rope checked the animal, he gave a drunken pitch, but all as quiet as could be, and toppled over its head quite gently, as if he had been a sack, into the ride, where, after making one or two sprawling movements with his feet, he lay still, with the beast looking at him from the other side of the rope, and poking down its head, and snorting and snoking at him. The next bugle sounded, the horses were away, and some of the lookers-on had just time to drag the poor fellow off the course by the legs, when they passed us like a whirlwind.

"Tree to one on Moses," cried one sable amateur, for if we had not altogether the *style* of Newmarket, it was from no want of *Blacklegs*.

"Six to one on Blue Peter," quoth another ragged neger.

"Five to one on Mammy Taws."

"Slap Bang against de field." And all was anxiety about the race; but no one took any notice of the poor overseer, who lay still and motionless on the side of the dry ditch that surrounds the course.

At length, seeing the poor creature broiling in the hot sun, we dismounted to help him up.

"Massa," said a negro, taking his arm, "he must be well-dronk, dis buccra. See how him hand drop again when I lift him—supple like one new-kill snake."

"Supple enough," said Dr ———, who now rode up, and felt his pulse first, and then his neck. "Poor fellow! supple as he is now, he will be soon stark and stiff enough. His neck is broken—that's all."

"Neck broken!" said Flamingo and I in a breath, much shocked.

"Yes, and dead as Julius Cæsar. But, pray, did you notice if the White Jacket and Black Cap came in?"

The man had, in very truth, actually broken his neck.

Several evenings after this, I was engaged in a fishing party, in a canoe, near the top of the harbour, at a cove where the prizes of the squadron were usually moored, previous to their being sold. It was a very fine evening, and the sun was setting gloriously in the west—as where else should he have set? Our sport had been very good, and we were thinking of taking up the grapnel.

“I say, Brail,” said Flamingo, “let us go and inspect the *Morne Fortunee* there.” This was a French privateer, one of the captured vessels, that lay about a cable’s length from where we were.

“Come along then—there, string the fish, Twister. Up anchor, boys, and pull for that brig.”

As we approached, we saw a man get into a small skiff that lay alongside, with two black fellows in it, rather hurriedly, and pull for the shore.

The last rays of the evening sun shone brightly on him, as he passed us, and I had a good squint at his face. He gave me a piercing look also, and then suddenly turned away.

“Eh! no, it can’t be—by *Mercury*, but it is though! Why, there is the fellow that saved my *bacon* from the Jew at the Theatre, I declare. And more than that, when I piece several floating notions together,—why, Don Felix, there goes, as large as life, the Master Wilson of *Montego Bay*.”

“You don’t say so?” quoth Flamingo. “Stop, we have four fellows in the boat besides ourselves and the servant, and here is my gun. Besides, Quacco there is an old soldier. Boys, give way after that boat—one dollar, if you beat him.”

“Hurrah! hurrah for massa!” And away we shot after the skiff, which, as yet, was proceeding very leisurely, so that we rapidly gained on it. As we came up within pistol shot, the chase lay on his oars, and the person steering looked steadily at us. I was not so sure of him now. He had a deep scar down his left cheek, which the other had not.

“Do you want any thing with me,

gentlemen?” This simple question fairly posed us.

“No—not—that is—pull the star-board oars.” The last sentence I spoke to the negroes in a whisper, and the effect of the fulfilment of the order was to bring the bow of the canoe within a couple of yards of the broadside of the skiff. The stranger, at this suspicious movement, made a sign to his men, who stretched out with the thews of gladiators. This broke the ice.

“After him, my lads,” cried Flamingo.

We were now within a quarter of a mile of the narrow neck of sand that divides the harbour from the sea, here about fifty yards broad, and not above three feet high; so that, although the skiff was evidently heading us, yet we had every prospect of being up in time to seize the crew before they could haul her across, and launch her through the surf on the sea-face of the bank.

“There he is ashore. Murder, how handily the black fellows walk off with the skiff, as if it were paper.”

As Don Felix spoke, we also took the ground, and he and I jumped out, and pushed after the strangers. When we got within ten yards of them, the party, of whom I had suspicions, turned resolutely, and made a step towards us.

“I do not know to what circumstance I am indebted for the pleasure of your company, gentlemen,” said he quite calmly. “Will you please to make known your desire?”

Here Flamingo, Quacco, and one of the canoe-men made as if they would pass him, and get between him and the beach, where his people were in the very act of launching the skiff through the surf. When he saw this, he smiled bitterly, drew his belt tighter, and then suddenly made a rush past them, chucked Quacco to one side, and a black fellow to the other, as if they had been children, dashed into the sea up to his waist, clambered into the skiff, and before we could count twenty, he was pulling right out to sea, without once looking behind him.

“Heave too, or I’ll fire at you, by Jupiter,” roared Don Felix.

The stranger still did not deign to look round, occupying himself in bailing out the water that the skiff had taken, in the shove through the surf.

Flamingo repeated the threat, levelling his fowling-piece, at which our friend slowly held up a bright-barrelled article, that he took from the bottom of the boat, and that looked more like a swivel than a blunderbuss. At sight of this, Don Felix dropped his gun as if the barrel had burned his fingers, and whipped both hands under the skirts of his coat, wheeling round on one leg, drawing himself up to his full height, and grinning and shutting his eyes, and slewing his head on one side, as if he had been trying to present the smallest possible surface to the pelting of a hail-shower. The stranger, at this, slowly replaced the weapon, and in a twinkling was out of gun-shot, pulling towards a schooner lying becalmed outside of the keys.

"I say, Brail, did you see that glancing affair in his hand? Was it a carronade, think you, or a long eighteen pounder? Why, it might have doodled our whole party as regularly as Rory Macgregor did his own ducks."

On returning, we went on board the prize brig, from which we had startled our friend, and found the arm-chest on the poop broken open, and the contents scattered about the deck, as if the party had been picking and choosing.

"So, so, I see what our honest man has been after," said I.

There was no prize-keeper on board; and, knowing this, the visit of the skiff had unquestionably been for the purpose of purloining arms.

"Jackson," said a gentleman at dinner, at the house where I dined that day, "any further accounts from windward?"

"No; there are two schooners, the Humming Bird and Lizard, on the look-out; but no tidings of the infernal little felucca."

"Felucca! felucca!" said I, looking across the table at Don Felix. "Pardon me, sir, what felucca were you speaking of?"

"Why, that is more than I can tell you, sir; but she has plundered three London ships off Morant bay within this last week, one of them belonging to me, and in my case the captain and crew were most cruelly treated; but now, when two men-of-war schooners are cruising for her, she has vanished like a spectre."

"Yes," said another of the party; "and the John Shand was boarded yesterday evening by the same vessel off Yallahs, and robbed of a chronometer; but the boarding officer, by way of *amende*, I suppose, politely handed the captain the *Kingston papers of the morning*."

"Ho, ho, Master Wilson," thought I.

"Cockadoodle doo—doo—doo!" Never was there such a place as Kingston for the crowing of cocks. In other countries cocks sleep at night and crow in the morning, like respectable birds; but here, confound them, they crow through the whole livelong night; and, towards day-dawn, it is one continuous stream of cock-crowing all over the town.

Some days after the transaction already related, Mr Flamingo and Twig carried me to dine at the Court-House with the officers on duty with the militia Christmas guard. It was an artillery company, in which Don Felix held a commission, that had the guard, the captain of which was a very kind, but roughspun genius. However, his senior lieutenant, Jessamy by name, was a perfect contrast to him, and a deuced handsome fellow; so he made up for it. Quite a Frenchman in his manners and dress, but, so far as I could judge, with what is vulgarly called a "bee in his bonnet." Nevertheless, he was an excellent young man at bottom, although his nonsense, which was rather entertaining at first, became a little *de trop* when the bottle began to circulate;—for instance, he insisted, after dinner, on showing us the last Parisian step, and then began to jabber French, for display, as it were,—

finishing off by asking me who made my coat. Now, I cannot endure people noticing one's externals; but he pinned me to the wall,—so I mentioned my tailor's name—Stultz.

"Ah! the only man in England who can *cut*; but the German *schneiders* who take root in Paris eclipse him entirely. Ah! the German *exactitude* and Parisian taste combined! Nothing like it, Mr Brail—nothing like it, my dear sir. There, what think you of that fit?" jumping up, and showing his back, to which his garment clung like a sign at a shop-door.

I applauded amazingly, as he wriggled himself this way and that.

"Hillo! what's that?" said the captain.

"The tocsin, the tocsin—the fire-bell, as I am a gentleman," quoth his gay sub. And sure enough the church bell was clanging away at a furious rate, and the fire-engines began to lumber and rattle past; while the buzz in the streets, and the tramp of people running along the brick-paved piazzas below, told plainly enough that a fire had actually broken out somewhere.

"Guard, turn out—guard, turn out!" roared mine host, full of military ardour. And the sudden tap of the drum was followed by a bustle, and heavy trampling, and the clatter and clash of muskets from the guard-room, which showed that the command had been obeyed with great alacrity.

We had been boozing in the Grand-Jury Room, which was connected with the piazza in front of the Court-House, or temporary guard-house, by a long wooden gangway, so that we had to pass the principal entrance to the latter, before descending to the street, where the men were mustering.—It seemed that the jovial train-bands had been making as good use of their time as we had been doing; for the long table before the bench, where in term-time the lawyers used to congregate, was profusely covered with cold meats, glasses, and wine-decanter.

We were a good deal surprised to see a large earthen pipkin, about five feet high, used to hold water, that had been taken from the drip, or filter-stone frame, where it usu-

ally stood in a corner, now planted in the middle of the floor, with (of all things in the world) a red, drunken face sticking out of it, crowned with a hat and feather. This was one of the invincibles, who had been made drunk, and then thrust into it by his comrades; and he must have found his quarters somewhat of the dampest, for the vessel was more than half full of water, as we could hear, from the splashing of the culprit's limbs. In his struggles, presently he upset it, and rolled about on the floor, with the water gushing and gurgling out at his neck; while he kept shouting that they had changed the liquor on him.

There could be no fault found with the zeal and promptitude with which the gallant bombardiers *fell* in, but I am sorry to say that more than one of them very speedily *fell* out, or rather tumbled out, for I cannot speak so favourably of their steadiness when under arms as I could wish. It was no doubt a time of profound quietness and peace, so that some relaxation of the rules and articles of war was allowable, for the negroes were thinking of nothing but fun and dancing, and those Christmas guards were more a matter of form, or to air the young officers' gay uniforms, than any thing else. Our gallant captain himself was not quite so staid in his carriage at this time as the Archbishop of Canterbury usually is in the House of Lords, as his mode of carrying on speedily evinced; first, of all absurdities in the world, he chose to open the campaign by making a speech to his men, concluding with "England expects every man to do his duty."—"Now, men—let us proceed to *buzziness*" (what a mouthful he took of the word to be sure.) "Shoulder arms." Up went the firelocks to the shoulders of the tipsy heroes, very *promiscuously*, as Jonathan says. He then gave the word to "fix bayonets." Now to those who understand the setting of a squadron in the field, the obeying this was, to *men* who were standing with their muskets *shouldered*, a physical impossibility, whatever it might have been to *monkeys*.

The captain *hearing* there was something wrong from the clatter of men and muskets, for it was pitch

dark, called out—"Are all your bayonets fixed?"

"The devil a one of them," said a voice; "nor can be, unless you send for a ladder, or tell us to order arms again."

Of the two alternatives, the last was chosen; the muskets *were* ordered, and the bayonets at length fixed, but all this, and the difficulty of getting the squad under weigh in any thing like tolerable marching order, took up time; and, from the dying away of the uproar in the distance, it seemed to me that before we got through with our manœuvres the fire might be out, and the necessity for the display of so much skill and courage have passed over.

"Double quick time—march;—now scull along, ye devils, or the fire will be out," sung out the captain; and away we raced in single file.

The negroes are always most active on occasions of this kind, and as every householder is obliged to have a certain number of leathern fire buckets always in readiness hung in some accessible place, *pro bono publico*, with his name painted on them, they had as usual armed themselves with them on the present occasion; and we soon came to a double line of black fellows, extending from the scene of the fire to a public well, down one file of which the empty buckets were being handed, while the full ones circulated upwards to the fire engines by the other.

The poor fellows were so busy and zealous that they did not immediately make an opening for the head of our gay column. But we were not to be stopped by trifles; so—"Charge bayonets, men, and clear your own way," sung out the captain. The leading file did so; but, as the devil would have it, so did the files in the rear, whereby every man gave his file leader a most sufficing progue. A general stumble and grumble took place upon this.

"Mind your bayonet, sir."

"My eye! you have stuck me in the shoulder."

"Murder! you have piqued me, I don't know where."

At length down tumbled the brave bombardier who was leading the forlorn hope; and away went the others

helter skelter over him, Quashie giving a sly dash of his bucket over the sprawling mass of fallen militaires every now and then, just to cool their ardour. However, they soon gathered themselves up again, and Flamingo, who was the junior lieutenant, now brought up the rear, with me, Benjie, alongside of him. He was quite sober, so far as appearances went, but determined to have some fun, I could see. The fire had been in a narrow lane at the top of the town, and was by this time got under, as I expected. Notwithstanding, away we tramped, and were advancing up the lane, when we saw the glare of flambeaux, and heard all the confusion and uproar usually attendant on a fire. There was an engine planted right in front of us, at a crossing, that was still playing on the house that had been burning. It was directed by a drunken Irish carpenter, who saw us well enough, I am persuaded; for the moment he thought he had the Spartan band within the play of his pipe, he let fly, and drenched every man and officer as they came up—all but Flamingo, who had drawn me into a doorway until the shower blew over.

"Stop, sir; stop your infernal machine," roared the captain.

Whiz—whiz—whiz—splash—splash—splutter, was the only answer.

"Advance and storm the battery, men;" and, drawing his sword, he led them to the attack, like a hero as he was; receiving the fire (water, I mean) of the engine, which knocked off his hat, and nearly choked him, in all its force and fury, as he advanced.

At length the engine was captured, when the fellow in charge made a thousand apologies. "May the devil burn me," said he, "if I did not take the sparkle of the officer's gorgets, and the flash of the bayonets, for a new outbreak of the fire."

However, there was now no use for any farther military demonstration; so we countermarched, like a string of water-rats, to the Court-House, to console ourselves with hot negus and deviled biscuit. A blind man could have traced the party by the watery trail they left on the dry sandy street.

After this we spent a most jovial fortnight, but the time of our departure at length arrived. Poor Jessamy, the gay artilleryman above spoken of, was one of a party at our farewell dinner at Flamingo's, two evenings before we intended to start on our return home. He appeared out of spirits, and left, the first of the whole company. Next day, it seemed, he had taken an early dinner alone, and ridden out no one could tell where. In the evening he did not return to his lodgings; but still no alarm was taken. On the morrow, however, when he did not make his appearance at his place of business, his friends became alarmed, especially as it was found that one of the pistols in his pistol-case had been taken away.

My uncle was very desirous of postponing his departure until the poor young fellow had been accounted for, as he was a favourite of his; but matters at home pressed, and we were obliged to return. Accordingly, we left our kind friends in Kingston at daylight, at the time originally intended, and on a most beautiful, clear, cool morning in January. No one who has not luxuriated in it can comprehend the delights of a West India climate at this season. Except at high noon, the air was purity itself. Our road home lay through the Liguania, or rather Saint George's mountains, as we had a short visit to pay in the latter parish to an old friend of Mr Frenche.

It was about nine in the morning; we had breakfasted at the Hope tavern, and had proceeded three or four miles on our homeward journey, when a Kingston gentleman of our acquaintance, accompanied by an overseer of one of the neighbouring estates, overtook us, but did not pull up, merely giving us a salute as he rode quickly past us.

"Our friend is in a hurry this morning," said mine uncle.

We rode on, and shortly after saw the same horseman coming back again, with an addition to their party of another equestrian.

"Pray, Mr Frenche," said the Kingston gentleman, "did you see a saddle-horse without a rider as you came along?"

"Yes I did," said Mr Frenche. "I saw a good-looking bay cob down

on the hill side, close to the gully there, but I thought his owner could not be far off, so I paid little regard to it."

"God bless me! it must be poor Jessamy's horse; where *can* he be?"

"Is it known what has become of Mr Jessamy?" said I.

"We can't tell, we can't tell; but he has been traced in this direction, and it must have been his horse you saw; he has not been heard of since the day before yesterday at dinner-time."

We knew this; but still had hoped he would have been accounted for by this time. My uncle was a good deal moved at this, for the poor young fellow was well known to him, as already hinted.

"I will turn back with you," said he, "and point out whereabouts the horse was seen, at any rate. But I hope your fears will prove groundless after all."

The gentleman shook his head mournfully, and, after retrograding about a mile, we again caught sight of the animal we were in search of, eating his grass composedly below us, on the brink of the rocky mountain stream.

Close by, in a nook or angle of the mountain, and right below us, was a clump of noble trees, clustered round a wild cotton one, beneath whose shadow the loftiest English oak would have shrunk to a bush, that overshadowed an old ruinous building. Embraced by two of the huge armlike limbs of the leafy monarch, and blending its branches gracefully, as if clinging for support, grew a wide-spreading star-apple, its leaves, of the colour of the purple beach, undulating gently in the sea-breeze, and upturning their silvery undersides to the sun, contrasting beautifully with the oak-like foliage of the cotton-tree. Half a dozen turkey buzzards, the Jamaica vulture, were clustered in the star-apple, with a single bird perched as a sentry on the topmost branch of the giant to which it clung; while several more were soaring high overhead, diminished in the depths of the blue heaven to minute specks, as if they scented the prey afar off.

The ruin we saw had been an

old Spanish chapel, and a number of the fruit-trees had no doubt been planted by the former possessors of the land. Never was there a more beautiful spot, so sequestered, no sound being heard in the vicinity but the rushing of the breeze through the highest branches of the trees, for every thing slept motionless and still down below in the cool checkering-shadow and sleepy sunlight where we were—the gurgling of the stream, that sparkled past in starlike flashes, and the melancholy lowing of the kine on the hill side above. When the Kingston gentleman first saw the “John Crows,” as they are called, he exchanged glances with my uncle, as much as to say, “Ah! my worst fears are about being realized.” We rode down the precipitous bank by a narrow path—so narrow indeed, that the bushes through which we had to thrust ourselves met over our saddle bows—and soon arrived in the rocky bed of the stream, where the rotten and projecting bank of the dry mould that composed the consecrated nook overhung us, as we scrambled, rattling and sliding amongst the slippery and smooth rolled stones of the gully; while we were nearly unhorsed every now and then by the bare roots projecting from the bank, where it had been undermined at times when the stream was swollen.

We had to dismount, and the first thing we saw on scrambling up the bank was a pair of vultures,* who jumped away, with outspread wings, a couple of yards from the edge of it, the moment we put our heads up, holding their beaks close to the short green sward, and hissing like geese.

As we advanced, they retired into the small thicket, and we followed them. I never can forget the scene that here opened on our view.

The fruit-trees, amongst which I noticed the orange, lemon, lime, and shaddock, intermingled with the

kennip, custard, apple, bread-fruit tree, and mango, relieved at intervals by a stately and minaret-looking palm, formed a circle about fifty feet in diameter; the open space being covered, with the exception hereafter mentioned, with short emerald green grass, and in the very centre of this area stood the ruin, overshadowed by the two trees already described. It was scarcely distinguishable from a heap of green foliage, so completely was it overrun with the wild yam and wild fig-tree, the latter lacing and interlacing over the grey stones with its ligneous fret-work; in some places the meshes composed of boughs as thick as a man's arm, in others as minute as those of a small seine, all the links where the fibres crossed having grown into each other.

We continued our approach, following the two turkey buzzards, who at length made a stand under the star-apple tree, where the grass was long and rank, as if it had grown over a grave, hissing and stretching out their wings, nearly seven feet from tip to tip, and apparently determined to give battle, as if they had now retreated to their prey. Seeing us determined, however, they gave a sort of hop, or short flight, and gently lifted themselves on to a branch of the tree above, about four feet from the ground, where they remained observing us, and uttering hoarse, discordant croaks, as if they had been gorged to the throat with carrion already, and shaking their heads and snorting as if their nostrils had been choked with rotten flesh, polluting the air at the same time with a horrible stench, and casting a wistful glance down into the tuft of rank grass beneath.

This state of suspense was horrible, so with one accord we drove the obscene creatures from their perch, and stepping forward, looked into the rank tuft. Heaven and

* Nothing can be conceived more hideous than the whole aspect of these abominable birds. They are of the size of a large turkey, but much stronger, and of a sooty brown. Their feathers are never sleek or trimmed, but are generally staring, like those of a fowl in the pip, and not unfrequently covered with filth and blood, so that their approach is made known by an appeal to more senses than one. The neck and head are entirely naked of feathers, and covered with a dingy red and wrinkled skin. They are your only West India scavengers, and are protected by a penalty of fifteen dollars for every one that is intentionally killed.

earth! what a sight was *there*.— Stretched on the ground, embedded in the quill-like guinea grass that bristled up all around him, lay poor Jessamy on his face; his clothes soaked and soiled by the rain of the two preceding nights, and the vile poaching of the vultures now congregated in the tree above, which appeared to have been circling round and round him, from the filth and dirt, and trodden appearance of the herbage; but as yet deterred from making an attack. The majesty of the human form, all dim and mangled though it was, like a faint, but sacred halo, had quelled the fierceness of their nature, and the body of the suicide was unbroken, even after the lapse of two days, except by the shattering of the pistol-shot fired by his own sacreligious hands. Had it been the carcass of an ox, as many hours could not have run by, before the naked skeleton would have been bleaching in the sun and wind.

There was a broken halter hanging from the branch above him.

"I cannot look at him," said my uncle, shrinking back in disgust; and as he spoke, the John Crows dropped down again, and began to move warily about the body, but still afraid to attack it.

Finding that we were not retreating, however, the creatures flew up into the tree again, and our eyes following them, we saw at least a score clustered immediately overhead, all ready, no doubt, to devour the carcass, so soon as those below had given the signal.

It seemed probable, that he had tied his horse to the branch above where he lay, and that the animal had subsequently, when impelled by hunger, broken the halter. He had laid his hat carefully on the sward close beside him, with his silk handkerchief in it, and drawn off his gloves, which were placed, seemingly with some care, on the edge of it. He had then apparently knelt and shot himself through the head, and fallen on his face across the pistol. As we approached, the buz of flies that rose up!—and the incipi-

ent decomposition that appeared on the hands!—We waited to see the body turned—but the ghastly and shattered forehead—the hair clotted in black gore—the brains fermenting through the eyes—the mask of festering and putrifying and crawling matter that was left on the ground, with the print of the features in it—Horrible—most horrible!

An inquest was held that afternoon, when the poor fellow was put into a shell in his clothes, and buried where he lay;—in consecrated ground, as I have related. Some unfortunate speculations in business, working on a very sensitive nature, had turned his brain, and in a godless hour he had made away with himself. But two days before I had seen him full of fun and gaiety, although possibly the excitement was not natural, and now!— Alas, poor Jessamy, we had at least the melancholy satisfaction of shielding your defaced remains from the awe-inspiring curse pronounced against the Israelites, if they should fall away after the sinfulness of the Heathen—"And thy carcass shall be meat unto the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the earth, *and no man shall fray them away.*"

But time and tide wait for no man; so we had to leave the sad scene, and proceed on our journey.

"I say uncle," after we had talked ourselves out on the melancholy affair, "when shall we come into the road?"

"Road—road? why, if you go off the road, Benjie, you will drop some five hundred feet, or so, down that precipice, that's all."

"Oh, I see—so this *is* the road; why, I thought we were strolling along some short cut of sheep paths and river courses. Road, indeed!"

We held on, making easy stages of it from one friend's house to another, until, on the evening of the fifth day from the time we left Kingston, we were once more safe and snug under our own roof at Ballywindle.

SILAS FLESHPOTS ; A "RESPECTABLE MAN."

"Ay, indeed," cried the stone-cutter, "a most respectable man." This declaration of the giver of posthumous fame, was intended to emphatically confirm the opinions of a previous speaker,—as we afterwards learned, the sole executor of the lauded deceased. We cannot, for a certainty, publish the true cause of his whereabouts at the time of which we write—but we speak from the indubitable evidence of our senses when we avow, that last week, passing through the suburban village of Longerdash, we saw Mr Timbrel in the stone-yard of old Cherub ; then gravely and patiently at work on the virtues of the defunct Silas Fleshpots. Cherub, albeit he had polished the same alehouse bench every night for the last forty years, albeit he had married thrice, and had economically divorced himself once—although he had been a Tory with Mr Pitt, a Whig with Mr Fox, and a Radical with Mr Henry Hunt—yet lived and breathed in an atmosphere of charity for all men. His calling had taught him benevolence. Like a true philanthropist, he conceived that what the superficial—in the poverty of language—call vice, was nothing more than a mistake ; and thus in the philosophy of Cherub, a most inveterate scoundrel was no other than a habitual blunderer. How could it be otherwise with one whose crude theories were ever and anon demolished by elaborate practice ? Let the most egregious lie—said a great politician—be repeated for a year, and it will be universally believed. On the like principle, if, gentle reader, you have at times been disturbed by your neighbour beating his wife, or cruelly horsewhipping his children—if you have known him to refuse a single shilling to an old deserving acquaintance—and have heard him blaspheme in his last sickness, all such vague impressions of his iniquity shall fade from your mind, if compelled to labour, chisel in hand, at his epitaph. How can a man with any self-respect consider another a brute, when he may have toiled for hours to declare in free-stone or marble that he was a loving

husband, an affectionate father, and a warm friend ? Every chipping of the stone knocks away a bit of uncharitableness, and what, considered in the whole, would have been rejected as a fulsome lie, becomes, from the minute and patient labour bestowed upon every atom of it, a radiant truth. (Historians, who very properly trust more to style than the dulness of fact, know full well the value of this process.). And why have we speculated so far down the page on the causes of the charity of stone-cutters ? Why, simply out of respect for old Cherub ; for—we must own the doubt—had the sepulchral chronicler been questioned at the Hare-and-Hounds, touching the moral qualities of the lamented Fleshpots, it is just possible (for there is a potent mischief in some ale) the world had wanted our opening eulogy. But we repeat, it is hard, after sweating to establish the respectability of a person, to be called upon to deny our own handywork. Thus, "respectability" being chiselled at large in the tombstone of Fleshpots, the artist could not well pronounce him to be any other than "a most respectable man."

Perhaps Mr Jonas Timbrel—for he was allowed to be the most precise and business-like of any of the five trustees of Frankincense Chapel, stood at the skirts of Cherub, to perform the pious duty of superintending his orthography—(for the ill-spelling in epitaphs is a triumphant evidence of their distracting pathos on the artist) ; it is not impossible, on the other hand, that he watched the workman for this cogent reason—he could find nothing else to do. Be this as it may, we have proved no less than many profound antiquarians who have written on Stonehenge and the Round Towers ; we have demonstrated *where* he was, and may surely leave the purpose for which he was there a matter of dark yet interesting doubt. Timbrel having made a rapid fortune in the exercise of a most laudable calling, as slopseller at Sheerness, having, for many a year, "relieved the hardy Tar," had retired to the village of

Longerdash, to await, with the calm dignity of a Roman Senator, the approach of the barbarian, Death. In this, he did but imitate the wisdom of the best philosophers, who, withdrawing from the foul contact of the world, have sought to purify and elevate their spirits in solitude and contemplation. "Pitch defileth:" Timbrel felt, we may say, all over, this important truth. In the pursuit of his vocation, he had been thrice tarred and feathered. It has been thought due to the memory of Fleshpots—due to his wise appreciation of character—to say thus much of his chosen friend, to whom we are indebted for the following history.

(It is a curious and not an idle employment to mark the rise and progress of a particular word, when that word has become the distinguishing motto of no mean portion of the world; to observe its different shades and manifold diversions from its original line and bent; to note how it has passed off current value in one reign, and then been cried down with the clipped coin and pocket-pieces in the next. To us, who have trifled away some time in this enquiry, "respectability," in its various modifications, has been of no light interest. We have followed the word through centuries, and having been made to stare by some modern interpretations, we stopped dead short at the emphasis of the stonemason. Particular words may be indeed, like the men who abuse them, of a noble origin—synonymous with honour, greatness, glory—they come at last to dignify meanness, and disguise deceit. "Tact," "talented," though now in tolerable odour, considering the hard duty they are put to, may in half a century change their present application; and what is now liberally bestowed upon patriots and players, may be the exclusive property of highwaymen and pickpockets. We mark this paragraph in parenthesis, in the hope that the "light reader" will avail himself of the privilege it bestows.)

We shall narrate the biography of Fleshpots in our own words, the style and phraseology of Timbrel—who had evidently, though without acknowledging it, built himself on the author of *The Urn Burial*—be-

ing, we fear, at once too gorgeous and too dusty for our purpose. We shall serve his words as Cato—really a respectable man—was accused of dealing with the remains of his brother Cæpio; we shall pass them through our own sieve, to separate the gold from the cinders; and this gold we shall melt, and twist, and hammer after "our own sweet will."

To the honour of Silas Fleshpots, be it said, he came of no questionable origin; for the bar sinister in his shield had been duly proved—that is, sworn to—before a leash of magistrates; thus there remained no doubt to puzzle future heralds; the parish had its book—its *libro d'oro*—and the overseers of Saint Sepulchre's have ever been famous for a fine bold hand. Hannah Shields lived at ———; as the house yet remains, and its present landlord intends to apply for leave to play a fiddle and piano, we will not name the sign; the peccadillo of sixty years since might, indeed ought, to weigh with a scrupulous magistracy. It is enough to say, that the mother of Silas, before she was his mother, lived in the primitive capacity of maid. After his birth, she, of course, quitted her vocation; from a mere maid she became—indeed it often happens—a most respectable house-keeper. But let us not anticipate.

Hannah's young mistress, the eldest daughter of the landlord, was, in the graphic words of her expressive father, "a perverse [we will take it upon ourselves, though we lose a letter, to substitute] puss." Even her sisters owned she was not ill looking; but then her temper was most extraordinary. Though bred where she had the peculiar advantage of viewing every shade of character, from the lightest to the blackest, her manners were alike to all; though for twenty years she had listened to the English language, in its most various and energetic development, her own vocabulary was poor as a nun's. When a "gentleman at the bar"—as her paternal guardian was wont to say—swore to her beauty, he might, for the effect it produced upon her, as well have declared himself to the sign over the door. This insipidity could not but irritate the best of fathers. Her sis-

ters had married wealthy; and Ellen was twenty, and still single. Her father could not but tremble for the effect of her coldness; and once overhearing a ticket-porter swear that "she warn't flesh and blood, but a pictur," the miserable parent gave her up as lost. His fears, however, made him precipitate. She was not to be lost; for a rich distiller declared his love; and, in proof of his passion, drank his nightly ten glasses of brandy-and-water, mixed by the compelled hand of Ellen; although the bibulous suitor more than once vowed that her fingers froze it. We regret to say it, nobody spoke well of Ellen—if we except the beggars that hung about the door—and a certain pale-faced young man, one Thomas Roper, the aforesaid distiller's clerk, whose praise, it will be owned, was worse than blame—since, though receiving fifteen pounds per year, to be divided with his widow mother, Thomas Roper wasted his master's time in reading poetry, and what was worse, trying to write the same. It was a profound secret; but at the time of which we speak, he had appeared in print.

The distiller grew more ardent—the father more imperative. Ellen's eyes became redder, her cheeks whiter; Ellen was to be married! At this interesting juncture, Hannah forfeited the esteem of the best of masters. She, who had been so trusted, so caressed, she who would have been left with untold gold, had her master ever left gold in that predicament! Let us be brief. The landlord communed with his son-in-law elect, the distiller called in a friend, a pious, excellent man, and—what else could be done?—Hannah was charged to confer the honour of paternity. Hannah showed her conscience, and kissed the Book! We should wish here to drop our pen; in charity to the weak persons who honour literature, we would be dumb; but what was to be expected of a youth who wrote verses—love-verses? Of course, the father was the distiller's clerk! We are grieved to add, that the young man, not being persuaded even by the solemn oath of the betrayed victim, rejected the proffered honour; and when blandly asked by the proper authorities to

marry her, he swore too—swore, and refused. He had no money—had no friends: he was therefore, in default of marriage, sentenced, in the patriotic words of the magistrate, to serve on board a man-of-war, in defence of his King and country. In one little week poor Thomas—that is, Thomas—was scraping a ship's timbers at the great Nore—his mother was weeping, day and night, in the poor-house; Ellen had been supported, like a corpse, to the altar with the distiller, and Hannah had been carefully lodged in two very comfortable attics. Ellen did not survive the birth of her first child. Sorry are we to say that she spoke of death as a happy release; when dead, there was found among her little trinkets a leaf of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which was "Lines to Ellen," with a lock of hair, enclosed in what was meant for a letter, but which bore only the words "Tower Tender, Decem"—; the writer having been surprised in his attempt at illegal communication "with the shore." In two years, the distiller died of apoplexy; and, until of late, it was feared that many important chemical secrets, of great value in his business, had died with him. Happy are we to say, there is every reason to believe that such is not the case.

We now come, and our readers must pardon our long preface to the event, to the birth of our hero. By an extraordinary coincidence, he was baptized Silas—a remarkable accident, for such happened to be the sponsorial appellation of the pious, yet humble friend of the late distiller. And yet a little thought clears away the mystery, and places the gratitude of Hannah Shields in a most ineffable light. Impressed, no doubt, with the paternal care—the elder Silas was sixty—of that excellent man, as exhibited in his indignation at the false young clerk, she bestowed upon her child the honoured name of her disinterested champion. There was a thankful delicacy in the act, not to be mistaken. Nor were her obligations confined to the loan of a name; she likewise owed to the senior Silas the furniture of the before-named two attics. This was true benevolence, for the good man never vaunted of the act; his dearest friends knew not of his cha-

richly, nay, he had kept it a secret even from the wife of his bosom. Pity that a casual defect in his education should have caused the slightest inconvenience to so worthy a creature. But, we are pained to state, that ere his godson,—yes, we may as well own it, the little Silas found in him a godfather—was two years old, the sponsor had been elected treasurer of an uncertain Benefit Society. The members could not have made a worse choice; the ingenuous simple soul knew no more of figures than of Chinese; he was a signal victim to his ignorance of arithmetic. Of this defect was he so tremblingly conscious, that nothing could induce him to pass his accounts. Though earnestly sought after by all the members—nay, though invited by newspapers and handbills, he was so morbidly alive to his want of skill in numbers, that he replied to no single enquiry. Such sensibility it may be hard to believe, but he would not even show himself. Retiring from public life, he many years after died, and in his bed.

Saint Sepulchre's—indeed, from his earliest days it was expected—did its final duty by the youthful Silas; he was placed apprentice to a conscientious tallow-chandler at Limehouse. His mother at this time had dwelt for three years house-keeper to a tide-waiter in the same neighbourhood. Now, the good soul, though she became, Sunday after Sunday, and love-feast after love-feast, more practically serious—though she had thrown into the flames her well-thumbed copy of *George Barnwell*, and was become a yearly shilling subscriber towards the conversion of the Jews,—still, as the sequel will exemplify, she persisted in the indulgence of a most extraordinary piece of fiction, and this it was:—Her son had grown for twelve years under the honoured name of *Shields*; she now insisted that he should commence his apprenticeship as *Fleshpots*. What the woman meant by such caprice we know not, especially as she became more vehement in this her resolution, after hearing an eloquent discourse on the sinfulness of false witnessing. Briefly, to the wonderment of certain authorities, Silas was bound in the name of * * * the ex-treasurer.

We can only say with Mr. Otway, "women have strong constitutions."

Silas, it must be owned, was a sharp, shrewd lad; his master never doubted his cleverness; but when, in the first week of his service, he had sent into circulation two bad dollars and a shilling, many a time unsuccessfully proffered from the till by his employer, he from that moment rose in the estimation of Mr Sol; but only rose to rise still higher, when—on two of the counterfeits being brought back by the customers, the one the wife of a sailor, and the other a little girl—he, in the most civil, but withal determined tone, declared they must be mistaken; neither dollar nor shilling could have issued from "their" till; they were not in the habit of taking bad coin; besides, people should look at their money before they left a shop. On his next club night, Mr Sol could not refrain from speaking of the extraordinary sharpness of his apprentice, though he did not particularize the special cause of his eulogy. After this time Silas waxed great in the house; what medals of victory are to the soldier, the three pocket-pieces were, in the eyes of his master, to our apprentice, who wisely argued, that if bad money were unfortunately taken, bad money should be "got off." Are not many respectable people of the like just opinion?

Mr Sol was growing rich. Despite the heavy excise, he continued to flourish; and we say not too much when we avow that Silas flourished with him. He would have been completely happy but for the persecutions of Betsy the housemaid, who, whether he would or not, was determined upon loving him. He had hinted this to his mother, who failed not to bestow the most virtuous abuse on "the forward hussy;" at the same time declaring that women were horribly altered since she was young. Besides, Betsy was absolutely a parish apprentice. She was, it is true, buxom and good-tempered; and yet, with all this, she would love Silas; who, it must be confessed, was too respectable in his views to encourage two young ladies at the same time. Amelia Sol, a gentle maiden not quite thirty, had fixed the apprentice; though whether by

the prospect of her father's shop and good-will, or whether by her own beauty,—for she had, with other equal charms, a furtive expression of eye, sometimes called a squint—we know not. Certain it is, they burned with a mutual flame; and Silas, when the term of his apprenticeship had but a few hours to run, with an undaunted face opened the business to his excellent master.

"Why, see ye, Silas,"—and Mr Sol looked and spoke like any one of the five hundred cosey old gentlemen in the old comedies,—*"Amelia is certainly beyond your match. It is true you have been a very industrious lad; but then Amelia expects great offers. You have, I don't deny it, behaved very respectably—up early, and down late—saved me many bad debts. But then Amelia cost me a great deal of money; the card-cases and the tea-rug are her own work. I own you understand your business; but then Amelia"*—

At this interesting moment Mr Sol was called into his shop, and from thence went into his room, accompanied by three, evidently unexpected, visitors. This interruption was particularly unfortunate; for Mr Sol had made his mind up to give Amelia to Silas, but very prudently withheld a sudden consent, in order to make the gift more precious. Though Silas knew not that the line had been written, he then felt "that the course of true love never did run smooth"—for the first time in his life this respectable apprentice could have sworn. Intense love made him needlessly impatient; for, on the same evening, his worthy master re-opened the business with a clear determination to "make two lovers happy." With this laudable view, he commenced, and had got as far as—

"Well, Silas, as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory," when the apprentice interrupted him.

Silas rose from the chair to which he had been politely invited by his patron; and, with praiseworthy deference, his hands hanging at his sides, and his head inclined somewhat forward, thus addressed him:—

"Your pardon, worthy sir, for my presumption this morning. I have

considered the error of my ways, and now repent of my audacity."

"Well, well, it was a bold deed; but you're a lad of spirit, Silas; and as a faint heart never won—eh?" And here the master chuckled a laugh, and gave a searching wink, though, for its effect, he might as well have winked at a dead man, or a dead wall; for Silas, unmoved, proceeded—

"Feeling, sir, that your excellent daughter is far above me"—

"Ay, ay; but I'm the last man to brag of family. If we come to the truth, all the same flesh, Silas; and so"—

Silas was not persuaded by the philosophy of his master; for he continued to apologize, until, oppressed by his repentant diffidence, Mr Sol jumped from his seat, ran to the stairs, and called Amelia; at the word, the modesty of Silas strengthened into resolution. With an assured air he was retiring towards the door when the maiden entered; it was a critical moment. Taking Amelia by the hand, her parent advanced to Silas, who, shrinking, still retreated,—his master still talking, and still following him up, and the gentle virgin blushing a deeper red, at every syllable. In this manner, the three had just completed the circuit of a tolerably large room, and Mr Sol, with a gush of affection, accompanied with admirable pantomime, just "like one of those harlotry players," had exclaimed—"Take her, and bless ye both," when Silas vanished. Had the floor opened and swallowed him, father and daughter could not have been more astounded; they stood, each with an open mouth, petrified by his retreating steps, which in the awful silence told with horrible distinctness! How long their astonishment might have lasted passes our speculation to say, had they not been violently brought back to this world by the street door, which, turning on its infernal hinges, "grated harsh thunder!" On this a flood of tears relieved the forsaken Amelia, whilst a torrent of oaths comforted her father. The benevolent soul was struck to the core by the ingratitude of his late apprentice—for, from twelve o'clock that day, the indentures of

Silas had been waste parchment. Was it possible that he could know of the mishap of the morning? Oh, no! Had Silas been aware that the best of masters was exchequered to double the amount of his worldly goods for only defrauding the excise, he would have been the last to leave him; for left him he most assuredly had; as on the instant and anxious search of father and daughter, it was but too apparent that he had sent away each and every of his three deal boxes.

"The scoundrel came to my house with a bundle no bigger than my fist, and he quits my service with three boxes!"

Something must be allowed to human infirmity; poor Mr Sol was not so much disgusted at what Silas had taken, as at what Silas had left. Amelia, who really loved the runaway, wept and said nothing. Beautiful is woman's gratitude! and Amelia was grateful for past favours: for Silas was the first and only "monster wearing the human form" who had ever said a civil word to her!

But we must not give up Silas undefended. It was not his fault, if his master suffered his parlour key-hole to hunger for paper. He had no wish to pry or listen; but if people would talk in alt, whilst he moved, like a mole, about his business, family matters would cleave the ear which, however it tried, could not be deaf. If Silas felt annoyed at the delinquency of his master, he was absolutely shocked that it should be found out; but the profligacy of Mr Sol being made as public as the light of his namesake, was it prudent for a young man, just entering life, to ally himself to such a connexion? His heart bled for Amelia; but the illiberal world would not discriminate; in quitting her, he felt he left his dearest hopes, but would it be proper to marry "into such a family"—would it be respectable?

As we are touching on the various accidents of this one eventful day, we must not forget to chronicle an accident which befell Betsy—the despised, the discarded Betsy. About an hour after the visit of the three mysterious persons, of whom we have before spoken, it was notified to the housemaid—though we almost feel convinced that Silas heard no

syllable of the discourse,—that she was suddenly become the mistress of little less than five hundred pounds. A lottery-ticket and a blue-coat boy account for the windfall.

Silas was scarcely emancipated from the thralldom of apprenticeship, when he was doomed to endure—in addition to the loss of Amelia—another, and if possible, a more bitter privation. The tide-waiter had been some time dead, and Mrs Hannah Shields, retired on her means, lived as she could. Her son was the perfection of filial compliance; for his mother, having in a hasty moment commanded him never again to appear before her—(Silas had been somewhat energetic on filthy money matters)—he obeyed her to the very letter; nay, though he heard she was in her mortal sickness, he did not dare to violate her orders. Once, indeed, he approached the door; but was scared from the threshold by the appearance of the doctor's boy, about to deliver for the patient at least half-a-dozen phials. Silas wondered how the man of physic was to be paid. He had no money to spare; and in his outset of life—for he would wisely harp on that string—to saddle himself with responsibilities which he had, as he conceived, no present means of paying, was not honest, was not respectable.

Death, however, despite of the doctor, marched sternly to his purpose, and, deaf to the shrieks and ravings of the poor soul, carried off his victim. Silas now conceived himself released from the injunctions of his mother, and with filial haste rushed to the lodging which, to his horror, he found stripped of nearly every thing. He entered the room at the moment the nurse was curiously trying a small packet, in order to come at its contents without risking the felony of breaking the seal. Silas snatched at the missive, which he found directed in his mother's hand—that was never to be mistaken—to himself. Casting a disappointed glance about the walls, he descended the stairs to hide his emotion, and to break the parcel. He found it to contain minute directions for his mother's funeral, and—but why mention money at such a moment—it likewise contained a hundred and fifty guineas. In a ter-

rible letter, addressed to her son, the miserable woman denounced herself as the worst of sinners, and with this deep sense of her own unworthiness, charged Silas not to lay out a penny more than was absolutely necessary on her burial. The young man, impressed with this solemn adjuration, as he conceived, most aptly fulfilled his duty, by spending not one farthing on the ceremony. He was so affected, that it was full ten days ere he could trust himself near his mother's late dwelling, and then, what was his mortification on learning, that she had been interred at the parish charge! The authorities, urged by the nurse, applied to Silas for reimbursement; at the same time hinting at the probable contents of the parcel, which, as he refused to pay, they required to see. On this point Silas was decided; the packet contained family secrets, of no importance to any but himself, and would the overseers wish to rake up the errors of the dead? No; they were too considerate to desire it; and, for himself, he trusted he was too respectable to permit it. The overseers were vanquished; and Silas felt that the spirit of his mother was, on one point at least, appeased; for she had been put into the earth at the very least possible expence. With this comforting assurance, and wiping away some natural tears, Silas, with quite dry eyes, looked out for a shop.

But a very few weeks elapsed ere our hero was a householder. Would we were equal to the task—it would cast a perpetual halo around our humble pen, could we faithfully describe the feelings of Mr Silas Fleshpots running riot over Chinese bridges, vaulting over elephants' backs, and now expanding at the forms and plumage of parrots and paroquets, and now brooding, with halcyon wings, on oriental lakes. Let not our reader marvel at these exotic images, though transported to London. We speak of Silas on the first Sunday of his housekeeping; when lying in bed, the sun shining, —[for this happened to be the summer, when the sun was visible in every street in Limehouse]—steeping in eastern light the bed-curtains which encompassed the young be-

ginner, and cast on him a trance of inexpressible delight. It was then the bed-furniture, enriched with its multitudinous pattern of beast, bird, fish, and tree, exercised a mystic power on the rapt beholder. The elephants grew bigger, and twisted their lithe trunks in token of glad greeting—the palm-trees grew and grew—the birds fluttered,—the waters rippled—yea, and a stream of melody floated underneath the tester! To the ecstatic eye of Fleshpots every thing was real, was true; and his ears drank in a living music. Whence, enquires the reader, all these wonders? again we say, from the bed-curtains. We think we can satisfactorily explain the miracle. Thus it was. When Silas, at twelve years old, was first brought to the unfortunate Mr Sol, that beneficent man was confined to bed—suffering from a late supper of questionable mussels.—Sneer not, reader, lampreys have dethroned kings!—The parish-boy was naturally awe-struck; every article in the presence-chamber was instantaneously burnt, as with a branding-iron, into his tender memory. His moral being had, in that one minute, if we may use the word, stereotyped every object presented to his senses. Let the wonder of the boy explain the ecstasy of the man; for the very curtains which impressed the child from Saint Sepulchre's, actually hung, on the morning of which we speak, about the housekeeper of Saint ———. Every elephant was become his own, every tree, and every feather! We feel that a whole volume of metaphysics might hereon be written; the matter for the task being no more recondite than faded bed-furniture, and Silas Fleshpots, boy, contrasted with the same Silas, man. If the reader be a philosopher we think he will understand us; if he be not, we own, with him, the whole paragraph to be unutterable nonsense.

So carried away were the feelings of Silas, so possessed was he, by the changes of the past years, and the hoped glories of the future—that he had wholly forgotten a late most important ceremony. Yes: his young wife, the good-tempered, red-faced Betsy, lay unthought of, by his side. As the marriage, in consequence, no

doubt, of the recent death of Mrs Shields, had been so quietly celebrated, we may be excused for omitting to speak of it, until the present moment. Silas, we conceive, vindicated his claim to the softer emotions by his union with Betsy: the poor girl—although, as we have before remarked, she was amiable and good-looking—loved him, and though his bosom was yet bleeding with the thoughts of Amelia, a victim to the misconduct of her father, he manfully determined on a self-sacrifice to pity, and, caring but little for Betsy, magnanimously married her. It was odd, but the sum, won by his bride from Cooper's Hall, was a few pounds over the amount required for the goodwill of his late master's establishment. Silas might, indeed, have had time granted to pay the money, but scorning all obligation, he thought it most independent to marry. With his previous savings, and—Plutus and his executive officer alone know how money grows with some people—other trifles, he contrived to purchase the greater part of the furniture of his quondam employer; among which were the elephantine bed-curtains. On the very day which rose on Silas Fleshpots, stationed for the first time at his own shop-door, (as he stood, with his sharp frost-coloured face, and his intensely-mangled sleeves and apron, he looked the embryo possessor of at least half a plum,) Mr Sol exhibited himself to the philanthropists of Fleet-market, cooped in the iron cage for wicked debtors. And did Silas never think of Amelia? Sorry are we for human weakness to answer—Yes. It was she who ruffled the honeymoon with the first quarrel: for Mrs Fleshpots, having occasion to enlarge the wardrobe of her husband, by half a dozen new shirts, called in a foreign needle to assist her own. Now, Amelia was reduced to ply as a daily sempstress, and it was with considerable emphasis, that Mr Fleshpots accused his spouse of want of common feeling for her late mistress; for, in his own words, he had no doubt that "the poor thing would have come just as cheap."

Every day added to the wealth and to the respectability of Fleshpots; indeed, there seemed with

him a subtle sympathy between cash and character. They were the "twin cherries" on his household stalk: in very truth they were so alike, that even Silas himself would at times have been puzzled to decide which was which; fortunately his philosophy raised him above nice distinctions. It was not long ere Fleshpots rose to an overseer; from overseer, he dilated into contractor—a love of purely financial operations then fell upon him, and he became, in quite an unostentatious way, Billbroker. Here was a wide field for his philanthropy; we might, but we will not, cite a thousand instances of its operation. Did a young couple set up, especially in the tallow-line, in his neighbourhood—it was not long ere the kindest offers were made to them; not indeed by Fleshpots; no, he shunned the applause of such public goodness—but by his almoner, a friend who—on merely the written signature of the party—would sometimes pay down hard guineas. Palpable, glittering gold, for a few scratches of the pen! It cannot be disguised that certain results, never contemplated by the original benefactor, would distress all parties; but these accidents would only more strongly illustrate the worth of Fleshpots. He was not the man to oppress young beginners, by clamouring for instant restitution; no, no—he would give them months, or years;—and when grasping neighbours, he could have named, were making fifty per cent, he in scarcely one instance required more than forty-five. And what bettered these transactions was the secrecy with which they were effected; he knew that it might hurt the credit of a young tradesman, if a certain lease-security, or bond, or mortgage were known, and so, with delicate consideration, never breathed a word about it. On the contrary, where he had most served, there would he most praise: thus it was not unusual to hear the name of Fleshpots quoted as an example of consummate liberality—as of a man who "would live and let live." Of course, a few malign and envious spirits would spit their bitterness. It is painful to be compelled to believe, that in one very hard winter, when Mr Fleshpots, in the benignity

of his nature, dispensed one pound of candles to each of fifty pauper families of six—there were people who sneeringly remarked, that the donor had not long had the contract to supply the parish. Such aspersions were weak as they were wicked; they could no more dim the bright respectability of Fleshpots, than they could tarnish the splendid silver wine-cooler, presented to him on his retirement from office by a grateful vestry.

"Wisdom is found," says an obscure poet, "with childhood 'bout its knees!" Let this be granted, and there never was a wiser being than our kind hero. No man took a more lively interest in the Sabbath and parochial schools of Limehouse. The acumen with which he examined the awe-struck scholars, his impressiveness when he came to the Decalogue—and here we are reminded of a touching circumstance, powerfully illustrative of Fleshpots' high sense of moral justice—of his exceeding fitness as an amateur instructor of youth. Being of the vestry, our hero received a small premium with a lad from the work-house, a boy whom—for he had no children of his own—it was his wish to make a great deal of. The boy was dull and delicate; but his delicacy, as his master said, might have been looked over, had he been honest. Fleshpots, who taught two schools "not to steal," failed to impress the commandment on Peter.

Our friend, as overseer, was of course, appealed to by many worthless people—by persons who not only had very equivocal claims to any relief, but who certainly had no claim at all on the benevolence of Limehouse. Sailors are, proverbially, the most inconsiderate and ignorant of men: thus, Fleshpots was often pestered by the importunity of starving seamen, who swore they were of his parish, when he swore—for he would swear before seamen—they were not. One day—time runs on, Silas had been five-and-twenty years in trade—a wretched sea-faring man, of more than middle age, came as claimant on the overseer, who, in terms not to be misunderstood, bade him troop for an impostor. The man—there was starvation in his looks—quitted the shop with a

wicked oath, and Silas returned to his nap in his back-parlour. No sooner had he closed the door, than Peter ran into the street, and beckoning to the sailor, put into his hands a part and parcel of his master's lawful property. Fortunately for public morals, the boy was detected; and, at the instance of Mr Fleshpots, confined in the proper asylum for all disobeying apprentices.

The cook of Mr Keelhaul, ship-owner, in the freedom with which she parted with the refuse of the kitchen, bore a flattering testimony to the wealth of her employer. She had that day sold her merchandise to the tallow-chandler, and that comprised not only the usual perquisites, but five collops of fat meat, accidentally, no doubt, thrown into the vessel. The transfer of this property had not been made ten minutes before the sailor, lawfully rebuffed by the overseer, quitted the door. Peter had seen the man—had heard his master—and yet Peter, as he thought, unobserved, purloined the identical pieces of meat, and ran and placed them in the hands of the tar.

Let us not dwell on youthful depravity: suffice it, the boy was confined; in his confinement enlarged his acquaintance, who, in the end, tempted him to run from an excellent master. From small pickings, he went on to serious thefts; and—but what was to be expected—Peter was hanged for highway robbery. This painful incident displays the wisdom of Fleshpots—had he not, in the first instance, prosecuted Peter, the boy might have robbed, with impunity, till he became grey-headed; whereas, he was providentially cut off, at seven-and-twenty!

Some three or four weeks after the theft of Peter, as Fleshpots and Timbrel were settling some affairs of partnership—this was soon after the removal of the latter gentleman from Sheerness,—the overseer was summoned on a coroner's jury. Attending at the due place and hour, he learned that the deceased was a sailor. On view of the body, he moreover discovered it to be that of the importunate beggar, for relieving whom Peter was then suffering durance. The man had been found dead; how he died was not known;

some of the jury thought of too much liquor—some of too little food; Fleshpots inclined to the former opinion. However, the verdict ran that "Thomas Roper was found dead!" Our readers must recollect the name of the deceased; yes, the dead man—as proved by certain papers about him—was no other than the verse-writing distiller's clerk—the profligate youth, who had rather chosen to scrape the hard ribs of a man-of-war, than to endure the loving arms of Hannah Shields. We are happy to think, that in the body of Thomas Roper, Silas did not recognise that of his parent; no, we believe the delicacy of Hannah had always kept from her son the name and state of the author of his being. What would have been the anguish of Fleshpots, had he known he had been sitting on his own father?

The event, however, passed not without some slight pain—though all in the way of business—to Fleshpots. Mr Timbrel partook with himself the delight of affording assistance to destitute seamen. Money was lent them on their wages and prize-money; and it so happened, that among other documents, faithfully delivered by Timbrel to his partner, was an instrument which, ultimately, brought them in six hundred per cent. It was no other than the right to receive prize-money due to one Thomas Roper, and sold by him, for something less than an old song, to Mr Timbrel. How one recollection awakens another! It was then, and for the first time for many, many years, that Fleshpots recollected a certain paper, bequeathed to him by his mother, with the addition of seventy-five guineas, to be given to one Thomas Roper, sailor, whom in her own words, she had "cruelly treated." Now, among the many thousand sailors, how was Silas to find out Thomas? And as for any

cruelty on the part of his mother, it could not be; the poor woman was beside herself with the terrors of near death. If he had known it had been the same Thomas! And this he said to himself—kind creature!—at least fifty times.

And Silas continued to flourish. His wife, at the time of his retirement from business—for we approach that golden epoch—had been dead some fifteen years. Silas felt her loss, was lone and solitary: for, about the same time, he had been wounded by base ingratitude. A young tradesman, to whom he had lent a considerable sum, failed in his payments, and escaped to America. It will illustrate the peculiar benevolence of our hero, when we inform our readers, that so far from visiting the innocent partner of the villain with reproach and contempt, he, on the contrary, received her—though comparatively young and inexperienced—under his roof, in the trustworthy situation of housekeeper. Poor thing! she received his dying words, and an annuity.

Fleshpots died, fairly laden with respectability. He was the patron of twenty charities—and, towards the close of his life, never eat of a hot joint on Sundays. He died, and died in peace; for the reports, that in his last moments he raved about twenty women in white squinting fire at him—of half a dozen devils, with pig-tails, and in sailors' jackets, roaring about him—of vats of boiling gold, and such distempered nonsense, were, we believe, fully traced to the malice of a disappointed undertaker.

Silas Fleshpots was a respectable man: this cannot be doubted; it is chiselled in his epitaph: chiselled in large letters; for it was especially ordered in his will, that his respectability should go forth and stand for ever—large.

THE SKETCHER.

No. XI.

I RECOMMENDED visitors to go through the woods to Waters Meet, and with this object, that they might, on their return by the left bank of the river, enjoy the evening effects over the continually changing scene from the Waters Meet to Lynmouth; taking it for granted, that no one who has the least perception of the beauties of nature will hasten his return during the broad day. To those who would leave their carriage at Lynmouth bridge, and speed to Waters Meet, because it is a sight to talk about and not to enjoy, I give no advice—for it matters not which way they go, or if they go at all. There is likewise some shelter from the sun, through the woods; though the way is more fatiguing, by distance, by ascents, and by descents. But there can be no reason so good for this choice, as that the return may be on the other side of the river, during the evening light—the matted woods, the water alternately in shade and gleaming, the hills softened, and their windings marked by tender lights over the projecting points, and the broad mass of indescribable mixture of ultramarine, purple, and gold (the first predominating), will call forth admiration at every step, and the walk taken at this time will be long remembered. But the *approach* through the wood is not the most favourable for viewing Waters Meet itself. The best point for a first view is from above, in the walk on the left bank, for from thence the whole range is best seen, the folding of the hills, and the course of the two streams. That to the right is inconsiderable, and scarcely more than a brook, yet extremely beautiful, and well worth tracing higher up. The principal river is to the left, indeed the other is so small that the junction is scarcely noticeable, and will disappoint those who, by the name, might be led to make comparisons with other rivers. Here is no magnitude of waters—all that is seen from above is a shallow, unimportant stream—unimportant if it did not bear within it a character of

wildness and freedom, seen in the distant, though small, falls between dark masses of stone, that teach it but to assert its liberty, in sparkling foam, the effect of which is yet seen, in a few white streaks, that steal quietly under the boughs of trees by the banks, and again turn into the middle of the stream.

Sketchers are very unlike tourists in general, who go to the *points* and *sights* directly, and by the most easy ways. Sketchers resemble rather poor emigrants to a distant land, who have to work their passage. So Pictor and I could not be said to have taken either of the above-mentioned ways to Waters Meet, for we were, as temptation took us, on either side of the stream. It was no *ignis fatuus* that we were following, sometimes middle deep, sometimes high suspended over brown pool and foaming cataract; but the sweet spirit of taste, the true “genius loci,” that, though invisible itself, threw the choice and discriminating gleams of its magic lanthorn before us, over rock and water, moss and leafage, across stream, and back again. But Waters Meet we reached. So it is in life, there are more paths than the beaten high-road, that lead to one object, though commonplace people can never comprehend that there can possibly be any way but the one they came by, and stare with wonder and disappointment at finding the Fools of Genius arrive by a way of their own discovering, and would give their eyes for all the adventures they have picked up in the *terra incognita*.

Our longest detention was on the right bank, looking down upon the river, and fronting it, as it courses the opening of the hills, which make a sudden bend to the left, leading to the Waters Meet. We were both busy with our colours—and indeed the scene is well worth appropriation—we looked over the tops, and between the lighter branches of trees of a wood that descended to the water, and took its continuation to our left, where it rose to the higher

hill, which was beautifully broken with grey rock towards the summit, and formed a graceful outline, as it fell towards the stream—the opposite ascent was, to the eye, less of a ridge, and more varied in its foldings, the lower part separated from precipitous banks, the hollows being filled with trees, through and among which the side line of a path was visible. The immediate background to these risings was a mass of high wood, somewhat projecting towards the centre, at which point the waters, from the two defiles to the right and left, meet. From the point from which we took our sketch, these tributary streams were not seen. The places of their passage were distinctly marked in the dips and falling back of the woods. Before reaching their range, there is little more than underwood, but the background itself is a mass of much finer wood. The colour of this scene was very attractive, the whole mass to the right was one golden colour, excepting towards the bottom, where dark shadows were thrown across, as from the opposite bank, and varied by their intermixture with those of passing clouds, constantly crossing the ridge; beyond, the background was of that beautiful deep, yet silvery green, which Poussin so successfully represented, and in this instance, it was rendered more beautiful by curling blue smoke, rising up from behind the ridge, and gradually losing itself amongst the deep tones. As we stood high, the blue of the sky, that was finely set off against the golden hills, was reflected below us, only intercepted by, here and there, the stones that were scattered about in the bed, and by the white mark of the interruption they occasioned. Upwards through this rose the small outshoots of the transparent and tenderly pencilled leaves of the light trees immediately below us. Beyond the line of the reflected sky, upwards in the picture, the water partook of the colour of the hills reflected in it, and the nearer trees that bent down to it, but was crossed, though sparingly, by grey streaks, that at once marked its width and course. Here it was a placid and beautiful mirror; beyond, there was the lightest touch of foam seen oc-

asionally, that indicated another, and more busy character, at a greater distance. Pictor was much struck with the smoke in so sequestered a spot, and exclaimed, “We have found the enchanter’s retreat, and are come to his mystical fumigation.”

Sketcher. Your conjecture is nearer the truth than you imagine. There is a building down under that ridge—you have not been here since its erection?

Pictor. No; but I have heard so much of the bad taste in building at Waters Meet, and thereby destroying the scenery, that I would rather hasten to the spot to judge for myself.

Sketcher. Destroy the scenery! Did Pictor believe that a few feet of wall and habitable dwelling would destroy such scenery as this? By what? by its dimensions? Then it must be vast indeed. By its vulgar pretensions? From that, the feeling which selected the spot has rescued it. And had it been so, the watchful and jealous spirit of Beauty that visits the favoured earth, and comes in gleam and mountain wreath, would have soared to the clouds, and laid complaint before the winds of Heaven, that would have rushed down, and, in judicial tornado, have swept it from its foundation—and have called from their sleep of years the satyrs to sylvanize the spot again with their hoofs, after they had trampled to death the offending architect, and kicked him into the cauldron of the Lynn.

Pictor. You know my opinion is favourable to architecture in most situations—only let it agree in character with the place. It is the consecration of Art to Nature.

Sketcher. How beautifully exemplified in the Sibyl’s Temple. What exquisite architecture is that! and where is there more awful rock and chasm, and waterfall, than below that very Temple? It may be said that antiquity has matted together, and bound with fabulous bond, buildings and scenery; but the little low walls by Neptune’s grotto have no charm of association, for they were placed there by a French general; yet have they a charm, and, standing as they do upon the very

verge and boundary of safety, separating the small yet solid base from the black gulf and cavernous uproar around it, are as an enchanted circle in the windings of the Inferno.

Pictor. That smoke, which I called the enchanter's fumigation, owes its mystery to the concealment of its source.

Sketcher. The great sublime of the crater of a volcano—but mystery works not always in so vast a laboratory. I have a vivid recollection of a fine sketch of Danby's, where the source was visible and insignificant, and it was its very insignificance, from its apparent inadequateness to the effect produced, that created a new wonder. The subject was, the Fisherman of the Arabian Tales, letting the Genie out of the case. The scene was admirable, it was a low shore, by an inlet of the sea, among sterile mountains, seen at a distance across the bay, and threw a shadow on the opposite hills, one slight spot of which was faintly illuminated, connecting as it were, by a touch of magic light, the whole scene, and subduing all to the potency of the spell. The Fisherman and the vase, were mere spots; but the attitude of the affrighted man, admirable. As you looked at the sketch, you could believe the smoke in motion, and filling all space, and universal awe and stillness pervading the indistinct earth, and sky, and water, as awaiting in awful suspense the embodying of the Demon. The scene was such as enchantment might have removed from man, and you could believe that the Fisherman's steps, as he wended from his home, had with magical conveyance travelled beyond the habitable world to the terra incognita, where demons dwell invisible.

Pictor. I know the piece well, a mere half hour's work on a most happy conception, at an evening meeting of a few artists and ama-

teurs, a delightful and improving society, of which I was often an idle and unworthy member. At another time we may talk more fully of those evenings. I am sure they were beneficial, and great men arose in our little body. If, however, you are desirous to see the house erected at Waters Meet, let us descend to the small stone bridge, cross the Lynn, and view it from the park above, for there you will best see the scenery and the building, and their effect upon each other.

It was not long ere, crossing the stone bridge, we reached the point above, on the opposite bank, and from thence had the view opened to us of the passages of both streams, their junction, and the small area, which Mr Halliday had judiciously selected for his house. It is a clear spot, that at first view might appear to be entirely enclosed by wooded hills, and waters, and so shut in and hid by an indescribable veil the defiles through which the streams came, that immediately behind the house winding off suddenly to the left. I would strongly recommend sketchers to follow this turning. There are exquisite studies at a very short distance from the house; the water is narrow and somewhat variable, and the trees, in their magnitude, direction, and assemblage, happily blend the wild and beautiful. We did not upon this occasion extend our speculations beyond Waters Meet. We lay for some time on the bank, with our faces towards the blue heavens, that continually sending forth their winged cloud-messengers to the golden hills, seemed not to have forgotten a modicum of delicious air for the refreshment of admiring visitors. How delightful is the fragrance of woods—how refreshing, those lonely spots of the earth that, blessed by days, by nights, hold converse with the sun, and the moon, and the stars! They are under a hallowed atmosphere, and we breathe pleasure in its purity.

Pictor. *Care selve beate,
E voi solinghi, e taciturni orrori,
Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri,
O quanto volentieri
A rivedervi i torno."*

Sketcher. I am charmed with your building has given no offence to quotation, for it proves that the your feeling. Though it has ele-

gance, it is rustic elegance, and seems as if it grew up with the woods, and for them; it does not appear in your mind to have destroyed the idea of the *solinghi e taciturni orrori*, and that might seem strange to many; but such exactly is the effect upon me. I do not, however, quite like Guarini's "*solinghi*," nor his "*orrori*." They are strong words, and too awful for the repose and peace, and the *dwelling* and *home* of the next line.

Pictor. Yet how often have you

"That breathe no browner horror o'er the woods."

Pictor. I fear we are more indebted to the soft Italian than to the sense of that scene in the pastoral. Few pastorals have been written among the real woods; they mostly breathe of some urban regrets, querulous complaints, affecting to despise what it is palpable the soul sighs for.

Sketcher. How absurd a thing is the Courtier's Pastoral. Guarini himself, in this very panegyric, disgusts you, offends you, by such words as "*dolce povertate*," and shamefully cuts short the slender skirts of his *pastorella's* petticoat, and has the face to congratulate the maiden on her beggarly scantiness. It is a vile idea. Look abroad—nature has no stint—who can count the

felt the "*solinghi e taciturni orrori*," with all the pleasure of a silvan enthusiast.

Sketcher. True—but not at that moment, thinking of the "*Albergo di pace e di riposo*;" rather under the mild enthusiasm of a silvan worshipper, that felt the presence of nature in her most august temple, and in that presence, protection. The "*Selve beate di riposo e di pace*," are words of homely happiness,

trees, the multitudinous leaves, the uncountable flowers, and the infinite all-beautiful in which they are presented to the eye, so as to charm in every position, that the beauty is every where, and in greater profusion? Still these objects, and all God's creation, are teeming with pictures, so that the minutest living creature has, I doubt not, something to enjoy and worship. It is a vile slander on Nature, whose hand is prodigal in liberality, that bestows not with stint and measure, that she should be under the need of juggling with some travelling pedlar for a mutilated remnant of Manchester cotton to make a petticoat for her sweetest guest. Listen to Guarini—

"Felice Pastorella—
Cui cinge a pena il fianco
Povera sì, ma selicetta,
E candida gonnella."*

Fill your forests with satyrs if you please, silvan deities, or their native beasts, but if you give them food and raiment, stint them not like a niggardly overseer. No painter was fonder of "*unadorned*" nymphs than Titian, but he gave them plenty of drapery, and rich too, glistening, and floating to the sky and air. Now I am pleased with that habitation, because it tells me of comfort, of taste, of a liberal supply of every

want—Sylvanus may dwell there and keep open house.

Pictor. To choice guests—yours is a "*Sylvanus Urban*," and the dwelling, a "*Gentleman's Magazine*."

Sketcher. Replete with many good things. Yes, and I should not be ashamed to see Pan accompanying Sylvia on the piano. Let me have a pastoral where there is no buying and selling, (not even sheep,) where the poetical, if a real cannot, bounty

* Guarini uses his Pastorella after the fashion of Stout, the beggar, in the nursery song, for "He cut her petticoats all round about—he cut her petticoats all above her knee." It is well the language is of a silken texture, or his pastoral would be for the Poor-house.

shall reign, and furnish all things to the wish; and let me have no prate about riches, converting by querulous regrets, in affected contempt, the poet's desideratum into the "golden age" of the banker. Poverty, like toil, is of the "curse," and is unfit for pastoral. How true is the expression of Juvenal, that the very sting of poverty is, that it makes ridiculous; and what can be more so than Guarini's Pastorella? Besides, it bespeaks injustice or misfortune, and neither of them belong to the "Care selve beate."

Pictor. No—let the poets' and painters' country, at least, be free from these and any other human nuisances. I never hear a tale of them, but I long for the silvan dwelling of repose and peace. O, what a refuge is this from politics and iniquity. At this moment, how sweet does it seem to me in contrast to the recollection of recent disgust.

Sketcher. Tell your detested tale, and then sit down, and rate at the world in good "holyday terms."

Pictor. * * * * *

Sketcher. O the wretch! the wretch! O rather live among ourang-outangs. Oh! I could outdo Jacques in misanthropy, and migrate to dwell among the more gentle monsters.

Pictor. Stay—stay—migrating misanthropy ill becomes the hearts of sketchers, alive as they must be to

every touch of beauty, and generous to conceive all imaginary purity. Rather bless these woods that they have neither monkeys nor tigers; and, if they do show you now and then a shake or so, it is but to exemplify Hogarth's line of beauty. Besides, think you so highly of yourself, as to imagine that you stand alone in goodness? Among the myriads of the earth, trust me, there are many as good, many better, and many worse than yourself. "Cast the net, and it will take of every kind." There are plenty in the world for all social affections, and no one knows that better than the Sketcher.

Sketcher. Thank you, Pictor, you are right, and as I see the smoke rising from that newly erected dwelling, it seems to spread the charm of human society, of taste, and of enjoying thankfulness over the beautiful woods, that look refreshed by the union, and show an ever living gratitude in their fragrance and influence.

Pictor. Rising smoke is always delightful, it is associated with home—and we would place a home wherever we see beauty; we say to ourselves—"Here would I live,"—and in this place the proprietor and architect have but embodied the mind's sketch and desire. It is the picture ever present to the mind's eye of Ulysses. When heart-sick in despair of not seeing it, he would die.

"Ulysses; happy, might he but behold
The smoke ascending from his native land—
Death covets."—

Sketcher. You quote from Cowper—he has lost the feeling and the picture of the passage. Homer does not say happy would he be, as if it were the reflection of the author, but that Ulysses, ardently longing to see the smoke, &c. desires death. It is the feeling of Ulysses that Homer in-

tended to show. Then the picture—"The smoke ascending," is feeble in motion; in Homer the smoke itself would be seen to rise, and with a life and animation springs up, *leaps up from his native land—καπνον ἀποδρωσκοντα*. Ovid is as feeble in his imitation—

"Optat

Fumum de patriis posse videre focis."

To see the smoke is imperfect, the Greek alone is complete. When Ulysses first discovers the abode of Circe, it is likewise by the smoke; but Homer does not on that occasion use the same sentient word, it

was rising, and indeed gracefully waving, *αἰσσοῦντα*, but not leaping up to be seen—there is not that life and desire in it that Homer engenders. And why may not this be Circe's habitation? the passage illus-

trates the position as well as the incident. Ulysses had ascended a rock, and hence saw the smoke arising. It is an abode fit for an enchantress—beautiful, well-built, and the scene appropriate to magic arts in the depths—a place deep in among the windings of such a valley as this—*ἐν βόσκει*, and in just such a clear spot, thus surrounded, as if words of magic power had bade the woods recede, and make a place

for the magician's dwelling, it is *περικείμεται ἐν χόρῳ* "in a look-round place,"—recollect it is in the midst of the depths, so that if you had not that word *περικείμεται*, the position would be well marked; yet in spite of this does Cowper, who, like other prospect lovers, thought perhaps there must be a distinct view, ventured to mistranslate the passage thus:—

"We went

Through yonder oaks! embosom'd in a vale,

But built conspicuous on a swelling knoll—

With polish'd rock, we found a stately dome."

Not a word about a "swelling knoll" in the original; but Cowper thought there could not be any looking about or around without it, and gives that meaning to *περικείμεται*. He adopts Clarke's translation, "Conspicuo in loco," and by way of adding something of his own to match it, hits upon the "swelling knoll." It is too suburban.

Pictor. You are critical when you ought to be curious, to see Circe weaving in the vestibule. Here is a flower "with milk-white blossom," take it as the moly known by the gods, and defy all evil power.

Sketcher. Well, Mr Halliday has shown good taste both in the architecture and situation. I like the delusion—it shall be Circe's—or of any other enchanter or enchantress, provided he or she be not malignant.

Pictor. Malignity cannot come here. Even at the autumnal equinox, when the howling winds are unimprisoned, and sweep over moor and mountain, the pure moon rises calmly over that wooded brow with an aspect of command, and the spirits of the wind and tempest, taken back, veer in their course, and seek the wildness of moor; while the light of the Silver Queen, streaming in benignant blessing over the tops of the still trees, bids the dulcet hum of the waters be heard, singing the listening hills to the sleep of dreams.

Sketcher. You forget Circe's wolves and swine—was there no malignity in her enchantment?

Pictor. The Circe of Homer can scarcely be said to be cruel—feminine and beautiful throughout—voluptuous indeed and capricious, but

so by a hidden necessity that we admit on the instant, and demand no explanation. She had no ordinary charms to detain Ulysses a whole year, nor, be it recollected, did she wantonly seek his love. She would willingly have transformed him as his companions—and what refinement and taste did she display about her residence, we may conjecture from the fact, that Mercury, the ever hastening messenger of Jove, stood to admire the scene, before he sought his interview with the enchantress. As Homer, therefore, thought fit to keep out of sight her cruelty, the monsters have long since disappeared, or been disenchanted, and the Circe of imagination retains but the purest of her charms, taste, intellect, and beauty.

Sketcher. She might have been the female president of a Temperance Society—for as then there was no act of Parliament allowing "to be drunk on the premises," she showed her displeasure and her power by transforming the sots into swine; and, as to her other peccadilloes, she had not the happiness to live under the scrutiny of suppression societies.

Pictor. Banter as you please—as you have canvassed the frailties of the Sun's daughter, away with her, and lead in your own favourite Virtue to inhabit this choice scene for ever. For pure and undisturbed must ever be inmates of this quiet and protected dwelling. I am not surprised at the common prejudice that architecture is injurious to rural beauty, for it is founded in truth. Architectural designs in this country have been so very bad, that it is a

wonder to meet with any building, altogether good in itself, and appropriate to the scenery in which it is placed. But, how beautiful and how, as it were, naturally growing up, and belonging to their situations, are almost all the country buildings, however humble, in Italy! The Poussinesque style is not the invention of the painter, whose name it bears. He may have made some choice in his selections—but they are all in the land, that was once the land of the arts. The painters were all architects—the mere mason has too long held sway here.

Sketcher. Except the old ancestral halls, amid coeval trees, grand at all times, but especially to be seen in the dignity of aristocratic repose at eventide, when the whole rookery sing their evening hymn.

Pictor. Long may they be preserved to us, and overawe the malicious fiend of democracy. But the more common architecture among us has been for ages detestably bad, erected with the utmost poverty of invention—see the specimen—(though I am happy to say you cannot see it here)—a building so ambiguous, that you know not if it be long or square—a door in the middle—a room at each side, precisely of the same dimensions—and, as in gardens, alley nodded to alley, so room answers room—ditto, ditto, from roof to foundation—and perhaps one great eye of a window in each, that admits light enough to give an ophthalmia, and defies exclusion.

Sketcher. And then the inhabitant's eye, weary with similar dimensions and aspects, in ennui which they cannot account for, must change the scene, and fly to worse lodging-

houses at watering places. The eye must have refreshment.

Pictor. And so should every house be built to furnish that refreshment by its variety. I would not have one room like another; there should be certain dissimilarity—square—oblong—round—octagon—I would have rooms of all shapes and dimensions. In this respect, I thought Fonthill very habitable, if I could have lived in a country of chalk and down.

Sketcher. Even the simple family of the Primroses sought a change from the blue to the yellow. But we are improving in architecture.

Pictor. Certainly, and mostly since the peace. The beautiful specimens of ancient and modern days abroad, are, through the invention of steel plates, familiar; architects are better educated, and with them the public taste is improving. If we may trust to Gell's Restorations, the private dwellings at Pompeii bear testimony to the taste of those days.

Sketcher. We need not the restorations to prove that. How beautiful in colour, dimensions, and every particular, are the painted rooms of Herculaneum! I once painted a room after a sketch I took at Pompeii, and though it was of the brightest colours—blue, red, and yellow, they were so admirably assorted, that there was no gaudiness. For my own part, I should have been better pleased with Sir William Gell's estimable work, if he had been content with mere representations of things as they are, and ground plans. But building was the ancient fault of the Gells, for for there was one in Martial's time whom he thus quizzed:—

Gellius ædificat semper: modo limina ponit,
Nunc foribus claves aptat emitque seras,
Nunc has nunc illas mutat reficitque fenestras—
Dum tamen ædificet quidlibet ille facit.

Yet there is something delightful, I confess, in fancying one's-self in the "poet's house" of that tasteful era, but I do not like the juxtaposition of truth and fiction.

Pictor. The poet's house! what a strange habitation that would be, had he Aladdin's architects and

means.—It is a thing to dream of—ærial as if bright with terraces—shining into—the deep azure on the top of Pindus, and subterranean, as the palaces of Egyptian wonder—there would be every degree of lustre of light, and every shade of gloom—ever-burning lamps and

brighter jewels, and the mystery of statue-guarded lakes, the sport of fountains.

Sketcher. Ohe, jam satis est—you will make even Martin despair—though he dip his pencil in asphaltum, and his pigments be mummy and brimstone.

Pictor. I rejoice that I have never taken that line of art, for I never could have given rest to the sole of my foot till it had trode those now accursed territories, once in their splendour denounced by the Prophets as the proud Edom. What wonderful remains of architecture must be scattered over those extensive regions. Architecture, the pride of the ancients—it exalted itself perhaps too high for humanity, and is humbled—and that which reigneth yet in beauty, that is left to astonish, is unvisited save by the wild beast and satyr, that make their lair and den in the deserted and half prostrate cities. There may have been more than half inspiration in the first architecture—and Greece but borrowed. If Solomon built Tadmor in the desert,

Palmyra, may not the extreme beauty of subsequent architecture have been dependent on some of the rules that had divine dictation?

Sketcher. Divine dictation!—Is not the excellence of all art consummate truth, and whence comes that but from inspiration?—we reason and discover rules—but taste, that makes us feel, is instinct, improvable by moral and intellectual culture: and what could such culture do, if the germ were not beneath? We must quit this spot, your desires have taken us into regions of desolation—and the domestic, the homeliness of the scene is destroyed; every home is the centre of the universe; you have conjured up the Arabian genii that have folded us in their arms and laid us amid ruins, where were once the pride of man, the glory worship, the homes of affection—and nought remains but the monument of the spoiler. You have robbed the imagination of its peace, its fancied immutability, without which there is no idea of happiness—

“Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens

Uxor: — — — — —

Tu secunda marmora

Locas sub ipsum funus: et sepulcri

Immemor struis domos” —

Horace.

or, as Fielding happily expresses it, in the meditation of Captain Blifil on the projected improvements in Squire Alworthy's mansion—“You provide the noblest materials for building, when a pickaxe and a spade are only necessary; and build houses of five hundred, by a hundred feet, forgetful of that of six by two.”

Pictor. Let us hasten then to the Waters Meet, and I know not that the state of mind which you are in is ill adapted to such a scene.—The course of waters in conflict, or in their gentle motion; placid upon the very edge of their precipitous descent, yet in perpetual progress to the eternal Ocean that shall swallow them up, loses not its lesson of mutability by the reflection you have made.

We immediately descended, and the winding path led us close to the very spot where the minor stream unites with the larger. Neither are

indeed large; but that to the right is very small, and would not itself rise much above the consequence of a brook, but there is a charm of wildness thrown over it by the woods and masses of its rocky bed, and the foam of its many falls, seen above each other, white amidst deep shade, and the ear itself is deceived in its favour, transferring to it a dignity of sounds from other waters. Looking up the larger stream from this spot, there is a close scene worthy the painter's study. Being quite at the water's edge, the large and continuous character of the wooded mountain was not perceptible, but the impression made by our previous knowledge of the localities remained, so that we enjoyed what the picture could not give. There was a qualifying medium that affected both views—it removed insipidity, and one scene became beauty, and in the other, even amid the sound of waters, which to me is always that of

terror, it reduced grandeur to the bearable.

We removed to a little distance, and rested (without converse) upon the mossy bank, under young trees whose spreading boughs hung their transparent leafage over the river, until the beauty of the detail making itself palpable to our notions of our art, enticingly stole all that was too grand and too sombre from our fancies, and, returning to the use of our pencils, we practically found that there is pleasure even in *mutability*.

The moments of easy transition from somewhat painful to pleasurable ideas and sensations have a singular fascination. They are tender, from not gone but fading impression, and fresh from present novelty. How like the throwing off a wintry dream among the glittering dews of a spring morning, in whose fragrance we inhale gentleness and health,—when the very air is soft and elastic as

Hope!—So the occupation of watching and imitating the objects that charm us is particularly favourable to such enjoyment; and if, in after hours, we refer to our portfolios, we shall perhaps find, that our best studies have been made at such times, and in such moods.

Pictor had finished his study long before me, and had wandered on. When he returned, he found me fastening my portfolio. I was glad of this, that we might further our scrutiny of the river together.

“I know not how it is,” said he, “but this scene has not been sufficiently powerful—though it has employed my pen—to keep in bonds my fancy. Under the suggestions of our former conversation I have, in spirit, traversed Earth and Air too. And here is the sketch.”

I took it from his hand, and read the following:—

THE GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Spirit of Evil, whence art thou?

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

I come from the wretch with the burning brow
And uplifted hand.—Oh, it pleaseth thee well
That I yield the truth to thy potent spell.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Spirit of Evil, thou crossest my way,
As I bear the penitent's prayer to Heaven.

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

And why should the daring sinner pray?—
No!—blood for blood—shall it be forgiven?

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Yes—blood for blood, and for human guilt—
For sins has redeeming blood been spilt.

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Then let me depart, and question me not.
There yet are souls of too deep a blot—
And they shall be mine; with their loving breath
My bidding to do—and mine in death.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Spirit of Evil, I bid thee stay.

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Thy spell is upon me, and I obey.—
Speak, speak!—but, oh! let me shun thy look.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Read thou the names in this sacred book—
The Book of Life—of the souls that thou
Wouldst have plung'd in the lake, where are they now?

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

I cannot curse; but, oh! let me fly!

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Oh, now then I know thine agony!
Angels of heaven rejoice when one

Of millions is saved, by thee undone;
 But deeper anguish is thine to know,
 That one escape from thy grasp of woe—
 The curse upon all thy triumphs won—
 Read the names of the blessed, one by one,

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Let me depart—away, away!

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Spirit of Evil, I bid thee stay!
 Now, in the path of our blessed air,
 What breakest thou?

SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Thy spell, thy spell
 Is on me—the flames of deep despair—
 Within, within I am burning hell.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

Away, away, lest Angels of Love
 Weep even for thee,
 In thine agony,
 As they sing their hymns of bliss above.

“Well, Pictor,” said I, “if your portfolio be less rich for the day’s work than mine, you have other stores from which to transfer subjects to your canvass. I like your lines for this, that though they are like Pandora’s box for the contents of evil, there is a delightful hope at the bottom.”

Instead of taking the path by which we came, we kept below; and a few hundred yards brought us to a scene of very great beauty. The little river is here very confined, and falls over a ledge of rocks, (the perpendicular height may not exceed perhaps fifteen feet.) Looking over the fall, we see it placid to the very edge to some distance higher up, where it is broken by small descents and interrupting masses of stone in its bed. The junction of the two streams is just seen, and their course intimated by the parting of the woods, and the projection of the high woody hill, the base of which is bathed by both.

The woods here, though beautiful, and both in dimension and character agreeing with, and assisting the river in its fall, the artist will, comparatively speaking, pay little attention to. As a background, he may improve it. His attention will be arrested by the fall, for I do not recollect ever to have seen one so completely beautiful in all its parts. It is worth a journey of many miles, as a study for water—form, colour, force, and life, all uniting to make it perfect. Minute descriptions of

scenery are, in a great part, often unintelligible and tiresome; and perhaps I have already too much fallen into this error. I will, at any rate, therefore, be brief. The coloured sketch is before me. The water does not descend in one even line, but is broken, and takes various directions, yet rounding and uniting together, as if seeking the union. The first part, immediately from the placid bed of the river above it, shows, in many places, the dark rock through it, more or less exposed, sometimes marked more strongly by silver threads, that in continual change play over it. There are, to the right of the picture, two lateral ledges, over which the liquid motion is *in life*, half foam, and half a transparent glassy sheet. These are separated by a ravine (if I may use the word) of entire foam, and the under ledge is the darkest, and the stream over it is varied from the green to the brown; and where it leaves the ledge, it throws itself off the most delicate grey green-like liquid emerald, blended with ethereal lustre. Below, I could not but admire the myriads of glassy globules that (each distinctly separated) formed the departing mass, soon lost in the darker eddies. The sport and play—the perfect life of the whole, brought strongly to my mind that happy expression of the old Grecian, which he applies to the ocean,—the ἀνερίθμον γέλασμα,—untranslatable, for multitudinous laughter ill expresses it—and the charac-

ter of the *divas acyropoedis*, "the silvery whirlpools." The masses of rock that confined the whole stream, or broke its parts, were most beautiful in colour and form—studies in themselves. This spot would have charmed Gaspar Poussin many a day, and Ruysdael, and Berghem—the former would have brought away in the best manner its general character,—the two latter, more accurate studies of its detail.

Pictor and I studied here long in silence—nor, indeed, could we have easily conversed, without raising our voices above the natural pitch,—at all times tiresome, and seldom melodious. The very noise, strange to say, gave a loneliness to the scene; it was as the hissing and the roar of the dragon that keeps watch at the portals of silence, impenetrable by, and not admitting, other sound, defying participation of interruption, yet full of that mystery that silence loves. I fancy all this is intelligible—perhaps it is not—but there is little harm done, and I will bear easily the charge of a blunder.

Having here completed our work, we made our way homewards as well as the nature of the ground would allow us. We were obliged to ascend somewhat above the river. Our path, if such it might be called, being much overgrown, led us, after a small circuit, to a more open space. It was a little theatre of green, that lay at the mountain's foot, surrounded with bush and wood, on every side sheltered, hemmed in with high hills, not showing even the river which makes a circuit below it. There was no view—it was mere green retreat, and shelter—this was its charm, and it was peculiarly agreeable after our more active pursuit and study of the picturesque amid the roar of the fall. We lay

under the shade of bushes and fragrance of sweetbrier, not without admiring the tenderness, intricacy, and sweet association of larger or more minute leafage,—emblems of pure innocence, that Heaven blesses with dew, and spares uninjured from tempest and lightning, and that make the idea of a retreat the more perfect.

Sketcher. Placid and tranquil as this spot is, it is just such a one as in fabulous romance might have been the scene of bloody fray,—of knightly combat. Ariosto would have loved it for Angelica's sake, whom he would have sheltered in it for a while; and then, in the caprice of his genius, he would have brought in knight and steed to combat for the affrighted damsel, till the very leaves, in their sensitiveness, would have shrunk at the trappings.

Pictor. Or a wounded knight might have come here to die.

Sketcher. Or rather, like Medora, to be healed by gentle care. Woman, woman, is the entire soul of romance,—there is no romance without her. The poets knew it. She was the power that made chivalry,—without that sweet influence, all would have been savage. I am for Angelica, so let her have the fee-simple of this little territory.

Pictor. And how few scenes are there in nature (I speak as a painter) that require not such presence, would we move love or pity, or expect any sympathy from spectator's heart, who, if he would own it, always feels in some degree the ruling passion; and where it be not active to choose and select, has a romantic generality that is the real spring and source of all his better feelings. How truly says the noble-hearted Spenser,

"Nought is there under Heav'n's wide hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of minde,
Than beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse,
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart preat, with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy."

Sketcher.—And therefore it is, general feeling coincide, and that I suppose, that your genius and more or less a romantic tenderness,

doubtless without object, is the subject of your songs.

Pictor.—Banter as you please—whatever it be—I am sure that there is, ancient or modern, but little poetry or picture that is not illus-

trative of the feeling, or at least borrows a charm from the association.

Sketcher.—Then well may we say with the fathers of romance—

“ Ben furon avventurosi i Cavalieri
Ch'erano a quella età, che nei valloni,
Nelle sciore spelonche e borchii fieri,
Tane di serpi, d'orsi e di leoni,
Trovavan quel, che nei palazzi altieri,
A pena or trovar pon giudici buoni:
Donne, che nella lor piu fresca etade
Sièn degne d'aver titol di beltade.”

And let me venture to translate them.

O happy chance the ventrous knights befell,
In days of yore—that amid mountains bare,
Black caves, wild forests, dingle deep, and dell,
Where horrid serpents, bears, and lions were—
Found what in royal courts and halls who dwell,
With nicest scrutiny discern not—fair
And gentle dames, in freshness of their days,
All worthy beauty's name, and prize, and praise.

Pictor.—True to your original.—And see, to reward you, our fair party have found us, they are just entering upon the stage from the opposite entrance.

Sketcher.—I rejoice, but though you have determined on our theatre, we will have no scene—and above all no tragedy, but, if I mistake not, we shall dine here like true foresters.

And so it was—talk of epicures!

“ There is a luxury in tender tears,
Beyond the notion of a vulgar mind?”

And woman's tears could wellnigh make Spenser “ all for pity die.” Shall I tell you what they are?

WOMAN'S TEARS.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
When they arise from fancied woe,
The ocean's waves—that waste and wide,
Bear worthless weed—in restless tide,
They have their ebb and flow.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If from the fount of gentle love—
The dewdrops of the blessed morn,
Kiss'd by Heaven's breath as soon as born,
As meet for realms above.

Oh, what are woman's tears!
If pour'd in scorn and wounded pride—
A torrent from a mountain source,
That, pent a moment, rends its course,
And spreads a ruin wide.

Oh, what are woman's tears !
 If thankful joy the flood compels—
 They fall but like the gentle rain,
 That blesseth and is blest again,
 And fills the sacred wells.

Oh, what are woman's tears !
 The one soft tear in pity sped—
 Pearl beyond price, the crystal gem,
 That shines in Mercy's diadem,
 And such as Angels shed.

I know not if Pictor made converts, or if there were need of the attempt; but he was earnest, animated with his subject. "Romance," continued he, "is the concentration of every ennobling principle. It is the celestial essence of poetry and grace, lifting the soul to highest aspiration and firm resolve—subduing the ferocity of nature to gentleness—sympathy and love the motive, and self the sacrifice—yet is it all strength—it has no weakness. It helps by power to take that deceit out of the heart, which makes it deceitful above all things; for what makes it so but the evil and mean passions which it is most determined to quench? How great is the error that we are taught to look with suspicion on the action of the heart, as if it had no good, no germ to cultivate, but that every seed of it is evil, and that the intellect alone must be practised upon, and then, however the heart be neglected, that all will be well! It is cowardly to deaden and scorn the dictates of feeling, lest it lead into danger; whereas the great danger to the whole character of our being lies in the very neglect. Cervantes, himself romantic, and the writer of sweet romance, could not in the degenerate world bring the true feelings in contact with the common doings of life without resorting to insanity in his hero. But even so, do we ever lose respect for Don Quixote? ever the gentleman, even in his wildest fits; and when we laugh at the incompatibility of the incidents, we love every spring of his thought—every turn of his mind—and wonderfully, amid the most ridiculous scenes, keep distinct a veneration for the principles, that it is often foolishly imagined the author meant to satirize."

It was not likely, that under green boughs, with all Nature's best har-

mony about us, we should differ from Pictor on this point. The mellow light, deliciously streaming down the opposite hills, reminded us that our return would offer much beauty to the eye, and perhaps to the pencil. We arose therefore, broke up our little encampment, and took our way as near the water as we could. We passed scenes which I have before described, and often loitered to observe, if not new effects, yet such as struck us with a peculiar freshness of their beauty. There was one scene, from which I have made many a study, that instantly arrested the attention of us all—never, perhaps, was it seen under more magical light. It was close and narrow over the stream. From a rocky bank, more or less seen as the intermitting foliage allowed, arose trees, with dark but occasionally golden edged boles, that mostly hung over the river. One ancient, ivy-bound, and of larger growth, lifted itself largely into the sky; but below its height we saw the tops of other trees, that showed the ascent of the hill. Looking down the stream, we saw but a continuation of the character, that all might be in accordance, as if under the dominion of one power. The motion of the water gliding over its deep brown bed—its descents—the dark holes between the masses of rock, in which the twisted roots and parts were but half visible—the returning foam, individual and numberless, following in the eddy the larger collections—the umbrageous green—the tenderly pencilled leaves—all united to affect the imagination, to the creation and embodying of beings that might be—and to spread the fascination of invisible power, till there would be almost a persuasion that we had crept into the territory, where what meant the eye was but

the delusion covering other and stranger things. "I once," said Pictor, "made a sketch from Nature here, when I was gifted with

poetic sight. Here it is in my portfolio. Let us see if it be true—if it be less it have music.

"The Faëry Bank—the Faëry Bank—
Where myriads dance all the silvery night,
And hold their revels at soft moonlight—
Till all the sweet dews be drank:

"Oh, it lies in the midst of parting streams,
That steal away 'mid embowering trees,
Whose leaves all play untouched by the breeze,
That flicker with sunless gleams.

"For days the fays hang there their beds,
And, as they wake, from their bright eyes throw
Looks that gild the water's flow,
That a sweeter music spreads.

"And at twilight, twilight you might see
To the island bank the bubbles float
On the dark brown stream; 'tis a fairy boat,
Each one with its company.

"The queen is rowed in a lily's leaf—
The rowers are clad in silver sheen,
With the rainbow's faintest hues between,—
Oh! then let your stay be brief.

"The King, in the flower of faëry bliss,
Sleeps folded the while, till the slender stem
Bends to the wave, that like a bright gem
Rises his feet to kiss.

"Oh, the Faëry Bank, the Faëry Isle,
On these it glows with such rare light,
That the envious stars all twinkle white,
And it beams with a golden smile.

"Oh, hasten away,—oh, hasten away,
For a thing of human woe and sin
Ne'er may mix with their kith and kin,
Pure as the morning ray."

It was to be our last evening at Lynmouth; we were reluctant, therefore, to leave scenery which we might not again see—at least the same happy party. It had become endeared to us for its own sake, and for each other's sakes. We lingered on our way; and it was sunset (and a glorious one) ere we reached our lodgings. We were not fatigued; and, under the influence of a last evening, could not resist the temptation, after our tea, of enjoying the sea-shore in the cool quietude of night. We were soon by the water-side, under the cliffs that cast their obscure shadows into the sil-

very moonlight shed around us. It was a lovely night. How sweet an instrument is the guitar, and how sweet and yet powerful the voice poured to the silent atmosphere of night; as if moon, stars, and invisible spirits of the air, all hushed, were listening to the human minstrelsy. Many were our songs—mostly tender or melancholy; some well-known, and therefore not the less enjoyed. Our friend Pictor, who had now thrown off the modest diffidence which would at first have kept his compositions secret, readily took the instrument, and sang—

THE MOONLIGHT INVITATION.

The bird is in her nest,
And the stars are in the sky,
And the sleeping fields are blest
By the moon's soft eye.
Then come, my sweet Mary, with blessing to me.

How tranquil all above,
How tranquil is the earth,
Like a child in heaven's love
Cradled sweetly from its birth.
O come, dearest Mary, with blessing to me.

How stilly sounds the sea,
Of toil and labours o'er,
And the wave so mad and free
Now calmly seeks the shore.
O come, my sweet Mary, with blessing to me.

How soft the quiet light
O'er the green of earth is spread,
And the stream thereon runs bright,
Like to a silver thread.
O come, dearest Mary, with blessing to me.

There is no waking eye,
There is no listening ear,
All creatures sleeping lie,
All is ours far and near.
Then come, dearest Mary, with blessing to me.

Oh, Mary, come with me,
There are spells that far expand,
That we might wanderers be,
In this our fairy land.
Then come into the silvery night with blessing to me.

It became late; and, as we had to travel the next morning, we were obliged to return. The intimation of this necessity was followed by a silence that was only broken by the

expression of our gratitude and regret. "Farewell, Lynmouth!" The words are still a charm upon the memory; and I will not break it. "Farewell, Lynmouth."

CONVERSATIONS OF MONSIEUR DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

A MEDITATIVE man who loves to yield himself up to a strain of un-compressed emotions, to court them as one courts spring zephyrs, with no more effort—by a simple exposure of himself to their fanning and soothing influences—or to inhale inspiration as one inhales mountain air, or to feast upon mental visions as one feasts upon a glorious landscape, by the mere exertion of letting his eyes rove unconstrained over the expanse of nature—all outward objects and inward sensations thus brought into act, soon blending into one indistinct puzzling charm, with which he is himself identified and intoxicated—a man of such a temperament—and it is not an uncommon one—is a great haunter of the residences of the *names* of great men. This is his delight *par excellence*. Some *nominis umbra* constantly overshadows him, and too often, alas! keeps him for ever under its shade. The house, the garden, the park, the blind alley, the garret which have been inhabited by those, now passed away, who have taught him first to feel and to think, are to him chosen spots to which his feet most willingly tend. Into each of them he enters, as it were into a complete mansion of ruminations already prepared for his reception, and he loses himself, as in a labyrinth, among them, wandering from object to object, fixed and wrapt in a gentle spell, which bereaves thought of the power of thinking, or rather bathes it in an odorous vapour bath, of such kindly commingled that they become indefinable emotions. Now be it known to our readers, that we ourselves are greatly addicted, in our holyday hours, to indulging in these dreamy ruminations, to delivering ourselves over to these mellowing impressions, and that during a late sojourn in France we have visited most of the famed localities of that land, which are to the imagination as conjuring grounds, and

of which we may say more anon. We would only allude in passing here—since we have lapsed without premeditation into so wide a topic—to a visit we lately made to the *Hermitage* at Montmorence, the abode of the unhappy Jean Jacques Rousseau; and we mention this as forming one exception to the delight we usually experience on such occasions. For, in spite of the eloquence, genius, and misery of that singular being; in spite of the delicious nook in which his little nest is embowered, although we were shown the very spot in which the *Nouvelle Heloise* was written—a little eglantine bower, built, or rather growing, in an exquisite little garden, with a verdant carpet, checkered with sun and shade by the most graceful plants before it, and a little rill of clear water sending up a sparkling fountain and quickening sound to mingle with its happy murmur, a few paces distant, the very type and miniature of Julie's garden and aviary;—in spite, we say, of the enchantment of this scene and of all the associations it brought with it, the recollection of the *man*—the most depraved and unclean-minded fellow that ever existed—who had inhabited it, turned our delight into disgust, and almost made us sick of human nature itself. We cannot bear to hear of the *sensibility* of this man; we account for what is called his sensibility simply by saying, that *rotten things are the quickest to catch fire*. The health of his mind, indeed, was wrecked by vice; but in the midst of the wreck, feeling—if a diseased excitability may be so termed—survived, and threw a dazzling gloss over the impurities and deformity of his inward soul.

“Feeling, the pauper follower, left
Of mind's tall mansion when 'tis reft
Of all its other servants deft;
Rash sharer of its tottering fall,
Officious mourner o'er them all.” *

* These lines are taken from the scrap-book of Mr Banim, (the author of the admirable Tales of the O'Hara Family,) whence we have used the privilege of friendship to borrow them. It is needless, we hope, to add, that if the feeling expressed in

But we had not intended to say so much of Rousseau. It was our design to speak of one who resembles him as much in genius and eloquence as he differs from him in every particular of moral conformation—we mean Monsieur de Chateaubriand. We happened, however, to visit the *Hermitage* and the retreat of Monsieur de Chateaubriand within a few days of each other, and this has associated the two incidents together in our minds. We already, too, begin to consider the illustrious veteran, last named, as one of the departed, and this again accounts for the theme of sentiment into which we have lapsed. To politics and to the actual world Monsieur de Chateaubriand indeed acknowledges himself to be extinct, but this gives to his position an almost prophetic elevation. He is a *spectator full of knowledge*, and unless there be some radical deficiency of understanding, such an one can hardly err in his anticipations of the future. We were then most desirous of enjoying an interview with so gifted an individual, so peculiarly situated, and betook ourselves accordingly—upon receiving a most cordial invitation to that effect—to his retreat. Monsieur de Chateaubriand lives in the *Rue d'Enfer*, close to the barrier of that name. It is a quarter which, though within the walls, seems to be quite beyond the life and activity of the city, and is thus peculiarly in character with its renowned inhabitant, who is (though not very aged) a survivor of his age, but no participator in its actual concerns—within the precincts, and out of the commerce of life. The house to which he has retreated is equally characteristic; it speaks something of the ancient noble, and something of the poor poet. It is a building of seemingly size, and very ancient. It stands in an open space, which partakes partly of the nature of a forest, and partly of that of a garden, which has an odd effect. Its *porte cochère* advances about thirty paces in front of the house, and has some fine old architectural devices about it. Its porter lodges at each side of the gate

seem quite deserted, but have a most aristocratical look. The long ranges of kitchens and stables, now partly fallen into ruin, tell a tale also of departed splendour. Though we believe there are still at least two men servants on the establishment, one is rarely to be seen on entering the court; and one day, after looking and calling about us for some time, there appeared certainly a most respectable looking domestic issuing from a kitchen door, and scrubbing most zealously a huge piece of plate, which, being somewhat fanciers of antiques, we longed greatly to examine more nearly—but abstained. The exterior of the mansion, or house, or lodge, for it may be called either, has a most melancholy aspect. All is so quiet and so dusky that it is hard to fancy it inhabited. The shutters, doors, windows, and walls seem to have been unconscious of a new face of paint for many years. Yet the cleanliness all around and within is scrupulous, and there is every appearance of order and regularity, though there is certainly not much alacrity in the service of the domestics, who appear to consider the house their own proper burrow, and do not allow themselves willingly to be disturbed. Every other impression, however, instantly vanishes as soon as one is introduced into the presence of Monsieur de Chateaubriand. If one visits him in the morning, one will see him dressed quite *en déshabillé*, in a long brown loose surtout, in pantaloons, as unconscious of braces as those of Sir Charles Wetherell, with shirt collar flowing over his coat, unhindered by cravat or button, with bare throat, and head covered with a brown worsted cap with a red border. (This is a pity, as it hides from view his fine temples, which would be a good study for a statuary.) The stature of Monsieur de Chateaubriand is very short. He is not much, though a little, taller than Mr Moore. His address is by no means peculiar. He is simply frank and cordial. One would never imagine that he had been a courtier or a minister,

them either points to, or has been extorted from, *real* affliction, we hold such affliction in respect and reverence.

still less that he had written works which had filled Europe with his fame. His manner is perfectly pre-tensionless. He enters into conversation (even with a stranger) with the utmost simplicity, and speaks of the high offices he has filled, and of the works he has written, just as if he were speaking of some formal matter, in which interest, nevertheless, was felt. "*When I was minister*" — "*When I was ambassador*" — is the frequent introduction to some piquante anecdote connected with some powerful observation, but delivered with an *abandon* — with a forgetfulness of his own dignity and of the high station he holds in the estimation of the world, which charms the humble auditor almost into the familiar friend. Mean time, the play of his countenance, his brightbrown eyes and sparkling look, which let one into every passing emotion, invite the physiognomist to his peculiar study, and, at the same time, baffle his attempts. Only, there is some times a retreating expression — an *arrière pensée* — an unexpressed thought — lurking, and coming up to the eye, but passing not the lips, which may, nevertheless, be very easily read as approbative or otherwise.

We hope now that our readers are prepared to listen with interest, and with a fellow-feeling with ourselves, to the scraps of Monsieur de Chateaubriand's conversation, which we have been able to collect. We have selected all those which make allusion to England, as to English readers the most entertaining.

When Monsieur de Chateaubriand disembarked at Dover in 1822, he was the object of a display of admiration, which, however honourable and flattering, was rather singular in its manifestation. Hardly had the report of his arrival spread, when a general flutter took place among the ladies of the town. They formed themselves hastily into an extraordinary committee, and in the first half hour of their sitting, nominated a deputation, composed of twenty-five of the most remarkable for beauty and rank, at the head of which was Lady Mansell, the Lady Mayoress, to wait upon the illustrious visitor, and to present to him, as the author of *Atala*, *Amelia*, *Velleda*, and *Cymodocia*, the homage of

the female population of Dover. At the approach of this irresistible battalion, who invaded his hotel, the embarrassment of the ambassador was extreme. It was not that his courage failed him to encounter so many beaming glances, but he feared ridicule, and doubted of the propriety of the step the fair enthusiasts had taken. He evaded, therefore, the difficulty, and lest an insurrection should break out among the lovely deputation, he sent one of his secretaries to parley with the besiegers, excusing himself from admitting them into an apartment which was not prepared for their reception, and begging to have the honour to be received by them at the mayor's in the evening. This arrangement took effect, and Monsieur de Chateaubriand was no loser by the delay, for he was the object in the evening not only of the flattering enthusiasm of the deputation, but of all the ladies of the town whom the Lady Mayoress could crowd into her *salons*.

We think it right to observe on this anecdote, that although we doubt not that Monsieur de Chateaubriand was the object of much flattering attention on the part of the ladies of Dover, we think that his French imagination may have quite unconsciously mistaken some of the details of the circumstance mentioned. Without this supposition, the anecdote, we confess, appears to us highly improbable.

The visit which Monsieur de Chateaubriand now made to England was separated by a space of twenty years from his first visit. He had not been in England since the emigration, and the impression which London made on him was very different from the one which remained in his memory. "He was astonished at the rapid progress which the principles of the French Revolution had made; all appeared to him changed. The people appeared no longer to enjoy the same robust health, or to be so well clothed; the race seemed to have lost its beauty; the stature of the men to be smaller, and the faces of the women no longer to retain that angelic expression, which ancient pictures and engravings exhibit. He asked himself whether it was that during the war, there was more easiness of

circumstances and abundance, or whether it were possible that men should degenerate so fast in great cities?" M. de Chateaubriand seemed to be much struck with these ideas, and insisted strongly upon them, and indeed we are not sure that they do not contain the real truth; yet the reason of the difference, he remarked, might be in the new position from which he observed. He was now ambassador, and advanced in years; he had in his former visit been young and all had to him the charm of novelty. A few days after his arrival in London, M. de Chateaubriand received a visit from M. de Montesquieu, the grandson of the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, who was then in England, where he had married and lived much retired. As soon as he was announced, the ambassador advanced to meet him, and taking his hand with much emotion, "Ah, Monsieur," said he, "what pleasure I receive from the honour you do me. I feel as if your grandfather deigned in your person, to come and visit me." Monsieur de Montesquieu (now dead), who was very little renowned for talent or vivacity of repartee was nevertheless that day extremely happy. "But, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," answered he, "was it not my duty to pay to you my respects—you, who recall to my mind at the same time my grandfather and Fénelon?"

After his first reception audience of the King of England, the King accompanied him out into an adjoining chamber, and, presenting him to the Princes Lieven and Esterhazy, said, "Gentlemen, I present to you your new colleague;" upon which the Austrian ambassador replied, in a loud voice, "We are most happy and proud to have him among us." But these words, we are quite sure, were not so pleasing to Monsieur de Chateaubriand as the impromptu sentiment of Monsieur de Montesquieu, or the flattering homage of the ladies of Dover.

It is curious sometimes to observe the simplicity of Monsieur de Chateaubriand's remarks; but from this kind of simplicity we never met with a Frenchman who was exempt. Their own French nationality prepossesses and occupies so entirely

French minds, that they can positively learn nothing of the institutions and manners of other nations, and therefore, with a great deal even of detail knowledge, are constantly falling into the grossest blunders. Thus has Monsieur de Chateaubriand expressed his surprise that he saw, on his return to England, no vestige of the English armies which had combated France since the Revolution. He was astonished at encountering none of those grey *moustaches*, those hoary robbers (who have nevertheless some good points about them) who are to be met in every *cabaret* in France, as mementoes of that ruthless swordsway, which was unmitigated by a single trait of moral right.

But frequently, also, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, considering England socially and politically, makes most profound observations. "Here," said he, speaking of England, "all institutions take form in concentric circles, of which each has its chief—the Opposition itself is aristocratic; the Monarchy is merely an oligarchy. Nevertheless, *the government, such as it is, will never perish but by the aristocracy*. It has nothing to fear from its democracy. As at Rome, the senators may sell their country. By the nullity of the monarchy, and the power of the aristocracy, it happens that there is no court; that is, no gentleman will consent to bend servilely under a master. Hence there are no courtiers, no court intrigues. Instead of wasting their lives in flattering a sovereign, the nobility are engaged constantly in keeping up their power in the country; every one is in his place. This aristocracy is a natural one; it is enlightened, and full of talent. Take away from its members their wealth and their possessions, and they will still be, by their personal merit, at the pinnacle of society. Hence the contrast which is remarked elsewhere is not to be seen in England. It is common to ask in other nations why such or such a man is in such or such a position above his merit. The question cannot be asked in England. Men there are in their proper places."

How just and striking is this observation in the above fragment of conversation, "*The government will*

never perish but by the aristocracy." Surely we have begun to see the truth of this dictum verified. That state edifice of society, the most wonderfully constructed, in *harmonious anomaly like the universe*, proclaiming the same author in his most select work of providence among men that has ever existed, has lately trembled under the blows; and is not yet steadied from the shock, it has received from a recreant portion of its aristocracy. But its ruin is, we trust, yet stayed by that man, who, under God, stayed up the destinies of Europe at an equally critical epoch, and his coadjutor is worthy to share, and equally to divide with him his civic glory. Whence can such a blow be repeated? Nowhere but from the same quarter. And this also is our safety; for the aristocracy of England is every where, not only in its nobility, but in its gentry, its merchants, even its shopkeepers, in all its *material* interests. But heaven defend us from the dominancy of *mere mind*, which having not, or regarding not, any *terra firma* interests, may be called the power of "the prince of the power of the air." This, by the by, puts us in mind both of a wise saying and a witticism of Monsieur de Talleyrand. Speaking of the present state of England, he said, "*It is the material interests, not the visionary mind of the country, which ought to be represented in Parliament, and that if the contrary should happen, the House of Commons would soon become a crack-skull common.*" The pun may pass for a foreigner, but the meaning involved therein is so full of sense and foresight, that it is quite worthy of its author.

Turning his conversation towards France, Monsieur de Chateaubriand examined its condition. What struck him there was the love of *equality*. This appeared to him its destructive and predominant trait. Then he compared the two countries together, their ideas of *equality* and of liberty, and the destinies of their nobility. "In England," he observed, "what the French call *equality* is not understood. They ask, is it eligibility to place, or honours? Is it equality in the eye of the law? The French are in possession of these rights, and the English understand no other." After a short silence,

he concluded thus—"The nobility of England, though vanquished with Charles Stewart, was not in consequence destroyed. The noble order remained and became a peerage, after having sustained a revolution without losing its rights, or having its aristocracy in the slightest degree tainted. The French nobility, on the contrary, perished completely under the guillotine. It was vanquished, not as the English nobility were, but by the hangman. It has become completely extinct, and from its ashes have arisen mere phantoms, without privileges, without recollections, pale shades which brush against and shrink from military plebeian intruders, who have nothing either but their frown to awe them—the frown of recent but also past power."

Passing rapidly to another subject, "If I had to choose the place of my residence," he exclaimed, "I would live at Rome. There all is ruin, all is recollection. If you issue from the wrecks of a past world, you get into the vast *campagna* of the environs, where all is silence and solitude. From the midst of the tall yellow herbs which cover these deserted plains, you see some solitary column rearing its elegant form, like a tapering palm-tree before you; you see droves of wild horses coming, as in the palmy days of the great city, to quench their thirst in the Tiber. Under the pure warm sky you feel life more intensely; you breathe better; the sun seems to clothe you, and a balmy heat spreads through your members. Quitting this desert, which is rather majestic, though mournful, you re-enter Rome; you meet an old priest robed in white, whom no one fears, who harms no one, who loves and is beloved, who stretches out his hands and blesses both purple and rags, who blesses all who will accept of his benediction."

Recurring then, as the contrast struck him, to England, and describing Hyde Park, "You may have remarked," said he, "as I have, that those large and magnificent English horses, which make up the best part of the show here on a Sunday, have, in spite of their splendid caparisons and elegant forms, a brutish look (*l'air bête*). Horses, however, have sometimes shown

intelligence. In Europe this is rare, but less so in Arabia. The ass is an hundred times more intelligent. In the East he is superb. The ass has a tenacity in his character which cannot be too much praised, in an age when obstinacy is a virtue. What a splendid comparison is that of the stubborn warrior of Homer to an ass, who, having entered a field, resists every effort to expel him, and remains a conqueror! But in the West, the ass has never been a poetic animal. When warrior hordes found the need of associating horses in their plundering and ravaging excursions, the ass fell from its preeminence, and was confounded with the vulgar herd of animals, and reserved only for obscure and servile labours. His intelligence has been thus paralysed, his great qualities overlooked; an hundred imbecilities by no means worthy of him have been tacked to his name. This is one of the great acts of injustice of the age. I have a prodigious liking for asses, and have for a long time been their defender."

At another time, he said something, in the same spirit as the ancient Roman who exclaimed, "Oh, Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substance, but find thee a shadow!" though more diffusively. "There are men who desire to see every thing. As for me, I am not curious; nothing seems to me worth the trouble which curiosity gives. Every thing wearies me; my life itself is one long weariness. From my infancy, I have been indifferent to all things. I have travelled, without seeing any thing, in the vain hope of escaping from the *ennui* which always pursued me, and urged on by a certain lassitude of existence which I cannot describe. I have observed nothing with interest. All has passed before my eyes without exciting a desire of knowledge. My life has been one of indifference. I should be grieved to have done ill, but there is no great pleasure in having done well. Virtue is dear to me, but this is rather by reason than by feeling. I attach myself to nothing. I have served the King with all my heart, but without joy, and without having had much taste for the service. My existence is a perpetual constraint.

Virtue is a fine thing; but there must be characters expressly to enjoy it, and before whom to exhibit it. Buffon perceived and appreciated it sometimes; Voltaire covered it with derision and irony; Rousseau made it shameless, and turned it into a paradox; but even whilst making it a prostitute, he was not insensible to its beauty. There are some intelligences half dead; mine was born so. I began, I believe, to feel *ennui* in the bosom of my mother, and since that time I have never once been relieved from its heavy pressure; all here below is so hollow! How is it possible to love glory? The most famous man of his age died, and the DEATH OF BONAPARTE was cried by the common hawkers through the streets—not a single passer-by did I see turn from his path or slacken his pace to pay but one sous for the printed recital of his death. Wellington also, but for late events, would have sunk into the *pétit maître* of London, rivalling the fashionables of the moment, and eclipsed by their superiority. Mr Pitt is the only man whose glory has survived him. But Fontanes, the last of the Romans, who had preserved with the traditions of the monarchy the taste and purity of its great age, hardly is named! It would be a real pleasure to me to put his manuscripts in order. I would write a notice of his life. How many recollections and thoughts should I find there which it would be pleasing to recur to! His wife will give me all his papers. I shall have much to cut down; but there will be a volume of prose and a volume of verse—two volumes make a man live! That which disheartens me in all my works is, that I cannot foresee what posterity will think of them. I have an interior persuasion that I have written nothing good. What I write with spirit I find fault with half an hour afterwards; *ennui* returns upon me at all moments; solitude pleases me no longer. I want some one—no matter who—on whom to discharge the superfluity of my thoughts. When I was in a position to confront danger, I was more happy. Thus my ten years of persecution under Bonaparte were perhaps the best of my life. When the King returned, his bungling ministers prolonged my happiness for six years more, for I had to combat

their system and pernicious projects. But, the struggle over, my *ennui* returned. It is true I feel the burthen-someness of life less when I write. The *Martyn* and the two first acts of *Moses*, which I finished in my garden at *Aubay*, gave me a few moments of activity. There are two or three things in the world which I admire profoundly. They extort tears less from sensibility than from admiration. An ode of Horace, and a few verses of Voltaire, who approaches him nearer than any one else, and some times surpasses him, have this effect.

‘ Si vous voulez que j’aime encore,
Rendez-moi l’age des amours ;
Au crépuscule de mes jours
Rejoignez, s’il se peut, l’aurore.’

“There is in this stanza, and in those which follow it, a sentiment which touches me profoundly. But it is especially grand traits of exalted feeling which redouble my admiration. I can never think, even vaguely, of the funeral oration on the death of the Prince de Condé without feeling my eyes moistened with tears. All the riches of our language and all its harmony are there. If by the side of the last words pronounced by the great Bossuet over the tomb of the great Condé, we place Francois de Neufchateau eulogizing a Republican general, we shall feel all which our present age wants. Buffon excites sometimes my admiration ; Rousseau, never—Montesquieu has, of all men, written the best of the Romans. It was a great age, indeed, which produced those three men—and Voltaire—I have never been able to read the first scene of *Athalie* without tears, and it produced the same effect also on Voltaire.”

Such are some of the fine things in which the conversation of Monsieur de Chateaubriand abounds. We could say much upon the state of mind which the passage above exhibits ; upon the *vanitas vanitorum* which even the most amiable and gifted men must inscribe upon all objects which point and reach not beyond the opinion and admiration of their fellows, even when that admiration is gained, and a full mode of homage and glory has been the recompense—which is found to be no recompense—of the aspirant after such things—but we forbear, and

will terminate our present communication by the following anecdote : Whilst Monsieur de Chateaubriand was in London, he sent to the Literary Association fund 100 louis. In consequence of this liberal donation, he was invited to the annual banquet of the society, to which were also invited many other distinguished personages, and among others Mr Canning. After the dinner was removed, Monsieur de Chateaubriand's health was proposed, and he was handsomely thanked for his generous contribution. He immediately rose to reply, but finding some difficulty in expressing himself in English, he begged Mr Canning, who sat near him, to speak for him, upon which Mr Canning rose, and declared in the name of Monsieur de Chateaubriand that he had given nothing, that he had only paid a debt, that he had been formerly assisted, and many times, by the association, as a foreign author, during his first residence in England, that he merely made a return of what he had received from his brother authors, and that it was he who had to express gratitude, but not to receive thanks.

This is really very beautiful, and exhibits one of those traits of character which are peculiar to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and which render him so universally beloved, and with this we finish our conversations ; yet, as it may be some time before we have again to return to the attractive subject of this paper—though, perhaps, we may have occasion to do so earlier than we now anticipate—we cannot forbear from making an observation or two on Monsieur de Chateaubriand's character, as representing a *species* of character which is as dangerous and as inimical to happiness and right-mindedness as it is full of seduction. Many have we known the victims of such a temperament (not so well counterpoised, perhaps) as his. And in this word *temperament* (albeit it is in critical accordance with the sentence that forgoes its first occurrence) we have the key to all such characters. Men cast in this mould, take their temperament, which is a happy one, full of sensibility—and of true and healthy sensibility—for the logical (if we may so speak) definition of virtue,

religion, duty, honour, principle, are all measured by them by the test of *feeling*; and this in most of the *details* of life, provided the heart be not predominantly corrupted by vice, may not lead far astray; but in the *aggregate* of existence it is sure, not only to produce unhappiness from the disappointment which arises from false estimates, but also to occasion, from the narrowness of its horizon, perverted notions of right and wrong. For feeling, after all, contemplates but a mere speck. It is no regulator, though the only effective actuator. Considered as the former, it is treacherous to him who is governed by it, and treacherous to him who trusts to it; but, considered as the latter, it is the authentic fire from Heaven, without which men would be dead to all good. Men of *mere* feeling, nevertheless, if they do not become bad men, are almost always unhappy and wrong-minded men, and we have never met with

an example which did not show them to be *vain* men. Mere feeling indeed supposes egotism. Now we do not mean to say that these observations can apply, without much abatement, to Monsieur de Chateaubriand—far from it. With reference to him, we mean in these remarks, nothing more than that his life seems to us to have been too much governed by impulses—noble and generous though they have been—and that it is to this that we attribute the disappointment and depression which appears in his conversations, and the melancholy and labyrinthic morality, (the jubilations of fancy of course apart,) which pervades his works. Such as he is, however, France is not likely to see again for ever such a *preux chevalier* of chivalric honour and loyalty, with or without a genius so steeped and *trempé* as his is, in her ancient history and literature.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAPTER X.

THE trumpet would be a fine subject for an epic poem;—the inspiring blast sending heroes forward to battle,—the hideous din of contest, pierced by the high resounding music ordering an advance,—the rally,—the retreat,—the triumph. Some of these odd days, when I have nothing better to do, I will sing its praises in twelve glorious cantos myself. But perhaps the most intensely exciting of its various intonations is about six o'clock on a keen clear day in August or September, when its splendid ærial notes are heard thrilling throughout the barrack-yard with a call to dinner. There is something finer in that than any other piece of music I am acquainted with, and a readier obedience is rendered to it than to any of its other imperious commands. The dinner-hour on this day found a large company of us assembled round a magnificently furnished board. Heart on the lips, and soul within the eyes, Champagne making its rounds, and the gallant Colonel O'Looney in the chair. What did all these things leave to be desired? For my own part, I was perfectly satisfied, and

laid myself out for an evening of enjoyment. The colonel seemed sombre, and not in his usual spirits. Some of the squirearchy of the neighbourhood were among his guests; and, whether it was that he was resolved to maintain his dignity in the presence of strangers, or that something or other had occurred to displease him, he spoke very little during dinner, and only helped himself to the venison three times. But grief, according to Falstaff, is a thirsty occupation, and the colonel gave evident signs of melancholy, if an opinion on the subject could be formed from the frequency of his challenges to wine. He left not a single person at the table without this mark of attention, from the gentleman on his left, all down the table, till he came, in regular gradation, to the gentleman on his right. He then looked round and sighed, like Alexander when he found there were no other worlds to conquer, and finished off with a dram of most supereminent Glenlivet. The rest of the party went on pretty much as usual. There was a great deal of laughing, which comes to exactly the same

thing as if there had been a great deal of wit,—occasionally a song or a toast, and sometimes an anecdote—short, pithy, and pleasing, as an anecdote ought to be, and endowed with that most useful of an anecdote's qualities—that it was forgotten the next minute after it was told. As usual, I kept my eyes and ears about me, and formed my guesses from the countenances of the different strangers, what amusement we might expect from them when the wine had unlocked their storerooms, and showed us what furniture they kept in their “halls of memory.” This is rather a fine sentence, but I am sorry to say, it is not my own. It is a speech of Count Theodore the Superb, in the *Fast of St Agnes*. What it means when he makes use of it I don't at present recollect; but on this occasion, I mean merely that I guessed what sort of stories the different visitors would tell, when they had drunk a sufficient quantity to make them communicative. I had not to wait long before this event took place. An old sprucely-dressed gentleman, about half way down the table, had been chattering incessantly from the moment he had finished his soup. He was more like a French marquis of the olden time, than a plain downright John Bull. Light-grey eyes, that wandered from one point to another with an unceasing motion; low shelving brow, and prodigious activity in the muscles of his mouth, gave me no very elevated notion of his intellectuals, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie calls it, while at the same time, there was an easiness in his manner, and an insinuating expression in his smile, that made me disposed to receive whatever he said with good-humour.

Whatever was said by any of the party was taken hold of at once by this loquacious gentleman, as a peg from which to suspend an anecdote either of himself or of some of his illustrious friends, for it did not take me long to discover that he was one of that very numerous and contemptible class of people that are not willing to be thought acquainted with any one below the degree of a lord. His eloquence seemed only to be equalled by his thirst; and for a little, spare, bloodless, spindle-shanked, Frenchified-looking old gentleman, his feats in the drinking

line struck the whole party with amazement. Bumper after bumper, story after story, pinch after pinch, (for he was a prodigious snuffer,) followed each other, till at last every eye was turned upon his motions, and every ear open to catch the everlasting stream of his discourse. He seemed more delighted than ever when gradually conversation narrowed from set to set;—first one separate party sinking into silence, and then another, and he was left to have it all his own way, like a bull in a china-shop, or, as that proverb has been improved on by some poet, “sole as the sun in heaven.” And he shone with all his might. If he had been a constellation, he could not have been more prodigal of his rays, or more conscious of filling the whole universe with his light. As for me, he nearly blinded me; and, to tell the truth, I was growing tired of his egotism and assumption, when the colonel, with a knowing look round the table, took on himself the task of trotting him out. It was a most glorious sight to see the light eyes of the conversationalist beaming till they almost jumped out of their sockets as he answered O'Looney's questions. All his former anecdotes of himself and others appeared meagre and contemptible, in comparison with the noble achievements he now related. But it was not so much that any of his adventures, taken singly, bore the appearance of invention—none of them soared above the powers of very ordinary mortals; but the thing that struck us all with the impression of his being a second cousin of Munchausen, was the inordinate number of his performances. No one but the Wandering Jew could by any possibility have crowded so many exploits into the limits of a lifetime;—the mere travelling from one scene of his glory to another, unless on a sunbeam or a railway, would have occupied every year he had lived;—and unless friendships in some soils are more instantaneous in their growth than mushrooms, it must have taken several centuries to render him intimate with the illustrious characters he gave us to understand he was hand in glove with. From Washington to Napoleon, from Bishop Porteous to Thomas Payne, he was well acquainted with every one

who had risen above the common herd, for good or evil, for the last fifty or sixty years. With the ladies he was just as intimate. Madame Tallien and Hannah More seemed honoured with an equal share of his reverence and regard; and sometimes, after a glowing description of the beauty or fascination of some celebrated heroine of the Revolution, he gave us to understand, by a wink from his absurd, grey, glimmering eyes, that he could tell us a great deal more about her if he chose.

"You have travelled a great deal," said the colonel, addressing the old gentleman, whose name was Mr Pye.

"Travelled?—from my youth up. Never had a month's rest since the day I was born. I first saw the light in a packet on the Atlantic—journeyed in my nurse's arms through the whole extent of America, Canada, Mexico, Peru, and Brazil—learned to walk in the island of Malta—to ride in the ancient Thebaid—and picked up all the little information I possess from that most active schoolmaster, both at home and abroad—the World. Last week I landed at Peterhead, on my return from Iceland, and I am now on my way to Japan."

"Then you are tired of ould Europe?"

"As a thrice-told tale. Not a mountain rears its head unknown. Valleys, rivers, and cities are familiar to me as my glove. I hate them. Novelty is my passion. I will visit Japan, pass over into China, and spend a season in the royal city of Pekin, or perish in the attempt."

"Well, it's a most pleasant thing," replied the colonel, "to have nothing to do but follow the sun from January to December—now here, now there—no care, no thought. But, Mr Pye, have you no little ties that bind you to one place more than another?"

"Not a bit; human nature is every where the same. Some little things of that sort have, of course, occurred to me as to others; but with me, somehow or other, moving from place to place is not only the way of falling in with new adventures, but the surest method of concluding old ones. What if I had staid all my life amid the rich valleys and aromatic

plains of Martinique, I might have been a rich planter, and had my snuff for nothing; but these are scarcely sufficient advantages to counterbalance the monotony of an existence restricted to a few hundred miles. Ah! no!—but, gentlemen, let me tell you a little *istoriétta*; true, 'pon honour."

"Out with it, Mr Pye," said the colonel; and added aside, "Give him his own way, boys, and another story or two will tie him up."

We all prepared to listen, and, I confess, I was of the same opinion with the colonel, that the only way to stop his mouth was to let him run on as fast and as far as he could; for it was now very evident, that what with his talking, snuffing, and drinking combined, he was in a fair way for finding a billet under the mahogany. However, the little fellow, looking round with the self-satisfied air of a bantam cock in the midst of his family, took a prodigious pinch of snuff, and began.

"About forty years ago—how time flies to be sure!—I found myself wandering among the delicious scenes of an island in the Caribbean sea. Scenery loses all its effect in the eyes of an old man—not that his eyes are dim and can't take in the infinite variety of shades and objects which constitute a landscape, but that hope lies dead within him—the hope of visiting the scene he surveys, and the consciousness of a want of power to run to the extremity of the horizon if he chooses, dulls all the enjoyment he experiences from the loveliest prospects of nature. I feel it so myself. When I have the gout—(I am subject to the gout, and will tell you a good story of my gout and my intimate friend Ali Pasha)—when I have the gout, I say, it is not merely the pain of the disorder that keeps me from enjoying a fine prospect—Oh no, it is the certainty that I can't fly to its utmost limits; inspect close at hand the hills which appear so charming in the distance; and break the enchantment which, according to my dear friend Thomas Campbell—(fine fellow Thomas—I will tell you a good story of him and myself this last autumn with the Algerines)—derives all its strength from the very circumstance of the objects we contemplate being a long way off. Martinique is a beautiful

island—hilly, warm, rich, delicious, —and the inhabitants! such shapes for sculpture as the bronze Venuses there present, never appeared before the dreams of Phidias or Praxiteles. I took some models of them; for, as I told my intimate friend, the younger Westmacott, when I was in his studio with him about a week ago—Westmacott, I said—I *clay* a little myself—(Ah, fine fellow, Westmacott. I'll tell you a famous anecdote about him and me, and the Homœopathic *Quintessence*.)—Well, in roving among the glorious valleys, I came suddenly and unexpectedly to a pretty delicate European-looking chateau, among a grove of the finest, largest, loveliest mangolias it was ever my good fortune to behold. A fountain play'd in beautiful jets d'eau in front of the house; and, as I had thoughtlessly come very near the building, I couldn't avoid being seen by a party of elegant-looking ladies, who were reposing in the shade of the verandah. One of them, a lady of very dignified and imposing presence, advanced to me—graceful! beautiful! lovely! elegant! Ah! I must take Martinique in my way to Japan. I joined their party—pleasant! witty!—but the loveliest object my eyes ever beheld was the daughter of the lady who had invited me to join their society. She was tall for her age; well developed, though then only twelve or thirteen; the graces of a woman!—the simplicities of a child!—fruit and blossom in that delicious country all on the tree at once. I staid with them three days. I suspect hot weather makes hearts very susceptible. I was deeply smitten—at least my philanthropy swelled like boiling water to such a pitch, that it frothed over the receptacle in my heart which may be called the kettle of friendship, and transferred itself into the cauldron of Love. Happy days! When love and friendship are nearly the same, passions both. The evening before my departure, we had a large party of the neighbouring proprietors. The young lady and I seemed both disconsolate: they rallied us on the subject. We blushed—at least, she did; and the sun by this time had put me into a condition of perpetual modesty. How beautiful she looked, when her long black eyelashes hung over her downcast eyes, and

her bronze cheek caught a deeper tinge from the rushing into her face of all the eloquent blood! By way of passing off the time, and raising our spirits, we had all sorts of games and diversions. Among others, I gained immortal honour by the manner in which I enacted the part of a prophetic sibyl. I disguised myself in the garments of one of the female domestics, hid my face in the folds of my mantilla, affected the step of extreme old age, and emerged, unrecognised by the whole company, from a clump of fine guava-trees on the left. My palm was crossed with silver to propitiate the fates. I gave such responses as pleased the party; to one promising an unexpected present—to another a handsome partner at the governor's ball. But when it came to my turn to give my answer to the object of my admiration, my desire to procure for her all the happiness the world could afford very nearly failed in its object, from the anxiety with which I pursued it. Long, anxiously, tremblingly, did I hold her hand, pretending to learn her future fortunes from the crossings of her palms. At last, in a voice now effectually disguised by the intensity of my feelings, I promised her a throne and a sceptre, wider and prouder in their sway than earth had seen. How they laughed at this announcement, and made their obeisances to the future queen! But the heart of the dear creature herself, I perceived, swelled beneath the grandeur of her fortunes. She, however, laughed, and told me, when my prophecy was realized, to present myself at her court, and she would reward me for the promises I gave her. I disappeared as quietly as I could, and enjoyed for the rest of the evening the impression I had made in my assumed character. The morning came: we parted. It is not surely vanity, at this distance of time, that makes me assure you, that the beautiful young creature suffered as severely the woes of our separation as I did. We sighed, we shook hands; again we sighed; and just on leaving—'twas in a corner of the building, you'll observe, where we were totally unobserved—she was gathering some flowers, partly to hide her confusion; and just on going away, as she raised her beau-

tiful head, and looked into my face—we were within half a foot of each other, and”—Here the old fellow gave a very knowing wink, and went on. “What could I do? But it glows on my lips at this moment—Ah!

“I left Martinique, and have never seen it from that hour to this. But you will say, what has all this history of an adventure in a distant island forty years ago to do with the remark I made on the advantages of travelling? A great deal. What if I had never gone there? What a stupid fellow I might have been—unable to entertain any party I may happen to meet with, with the account of incidents not quite in the ordinary mill-trot course of affairs! But my adventure is not concluded. I met the beauteous islander again. For twenty years I was a wanderer. I was married—a husband—a father—a chief, for fifteen years, in the Squish-na-whig-noo tribe of the Usbecks. Pretty darlings! I will tell you a famous anecdote of my eldest boy, young Quax-coo-nuddy, a sweet creature, with the fine flat nose of his mother, and the variegated cheeks, and perforated lips, peculiar to the nation. How I caught him feasting on the raw buttock of a horse, which he had hamstrung, the young rogue, one morning when he was hungry! Ah! sweet, playful darlings! But, as I was saying, or going to say, for twenty or twenty-five years I had withdrawn myself entirely from civilized existence, confined myself to the primitive costume and natural manners of our species, when suddenly a longing came upon me one evening for the enjoyments of artificial life. We had been banished from our rich pastures on the banks of the Squeak-buddo by a stronger tribe, cooped up between some narrow defiles, and on the eve of perishing of hunger—at that time I was fat. I overheard a party of the elders discoursing on the propriety of living on our own resources, which, by the metaphorical genius of their language, meant neither more nor less than eating each other. All at once I yearned after the fictitious wants of Europe—gave them the slip—traversed steppes and deserts, crossed rivers, scaled mountains, and found myself prisoner in

the hands of the French, on the evening of the glorious battle of the Pyramids. How we laughed! for Kleber and I were old friends.—I will tell you some capital anecdotes of Kleber and myself—how we roasted old Denon!—But time passed on. I grew tired of the slow movements of regularly disciplined troops—evaporated one evening, and pursued my way along the coast of Africa to the site of ancient Carthage—thought of Marius, Hannibal, and two or three of the Scipios—passed over to Gibraltar—and for many months divided myself among the isles of Greece—

——— ‘the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho wept and sung!’—

I will tell you some admirable incidents that happened to my noble friend Byron and me.—But at last, about the year eighteen hundred and six, I found myself in Paris. How I enjoyed the high excitement of that glorious time! The French are certainly an exquisite people when they have every thing their own way. Theatres, tournaments—for in those days we had tournaments—(Ah! what a fine fellow Murat was! I will tell you what splendid amusement he and I had afterwards at Naples)—Well, theatres, tournaments, shows, balls, masquerades, gambling, courting, quizzing, and all that sort of thing, at last grew tiresome. I never frequented the court. Napoleon put me too much in mind of my father-in-law Plash-in-a-dubba, which means Thunder and Blood—the chief of the Usbecks, I kept quietly at home, and formed a delightful coterie of opposition patriots. D’ye know Chateaubriand? Finest fellow in the world. He and I became acquainted on Mount Lebanon, and often smoked our pipes in the shadow of Temple. Well, I was riding quietly one day in the neighbourhood of Paris—felt a longing to dive into the woods—left my horse at the first cottage I came to, and sauntered through the deep glades and serene recesses of the forests in that quarter. Suddenly I came upon a charming mansion; and in the porch of it sat a party of ladies. ‘Heavens!’ I exclaimed, as memory carried me back to the magnificent valleys of Martinique, and

the chateau I told you of, where I had spent the happiest days of my existence—'Heavens! how precisely alike in its circumstances is this scene with the other!' and, as if to complete the resemblance, a lady, advancing from the circle, politely invited me to approach. Such graceful, elegant, high-bred ladies it was delicious to behold. And one of them—what grace! what majesty in every motion! eyes heavenly black! lashes long, and casting a celestial shade over a cheek so ravishingly beautiful, that the summer of eighteen seemed still glowingly walking hand in hand with the ripe autumn of forty-two. Oh, heavens! how charming is the sight of radiant, matronly beauty! How respectful, and yet how affectionate seemed they all to this surpassing spirit—this crowning rose of the whole wreath!—We laughed, we talked, and ever and anon when our eyes met, I felt a palpitation at my heart, and heard a voice in the inmost recesses of my spirit, saying, 'Is this a stranger?' Hours passed on; one by one, the other ladies of the party retired. We conversed together on many subjects; in fact, conversation assumed such a depth of devoted admiration on one side, and of well-pleased acquiescence on the other, that—that—it rose, I assure you, far above the level of ordinary flirtation. Her voice, the sweetest sound in nature, thrilled me at every sentence she uttered; but, at last, what was my amazement when a lady, stepping speedily towards us, said, with a profound obeisance, 'The Prince de Talleyrand,—(I have some charming accounts of dear old Tally to give you.)—'The Prince de Talleyrand craves an audience of the Empress.'

"The Empress! my knee was on the ground in a moment. She rose—she looked at me with a charming smile,—and as she turned to go away, I whispered, in a voice that trembled under the enormous weight of adoration it carried, Josephine! Again she looked at me—a thousand thoughts rushed into both our bosoms at that moment. Martinique, the chateau, the flowers in the parterre, all rose before us like a vision of fairy land, and in a voice that was soft, friendly, all that my soul could wish, she"—Here the old gentleman

winked with a very knowing expression. "The Prince de Talleyrand was refused an audience for that day. The chain that had been broken twenty years before was soldered together so neatly that it was difficult in that enchanting moment to believe that a single link had ever been severed. 'Twasn't long after this that Napoleon proceeded to the divorce. In all countries there are ill-natured people—even in the shades of Malmaison the tongue of scandal was not mute. They talked; but talk or not, I can never persuade myself that Maria Louisa owed the Imperial crown to so low a feeling in the bosom of the Emperor as jealousy of his wife. I may say she was the most discreet crowned head I ever met with; our interviews were so secret and well contrived; her ladies were so honourable and so bound over to silence that, as I said, they even made their tea with the waters of Lethe—'twas thought a goodish observation at the time—but, as I was about to remark, every thing was really so admirably conducted, that though we met—oh delicious meetings!—I feel perfectly convinced that the Emperor never entertained the slightest suspicion. How strange that a friendship commenced in Martinique should have come to its full maturity at Malmaison, Versailles, and even,—ay, even in the Tuileries!"

At this point of his story the old gentleman looked round, and was much delighted with the gaping attention that was paid by all present to every word he was saying. This attention was owing partly to the hint of the colonel, that an uninterrupted story would exhaust him, and put an end to his chattering, by aiding the effects of the wine, so as to silence him by sending him under the table, and partly that we were all ineffably amused by the absurd rhodomontades of such a pigmy-looking, ridiculous old boaster. A whispering enquiry was now sent round the table to ascertain who had introduced him, and who and what he really was. The answer returned was, that he had introduced himself to a young cornet of the name of Winthrop, who knew no more of him than that he seemed a jolly old talkative fellow, and had asked him to the mess on the strength of his

fluent tongue and gentlemanlike manners. We were a little puzzled how to act. Drunk or mad there was no doubt our new acquaintance must be, and it required no great stretch of ill-nature to conclude that he was a little of both. Old Hixie, who had cast very sour looks on the narrator of all these marvels, was particularly enraged at seeing a stranger so entirely monopolize the conversation. Perhaps the noble Hixie was excited against the embellisher by the old feeling that gave rise to the proverb of the enmity between two of a trade. The colonel, however, took the shortest mode of settling matters, which luckily proved to be effectual.

"And pray, Mr Pye," said the colonel, "what sort of tippie did they give you among the Usbecks when you were there?"

"Capital; stronger than brandy—a little sweet, white coloured, and plentiful as water."

"Then I suppose you didn't spare the canteen."

"We drank it by the quart—a cocoa-nut scooped out, holding about a bottle, was a most delicious morning draught. Ah! how my wife and I used to enjoy it in the confounded cold mornings before the dew had retired."

A wink from the colonel was sufficient to bring in a very richly chased silver-mounted cocoa-nut drinking cup, a bottle of claret was poured into it, and O'Looney, handing it to the former sovereign of the Tartars, said,

"Here, my prince, example is always better than precept; give us a small specimen of the way an Usbeck treats himself to a dram."

In a moment the old gentleman had the goblet at his lips, sucked it in like the vortex of the Maelstrom, turned his little grey eyes up to the ceiling, and after an ineffectual attempt to afflict us with another oration, settled gradually down—till, slipping off the corner of his chair, he assured us, by a snore of astounding loudness, that he was fairly sewed up for the night.

"Well, I think," said Mr Hixie, "this chattering old gentleman has supplied us with lies enough to last for a month or two."

"How do we know that what he has told us is untrue?" replied a Mr Vincent, a gentleman about forty or

five-and-forty years of age, who sat on the colonel's right hand, "there is nothing, you'll observe, impossible in any of the adventures he has told us."

"Impossible?" responded Hixie, "quite impossible; look at the ugliness of the little monster, and then tell us to believe his cock-and-a-bull stories about empresses and princesses."

"Well, for all that, it is certain that Europeans have lived very often among tribes of barbarians; that commoners have flirted to an alarming extent with empresses and queens—that civilians have been taken prisoners in Egypt, and that many have desired to visit Japan and the capital of the Celestial Empire."

"But not this little ugly chattering fellow—I will never believe a word of it," said Hixie; "so if any gentleman has a mind to tell us another story, let it be something more likely than the nonsense we have heard from the friend of young Winthrop."

"He is no friend of mine. He called upon me this morning—talked for half-an-hour, agreed to dine with me at the mess, and I think we have had a good deal of fun out of him. His story, to be sure, did not introduce any thing about a deserter or a Portuguese, but 'twas a very good story notwithstanding."

"Faugh—the taste of it is in my mouth yet; and if I were in the president's chair, I would either scone you a bumper of salt and water for introducing so plaguy a chatterbox, or condemn you to put it out of our heads by a story that has some little truth in it."

"And a very good motion it is," said the colonel; "so, my boy, Winthrop, after you have cleared your throat with a glass or two out of this fresh magnum, I order you to tell us an adventure that you can seriously vouch to be true."

Young Winthrop bowed to the decision of the chair, and after obeying the injunctions as to the clearing his throat, cast up his eyes to the ceiling, and after a preparatory cough, began—"Once upon a time"—but my paper is now finished, and my pen so shockingly bad, that I find it impossible to be sure of my spelling, so I will keep Winthrop's story for the next forenoon I am disengaged,

A SCREED ON POLITICS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

LETTER FIRST.

I HAVE now made up my mind to send you a long screed on politics, and in doing so shall divest myself of all prejudices either on the one side or the other. You know well enough that I'm a Tory, and have been one since ever I can mind, which is now nearly three quarters of a century, but why or wherefore I should have been one is really more than I can tell you. People's principles seem to be born with them, for, God knows, I never had any interest in being a Tory. But, in these letters, I shall let you see that I am neither Whig, Tory, Radical, nor Destructionist, but merely a sincere lover of his country, and an admirer of his countrymen, with all their ridiculous extravagancies.

I set out then by asserting, that the Reform Bill has been a good and a most valuable bill to the community. Do not start, sir, nor fling my paper in the fire, for I shall prove it to your perfect satisfaction, that the Reform Bill—whether wee Johnny Russel's, or that ram-stam chap Durham's, I neither ken nor care, as I believe they both told great lees about it—all that I maintain is, that it is an excellent bill, and works beautifully towards the prosperity of the State; for, in the first place, consider the prodigious increase of drinking which it has promoted, and there is no other thing of such benefit to the nation as that. Think of the enormous quantities of wine, strong ale, and porter, which have been swallowed in England, and the whisky toddy consumed in Scotland. I really do not know what would have become of the farmers, and the landed interest in general, if it had not been for the happy and overpowering consumpt induced by this precious Bill. Then how dare you, sir, declaim against our bill, and say it is a bad bill? By the Lord, I say our Bill is a good bill as ever was framed, and its friends true and constant to one another. 'Tis a good bill,

has good friends, and full of expectation. An excellent bill! Very good friends! What a party-spirited rogue you are! Why, my Lord of Minto commends the bill, and Tam Wilson o' Hawick, and Gibson-Craig, and a hundred other great men, all commend its general course, and think you they do not know better than you? By this hand, if I were near you, I would brain you with your lady's fan! What a Pagan rascal you are! An infidel! I will to the King and lay open all your proceedings, for I could divide myself into halves, and go to buffets, for trying to move such a dish of skimmed-milk to support so honourable a cause.

Farther, on the same head, consider, that, exclusively of the advantage to the agriculturist, this same glorious drinking has increased the public revenue prodigiously. It is at present the principal fund from which it arises. Why then try to set the nation on fire against the Bill, when it is manifestly that which enables us to maintain our armies and navy, to pay the interest of our public debt, and gives us hopes of discharging the principal, by the increase of the sinking fund. The custom and excise on liquors rise in proportion to the consumption of them; and it can be proven, that the consumption has been doubled ten times since the passing of this blessed Bill, which has given such a heeze to the public spirit of the nation. It is well known, that drinking is the common, and almost the only way of signalizing a man's loyalty and enthusiasm to the cause of his party. There is not a day in which every true patriot does not drink bumpers to the prosperity of his party, and confusion to its opponents. Then the healths of all the leaders are to toast individually. There is not a true son of the church who does not every evening take a rousing glass to the glorious church establishment, —stability to her, and disappoint-

ment to the infidels who would trample her under their feet! And after that, how the good man is comforted—his spirits cheered—and his faith established;—'tis a good bill.

But, farther, on the same head;—The time of the greatest consumption of those precious and heart-stirring liquors, is at a controverted election. Good heavens, how they vanish! for few find themselves in a right temper to choose a legislator until they have drowned their understandings. And it is incredible how much a freeholder will drink, to say nothing of our moderate and rational brethren the ten-pounders. I say, the lairds and farmers drink far more than you would believe, when they drink it free cost, and are warmed by a clamorous zeal for the excellent and generous patriot who entertains them.

Then there are thousands of grand committees every night, week days and Sundays, settling the status of the different parties, and the grand prospects of those which each of these committees belong to. Consider what is drunk in all these: more than in all the rest of the nation. What tobacco is burnt—what

snuff consumed—what shoes worn in running to different parties with the news and the resolutions of their friends—what soap and soda to procure a clean shirt every night—what stamp duties for newspapers. All these, and a thousand things more, set in motion by this inimitable bill, continue daily and nightly to add to the national revenue. I say it is a good bill. And now, since you set me upon the studying of ancient authors, suffer me to conclude this capital bousing letter with an attempted translation from a favourite author, whom you will well recognise.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples laurels twine;
And let us cheerfully awhile
Quaff our wine with rosy smile.
Crowned with laurel, we contemn
William's brilliant diadem;
Patriot King although he be,
We are kings as well as he.
To-day is ours! what do we fear?
To-day is ours! we have it here!
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Patriots we! let's banish sorrow—
To the gods belongs to-morrow!

LETTER SECOND.

The next great end gained by this bill, if not, indeed, the first in importance, is the potent filip which it has given to our conversation. Really, from the end of the great continental war until this bill came on the carpet, was a period of great dulness and insipidity. We did not know what to converse about, and I declare we shepherds had nearly gone perfectly stupid. Our ballad lore had been all ruined by being published. Our religious disputes had been all settled, or grown stale, even the interminable Witch of Endor had been exhausted. But, behold, "God said, let Russell be, and all was light." Then the buzz of animation began, and every man and woman in the kingdom became politicians. In most other countries there are not above ten or twelve persons of choice genius and long experience concerned in the management of the public affairs, while all the rest mind their business. But now in this country

there is scarcely that number who mind their business, the bill having given them far higher matters to mind. It is truly delightful to observe what a noble zeal animates all ages, sexes, and professions, to reform abuses in the state, and with what uncommon warmth old men and maidens, young men and children, engage in this glorious undertaking. I believe, if children under two years of age could be understood by signs and syllables, that every soul in the realm is at this day a politician.

I have often thought how it would amaze a stranger totally unacquainted with our present state, when he discovered that every man in Great Britain could talk so admirably on every political subject, and that there is scarcely one amongst us who does not spend some part of every day in settling the affairs of the nation. Before this period we were very ignorant on these matters,

the country being simply divided into two large factions, and all that we knew about it was that our side was right, and the other totally wrong, like John Gray and his tenets of religion. But now we are all divided into the nicest lights and shades of difference,

"And can divide

A hair 'twixt north and northwest side."

This grand science having now extended itself to all orders of men, it is not a little curious to observe that they are generally best versed in those parts of it which seem most foreign to their callings. It is no uncommon thing for a divine to raise a war, and a lawyer to make peace—for a physician to understand the political better than the animal economy, and to know perfectly when lenitives, purgatives, and bleeding would be of service to the health of the state. An alderman can fortify a town or fight a battle, and an officer of the army enter minutely into all the details of a proper treaty of commerce, or the new arrangements necessary toward the right modelling of the church. A young nobleman, who has spent the greater part of his life at sports and amusements, plays and assemblies, will decide as confidently on the rights of nations, and importation laws, as the statesman who has puzzled his head about these knotty points all his life. In short, not only noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants are skilled in policy, but at present all tradesmen, labourers, and mechanics, feel that they were born to be judges of such matters, and know it is their birthright. A tailor can cut out work for the Ministry, and a shoemaker set the constitution on a better footing. A carpenter can erect a new form of government, and a bricklayer place the old one on a surer foundation. The women understand matters of government better than their husbands, and often set them right, when before they were quite wrong. The bill has wrought wonders among us. It appears to me almost like inspiration.

When we consider the education of a modern statesman, and we are become all such at present, what thanks do we owe to our mothers!

For we must ascribe the figure which a zealous patriot makes to her care of his tender years. We cannot sufficiently admire or applaud the prudence and discretion of parents nowadays, who are much more solicitous that their children should be early instructed in politics in preference to the old exploded studies of morality and religion. They know they can never make their sons conspicuous, nor their daughters engaging. They imbibe patriotism even while they are dandled on the knee; and the first ideas they are taught to imbibe are those of a public nature. They are taught a veneration for the leaders of their own party, and an aversion for all others. He can tell you the designation of his party before his own Christian, and can recite his political creed better than that of the Apostles. He is fairly confirmed in his state principles before he is fit to be confirmed by the bishop; and is not this another beautiful effect of the working of the Reform Bill? Verily it is a good bill.

Now, in tracing the progress of the young lady and gentleman who are both alike politicians, let it be remarked that I make no allusion to any party, for I use no illustration which does not apply equally to all. Well, as soon as they are fit to appear in the world, they are given to understand that they are only to associate with people of *sound* principles, for their own, of course, are the only sound ones. They are to regard all the people of unsound principles as perfect monsters of our species. They must not go to their routs nor their dinner parties, and as for being seen in the same box at the theatre with any of them, that is utter reprobation. The young gentleman's tutor *must* be a man of sound principles; so also must his tailor and friseur. As for an *unsound* gamekeeper or companion on the moors, that is the devil and all, and yet it is not easily avoided. I shot two days with a gentleman last year, who had all the birds of the mountains divided into political classes the most absurd, but the whim was the source of everlasting fun. The close sitters were Radicals, the shy ones Tories, and the medium ones Whigs. Again, the eagles, fal-

cons, and all birds of prey were Tories. The rooks, daws, and hoodycraws were Radicals, and the legitimate game Whigs. Every one of the emblems was worse than another.

Then the *principles* of Miss's dancing-master and sempstress have to be enquired strictly after, as well as those of the family butcher, brewer, grocer, and mercer. It is no matter whether or not their commodities be sound, provided their political principles are so. This is a very great

benefit conferred on society by the bill, as it equalizes trade and business of all descriptions, which never could be effected before, by every one having customers of their own party and no more—'tis a good bill.

I should like to trace the onward path, and the advantages attained by such an education, but the carrier is going away, and Mr Brook is impatient, so I must reserve the delineation for another letter.

LETTER THIRD.

A politician being instructed as above, let us view him on the stage of life, and consider the part he is naturally bound to act in it. In the first place, observing that every one is valued according to his zeal in so good a cause, he resolves to raise his reputation the same way, and becomes furious and outrageous in a cause whose latent principles he never examined, and extremely prejudiced against those whose persons he has not the honour of knowing. Thus his public virtues quite eclipse those which adorn his private life, and the man is lost in the patriot. But this is not the best of it.

Observe but how busy the man is! How extremely busy, and yet he has nothing to do; he concerns himself in every thing, and yet has a hand in nothing. This is a delightful way of spending a life, thanks to the bill. He is a prime minister in every country of the known world, although a poor weaver, who should be working at the loom, but is now raised above it. How this divine superiority must raise him in the estimation of his family, his friends, and his Maker, as well as in his own, the most superlative of all! For this supreme illumination by intellectual light thanks to the bill.

Another great advantage which the bill has conferred is, perfect liberty of action with regard to all the moral duties of life. What a yoke this is taken off our necks! Public zeal supplies the place of all other virtues, and moreover, covers all imperfections. Like riches, it makes a man wise, honourable, just, and good; brave, eloquent, and upright. It is the beautifying whitewash which

cleans the ill complexion of all his actions—the only infallible nostrum that can make him amiable in the eyes of his party. A zealous politician may break a promise or an oath ten times, and yet be lauded as a man of the highest honour! Think of that, Mr Brook. What a privilege that is, and I could state many instances. A man may be a stirrer up of commotion and the most tumultuous riot, and yet have public thanks bestowed on him for his manly and consistent demeanour, and for being a peacemaker. Thus it is to live under a reformed and reforming Government. We are all free—we may refuse to pay our debts, and be the honestest fellows in the world. There is no occasion that we should ever go to church, or regard it, to be accounted one of its chief supporters. The most arrant traitor is at this period an ornament to the state and the age, in the eyes of his own party, which is quite sufficient—he aims at nothing higher. These high privileges being all so obvious, I wonder how any sensible man like you can so deeply regret the bill.

Consider farther how easily a good and a great character is attained since the passing of the bill. It is so easy that I have of late been several times most terribly taken in. At Selkirk, the day before yesterday, being in a large party, I chanced to be sitting next a Teviotdale gentleman, from whose surname I entertained no doubt of his principles. We chanced to be talking of a friend of mine. "Is he honest?" quoth he. "Honest! ay, sterling to the backbone," said I. "I am glad to hear it," returned he, "and since he is a friend of

yours we'll drink his health between ourselves two. Of course I need not ask on which side he voted at Jedburgh?" I told him. "Oh, d—the scoundrel! Hem!" exclaimed he, and turning his back on me he addressed another, rubbing his beard in the utmost disdain, that any man should be accounted honest who did not think as he thought. I was rather thunderstruck, till I recollected the glorious new state of the nation. I had been accustomed through a long and simple life to consider sterling honesty as not very easily attained, nor yet preserved; and when any man asked me if such a one was an honest man, I conceived he meant if he was faithful to his friend, grateful to his benefactor, kind to his neighbour, compassionate to the distressed, and indulgent in his family. All these virtues, and many more, it required to constitute a sterling honest man in my better days. But now, thanks to the Reform Bill, the character is of easier attainment. It requires nothing farther than being the slave of a party; and when a man asks if such a one is honest, he merely wants to know how he voted at the last election, or on the last question. In fine, virtue does not consist now, as formerly, in a decent and respectable medium. It shines only in extremes. Moderation is now the only crime, and fiery zeal the only good quality.

Another great advantage which the bill has conferred upon us, is an easy and direct road to eminence. It requires seven years of an apprenticeship before a man can exercise a common trade, and much time and application is necessary to gain a character in any of the learned professions. But now any man may set up for a grand politician whenever he pleases. Ay, and may grow famous in an instant, no matter whether there be any thing in his head. The only stock requisite is violence of demeanour, strong lungs, and a front of brass; and, well furnished with these, he cannot fail to have plenty admirers. What a privilege this is to men of untutored genius, but strong natural acquirements! There are many who would have lived and died in obscurity but for the bill which has brought them for-

ward by their noble and laudable obstreperousness at elections, and I have heard the healths of such men toasted with enthusiasm. If a man breaks a head of different sentiments, he is a hero; if he get his own broken, then he is a martyr in a good cause. Some get on exceedingly well, by merely railing at the times, and an invective against a minister often proves a panegyric to the speaker. By aspersing the character of a great man, a man may himself become great; in short, the way to fame does not now, as formerly, lie through the temple of virtue; there are plenty of back doors and private entrances, but no passage can be gained at any of them save by favour and clamour, a stock of which is easily acquired, and of course the pinnacle of political fame easily attainable. I say this is a very great benefit, therefore let no man speak against the bill.

I do not know if I should mention another great qualification which the bill has bestowed. It has made every man perfectly disinterested. No man, in his highest aspirations toward fame or place, has the slightest selfishness in these. He is never influenced by so low a consideration as interest. He proceeds on more generous motives,—the love of his country, and a good cause. A man never now-a-days declaims on the mismanagement of an office or a trust to obtain it; nor proclaims the danger of the church, in order to obtain a living in it. No such thing! When such falls to a man's share, it was merely for the good of his country and his friends that he accepted it, *or to prevent its falling into worse hands*. Now, sir, this is a great point gained. I must really borrow Henry Percy's vehement expression again: "By the Lord, I say ours is an excellent bill—as good a bill as ever was framed."

I thought to have finished my SCREEED here, but on second thoughts I find I have left out the delightful effects it has had upon that most delightful part of the community—THE WOMEN FOLKS. This must not be, for I have marked its effects on the dear creatures most minutely, and must dedicate a part of my next, at least, to the definition.

LETTER FOURTH.

Now that I have begun upon this fertile subject, I can see no end to it. There is a vista stretched before me of incalculable length, along which blessings and benefits protrude upon one another so closely from each side, as often nearly to interrupt the view—but the advantages of the bill to the fair sex cannot be overlooked. It is well known, that in every national and political side which they espouse, they are many degrees more enthusiastic than men, but never, since the days of Prince Charlie, have their feelings been roused to such a delightful pitch as since the passing of the Reform Bill.

The first advantage which they have derived from it is, that it has in a great measure weaned their thoughts and regards from matters quite trivial in comparison, such as fashion, dress, and equipage, which are very expensive, and frees them from all cares of domestic concerns, which are too low and groveling for the sublime and ardent heads so deeply concerned in the affairs of the State. Besides, it takes them very much from reading plays and romances, which are but too apt to inspire them with wild and fanciful ideas, and lay them too open to Cupid's random arrows. I must therefore beg leave to congratulate all fathers and husbands on the felicity of these animated times, when all the trumpery of novel reading is given up for the pure and earnest flame of patriotism. It likewise circumscribes their passion for slander to a single party, whereas before it was general, and cements the bands of friendship with their own party ten times firmer—the extent of which party is sufficiently capacious for all the human affections. And is it not quite proper and natural, that they should abhor and rail against all the other parties, whom they regard as traitors to their king, their country, and their church? I say, the dear creatures are perfectly right, and this is a proof among many of the beautiful working of the bill.

Further, the truth is, that they are so taken up with the abuse of pub-

lic men and measures, of venal candidates for popular favour, and base man-sworn voters, that husbands, wives, and suspected virgins fairly escape, which is a great improvement in society, thanks to the bill. I have seen the day when they were all on fire to learn what passed in such and such drawingrooms—who danced together—who paraded the rooms together arm-in-arm—who played and sung, and who stood stationary behind, looking over her shoulder. Such trifles! Now it is all about the beautiful knockdown speeches in the House of Commons, and the hopeful state of the last vote.

Another great advantage of the bill to the ladies, and which they themselves cannot disallow, is, that it has improved their personal charms prodigiously. How I do like to watch a lady's charms while she is discussing politics! She is never so animated, never so amiable. Be she ever so pale, she has no need to put on rouge; and if she is in her decline, her eyes sparkle so, that she appears to be in the blush of twenty-one, or even at that far-famed age, when the days of the years of her virginity have expired. Nay, I have seen a single political paragraph in a newspaper a greater beautifier than the most delicate unguent ever advertised. They are very ungrateful if they do not shower down their blessings upon the head of a noble poet of small stature on this account, and applaud the bill.

But the greatest advantage of all to the ladies is, that it now uniformly directs them in the choice of a husband. They are so heroic as to neglect the considerations which engage vulgar minds whenever they come in competition with the public good, the superiority of the lovely being's party. I positively know three lovers, who were all discarded in one week, because they read that most benign and polished of all periodicals, *The Kelso Chronicle*; and one in the parish of Galashiels was repudiated with the greatest disdain, because he was seen carrying *Blackwood's Magazine* in his pocket!

Think of that again, Mr Brook. That lady had some discrimination. The ladies are now to a woman more taken with a man's party than his person, and with his principles more than his fortune; and by this wise provision of the bill all political wranglings are avoided between the

pair when they become man and wife. It is a good bill, an excellent bill! let all parties then support it; but by all means give it fair play to work, which, in a general point of view, shall be the subject of my next and last letter.

LETTER FIFTH.

It will be seen that in these elucidations of the properties of the bill I have taken no side, but supposed myself one of every party; and as I wish to instruct as well as amuse, I shall close this correspondence with an esteemed friend with an advice which I am sure is well meant, however it may be received. I hope none will take it amiss from me, as I protest solemnly that it flows from no vanity, but from pure love and kindness.

In the first place, then, I would by no means wish to extinguish the generous concern for our country which at this important period burns in the breasts of old and young; but, for the sake of all that is reputable in society, let us endeavour to moderate it in such a manner that it may not break out into indecent rage, and transgress the bounds of good manners. I never knew this have any good effect, but quite the reverse. Did you ever know a man convinced by being called a rascal? or made a convert by getting his head broken, or being spit upon? I therefore request of you, my brother, in all general feeling, to stick close to your subject, and avoid personal reflections; and what I say to you I say to all—let no one who is tracing a man's public conduct turn it into remarks on his private life; or, if engaged in a controversy, attack the author, but spare the man. Instead of this, in many of the pamphlets and periodicals of the day, instead of the subject premised, it dwindles away to some personal defect of the opponent, or blemish or misfortune in his family. This is a proceeding so vile and detestable, so cowardly and ungenerous, that it reflects greater dishonour on the author than the person against whom his malice is levelled; and the reader who can be diverted with such effu-

sions of venomous spleen must be a man of as base and as mean a spirit as the writer.

I would then humbly advise all whom I love and who love me, that in their political violence they will never call an opponent names, either before his face or behind his back; not even such political names as are commonly used, but seldom or never understood. Perhaps they may say they are terms of art, which are as necessary in politics as in other sciences. I do agree, indeed, that they are terms of art, but cannot allow that they have any good use. They *are* terms of art; for they were first invented, and have ever since been propagated, by artful men. They are terms of art, by which the wicked impose upon the weak, and the designing impose upon the well-meaning part of mankind. But it moves my indignation when I see an empty fellow raising a merit to himself, or endeavouring to fix an odium on his neighbour, from designations which he does not himself understand.

Is there any thing more unreasonable, than that men should use terms, either in company or writing, which they do not understand, and to which no key is subjoined either to the readers or hearers? Is there any thing more unreasonable, than that any man should be at liberty to call a man a WHIG or a TORY, terms the meaning of which he has no conception? An Ultra-Radical, a Destructive, a Deist, a Heretic, or a Free Thinker, when he either cannot, or does not, explain what is understood by those expressions? It is but fair that they should define their terms before they produce them, else I do not see how any man's character can be vindicated. If the term is explained, the person to whom it is applied can either own it, or entirely

disclaim it. But until it is explained, he can neither do the one nor the other.

I do not know whether it most deserves our pity or our laughter, to think how many of our honest countrymen have been led away by such empty sounds without examining their meaning, and instead of loving their neighbours as themselves, have hated them worse than the devil for being—they know not what. A hard name is as effectual an instrument to destroy a man's reputation as a pistol to take away his life. And did I wish a man ill, I would take no other method to deprive him of his friends and acquaintances, and ruin him in their good opinion and offices, than christening him by one of those epithets which are hateful to society.

But the most serious advice I would give to my friends, whom I know, like all others, are politicians, is—not to be angry with any man for his opinions, nor to shun his conversation on that account; and to believe, though he differs from them, that it is possible he may still be an honest man. I fear I shall not be credited in this last particular, and if I am not, I despair of making it out, for should I undertake to prove it, I should find it as difficult as to prove an axiom in Euclid, of whose science I know very little. But I think I can explain what I mean by a very simple illustration, which you cannot but remember. The last time we met at Tibbie's, at the head of St Mary's Loch, we found we were all bound to Edinburgh, and all to meet there on the same occasion. I think it was to dine with the noble fellows of the Six Feet Club, so we began to lay a plan how we should all travel together. But no, that would not do. Timothy Tickler would go no other way but by Peebles, the old legitimate road which he was accustomed to travel. I insisted on going by Innerleithen as the nearest road, and promised you all your dinners with Willie Scott of Dewar. My plan did not take, as you had taken it into your head to go by Selkirk. I thought this extremely ridiculous, as it was from twenty to thirty miles about. But that was your concern, not mine, and we never thought of quarrelling

about the roads. So Tickler went by Peebles, you by Selkirk, and I by Innerleithen, and we arrived all at the same point as happy and friendly as ever.

Now it strikes me, sir, that our political fervour at the present time is of no greater moment than just this contest of ours about the best way. We all wish prosperity to our country, but we think it most likely to be attained by our own views and our own schemes. We all wish well to our honest venerable sovereign, but think some particular persons more capable of serving him than others. We all wish to go to heaven, yet all take different paths, each sect believing themselves to be right. Then, is it more reasonable that we should be pleased that we all propose the same ends, than that we should be angry with each other for disagreeing about the means? Yet true it is, though sufficiently strange, that they are just such trifles which divide the world—that keep people at a distance all their lives, who, if once acquainted, would have the greatest mutual esteem, and who, if they were to compare notes, might perhaps find that they were of the same opinion.

My heart is so much set upon this subject—I mean unanimity in our counsels—that I fear I am drawing this letter out to too great a length, but I cannot help it. Therefore, before I close, I would advise our leaders not to be led by the nose like a bear by a chain—nor, like a crab, always go with one side foremost—neither to fawn and creep, nor yet to snarl and bark like puppies—not to stop one ear and blink with one eye, but, if possible, to walk upright, though the weight on their shoulders at present surpasses that which Atlas bore. Not to regard men's persons or professions so much as their actions; nor believe some men infallible, and others always in the wrong. Not to flatter a man because he is in power, nor to believe the worst possible of him for no other reason. Not to treat the proceedings of the Ministry as ill-natured critics do books—condemn them without reading, or read them only to pick out their faults, determined not to do justice to their beauties. But the humour of censuring

every thing is a dangerous one, as it is sure to lead a man into absurdities and utter contradictions. What can we, then, think of him, but that he speaks either out of prejudice or interest, and that he wants either judgment or sincerity? The violence of such fanatics has at this day reached a greater height than Britain ever witnessed. The laws have vested the care of the administration in his Majesty, and we have no reason to doubt his earnest concern for our national prosperity. He has assured us that he *has* our interest at heart, and his conduct has hitherto made good the declaration. Then surely it behoves us to sit in peace and quietness, and enjoy the freedom granted to us, trusting to his benevolent heart; for, if we are not wanting to ourselves, we *may* be a happy people. Oh, that heaven would grant to every common politician common sense, that he might neither impose upon himself, nor become the dupe of others! This is the only thing that can ensure his own peace of mind, or any lasting repose to the public.

But it is a wonderful nation this; for we see that out of every difficulty and danger she rises more powerful and more pure. True, she never had the insolence of the many-

headed monster to dread before—of that almighty crowd which shortens all disputes—whose essence is power; and whose power neither faith nor reason can stay from over-leaping the pales of eternal truth. There is some poet, I have forgot who, that calls them

——“The scum,
That rises upmost when the nation boils.
The streets are denser in the noon of night,
Than at the mid-day sun. A drowsy horror
Sits on their eyes, like Fear not well awake.
All crowd in heaps; as, at a night alarm,
The bees drive out upon each other's backs
To emboss their hive in clusters. All ask news;
Their busy captains run their weary rounds,
Whose thundering orders and commands
Of ‘Silence!’
Make not noise cease, but deafen it to murmurs.
But see the mounting billows of the main,
Roused by the winds into a raging storm;
Brush off these winds, and the rude waves return
Into their quiet first created calm.
Such is the rage of busy blustering crowds,
Tormented by the ambition of their leaders.”

SONNET.

WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE, 1854.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

OCEAN! thy foam-crowned bulwarks round our land,
Thy mountain wall of waves—must they be vain
To shield her from the curse, the scourge, the chain?
Shall she forget in palmy pride to stand—
Shall Ruin spoil her with its red right hand;
And must thy rolling ramparts, mightiest main,
Prove weak to o’erwhelm her foes or to restrain?
Out upon those! the abhorred, the unrighteous band.
Alas! the children of her bosom—they
Who to her heart the envenomed dagger hold,
And to her lips the cup of sore dismay—
By such shall England’s golden days be told?
Ocean! ere they become the traitors’ prey,
Shroud up the Imperial Isles in thy hoar surges old!

"THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS."

BY MARY HOWITT.

AN observation was made a short time since in our presence, which drew from us, in our zeal for *Maga*, a warm protest against the sweeping accusation which involved her in common with the other periodicals of the day.

"How much it is to be regretted," was the remark, "that in this professing age of liberality and candour, there is no neutral ground for literature, no chartered spot fenced round by the humanities and courtesies of civilized society, where literary persons of all parties may meet on paper, in the same spirit of peace and good-will, and temporary oblivion of differences, which in the course of the fiercest military warfare so often characterises the meeting of hostile parties, under the inviolability of truce.

"Even in chance encounters of men on service, nationally opposed to each other, it has frequently occurred, under favouring circumstances, that those, who but a short hour since were mingled in deadly conflict—who within as brief a period may be again grappling together in the struggle for life and death—have exchanged words and offices of kindly nature, befitting creatures of the same clay, whose enmities are forgotten as they sheathe the sabre, drawn only in their country's cause. Shame! shame! to this moral, this intellectual, this *Christian* age of ours, that while even the horrors of war are occasionally softened by these conventional charities, there is not one spot on the fields of literature inviolable from the spirit of party, and its ruthless influence.

"It suffices to know with whom an author is connected—his name, or that of his publisher, to form an unerring expectation of the notice his work will meet with—or whether it will receive any notice from the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*—or *Blackwood*—or" — — — Here it was that our zeal for *Maga*'s honour betrayed us into the discourteous interruption above-mentioned.

Warmly we vindicated her from the general charge, adducing in her favour many exculpatory instances, and last, and most exultingly, her late generous tribute of admiration and praise to Elliot, author of *Corn Law Rhymes*, &c. &c. The fact was undeniable, but the vituperator of *Maga* hastily slurred it over, in his eagerness to bring forward one on his side the question, which for a moment, we confess, perplexed and silenced us.

"And why then," he asked, "has Mary Howitt's last publication, '*The Seven Temptations*,' been passed over in contemptuous, or, it may be, condemnatory silence? Mary Howitt, in time past an honoured and honouring contributor to the *Magazine*—Mary Howitt, the gentle, the unoffending, the womanly, the feeling, the pure-hearted, the *true* poetess! How has she deserved censure or exclusion? Of what offence is she guilty, but of being the wife of one, whose head, inwardly labouring with Miltonic theories, and outwardly under 'the testimony of the hat,' relieved itself by an explosion that damaged his own cause more than that which was the object of attack?"

"Nay but," we replied, "the publication you allude to is yet recent, scarcely more than two months issued from the press—wait awhile, and we shall yet read in *Maga* such a notice of '*The Seven Temptations*' as it deserves—perhaps from the same pen which did ample justice to the claims of Elliot." We have waited—we have watched—we have fretted and fidgeted in vain—and our tormentor has sneered and triumphed. But still we were fain to urge—"the award is but delayed, it will be decreed, never doubt it, in full measure, however late."

"Why not by yourself, for instance?" was the taunting rejoinder, "unless you are fearful of outlawry, should you venture to propose so daring an article?"

"We take up the gauntlet—we accept the test—we dare the pe-

nalty!" broke forth from our lips, in the confidence of excited feeling; "we will do our best for Mary Howitt. She deserves an abler critic, but one who writes honestly in the strength of an honest purpose, and warmly from the heart's impulse, may not be wholly incompetent."

Thus it hath come to pass, gentle reader, that we appeal to thee this day in behalf of "The Seven Temptations," and our purpose will be more than half accomplished if we but induce thee to open the volume to read and judge for thyself, divesting thy mind, as far as in thee lies, of prejudice and preconceived opinion.

The plan of the work is not a novel one; nor, we must take leave to say, in the face of Mrs Howitt's preparatory remarks, one which we should willingly have selected for illustration from the pen of a female.

Involving, of necessity, that unflinching use of the moral scalpel which lays bare the most hideous deformities of our fallen nature, we revolt from its most skilful appliance by a female hand, and much doubt, indeed, from whatever quarter, or however managed, the wisdom or expediency of such exposures. But having thus conscientiously expressed our peculiar and perhaps fastidious opinion with regard to the frame-work, we can add with equal sincerity that the fair architect has filled it up with admirable skill, extraordinary power, and, whenever compatible with the subject, with a sweet and tender feeling peculiarly her own.

"Achzib the Liar, a restless, ambitious spirit," having undertaken, in vaunting colloquy with two others wicked as himself, to prove "the supremacy of evil," by "ascending to the earth and winning over the greater number, if not the whole, of the human spirits he shall tempt," commences his task accordingly, and the volume opens with the temptation of "The Poor Scholar."

He is sick, poor, and dying in his room, at evening, unattended but by the lingering affection of a little boy, one of the class he has taught daily. The child reads aloud to his

enfeebled master a text from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St John.

And here, before proceeding further, we must take occasion to observe that, jealous as we are (ay, with the *most jealous*) of that profound reverence due to the sacred text, and strenuously as we object to all light or presumptuous application of it, we cannot think any such objection admissible against the introduction of the gospel quotation, forming, as it were, a text to the beautiful and *scriptural* strain of poetry which follows from the lips of the dying teacher. The sermon is not the less instructive for being poetical, (what but strains of the noblest poetry are the blessed Scriptures themselves?) nor in our opinion is a dramatic fiction, of so pure and purifying a character and tendency as "The Poor Scholar," a more objectionable vehicle for the conveyance of religious impressions than the Eastern parables of inspired *human* teachers—of those which proceeded from the lips that "spake as never man spake," we presume not even to *think* in a comparative sense. But if, in the instance under immediate consideration, we take upon us to justify the appropriation of holy writ, a deep sense of its awfulness compels us to add, that it has been too freely and boldly resorted to in another passage of this volume. We allude to the long portion selected from our solemn and affecting burial service at the commencement of scene fifth in "The Old Man." Mary Howitt, not being a member of our church, may not perhaps have formed an adequate idea of the feelings with which that passage *must* be read by every child of the Establishment who has heard them pronounced over the open grave into which "some form beloved" has been just lowered.

We are made sensible, by an involuntary shrinking, that *this* approaches too near to profanation; yet are we sure that the insertion of the solemn passage was prompted by a pure and devotional feeling.

Now to proceed with our more pleasant duty. "The Poor Scholar" remarks upon the sentence from St John—

"Most precious words! Now go your way,
 The summer fields are green and bright.
 Your tasks are done;—Why do you stay?
 Christ give his peace to you! Good-night!
Boy. You look so pale, sir! You are worse.
 Let me remain and be your nurse!
 Sir, when my mother has been ill,
 I've kept her chamber neat and still,
 And waited on her all the day!
Schol. Thank you! but yet you must not stay.
 Still, still, my boy, before we part
 Receive my blessing—'tis my last!
 I feel Death's hand is on my heart,
 And my life's sun is sinking fast:
 Yet mark me, child, I have no fear,—
 'Tis thus the Christian meets his end:
 I know my work is finished here,
 And God—thy God too—is my friend!
 Thy joyful course has just begun;
 Life is in thee a fountain strong;
 Yet look upon a dying man,
 Receive his words, and keep them long!
 Fear God, all-wise, omnipotent,
 In him we live and have our being;
 He hath all love, all blessing sent—
 Creator—Father—All-decreeing!
 Fear him, and love, and praise, and trust;
 Yet have of man no slavish fear;
 Remember kings, like thee, are dust,
 And at one judgment must appear.
 But virtue, and its holy fruits,
 The poet's soul—the sage's sense,
 These are exalted attributes,
 And these deserve thy reverence.
 But, boy, remember this, e'en then,
 Revere the gifts, but not the men!
 Obey thy parents—they are given
 To guide our inexperienced youth;
 Types are they of the One in heaven,
 Chastising but in love and truth.
 Keep thyself pure—Sin doth deface
 The beauty of our spiritual life;
 Do good to all men—live in peace
 And charity, abhorring strife.
 The mental power which God has given,
 As I have taught thee, cultivate;
 Thou canst not be too wise for heaven,
 If thou dost humbly consecrate
 Thy soul to God. And ever take
 In his good book delight; there lies
 The highest knowledge, which will make
 Thy soul unto salvation wise.
 My little boy, thou canst not know
 How strives my spirit fervently,
 How my heart's fountains overflow
 With yearning tenderness for thee!
 God keep, and strengthen thee from sin—
 God crown thy life with peace and joy,
 And give at last to enter in
 The city of his rest!"

We are much mistaken if this beautiful passage does not equal, in its exquisitely simple pathos, some of the most touching portions of Goethe's *Faust*. The flow of verse is quiet and melodious, like the run

of silver waters, slipping away over their pebbly bed.

The poor Scholar is left alone to his dying meditations. It is difficult to refrain from large quotation—but we are restricted, and must do so.

The Tempter who, it appears, has visited him for some time past in the personification of a Philosopher—an *esprit fort*—now enters; and, after some glozing talk, enquires,—

Philos. Have you perused the books I left with you?

Schol. I have, and like them not.

Philos. Indeed, indeed!

Are they not full of lofty argument,
And burning eloquence? For a strong soul,
Baptized in the immortal wells of thought,
They must be glorious food.

Schol.

Pardon me, sir,

They are too specious; they gloss over error
With tinsel covering, which is not like truth.
Oh, give them not to young and ardent minds;
They will mislead, and baffle, and confound.
Besides, among the Sages whom you boast of,
With their proud heathen virtues, can ye find
A purer, nobler, loftier character,
More innocent, and yet more filled with wisdom,
Than the Lord Jesus?—dignified, yet humble;
Warring 'gainst sin, and yet for sinners dying!

Philos. Well, pass the men;—what say you to the morals?

Schol. And where is the Utopian code of morals

Equal to that, which a few words set forth
Unto the Christian,—‘Do ye so to others
As ye would they should do unto yourselves?’
And where, among the fables of your poets,
Which you pretend veil the divinest truths,
Find you the penitent Prodigal coming back
Unto his Father’s bosom;—thus to show
God’s love, and our relationship to him?
Where do they teach us, in our many needs,
To lift up our bowed, broken hearts to God,
And call him Father? Leave me as I am;
I am not ignorant, though my learning lie
In this small book—nor do I ask for more,

— — — — —
— — — — —

Philos. Come, come, my friend, this is mere declamation,
You have misunderstood both them and me.
Point out the errors—you shall find me ever
Open unto conviction.

Schol.

See my state—

A few short hours, and I must be with God;
And yet you ask me to evolve that long
Entanglement of subtlest sophistry!
This is no friendly part: But I conjure you
Give not your soul to vain philosophy:
The drooping Christian at the hour of death
Needs other, mightier wisdom than it yields.”

— — — — —
— — — — —

Among various lures, the tempter now holds forth the glorious anticipation of an immortality of fame, which failing also, he hastily interposes.

Philos.

———Not to be great—

You do mistake my drift—but greatly useful;
Surely you call not this unmeet ambition!

Schol. Sir, had the will of God ordained a wider,

A nobler sphere of usefulness on earth,
 He would have given me strength, and health, and power;
 For its accomplishment. I murmur not
 That little has been done, but rather bless Him
 Who has permitted me to do that little:
 And die content in His sufficient mercy,
 Which has vouchsafed reward above my merit."

After some farther impotent trial,
 the Evil One is finally baffled, and
 retires "abashed;" and the poor
 Scholar is once more left alone, as
 he pathetically prays, "to die in
 peace;" and the peace of God is

with him in that hour. After some
 most solemn meditation, and tender
 references to his absent, widowed
 mother, he kneels beside "his pallet
 bed," and prays—

"*Schol.* Almighty God! look down
 Upon thy feeble servant! strengthen him!

Give him the victor's crown—
 And let not faith be dim!

Oh! how unworthy of thy grace,

How poor, how needy, stained with sin!

How can I enter in

Thy kingdom, and behold thy face!

Except thou hadst redeemed me, I had gone

Without sustaining knowledge, to the grave!

For this I bless thee, oh thou Gracious One!

And thou wilt surely save—

I bless thee for the life which thou hast crowned

With never-ending good;

For pleasures that were found,

Like way-side flowers, in quiet solitude—

I bless thee for the love that watched o'er me

Through the weak years of infancy,

That has been, like thine everlasting truth,

The guide, the guardian angel of my youth.

Oh, thou! that did'st the mother's heart bestow,

Sustain it in its woe—

For mourning give it joy, and praise for heaviness.

[*He falls back on his bed—his Mother enters hurriedly.*

Mother. Alas, my son! and am I come too late?"

— — — — —

"*Schol.* Mother, farewell! I hear the heavenly voices;
 They call! I cannot stay. Farewell! farewell!"

The choir of spiritual voices pours
 forth a dying requiem, and thus
 closes this touching dramatic poem,
 the first of "The Seven Tempta-
 tions;" our abstract of which, imper-
 fect as it is, has engrossed so large a
 proportion of our narrow limits, that
 we can find room for no more
 than a few extracts without com-
 ment. They may be fearlessly trust-
 ed to their own pleading, with all
 those who have poetry enough in
 their hearts to seize upon those
 "lights from heaven," that escape

common eyes, and unpoetic heads.
 Our first scrap shall be a soliloquy
 of "Thomas of Torres," the hero of
 the second temptation—alas! we
 should rather say—the victim. Ac-
 cordingly, as our paper holds out, a
 few fragments from the exquisitely
 beautiful lyrical pieces with which
 these poems are interspersed, shall
 succeed—and so—speak, Thomas
 of Torres! far advanced already in
 the road to perdition—but not yet
 heart-seared and wholly forsaken.

"*Thomas.* Ah, I remember well
 There is a little hollow hereabout,
 Where wild prier roses, and lithe honeysuckle

Made a thick bower : 'Twas here I used to come
 To read sweet books of witching poetry !
 Could it be I ? No, no, I am so changed
 I will not think *this* Man, was once *that* Boy :
 The thought would drive me mad. I will but think
 I once knew one, who called this vale his own ;
 I will but think I knew a merry boy,
 And a kind gentle father, years ago,
 Who had their dwelling here ; and that the boy
 Did love this lonely nook, and used to find
 Here the first nests of summer ; here did read
 All witching books of glorious poetry ;
 And thus, that as the boy became a youth,
 And gentle feeling strengthened into passion,
 And love became the poetry of life ;
 Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty,
 Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers ;
 And that they sate beneath the wild brier rose,
 And that he thus did kid kiss that maiden's cheek,
 The first time as a lover ! Oh my God !
That was the heir of Jones. A brave boy,
 A noble hearted boy ! He grew a Man,
 And what became of him ? Ha ! pass me that—
 Would that *I knew not* what became of him !”

In the third poem, “ The Pirate,” Edab, an Indian Maid, sings thus, sitting by her sleeping lover :—

“ Little waves upon the deep,
 Murmur soft when thou dost sleep ;
 Gentle birds upon the tree
 Sing their sweetest songs for thee ;
 Cooling gales, with voices low,
 In the tree-tops gently blow !
 Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
 All things love thee, so do I !

“ When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
 Treasures for thee to the shore ;
 And the earth, in plant and tree,
 Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee !
 And the glorious heaven above,
 Smile on thee, like trusting love.
 Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
 All things love thee, so do I !”

From the temptation of “ The Old Man,” we select—(how difficult to select among gems so bright and many !)—his daughter Margaret's hymn :—

“ There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
 Nor sorrow dim the eye :
 Where true love shall not droop nor be dismay'd,
 And none shall ever die.
 Where is that land, oh where ?
 For I would hasten there—
 Tell me—I fain would go,
 For I am wearied with a heavy wo !
 The beautiful have left me all alone !
 The true, the tender, from my paths are gone !
 Oh guide me with thy hand,
 If thou dost know that land,
 For I am burdened with oppressive care,
 And I am weak and fearful with despair !
 Where is it—tell me where ?
 Thou that art kind and gentle—tell me where ?

“ Friend ! thou must trust in Him who trod before
 The desolate paths of life :
 Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore
 Sorrow, and pain, and strife !
 Think how the Son of God
 Those thorny paths hath trod ;
 Think how He longed to go,
 Yet tarried out for thee the appointed wo ;
 Think of His weariness in places dim,
 Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him !

Think of the blood-like sweat
 With which His brow was wet ;
 Yet how He prayed, unaided and alone
 In that great agony—‘ Thy will be done ! ’
 Friend ! do not thou despair,
 Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer ! ”

“ Raymond,” the next tempted, succumbs to the tempter, and angelic voices raise for the lost departing soul, the following lament:—

“ A song of mourning let each one take up !
 Take up a song of wo—
 The spirit is gone forth to the unknown,
 Yet mightier pangs to know !

“ Oh thou that wast so beautiful in youth,
 How is thy glory dimmed ?
 We that in gladness hymned
 The kindness of thy early love and truth,
 Shall we not mourn for thee,
 Lost from our company,
 Oh erring human soul !

“ Take up a song of wo,
 A song of mourning let each one begin !
 The spirit is gone forth,
 Stained with mortal sin !
 Oh star, shorn of thy beams,
 How is thy glory gone ?
 Since from the living streams
 Thou burst, a shining one !
 In blackness of thick darkness wandering now,
 Through night that has no day,
 Through pain that has no stay ;
 Wandering for evermore,
 Lost, lost, art thou !

“ Oh spirit vexed with fears, by tempests tost !
 Oh new born heir, of unthought misery !
 Long shall we mourn for thee,
 From our bright company
 For ever, ever lost ! ”

Though “ Philip of Maine ”—“ and the sorrow of Theresa ” (the last one of our chief favourites) are yet before us—we have not room for another sample—we have been too greedy of beauties, to husband out our limits fairly—one word before we part with our fair authoress.—Let her beware of the *spite of Achzib*—and look to those she loves dearest, through whom the cunning spirit is well aware he may wound her most effectually ;—and we have heard from good authority that he

has been observed for some time past prowling about the purlieus of Nottingham, in the character of a republican philanthropist ; seeking every opportunity of insinuating himself into the company and counsels of a person qualified to shine in far better society, whose guardian angel will yet, we trust, in conjunction with the angel of his home, defeat the machinations of the enemy, and send him howling to *his place*.

NOTE.

We cordially agree with the kind and discriminating commendation bestowed by our amiable and enlightened contributor on “ The Seven Temptations.” In a few months or so we intend speaking for ourselves, more at length, on the merits of Mary Howitt. To her muse we have more than either once or twice offered the tribute of our praise, though but in few

words; and we cannot allow that the slightest blame attaches to us, for not having yet indited a comprehensive critique on compositions, which we have perused with very great pleasure, in common with all lovers of poetical genius. We really were not aware that Mary Howitt had been "an honoured and honouring contributor to the Magazine;" but if we had been, most assuredly we should not, on that account, have one hour sooner reviewed her Poems. Our work is neither a Monthly nor a Quarterly Review.

We have given no pledge to the public, to bring before it, without delay, all the poetry of the age, as each new work of worth, great or small, appears; on the contrary, "the river glideth at its own sweet will" of our inspirations; and with us there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth. We often think of many delightful things of which we do not choose to speak; and while people are saying, "Oh no! he never mentions her—her name is never heard," the silly ones know not that our hearts are even then inditing a good matter respecting the object of their peevish admiration. That we love poetry we know—that we understand it we think—that we do it justice in our pages even our enemies acknowledge, if indeed we have any enemies—which for some time past we have been disposed to doubt—so gentle towards us has been the Press. It may have happened that our political opinions—or rather life-deep convictions—have sometimes disinclined us to be very forward in our praise of the literature of those whose principles regarding Church and State, and many of the institutions of social life, we think dangerous or pernicious; and if so, we confess that the fault lies lightly on our conscience. But what is the name of the Periodical that has been, on the whole, more generous and more just to genius than our own? Let our omissions, neglects, or oversights be pointed out to us in a kindly spirit, and in a kindly spirit shall all such suggestions be received and acted on, provided they run not counter to sacred feelings, which we will never sacrifice, either from fear or favour. How pitiful in our contributor's critical acquaintance to bring a general charge of exclusive favouritism against *Maga*, because of a single supposed instance of neglect, in the face of a hundred instances of warmest praise bestowed by her on the productions of those who loved not, till then, the rustling of her green leaves, bright though they be in perennial spring, and glistening with dewdrops, that momentarily vanish, without one seeming to perish among all that multitude of purest pearls! Of whose fame are we envious? Before whose star do we wish a cloud to gather? Vain, indeed, would such wish be; but our delight is to see every luminary undimmed by vapour—softened but by its own halo; and had we the power, from the face of every one that shines in the sky would we fain dissipate all obscurity—by a breath. Never was there a more miserable mistake than for a Critic to imagine that he can exalt himself by lowering a Poet. Then the Poetesses! For we love that feminine Noun. Who can speak disparagingly of them, "and hope to be forgiven?" Their surnames have all become pleasant to our sense—their Christian names music to our soul. Joanna Baillie! Felicia Hemans! Mary Mitford! Caroline Bowles! Letitia Landon! Mary Howitt! The ink-drop hangs trembling in our pen, as if desirous to let down some other names on the paper! and, lo! one has figured itself into letters which we shall not wipe away—*Eliza Montague*! Though as yet the maiden doth touch the harp-strings with an artless hand, that obeys but falteringly the bidding of a heart in its simplicity true to nature. Write down genius! But, indeed, the day has gone by for all such vain imaginations; and are we claiming more than our due in asking, if some share of the praise of having exposed their vanity may not be attributed to

CHRISTOPHER NORTH?

Totteridge, Herts, March 7th, 1835.

SIR,

I NEED not remind you of the attempts which have been made in late years, to render that beautiful drama, the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, an authority for that kind of Manichæan theory, which has been unfortunately too favourite a topic with one of the most successful schools in modern poetry. It appears to me, however, that the deeply mysterious relic of antiquity alluded to, is fully as capable of being viewed in a light favourable to Revelation as against it, and that it is quite as warrantable to lay stress upon certain passages which might seem to support the great truth of Christianity, as upon others, which persons of an opposite opinion sometimes quote as militating against the system of revealed religion. Perhaps what I mean to express, will appear more clearly if you recall to mind the concluding part of Lord Byron's Ode to Prometheus. It is by no means my intention to be so presumptuous as to cross lances with the noble author of that powerful lyric. I merely wish to show that two different persons may view the same subject in two very different lights, and to make *one* effort to rescue Æschylus from the danger of being ranked irretrievably as a *Pessimist*.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

J. F. HOLLINGS.

Τόσου δὲ μόχθου τίμα μὴ τι προσδοκᾷ
Πρὶν ἂν θεῶν τις διάδοχος τῶν σῶν πόνων
Φάνῃ, θελήσῃ τ' εἰς ἀνάγκητον μολεῖν
Ἄϊδην, κνιφαῖα τ' ἀμφὶ Τάρταρου βάθῃ.

Æschyl. Prom.

THE TYPE OF PROMETHEUS.

STRETCHED upon his couch of pain—
Fettered by the enduring chain—
Torn, with energies unspent,
By each warring element,
While the dark and lurid sky
Mocked his voiceless agony,
Year by year, and day by day,
Thus the Thunderer's victim lay:
Yet, amidst his deepening woes,
Visions of the future rose,
Coming hours, intensely bright,
Dazzling that prophetic sight,
When the reign of wrong should cease,
And the captive find release,
And the avenger's arm, displayed,
Work the expectant sufferer's aid,
O'er the prostrate force of ill,
Conqueror, and to vanquish still.
Child of promise—heir of power—
Fleeting phantom—withering flower!
Thou, whose little life may seem
As a weak and feverish dream,
But whose feeble dust shall rise,
Raised in strength 'neath purer skies!
Man! behold thy being, here

Figured by the Attic seer.
Ignorance, perverse and blind,
Weighing down thy subject mind;
Sin, whose adamantine chain
Makes thy rising efforts vain,
Pale remorse unsoothed by rest,
Vulture of thy bleeding breast—
Throned in wisdom's solitude
These the mourning prophet viewed,
With an all o'erwhelming force,
Speeding on their destined course—
But amidst that scene of night
Came a faint and dawning light,
And a voice, whose accents clear,
Rang upon his ravished ear—
As the music of the blast
When the Winter's wrath is past,
Telling of a throne destroyed,
And a blighting curse made void,
And a heaven-descended seed,
Sure in promise—tried in deed,
One whose calm and holy sway
Earth with blessing should obey,
And the mind by guilt o'erthrown,
As the Lord of healing own.

Gathered to his fathers, long
 Earth hath held the child of song,
 Where the rippling Gela laves
 Listlessly, her land of graves :
 But the dawn, whose golden ray
 Gleamed across his desert way,
 We have seen, undimmed and bright,
 Kindled into noontide light—
 Prince of Evil and Despair !
 Ruler of the realms of air—
 Whose unceasing work of woe
 We and all our race must know,
 Morning's fair but fallen son,
 Lo ! thy victor course is run.
 Yet no arm of earth alone
 Shook thy pride-exalted throne,
 Nor from the Tirynthian bow
 Fled the shaft which laid thee low—

By the lorn and joyless life,
 Struggling with the tempter's strife ;
 By the prayer at midnight made—
 By the bitter cry for aid—
 By the scourge—the thorn—the reed—
 By the sinner's crowning deed—
 By the last forgiving breath—
 And the agony of death—
 When Moriah's holy mount
 Saw unsealed the promised fount—
 And the shrinking sun was veiled—
 And the earth with horror quailed—
 And the noontide night was hurled
 Rayless o'er a guilty world—
 Thus the glorious work was done,
 And the atoning contest won—
 And the captive thrall set free,
 And the deathblow dealt on Thee !

J. F. HOLLINGS.

DEAR SIR,—I now send you, according to promise nearly two years old, some three-score translations from the Anthology, some dozen or so from Theocritus, and a few from Homer. You should have had them, had it seemed to be your wish, last spring ; and I had the MS. pocket-book in which they are scribbled in my carpet-bag, all the while I was summering with you in the Forest. Indeed, I made several of what seem to myself the happiest of my attempts—if aught from my quill may be called happy—nor shall I seek to doubt it, since versions of mine from the beautiful Greek have smoothed the brow of Christopher North—at TIBBIE'S. While you, honoured sage, angling by the edge of "Still St Mary's Loch," were all the while seen to "stand double, man and shadow," I was mentally transfusing into the best English I could, and according to your own true principles of translation which you have so philosophically explained, a few of those "lovely lays," which, I confess, never had sounded so sweet in my ears, till I heard them recited that morning by your own silver voice in the bower of the widow's garden. Do, I beseech you, sir, resume those Series of articles in which all scholars delighted, and thousands, who were not scholars, till you made them so by your exquisite disquisitions ; and may I hope to see again embalmed in the clearest amber of your genius the golden flies—or should I have said flowers, which I have gathered from the profusion spread over many secret places in the old world of imagination ?

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM HAY.

*Thistle Street, Edinburgh,
 January 1, 1835.*

I.

LOVE GROVE.

(FROM GROTIUS' ANTHOLOGY.)

This is Love Grove, where all these stately trees
 Are waving softly to the gentle breeze.
 Here dewy meadows many a floweret gems,
 And violets put on their diadems :
 Here from these nipples, raised in triple row,
 The Naiads' boon, pure crystal waters flow :

And near these glades, where soft-haired Dryads stray,
The aged Iris sails the time away:
Here, amid fertile vines rich olives grow,
And all the lawns with purple clusters glow:
Here, all around the tuneful birds prolong
Their notes responsive to Cigala's song.
Stranger, pass not; thou need'st not much implore—
Here Hospitality keeps open door.

II.

(MELEAGER.)

Εγχευ, καὶ παλιν εἰπὲ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἡλιοδώρας—κ. τ. λ.

Pour out to Heliodora, and mix that sweetest name,
With the strong wine—again—again—again—with loud acclaim;
That rosy wreath in fragrance steeped, which yesterday she wove—
Place the memorial on my brow, memorial of my love.
And see—the amorous roses weep, because her glowing charms
No longer warm this throbbing breast, but bless another's arms.

III.

(PAUL THE SILENTIARY.)

Οὐ τὸ ζῆν χαρίσσαν.—κ. τ. λ.

No gracious boon is life, if vexing cares
Whiten the temples with thin hoary hairs.
Be mine *enough*—since too much golden store
Always corrodes the maddened heart the more.
Thence better oft, amid this mortal strife,
Is poverty than riches—death than life.
Since thus it is, on Wisdom fix thy gaze,
Hers thy heart's wishes, hers be all its ways.

IV.

(BY MELEAGER.)

Δυοδαίτε μέλισσα—κ. τ. λ.

Flower-sipping bee, say hast thou lately preste
For the spring flowers, my Heliodora's breast?
Wouldst thou insinuate that thou there did'st meet,
Much of love's bitter in that bosom's sweet?
Yea—yea—I know it all—go, loving bee,
Thou need'st not tell thy joys or griefs to me.

V.

(MARCUS ARGENTARIUS.)

TO A BLACKBIRD.

Μηκέτι νον μινύριζε παρὰ δρυὶ—κ. τ. λ.

No more, sweet merle, pour out thy plaintive lay,
Perched on the oak's embowering, leafy spray!
That tree's thy foe: the vine much rather try,
Which rears its sea-green, shady foliage high.
There fix thy steps, and to its leafy bower
Let thy sweet pipe its liquid descant pour.
Bird-line from oaks, but grapes from vines they take;
And Bacchus loves thee for thy music's sake.

VI.

(CARPHYLIDES.)

Ιχθύας ἀγκίστρα τις ἀπ' ἡόνος—κ. τ. λ.

While from the strand his line a fisher threw,
Shoreward a shipwrecked, human head he drew.

His moistened eyes soft drops of pity shed
While gazing on the bald and trunkless head.
No spade he had : but while his active hands
Scrape a small grave amid the yielding sands,
A store of gold there hid he found. Yes ! yes !
Heaven will the just man's pious actions bless.

VII.

(PALLADAS OF ALEXANDRIA.)

Μηδέποτε ζήσας ὁ πίνης βροτὸς—κ. τ. λ.

The poor man never lives, nor therefore dies ;
The living wretch is but a corpse with breath.
He that has wealth, and all that wealth supplies,
Alone finds life in life, and death in death.

VIII.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Τοῦτό τοι, Ἀρτεμιδώρι, τειῶ—κ. τ. λ.

Tears, tears, Artemidorus, tears were shed
O'er thy young corpse, while thus thy mother said—
“ Vain were a mother's pangs,—a father's joy,
Vain were they all,—the pyre must have our boy :
Vain our delight—just tasted, when it fled
Away for ever—to the cruel dead.
So soon cut off, my child !—and must we see
Nought but thy urn and dust—instead of thee ! ”

IX.

(BIANOR.)

Θειονόης ἔκλαιον ἑμῆς μέρον—κ. τ. λ.

I mourned with tears Theionœ my wife,
Yet found relief in my surviving boy.
But, oh ! *him* too hath fate bereft of life.
And *me*, of every hope of future joy.
Grant, Proserpine, a father's last request,—
Oh ! lay my infant on its mother's breast.

X.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Οὐκ ἔτι θελγομένας, Ὀρφεῦ—κ. τ. λ.

Orpheus, no more shalt thou, or beasts, or rocks,
Charm into motion,—or the listening oaks ;
No more the rattling hail, the blustering wind,
The drifting snow, shalt thou in slumber bind—
Or the dark-heaving ocean's angry roar
Soothe by thy music.—Orpheus is no more.
Mnemosyne's bright daughters mourned for thee,
And doubly mourned thy fate—Calliope.*
Child of the dust, thy child of dust why weep,
Since gods from death their offspring cannot keep.

XI.

(JULIAN THE ÆGYPTIAN.)

Οὐνομα μὲν Καλὴ—κ. τ. λ.

She that was called the Beautiful—(so named
More from her virtues—though for beauty famed.)

* His mother.

Is dead :—alas ! the spring of every grace
 Is dead :—so lovely *all* in mind and face !
 A Venus to her husband,—Pallas she
 To all besides,—so armed in chastity.
 Is there a heart of stone that would not mourn
 Her—from her husband's arms, by mighty Ades torn ?

XII.

(SATYRIUS THYILLUS.)

EPITAPH ON ARISTION, A DANCING GIRL.

Ἡ κροτάλους ὀρχηστρὶς Ἀρίστιον—κ. τ. λ.

Aristion, who skilfully could beat
 To sound of castanets her airy feet,
 Beneath the pine,—and toss her locks on high,
 Kindling beneath the flute's blithe minstrelsy,—
 She—who three cups successively hath quaffed
 Of powerful wine,—each cup a single draught—
 Rests 'neath these elms :—Oh ! ne'er will she delight
 In love again,—nor revelry by night.
 Farewell, ecstatic joys ! since Ades wreathed
 That head—where flowers their fragrance often breathed.

XIII.

(AGATHIAS THE SCHOLIAST.)

Ἡμεῖς μὲν πατέοντες—κ. τ. λ.

The fruit of Bacchus in profusion spread,
 With mingled dance and revelry we tread ;
 The boundless juices swell the gushing tide,
 On whose rich sweetness cups of ivy ride,
 Like boats, from which the hasty wine is quaffed,
 No Naiad warming the untempered draught.
 While beautiful Rhodanthe's radiant blush
 Bedims the streams which from the wine-press gush—
 As down she stoops, and every bosom charms,
 While Venus tortures, and while Bacchus warms.
He showers his bounty till it overflows :
She hope alone, and nothing else, bestows.

XIV.

(CARPHYLIDES.)

Μὴ μέμψῃ παρὶόν—κ. τ. λ.

View not *my* tomb with pity, passer-by,
 No cause to weep for *me*—though doomed to die.
 My children's children,—three in wedded life,
She my coeval, my most loving wife—
 All mourned for me : nor death, nor fell disease
 Tore from my bosom, or my dandling knees,
 A child of mine :—and when at length I slept
 Life's last sweet sleep, all stood around and wept ;
 While with libations and due offerings given
 They winged my spirit to the gates of Heaven.

XV.

(UNKNOWN.)

Αἶδης μὲν σύλησεν—κ. τ. λ.

My youth's rich harvest cropped in all its bloom
 Hath Ades hid in this ancestral tomb.
 My virtuous mother, and Ætherius mourn,
Me their Refinus, who in vain was born ;

So premature in learning, old in fame,
A sage, though still a youth, to Styx I came.
Weep, stranger, when these mournful words you see,
A father thou,—perchance a youth like me.

XVI.

(STATYLLIUS FLACCUS.)

ON A FOUNTAIN DEDICATED TO SILENCE.

Σιγήσας ἄρυσαι—κ. τ. λ.

Silence. In silence draw.*Stranger.* For why?*Silence.* Pray draw no more.*Stranger.* Why?*Silence.* To the silent I my sweets allow.*Stranger.* How peevish!*Silence.* Taste—more peevish than before

Thou'lt find me.

Stranger (drinks). Bitter!*Silence.* What a babbler thou!

XVII.

(ANTIPATER OF SIDON.)

Ποῦ τὸ περιβλεπτον κάλλος σέο—κ. τ. λ.

Where is thy stately beauty, Corinth now,

The crown of towers that proudly gemmed thy brow?

Thy temples, houses, matrons,—all the throng

That swarmed in myriads once—thy streets along?

No traces now thy former power recall:

Gaunt war, oh! hapless, hath devoured thee all:

We Ocean's Nereids—whom no might o'erthrows,

Remain sole halcyons of thy many woes.

NOTE.

WE have given a few delightful specimens of our friend Mr Hay's Pocket-book, and hope to be able, during summer, to rifle and ransack its sweets. Why does not Mr Merivale give us another volume of his Anthology? Till it appear, we shall not continue our Series, for forestalling and regrating is our abhorrence. In our hands are many versions of Greek Epigrams by correspondents; but they are almost all of Epigrams that have already appeared—some of them in a score of English dresses—we mean successively—in *Maga*. That will never do. We must attempt Theocritus soon; if we do not—we shall at least exhibit some beautiful pictures from him by Mr Price (of Hereford), whose fine scholarship has frequently embellished our work. To the *Odyssey*, too, we hope to return in a few months—but despair of showing any version equal to Mr Chapman's (of Trinity, Cambridge), of the *Loves of Mars and Venus*. Will he execute a few passages more in the Spenserian Stanza? We dare not venture on Pindar—perhaps some bolder and more skilful spirit may—and with all our admiration of the accomplished Carey, we think he has not imitated the majestic motion of the Theban Swan—or Eagle—we know not which of the two birds he oftenest resembles in his flights. In our First Double Number we hope to give a Translation—and one that Mitchel himself will admire—of one of the Plays of Aristophanes. There is one distinguished Christ-Church man, to whom we owe a letter about that greatest of all Comic poets—but we have not his address. Why will not the English Universities contribute more largely to *THE MAGAZINE*?—C. N.

LAYS OF THE LEVELLERS.

No. II.

THE GRAND JUNCTION.

AIR—"Potatoes grow in Limerick."

COME reach thy fist in fellowship, good neighbour, unto me,
 And try if Whig with Radical can for a while agree :
 The Billingsgate we used of late let either side forego ;
 We'll sink each minor difference, and fight the common foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

Among you some are high and dry, and finical and fine,
 And grudge to march through Coventry with folks like me and mine :
 Blackguards with Bankers, Legs with Lords, will make a motley row ;
 Yet sink that minor difference, and join to fight the foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

We know your small and silly souls, how trimming and how tame,
 In all your aims and all your ends, blind, impotent, and lame ;
 Such poor poltroons that to a goose you scarcely can say bo !
 But we'll forget that difference, and fight the common foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

You think us rogues and cut-throat dogs without a grain of grace ;
 For treason, or for arson fit, for any thing—but place :
 For why ? you say your hands are clean—while ours are but so, so,
 Yet never heed the difference—but join and fight the foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

Here's Irish Dan, the beggar-man, who sports a pretty tail,
 And all its five-and-forty joints are wriggling for *Repale* :
 Lord John and he may not agree, how far that game should go,
 Yet let them sink their difference, and join against the foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

Here's Roebuck, ripe for fire and fun, at home, or o'er the main,
 And busy now to make a row on Canada's fair plain :
 Spring Rice with him may hardly choose sedition's coal to blow,
 But let him sink that difference, and fight with us the foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

Your sect pretend they'd still defend the Coronet, the Crown,
 While we should think it meat and drink to melt the baubles down :
 Yon altar fain you would maintain, while I would lay it low :
 But sink that silly difference, and face the common foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

Our road's the same—though not alike our purpose or our pace ;
 To purgatory you would lead—I to the other place :
 You seek but to reform, you say—while I would overthrow ;
 'Tis but a trifling difference, so fight with me the foe.
 Come rally, lads, both Whigs and Rads, and lay the Tories low.

And when at last the fight is past, and victory is won,
 We then shall see, if we agree, what next is to be done ;
 A scramble for the spoil, perhaps, may make some *claret* flow,
 And by and by your late ally may turn and prove a foe.
 Yet, meanwhile, lads, both Whigs and Rads, come lay the Tories low.

No. III.

WE'VE NOTHING TO LOSE.

AIR—" *Hunting the Hare.*"

O! what a prospect, how pleasant and cheering now,
 Cant and corruption are vanishing fast!
 Clouds that have loured on our house all are clearing now,
 Radical Rule is approaching at last!
 The Tories defeated,—the Whigs fairly cheated,
 Will show our friends seated,—wherever they choose;
 Hence with dull quiet, we're ripe for a riot,
 We've all things to gain, and we've nothing to lose.
 Nay, never doubt but with wondrous facility,
 Every snug office our leaders will cram:
 Strange, if at least they don't beat in ability,
 All the dumb dunces of Grey and of Lamb.
 They're none of your cold ones,—but bouncing and bold ones,
 Who'll soon show the old ones—what tricks they can use:
 And then as to station, or stake in the nation,
 Or high reputation,—they've nothing to lose.
 Sugden must quit, tho' so learned in Chancery;
 Lyndhurst afar from the Woolsack must roam;
 And while for ould Ireland O'Connell will answer ye,
 Harvey shall handle the Great Seal at home.
 Hume with such skill in—dissecting a shilling,
 Expects to be filling—Sir Robert Peel's shoes;
 And though some confusion should be the conclusion,
 The better for us, who have nothing to lose.
 Long, too long, have the great been oppressing us;
 Tories or Whigs, 'twas exactly the same:
 Whether coercing, or whether caressing us,
 Keep to themselves—was for ever their game.
 How my hand itches—to lighten their breeches
 Of some of the riches—they've hoarded like Jews!
 We then, in the sequel, shall see things more equal;
 At least, if they're not, why, we've nothing to lose.
 Some may run rusty, who ought to unite with us,
 Fearing their pockets get picked in the crowd:
 Still there are many to join in the fight with us,
 If a due share of the booty's allow'd.
 What, though Old Glory,—once famous in story,
 Now turning a Tory,—his aid should refuse?
 Yet Bowring and brothers, with plenty of others,
 All sons of—good mothers, have nothing to lose.
 Out with your sponge, and a fig for the creditor!
 Full time it is he were feeling our clutch:
 Strip him as bare as a Whig-paper Editor;
 Many long years has he fingered too much.
 Let Governors grumble—if Bank-stock should tumble,
 Or old women mumble—at hearing the news:
 With consols at fifty—'twill make them more thrifty;
 At least what care we,—who have nothing to lose.
 Fill then the glass to commotion and anarchy!
 Quick, let us hasten the crisis and crash!
 And if in the row we run foul of the monarchy,
 Surely we shan't break our hearts at the smash.
 Lopping and levelling,—no longer drivelling,
 All things bedevilling,—these are our views:
 We may in the struggle, find something to smuggle,
 At least there's one comfort,—we've nothing to lose.

SPENSER.

LEGEND OF THE RED-CROSSE KNIGHT.

No. VII.—CONCLUSION.

THE light of honour and of glory had long ceased to shine round the crest of the Red-Crosse—his once high heart had been not humbled only but humiliated—he had “bowed to despicable gods”—and in him our fallen nature, prone to fleshly sin, had endured the worst extremities of suffering—shame, remorse, and despair. All the hero was dead—the man alive, and but alive—better than to be sunk so miserably low, and so degraded—better far to be insensate dust. The virtue was gone out of him, as from a mildewed flower once, on its clustered stalk, the stateliest in all the beautiful fields of spring; the light had left the urn in which it seemed to have been immortally enshrined as in a star, and the clay, turned to vilest uses, flung forth to rot among weeds; the living temple had been profaned, and desecrated, and ruined—and it seemed, indeed, as if “its great inhabitant were gone.”

But fallen as he was from his high estate—from his estate of innocence into the lowest abyss of guilt—we have seen that he was not forsaken, and therefore we felt all the while that he was not utterly lost. We felt, that Heaven would not suffer his soul to perish as long as the Red-Crosse had Una's prayers; and all good hopes revived within our hearts on seeing her once more by his side,—and them two entering together the gates of the House of Holiness. Initiated within its noiseless walls into the mysteries of revelation, by one who had her charter to teach directly from the skies, how soon was the wretch's soul, that had been sick even unto death, not only to health restored, but imbued with the blessing of a new life! Wondrous, indeed, was the change wrought on his whole being before our eyes—but the spiritual discipline by which it was produced shewed us the secrets, which all men must know on earth, who hope to arrive in heaven. Obedient

in all things, at last he was made whole—and lo! once more resplendent in his celestial arms, the Red-Crosse from those sacred shades is issuing into day, more heroic far than when first he couched his lance by Una's side—and commissioned to prevail, with the aid of Him who is mighty to save, over the powers of hell and the grave.

No longer are we in Faery Land—but in Eden, the birth-place of Una—and is not Eden a lovely land and a happy—embosomed in Paradise—and bathed in all beauty and in all bliss? It was so once—as sure as holy writ. But dark are the ways of God to man—and now under his providence is it by day benighted in total eclipse of the Son of Righteousness—and all the realm is sad. Dominion has been given to the Dragon—even to him who once was called the Son of the Morning—and till he be slain—Eden is like Hades.

After all her wanderings, and all her woes, Una is once more within sight of her own silvan bowers, and glad, no doubt, would she be, under the pleasant shade, to lie down and fall asleep beneath a drapery of dreams. But,

“High time now gan it wex for Una
fayre
To thinke of those her captive parents
deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to re-
payre:
Whereto whenas they now approached
neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan
to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake,”

Read over that last line again—and again—my Mary—and believe that for thy sake, to our old eyes, it is the loveliest line—simple though it be—that ever fell from poet's pen in praise of woman's manner—of thine and of Una, of Innocence and of Truth.

How simple her encouragement of the Red-Crosse! and how his

great heart must have felt itself restored to all its heroic might by these few words!—

“‘ Deare Knight! as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High Heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye
for me take!’”

Never till then had Una's lips told so much of her life-deep love—their music was now in holy unison with the light of her eyes—and what danger would appal her champion after she had said to him—

“‘ The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on Earth, that batteill
undertake.’”

She points to the brazen tower in which her parents are imprisoned—the watchman on its top waiting for glad tidings, that are now near at hand. Nothing can be imagined more dreadful than the first sight of the Dragon:—

“‘ With that they heard a roaring hideous
sownd;

That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd uneth to shake the stedfast
ground.

Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they es-
pyde,

Where strecht he lay upon the sunny
side

Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde
Those glistring armes, that heaven with
light did fill,

He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
them untill.”

The perfect calmness of the Red-Crosse is nobly shown in the few following lines—and so is the fear-
less obedience of Una.

“‘ Then badd the knight his lady yede
aloof,

And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde;
From whence she might behold that bat-
tailles proof,

And eke be safe from daunger far de-
scryde.”

We have heard Spenser blamed for pausing to invoke the Muse, at the moment the monster is moving “full blyth” to devour his prey. And, perhaps, before an encounter between man and man, such invocation might have been out of time and out of place, though sanctioned by

the greatest authorities. But not so, when in an allegorical poem, a knight fights a dragon—and we need not now say—what dragon. From the beginning we have known that all he continued to do and suffer was to prepare us for this final encounter and overthrow. The sunny side of the great hill, on which the dragon lay stretched, himself like a great hill, was remote—he had roused himself “full blyth” as he “from far descried those glistring arms;” though “he hastened” towards them, some time elapsed ere he was close upon the Champion. The Poet partakes of the confidence of his hero, and of the lady “withdrawn asyde”—his imagination is exalted—and fears not, during the approach of the monster that was arising on an earthquake, to exclaim,

“‘ Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learn-
ed dame,

Fayre ympe of Phoebus and his aged
bryde,

The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike handes ennoblest with im-
mortall name!”

He calls upon her to inspire him—not now with her mightiest rage—for such inspiration he may not need, till he essays to sing of wars yet unfought,

“‘ Twixt that great Faery Queene and
Paynim knight”—

meaning, historically, Queen Eliza-
beth and the King of Spain—which song, when finished, shall be “a work of labour long, and endlesse prayse”—but for

“‘ A while to lett down that haughtie
string,

And to my tunes thy second tenor
rayse,

That I this man of God his godly armes
may blaze.”

From our trance, brought on by the magnificent diction of the invocation, we are on a sudden aroused by the instant advent of the Terror.

“‘ By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh
to hand,

Halfe flying and halfe footing in his
haste,

That with his largenesse measured much
land,

And made wide shadow under his huge
waste;

As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore.
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste ;
Which, to increase his wondrous great-
ness more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and
with bloody gore."

Sublime—so saith Upton—as Mil-
ton's Satan journeying through the
vast gulf between heaven and hell.

" Nigh foundered, on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on
foot,
Half flying."

No where else in poetry is there
such a dreadful dragon. Yet what
is he like? Nay, you must tell us—
for we have no image of him on the
retina of our eye. Neither are we
going to quote the stanzas, in which
he shows us that terror and obscu-
rity are sources of the sublime.
All at once a roaring, hideous sound
fills the air, and shakes the ground—
whence or from what coming we
know not, any more than we knew,
during one dreadful minute, one
day thirty years ago, on a Highland
moor, whence or from what came—
first a growl, and then a roar, as if
a great quagmire had burst—but it
was the voice of a bull, all of a sud-
den maddened in the solitude. A
hill is seen stretching itself up on
the side of a hill—and not only alive
but "blyth"—an alarming symp-
tom. Yet, though "half flying and
half footing," he is still a hill; nay,
he waxes larger as he nears, and is
as a mountain overshadowing the val-
ley. Is not that exaggeration? Yes,
it is—gross exaggeration—and there-
fore entire truth. For fear makes
mountains of molehills, and supposes
that seas not higher than houses
smite the sky. But was Spenser
afraid of the mere creature of his
imagination? Yes, he was—for it is
only of mere creatures of imagina-
tion that men are ever afraid—and
therefore are all poets cowards.
That Edmund was one in this case
no wonder, for does he not tell you
that the Dragon,

" Which, to increase his wondrous great-
ness more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and
with bloody gore?"

But the Red-Crosse was not afraid
—not he—for he beheld the Dragon

just as he was—and untroubled,
"gan fayrely couch his steady
spear." Nor was Una afraid—not
for herself, we mean—no, not even
for "him, her lion, and her lord."
She knew her enemy was about to
die. Clouds take the shape of dra-
gons—then why not hills? But now
the dragon has no longer the look of
a living hill, but hath taken his own
appalling paraphernalia and propor-
tions.

" And over all with brasen scales was
armd,

Like plated cote of Steele, so couched
neare

That nought mote perce; ne might his
corse be harmd

With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed
speare:

Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely
dight;

So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto
the knight.

" His flaggy winges, when forth he did
display,

Were like two sayles, in which the hol-
low wynd

Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons
bynd,

Were like mayne-yardes with flying can-
vas lynd;

With which whenas him list the ayre to
beat,

And there by force, unwonted passage
fynd,

The cloudes before him fledd for terror
great,

And all the Hevens stood still amazed with
his threat."

It is not easy to decide which is
the more formidable—the tail or the
head of the Great Dragon.

" His huge long tayle, wovnd up in hun-
dred folder,

Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he
unfolds,

And thick-entangled knots adown does
slack,

Bespotted as with shieldes of red and
blacke,

It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;

And at the point two stinges infixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele
exceeden farre."

Suffice it to say of his head, that the mouth

“ Wyde gapèd, like the griesly mouth of Hell ;”

and in it were ranged three ranks of iron teeth,

“ In which yett trickling blood, and gob-bets raw,

Of late devoured bodies did appeare ;”

his eyes, like blazing shields, burned with wrath,

“ As two broad beacons, sett in open fields,

Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,

And warning give, that enemies conspyre With fire and sword the region to invade ; So flam’d his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :

But far within, as in a hollow glade, Those glaring lampes were sett, that made a dreadful shade.”

Painting! Poo! what is it to poetry? Michael Angelo himself could not, for the life of him, paint a dragon with a tail “that of three furlongs did but little lacke.” Yet we know the power of shadow—and how a dragon might be elongated in gloom, out of which, ever and anon, were to be discovered upheaving, billow after billow—with a dead sea between—of back with scales all horrid, portentous in lurid light, owning not the sun for its source, but innate within those infernal coils—call it not light but fire. But here there is no shadow but what he himself has made—on a sunny hill he had been lying—and on a sunny plain he attacks the Red-Crosse. Our imagination has been visited by a succession of images, each of which has aggrandized the visionary Monster by the effect of some new terror or horror that could not have all coexisted in him before the material eye—and thus, instead of one painted Dragon, in one posture—which is all Michael Angelo could have shown—Spenser shows us a succession of poetical Dragons, that are all, nevertheless, one Dragon—“the same, but oh! how different!”—the same only inasmuch as they all breathe of hell; and that is a principle of unity that blends together in our imagination a Dragon with a tail “that of three furlongs did but little lack,” and a Dragon with no more tail than

an ape—that is, no tail at all. After all, there is nothing in this wide world of ours—the only world worth seeing—the world of imagination—like winged words. They are omnipotent in their creations over the accidents of time and place and all other accidents—they alone could show that idea—“his stature reached the sky.”

But lo! they encounter—and the horse and his rider are overthrown—what could they less?—by him who with his tail had swept three parts of the stars from heaven. But the Red-Crosse had not been tumbled from his saddle, nor had the spine of his steed been snapped—and

“Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,”

and renewed the combat. That celestial sword, of keener temper than ever steel drew from the cold Ebro’s flood, though yet it pierced not those scaly folds, astounded the great dragon.

“Exceeding rage enflam’d the furious beast,

To be avenged of so great despight ; For never felt his imperceable brest So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;

Yet had he prov’d the powre of many a puissant knight.”

The dragon we saw had wings—“flaggy winges”—which, when forth he did them display, were “like two sails”—and what vulture on Imaus bred, what condor on the Himalaya ridge ever set such sails as those? So he resolved to take wing, and to soar aloft, but not alone.

“Long he them bore above the subject plaine,

So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send, Till struggling strong did him at last constrain

To let them downe before his flightes end : As hagard hauke presuming to contend With hardy fowle, above his hable might, His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend

To trusse the prey too heavy for his flight, Which coming down to ground, does free itselfe by flight.

“He so disseized of his gryping grosse, The knight his thrillant speare again assayd

In his bras-plated body to embosse, And three men’s strength into the stroake he layd,

Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as
affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did
glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad dis-
playd:
The piercing steele there wrought a
wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster
lowdly cryde."

The Red-Crosse wounds him under
the left wing with his spear,
whereat

"He cryde as raging seas are wont to
rore."

The dragon draws out the weapon
with his claws, and

"forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he
stood;"

and the poet audaciously adds,

"The streame thereof would drive a
water-mill."

By a stroke of that writhing tail the
knight is unhorsed, but quickly re-
gains his feet,

"From off the earth with durty blood
dystained,"

and hews away at the crest, that re-
buts each blow like adamant. Yet
such is the torment of the wound
beneath his left wing, that fain would
the Dragon fly, but cannot rise from
the ground. He then, braying with
anguish, sends from his oven such a
scorching flame, that it sears the
knight's body through his armour,

"That he could not endure so cruel cace,
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet
to unlace."

Had he done so, he had been lost!
For what knight ever flung aside the
armoury of faith, and fell not beneath
his foe into death and perdition?
The very thought of such sin for a
while weakened him — while it
strengthened the power of the fire
that consumed his vitals.

"Not that great champion of the antique
world,

Whom famous poetes verse so much doth
vaunt,

And hath for twelve huge labours high
extold,

So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did en-
chaunt,

With Centaures blood and bloody verses
charm'd;

As did this knight twelve thousand do-
lours daunt,

Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst
him arm'd;

That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of
all him harm'd."

That last line is surely full of many
meanings, and methinks we could
discourse on them till that slow, but
not dilatory, finger, now pointing to
twelve, should touch one—the most
solemn figure on the dial by night—
by day the most cheerful! But we
leave your own heart to indite to
itself the homily — and the higher
that heart be, the humbler as it saith
"Amen!" Verily these things are
a mystery—and now art thou about
to read of a mystery greater than
them all.

"Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

"It fortun'd, (as fayre it them befell)
Behind his backe, unweeting where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good:
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot:

" For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those, that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Iordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrown fell.

" Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His ferie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest;
Whan that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell."

The well of life! You have read is afterwards called "new-born;" of it in Revelations. "And he that is, regenerated by baptism in the well of life!" And how fares it now with Una, "on a hill withdrawn," now that it seemeth as if her Red-Crosse had fallen, never more to rise, and that all was lost—that he was about to perish—that her parents were to remain imprisoned till they should die—and that she herself was utterly undone? What could she do but—pray? The sun was going down—the sun sank—the sun remained long away—and the sun arose—and all that time Una was in prayer; and her prayers were heard. How perfectly beautiful the passage!

" Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre;
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chaunce from her to turne away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

" The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
That Titan rose to runnie his daily race;
But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safëty,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

" At last she saw, where he upstartd brave
Out of the well wherein he drenched lay;
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,

And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pineons to assay,
And marvelles at himselfe, stil as he flies :
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

" Whom when the damned feend so fresh bid spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite;
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

" I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feele;
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten metall, in his blood embrew:
For, till that stownd, could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme."

But not yet is the Dragon vanquish-
ed—and the Red-Crosse, ere he gain
the victory, is to be baptized in fire.
The mortal sting is once more trans-
fixed into his shoulder, while his
body is enveloped in folds, volumi-
nous, till

" Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade
he heste,

And strooke so strongly, that the knotty
string

Of his huge taile he quite asonder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hew'd, and but the
stump him lefte.

" Hart cannot thinke what outrage and
what cries,

With fowle enfouldred smoake and flash-
ing fire,

The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
skies,

That all was covered with darknesse dire;
Then fraught with rancour and engorged

fire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;

And gathering up himselfe out of the
mire,

With his uneven wings did fiercely fall;
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt
it fast withall."

The monster is mutilated of a paw
that still clings to the golden shield,
and in his agony again expires scorch-
ing flame from his "hellish entrails,"
which the Red-Crosse cannot en-
dure, and falls backward in the mire,
"with dread of shame sore terri-
fied;" when lo! another of the greater
mysteries.

" There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were redd:
For happy life to all which thereon fedd.
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd.
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

" In all the world like was not to be fownd,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know

Both good and ill: O mournfull memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath doen us all to dy!

"From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
And deadly wounds could heale; and reare againe
The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

"For nigh thereto the ever-damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And al that life preserved did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of Earth and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

"When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

"The ioyous day gan early to appeare;
And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red:
Her golden locks, for hast, were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From Heven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting lارke.

"Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurtes and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devoured, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare."

No commentary is needed here by the Christian reader; yet it is pleasant to hear the pious Upton, in his simple and solemn style, speak of the spirit of these stanzas. "The reader," says he, "knows that the scene of action is in Eden, and that the Knight, emblematically the Captain of our Salvation, is come to restore Lost Paradise; who, after his SECOND fall, is to rise victorious over

death and hell, and to lead captivity captive." These two trees, the tree of life and the tree of knowledge, are mentioned particularly in Genesis ii. and ix, and who does not remember Milton—

"And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and, next to life,

Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by;
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill."

This tree of life, shadowing out in a figure everlasting life, is mentioned in Revelations, ii. 7. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God;" and again, in Revelations, xxii. 2. "and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." "This passage of the Revelation," says Upton, "makes the whole allegory very plain; and hence may be explained why Spenser calls the tree of life 'the crime of our first father's fall,'"—an expression, we perceive, which Jortin thinks unintelligible—and asks, rather angrily, what it means. Warton, too, seems at a loss; but Upton observes, "that by a kind of metonymy, that is applied to the tree of life which belongs to man; and it means that tree, which was made criminal for us to presume to reach, which was prohibited to us through the crime of Adam. And he goes on to say well, that as Spenser keeps nearly to scripture, and preserves all along his allegory, so likewise, as far as his subject allows, he loses not sight altogether of the legendary history of St George, of whom it is related that the Dragon assaulted the knight so furiously, that both man and horse came to the ground sore bruised—that it happened a tree grew near the place where the fight was, of such precious virtue, that no venomous worm durst approach its branches—and that under this tree, and with its goodly fruit, St George refreshed himself awhile, and then returned more vigorously to the battle. What a divine power is that of genius, thus to unite scripture, and allegory, and romance, not only without offence, but in a poem that strengthens the soul even as the body is strengthened by some plant of sovereign virtue! And why durst not the Dragon approach nigh the tree of life? Because he was "deadly made; that is," saith our instructor, "made for death, hell, and destruction; not for life, heaven, and happiness." In illustration of the awful meaning of "Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,"

you may read Psalms, xvi. 10; "God would not leave his soul in hell, neither suffer his HOLY ONE to see corruption."—or Hosea, vi. 2. "After two days will he revive us; in the THIRD day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight."—and 1 Corinthians, xv. 4. "He rose again the THIRD DAY according to the scriptures"—and Luke, xiii. 32. "The THIRD DAY I shall be perfected." We should hardly have ventured of ourselves to refer to these texts, had we not the authority and sanction of the pious Prebendary, whom we shall always think the best by far of Spenser's commentators—and he bids us consider them, that we may see how proper it was that this fight should last to the THIRD DAY, and how it could not, consistent with the allegory, have been shortened. "This HOLY ONE—*this Captain of our salvation, perfect through suffering*, is shadowed to us in this fight with the Dragon, viz. the old Serpent, and Satan, for on the third day God sends Messiah, his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory."

Therefore thus Milton:

"Two days are therefore past, THE THIRD
is thine;
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far
Have suffered, that the glory may be
thine
Of ending this great war."

"Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and prevailed," Rev. xii. 7; that is, Christ, the Prince of angels. And Upton adds, "What was proper in this allegory Spenser has taken; and what Milton thought proper for his divine subject he has likewise adopted. This is sufficient for poets."

The Red-Crosse now deals the Dragon his death-wound—

"So downe he fell, and forth his life did
breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes
swift;
So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt
away,
With deadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,

And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth
dismay :

So downe he fell, and like an heaped
mountaine lay."

"So down he fell" is here four times repeated, in imitation of the same kind of repetition of the Fall of Babylon, of which the Dragon is a type—as in Revelations and Isaiah—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen," &c. In his account of the metamorphosis of the infernal spirits into serpents, Milton thrice repeats the same word—

"Down their arms,

Down fell both spear and shield, down
they as fast."

The simile of the rock falling into the sea belongs—as all strong simple similies do—of course, to Homer—and to all other poets.

Some have said, that Spenser wants strength—pray, did Sampson? Many more have said, that he wants judgment—pray, did Solomon? We shall not criticize the combat—which, from the few rounds we have quoted, you see, was worthy of chivalry in its most palmy days. The movements are all magnificent—and the issue of all those fluctuations often seems doubtful, though we feel assured that the Red-Crosse will come victoriously out of that sea of blood. Romance readers—and few of us, in our childhood at least, have not been so on bits of whitey-brown paper, perhaps, grim with formidable cuts of men outstaring monsters—have all a deep delight in dragons; which complex emotion, did we choose to philosophize, we could resolve into its elements, without being able, however, to make ourselves intelligible to any mind that had not very early become familiar with the poetry of him, who, "to lonely Patmes banished, saw in the sun a mighty angel stand." A dragon of any degree moves the imagination the moment he is seen at the mouth of his cave, basking, we shall suppose, in the sun; or should we dare to take a peep *far ben* in the gloom, asleep among the few bones, which, after mumbling in his red maw, he had spared to devour, from fear that his delicate stomach might be troubled with indigestion, and the vapours people his brain with blue devils. But the Dragon—the GREAT Dragon

—seems, as you see him issuing from the night of woods, to be sallying from hell. The Power of Sin is impersonated; you instantly think of the sole Power that can slay him; and when he is slain, the earth looks greener, and the heart leaps up, as if his death were life to us, and man and nature were freed from their only foe. The Bottomless Pit!

Throughout the combat the allegory is wondrously well preserved by the poet, though it may be lost sight of by the reader, or but dimly thought of in the stronger interest of a flesh and blood struggle for life or death; and nothing can be finer than the close:—

"The knight himselfe even trembled at
his fall,

So huge and horrible a masse it seemed,
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she
misdeemed;

But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine af-
fright,

She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous
end;

Then God she praysd, and thankt her
faithfull knight

That had atchieved so great a conquest by
his might."

No vain-glorious self-exaltation with the Red-Cross Knight. He trembles—for the first time—at the very fall of his foe; even his great heart can almost feel fear, now that there is no danger; and without some such fear, there could not be the joy of escape from dishonour or death. Una, too, "durst not approach for dread." But how did she hail the conqueror? With passionate embraces? And did she sob away into a swoon? Spenser simply tells us, that "at last she nigher drew;" and in one line reveals her angelic spirit.

"Then God she praysd, and thankt her
faithfull knight."

Spenser's own spirit seems now to be invaded by a sudden access of lustrous joy—and now is the time for an outbreak of sunny song, such a song as in Scotland we call "the skriech o' day"—meaning thereby the music of all her awakened birds. And he exclaims—

" Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend :
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end ;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

" Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the Earth his flaming creast ;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragon's fatall fall.

" Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
That aged syre, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand ;
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed ioy and peace through all his state ;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

" Then gan triumphant trumpets sownd on hye,
That sent to Heven the echoed report
Of their new ioy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consont,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

" Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the gownd,
And sad habiliments right well besene ;
A noble crew about them waited rownd,
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

" Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And, him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light ;
And in their hands sweet timbrells all upheld on light.

" And, them before, the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,

And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood:
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes her nymphes, enraung'd in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood;

“ So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to Heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they sett a girland greene,
 And crown'd her twixt earnest and twixt game:
 Who, in her self-resemblance well besene,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.”

How solemn — how sacred the triumph! and, at the same time, how sweet! How visionary, and yet how real! Imagination beautifying and sanctifying all that is best in this our earthly life, with “a light that never was on land or sea,” but which holy genius is supposed to bring from Heaven. This is religious poetry — nor do we fear, on witnessing such celebration, to think — with the poet's reverend illustrator — of the triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when the people “took branches of palm-trees, and went forth to meet Him, and cried Hosanna.”

Not a word does the Red-Crosse speak — and Una — she, too, is mute. They are enjoying their god-given happiness — humble in their hearts in their high estate — passive in the hands of a whole people's bliss, and willing to be so adorned with their grateful garlands, because by themselves, under Heaven, had been brought “peace to all the land!” The vision is as harmonious to the eye as the music is to the ear, and all is imbued with one spirit.

“Forth came that aunceint Lord, and aged Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
 And sad habiliments right well besene.”

We regard them with mingled joy, pity, and reverence, as they bring along with them the shadow of the gloom of their long imprisonment into the open daylight of deliverance; their retinue of “sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd,” intensifies the beauty of the “goodly band of tall young men,” marching far before, “all hable armes to sownd” — wisdom

with valour in the van; mirth gracefully accompanies majesty; and how suitably, at such a season, bounds youth by the side of age — privileged to dance and sing — for its joy is religion, and the expression of its joy is worship! Nor is the pervading spirit of the scene broken by the bold stroke of truth and nature which Spenser does not fear to dash off, any more than would Wordsworth have feared.

“And after all the taskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admired as from Heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle fear did them dismay,
 Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch,
 or once assay.”

Some feard, and fledd: some feard, and well it faynd;
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.”

Then is there that tender touch of the mother's alarm for her fool-hardy child playing with the talons of the dead dragon — perhaps not yet wholly dead; for the whole people

have gathered around the monstrous carcass, and imagination forms for herself a thousand pictures. But imagination is willing to let them, one and all, fade away, and to fix her eyes on Spenser's picture of a Royal Festival, that makes us lo-

vingly acknowledge the divine right of Kings and Queens—were they all like Una's Parents—but that may not be—for they ruled in the land of Eden, and in the land of Eden Restored.

"Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and sayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvery and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his pallace he them brings,
With shaumes and trompets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the ioyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all, that roiall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

"What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
The large discourse of roiall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and playne;
For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

"Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned guest:
Who then with uttrance grave, and count'nance sad,
From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

"Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too impörtune fate
That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes;
(For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in Fortune's cruel freakes;)
And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheaks."

Never till that day, had the King and Queen of Eden looked on "the face of that victorious man." But they received him at once into their hearts, and at once he became their son. Their gratitude was not for

themselves alone, nor yet for the kingdom his prowess had restored; but for their Una's sake. Never, on all this earth, had daughter so well deserved to be beloved by her parents as she—for she was without spot

or blemish; and, much as she had suffered, never had her face been darkened in a single scowl of Heaven. Heaven had no scowl for one so entirely innocent; and she had brought back her beauty to Eden, unimpaired by the winds of the wilderness and its driving dust. But for the Red-Crosse, her parents thought, what had become of our Una? She might now have been—dead! The Red-Crosse had been, indeed, a deliverer; yet we can imagine how humbly of himself he spake, and that he dwelt less on his achievements than his transgressions; that it was so, we are told affectingly in a few words—"with utterance grave, and countenance sad." Their "renowned guest" gloried not in his renown; he knew his own worth, for no noble nature is unconscious of its nobility; but pride cannot be in the heart of him who has conquered in the strength that comes from on high; and laurel-crowned, and hymned, and throned, the Christian hero, even in the midst of his permitted joy, forgets not that he is a sinner. They "often blamed the too impórtune fate"—they whom he had rescued; but nor fate nor fortune did the Red-Crosse accuse—nor Archimago nor Duessa; in the House of Holiness he had learned another wisdom; and even Una's self, with all her pity and all her love, had never whispered that it was not to himself that he had owed all his sufferings and all his sorrows. Yet speaking in her presence, and in presence of her parents, and of all those "sage and sober peres," and of youths and maidens too, undoubtedly allowed to assist at such a festival, we may believe that in few words were uttered some of his confessions, and that there was no hypocrisy in drawing the veil of silence over some of the secrets that were between God and his own heart. No need—no call—to emblazon sin and shame which repentance has effaced; and conscience, instructed by religion, whispers that memory may let such thoughts for a while pass into oblivion. Sweet then is the still small voice! And did it not sometimes so speak, how to any mortal man could there be an hour of peace!

Think of Ulysses reciting his adventures before the Court of Alci-

nous—of Æneas charming the court of Carthage, and fatally its queen. How divinely has Homer, and has Virgil, made his hero speak! Yet has Spenser in two stanzas inspired us with profounder thoughts than ever could have been known to the soul of "him of the Iliad and the Odyssey," or of him whom, although heathen-born, have all the Christian nations pronounced divine. Bright fabling and high the story of that wandering Greek—and of the founder of the Roman line the goddess-born. But not of earthly empyr alone did Spenser sing—of its heroes, and conquerors, and kings, and kesars. His song was of the spiritual world—shadowed, and typified, and symbolized; and earth in his poetry is felt, alike in its happiness and its misery, to be what it is, because holden, with all that therein breathes, in the hollow of His hand who made the heavens.

Yet dear to Spenser's heart, and fair to his eyes, were all the purer fancies of the genius of the heathen world. We have seen how lovingly familiar he was with all its mythologies; nor is he loath, but glad, to liken even Una's self, in that procession, to Diana surrounded by her nymphs—his joy in the joy of his own Christian virgin purifying to her purity the goddess of the silver bow—and imagination fondly bringing back the beauty from her on whom it had lavishly showered it, to render her from whose brow it indeed was borrowed, still more beautiful than before!

But the spirit of Spenser was then full of mirth and joy, when he said of Una,

"As fayre Diana in fresh summer's day
Beholdes her nymphs, enraunged in
shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe
in christall flood."

His spirit was of more solemn and sacred mood, when

"Then sayd that royall pere in sober
wise,
'Deare Sonne! great beene the evils
which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note whether praise or pittie
more;

For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seized have the
shore,
And well arrivèd are, (high God be
blest;)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

By the profound meaning of that
sweet still line, Spenser's spirit
seems even more sanctified; the few
words that pass between the Red-
Crosse and Una's father are some-
whatsad, though happy, for the mar-
riage may not yet be; but what are
six years to lovers such as they?
The Hebrew who met the daughter

of Israel at the well, for sake of her,
served cheerfully twice seven years
—but they lived constantly in each
others sight—whereas the Red-
Crosse is vowed—

"Back to retourne to that great Faery
Queene."

But Una is his "by dew desert of
noble chivalrie;" and the King of
Eden has said to him—

"Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I
yield to thee."

And so saying—

"Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter and his onely hayre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that lady shewd herselfe in sight;

"So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

"The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight."

No thought of Diana now with the
poet who issued, through her father's
lips, a command for Una to appear
—and appear she doth, like the
morning star. And they who have
seen the morning star rising, as
Spenser here shows it, know that
the image, though the most heaven-
ly in all the heavens, is not yet so
heavenly as in the frame of virgin in-
nocence the impersonation of Truth.
Yet not fairer is the morning star
than the lily of the field—and Una is
fairer than them both; and though
silk and silver be fair—emblems of

softness and sincerity—unworthy
silk and silver to form Una's raiment
—for it is of the linen—woven in no
earthly loom—of which is made the
vestments of the saints. And could
Una owe indeed aught of her beauty
to her garments? Ask it not. Hi-
therto she had been clothed in sad-
ness—now she is arrayed in joy.
Now therefore is her beauty perfect-
ed, and it breathes into the heart of
the Red-Crosse a perfect bliss. No
wonder that he "wonders much at
her celestial sight." For new per-
ception is given him—all obscuring

shadows are withdrawn—and in her native brightness he looks upon Truth.

"A glorious apparition, had not fear
That day dimmed Adam's eyes,"

saith Milton of an angel visiting the bowers of Paradise; but no doubt now dimmed the eyes of the Red-Crosse, and he knew that his Una—standing there beside her earthly parents—was the daughter of God.

"So fairely dight when she in presence
came,

She to her syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well be-
came,

And added grace unto her excellence."

But who is he

"With flying speede, and seeming great
pretence,

Came running in, much like a man dis-
mayd,

A messenger with letters, which his mes-
sage sayd?"

Alas! he who thah sinned shall assuredly find that—by the very constitution of this world—repentance cannot shield him from the evil consequence of sin; and the trouble may come upon him in the hour of his holiest happiness. Accusations are brought, and suspicions awakened, against the Red-Crosse knight; nor is the charge entirely false, for they are urged on the ear of the King by Duessa—imploing redress as

"The wofull daughter and forsaken
heyre

Of that great emperour of all the west."

The King is astonished—and

"With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his
guest;

'Redoubted knight, that for myne only
sake

Thy life and honor late adventurst;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought
to be exprest.

"What mean these bloody vowes and
idle threats,

Throwne out from womanish impatient
mynd?

What Hevens? what altars? what en-
raged heates,

Here heaped up with terms of love un-
kynd,

My conscience cleare with guilty bands
would bynd?

HIGH God be wnesse, that I guiltlesse
ame!

But if yourselfe, sir Knight, ye faulty
fynd,

Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
What cryme doe not it cover, but dis-
close the same."

The Red-Crosse must now confess how he had been enveigled by "the falsest dame on ground;" and from his faltering words it appears, that he had not till then spoken of her

"Who by her wicked arts and wiely
skill,

Too false and strong for earthly skill or
might,

Unwares me wrought unto her wicked
will."

But Una speaks for him against the sorceress—her eyes are not to be deceived—and through his disguise she detects—Archimago. The "faytor false" is bound hand and foot, and flung into a dungeon—and

"Thus, when that princes wrath was
pacifide,

He gan renew the late forbidden baine,
And to the knight his daughter dear he
tyde

With sacred rites and vowes for ever to
abyde."

"His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,

That none but death for ever can divide;

His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,

The housling fire did kindle and provide,

And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;

At which the bushy teade a groome did light,

And sacred lamp in sacred chamber hide,

Where it should not be quenched day nor night,

For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

"Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,

And made great feast to solemnize that day:

They all perfumde with frankincense divine,

And precious odours fetcht from far away,

That all the house did sweat with great aray:

And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull meláncoly;
The whiles one sung a song of love and iollity.

"During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sownd through all the pállace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' Eternall Maiesty;
In their trinall triplicities on hye:
Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reffe of his senses meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

"Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eie did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

"Her ioyous present, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were hable to annoy:
Yet, swimming in that sea of blissfull ioy,
He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could, that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne;
The which he shortly did; and Una left to mourne."

Never were holier espousals! "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready, and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clear and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints," Rev. xix. 7. "This passage," quoth Upton, "plainly alludes to the mystical union of Christ and his Church; and this, too, is the allegorical allusion of our poet." On the lines—

"And sacred lamp in secret chamber
hide,
Where it should not be quenched day or
night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever
bright,"

the same learned and pious person observes, that in them he believes Spenser has a mystical meaning of his own; for 'tis neither a Roman, Grecian, nor Jewish custom; and Spenser seems to allude to the mystical meaning of the wise virgins' lamps in the parable, which, like the typical fire in Leviticus, vi. 13, "shall ever be burning upon the

altar of love: it shall never go out."

"The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity,"

may, he says, allude to the hymeneal song, or epithalamium, among the Greeks and Romans, but sung likewise by "the children of the bridegroom," (as they are called in Matthew, x. 15,) among the Jews. While

"During the which there was an heavenly noise,"

plainly alludes to the song sung at the marriage of the Lamb, "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, singing Alleluia! let us be glad and rejoyce, and give incense to him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife has made herself ready."

"Singing before th' Eternal Maiesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye,"

is language which Spenser, accordant with Christian Scripture, uses also in his Hymn of Heavenly Love; and Milton, too, as we all know, is

full of this doctrine of hierarchies and orders, which is to be found in several fine passages of Tasso.

“ And Una left to mourn.”

The Church—says Upton—is yet in its militant or afflicted state; *yet left to mourn*. There is, therefore, only a contract of marriage; the accomplishment will be, when the Church becomes triumphant; and when the throne of the Faery Queen is established in righteousness, and in all moral virtues, by the return of her knights, accompanied with Prince Arthur.

And do we always carry along with us, in weal or woe, a sense of the allegorical character of Una and the Red-Crosse? We believe, for our own parts, that we do; and that the double feeling, kept perpetually alive by divinest art, possesses a pleasurable pathos, which we cannot imagine inspired by the sight of mere simple human sorrow. The mystic meaning sometimes stealing upon us unawares, gives a profoundest interest even to incidents in themselves unimportant; and sometimes it has the effect of tempering or subduing the emotion with which incidents in themselves harrowing, would, but for it, have too painfully disturbed us; so that it may be truly said, that from beginning to end of the legend, the natural heart is alternately stirred and quieted by the moral imagination. Relief is thus provided us against too severe suffering from the sight of misery—and thus is our passion of joy, at the sight of other's joy, kept within the limits of a still delight. We seldom weep for Una—perhaps never; yet, Heaven knows, we pity her only less than we love. And, at times, do we not feel that we could calmly die for her sake? At the close there is but a betrothment, not a marriage; warm words, telling of conjugal endearments, are

profusely shed over one stanza; but Una is still a virgin daughter, and not a wife;

“ So pure and innocent as that same lamb”

is she on our taking of her loveliness a long farewell; and as at our first sight of her,

“ Seemed in her heart some hidden care she had,”

so, at our last,

“ Una is left to mourn !”

We feel as if we had still much to say; now that we have come to the close of the legend of the Red-Crosse Knight. But we believe that it must all be in your own hearts. Another time we may hold communion and converse with you on the thoughts that flow like responses from the inner shrine, whenever we shut our ears to the noisy world, and, in such poetry as Spenser's, sink away into dreams of a deeper bliss and a purer life.

And have we, indeed, for the present, brought our Series on Spenser to a close, as we shut the first book of the Faery Queen? Sixty cantos, almost as wonderful as the twelve we have travelled through in leisure and delight, lie before us; and shall we two ever breathe together the air of those romantic regions, in which seldom now is heard the echo of human voice or footstep—in the olden time how populous with life! But that is too sad an image; and with Spenser's self we hope we shall embark on another voyage, and visit many an enchanted isle, as, in the good ship *Fancy*, round the world we sail, “ in stillness or in storm,”—and, home-returning, come to our moorings at last, in water so airlike, that, twenty fathom down, you may see the shells on the glimmering sand—where, should we choose to let go our anchor, it will bite the rock.

“ Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly Mariners,
For wee be come into a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode,
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide; and then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairly finish her intent !”

JUDGE NOT, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY EDMUND PEEL.

THERE is no poet of modern times whose fame has been so gradually on the increase, and who in the end is surer of attaining to the very highest reputation, than Cowper. His keen observation and strong sense—his admirable power of expression and facility of illustration, enable him to impart a charm to subjects which at first view seem least susceptible of poetical embellishment. His verse flows on, apparently without effort; and, without any observable change in its structure, adapts itself with equal ease to the simplest objects of daily life, and to the loftiest contemplations on which the human mind can be engaged. Over all—over his walks in the summer meadows, as over his meditation on the great end of all things—is shed the fervour and earnestness of a deeply religious spirit. But unfortunately, the altar at which he worshipped often glowed with fires which afforded neither light nor heat. Then one dull dispiriting gloom settled on every object which he looked upon. The earth, for him, had no flowers; and even heaven, no hope. It is wrong, therefore, and injurious to the interests of true religion, to class Cowper, without some reservation, amongst our religious poets. Impressed—deeply impressed as he was with the truths of religion, zealously alive to her interests, and showing forth in his life the firmness and constancy of his belief, we still see in his writings how Christianity lost her inherent loveliness when seen through the distorting medium of his dark and spirit-depressing creed. Life looked back upon with regret, and death looked forward to with terror—an existence embittered with the remembrance of sins for which mercy could afford no pardon, and repentance yield no consolation—this surely is not the view which a religious poet, properly so called, would give us of our condition. Yet this is human life, as in much painted to us by Wil-

liam Cowper. The gentleness of his nature rebelled and struggled against the convictions of his faith. But the poet sank beneath the petrific mass of the theologian. In his case, the fate of the ancient prophet was reversed; and he, whose philanthropy would have led him to pronounce a blessing, was constrained, against the inclinations of his heart—and, may we add, the dictates of his understanding—to denounce curses and immitigable destruction.

We have been reminded of Cowper upon this occasion by the associations both of contrast and of resemblance. The poems of Mr Peel are truly Christian and religious poems; and we are delighted, after having so often expressed our disgust at the mawkish, and sometimes impious inanities of persons fixing “their Pindus upon Lebanon,” who trode that holy ground without due reverence or consideration—to notice in this Magazine a volume so unassuming, and yet so worthy of admiration, as the one on which we are about to offer a few remarks.

“Judge Not,” the largest work in this volume, is a poem on Christian Charity. Divided into two parts, it treats in the first of the toleration due from one individual to another; in the second, of the bond of union which ought to connect nation with nation, church with church, the Christian with his Pagan brother. The author goes on to say, in his short and touching preface, —“Having Scripture for its basis, and supported by texts of infallible authority, it will be owing to the unskilful handling of the author rather than to the unsoundness of his views, if the work fail of carrying conviction along with it. That so fair a theme as Christian concord should not have occupied the attention of the great bards of our time may be matter of regret. It does not follow, however, that all would have equally felt on the subject, or been equally prepared by

circumstances to comprehend it. Struck down, in the dawn of manhood, in the spring of high hopes and ardent aspirations, brought to the brink of the grave, and for years permitted to linger on in pain, withdrawn from the world, and led to look into himself, how could one so situated fail to discover and confess that man has every reason to be humble, none whatever to be proud? That arrogant assumption is monstrous in him whom the emphatic language of Revelation hath described, as 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked?' That beings thus destitute, thus wretched, wrecked as it were on an unknown inhospitable coast, are bound to encourage, succour, and console each other, who can doubt? That on the contrary they thwart, harass, pillage, and oppress, who is ignorant? Even in the religious world, as it is called, how rarely do we meet with the forgiving spirit, the patient endurance, the noble humility of the early Christians! What heathen do we now find exclaiming, 'See how these Christians love each other!' Is love likely to prevail among persons in the habit of contrasting their own miserable merits with the demerits of others? Of setting up certain opinions as the standard of truth, from which to differ even the shadow of a shade is held damnable? Of debating about

a Paul, or an Apollos, or a Cephas, and too frequently forgetting Christ, his humility, his meekness, and his mercy? Perceiving the bad tendency of a way of thinking, apt, on the part of the believer, to lead to Pharisaical pride; and on that of the sceptic to contempt and dislike of religion, the author, after mature deliberation, undertook the poem which he now submits to the public; in the hope that having the glory of God and the good of man for its object, it will be received with indulgence, if not with approbation, by every enlightened and candid Christian."

The poem which owes its birth to such praiseworthy motives as these is not unworthy of its origin. In many places we are reminded of the terseness and concentration of the verse of Cowper. We do not, indeed, meet with passages that approach him in power, nor do we find the same abundance of imagery, at once simple and poetical, but in many places we meet with plain thoughts happily expressed, and a sustained tone of cheerful and rational piety, which to us has the great charm of being evidently the spontaneous growth of the author's heart. In the following passage, where he advocates the necessity of being pure ourselves before we venture to be censorious on others, we recognise a resemblance such as we have described.

"Thou self erected Judge of human kind,
To vice quick sighted, while to virtue blind;
Too prompt another's foibles to perceive,
Thine own—when hinted—backward to believe;
Before thou venture to rebuke a friend,
Consult thy conscience, and thy morals mend!
The realm within thee dost thou govern well?
Praise who obey, and punish who rebel?
Are rising passions speedily suppress?
Is vice discountenanced and worth carest?
Dost keep the temple of the spirit pure?
Shield innocence, and liberty secure?
Thy constant aim *one* heart at least to bring
Under subjection to the heavenly King?
Reflect! acknowledge reason's sober sway,
Bring every better passion into play;
And having rendered God and man their due,
And done whatever thou art bound to do;
When thou art perfect, then, and not till then,
Ascend the judgment-seat, and sentence men.
Oh, did we rightly exercise that care
We misemploy in stripping others bare,
The world were better—enmity would cease
Lust yield to purity, and strife to peace!

Then pause, thou stern inquisitor ! No more
 The black abyss of human guilt explore ;
 No more on ruined reputations raise
 Thine own ; be silent where thou canst not praise.
 The way of ' life eternal ' rather teach
 By righteous actions than by railing speech :
 A good example may perchance avail,
 Where taunts exasperate, and counsels fail.
 Cease, child of clay, devoted to the worm,
 To push thy thoughts beyond their proper term ;
 With impious arrogance to claim the part
 Of Him, whose province is to read the heart ;
 To covet a prerogative too high
 For the dim faculties of things that die,
 Which neither angels nor archangels can
 Attain, reserved for him who moulded man ;
 A veil impenetrable being thrown
 Over the heart—laid bare to God alone.
 What title hast thou, with suspicious eyes,
 The motives of mankind to scrutinize ?
 Into their secret chambers canst thou see ?
 If darkness dwell there, what is that to thee ?
 Who to account another's servant calls ?
 He to his master only stands or falls.
 If light thou love—sincerely loathing sin—
 The reformation of thyself begin.
 For what art thou, contemner of thy kind,
 But naked ; poor ; weak, miserable, blind ?
 Cease then to circumscribe the grace of God—
 To poise the balance, or to lift the rod ;
 Remember how the Scripture hath declared,
 That such as spare not, Heav'n will leave unspared."—P. 14.

This extract is a fair specimen, both of the spirit and of the composition of the poem. We are not so sanguine as to expect that exhortations, however vigorously worded, will have much effect in checking slander and presumption ; but we are happy to see the attempt made by an author whose own writings exemplify the virtues he would inculcate upon others. Here is no Pharisaic pride—no assumption of superiority ; qualities which, we are sorry to say, are the characteristics of most of the pseudo-religious poems of the day. There are few things, in fact, more inexplicable than the success of those piebald productions. Arguments have been founded on their popularity, that religious feeling has made great progress, within the last few years, amongst readers of all ranks. And a farther proof of the strength of this feeling is deduced from the very stupidity of the works which have so extensive a circulation, in the same way as the extremity of a man's hunger is proved by the garbage he is sometimes glad to eat.

But we are rather inclined to attribute the success of this species of writing to a perversion of taste, and a decrease of really religious impressions. Persons of an undepraved taste, and a strong sense of religion, would be rather shocked than gratified with the shallow self-sufficiency of the authors of what are called "serious" productions. But, in truth, we believe the secret of their extensive circulation lies in this—that a great class of zealous and well-intentioned Christians consider it their duty to support, as far as they can, a style of literature opposed to the lighter and more frivolous publications from which they are conscientiously debarred. In fulfilment of this supposed duty, they purchase,—but, so far as our limited experience extends, they do nothing more. It is a narrowing of religious feeling, and not an extension of it—a feeling, we fear, of puritanical strictness, confining a portion of the public to the perusal of works with at least the *name* of religious to recommend them,—that is the true cause of the apparent po-

pularity of that peculiar style of composition. At the same time, we are sorry to confess, that the demand for the giants of literary divinity is by no means on the increase. It, indeed, can scarcely be expected that the shelves of the same library should be opened to Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Ragg.

We fear Mr Peel has hit the unfortunate medium, where the general reader will think him too serious, and the *peculiar* reader will consider him too Catholic in his ideas; and yet, we would fain hope there are many of all classes who will approve of such passages as the following:—

“ If prosperous fortune so seduce the soul,
Well may we dread its dangerous control.
But let not him who from temptation flies,
Afraid to face the world's soft witcheries;
Nor him who in pursuit of promised joy,
Hath met with disappointment and annoy;
Nor him who, shrinking from the din of strife,
Takes refuge in the tranquil vale of life;—
Let none of these too lightly judge the mind
Which loves to hold communion with its kind,
Whose upright nature, buoyant as the air,
Nor pleasure can pervert, nor sin ensnare.

“ In many a mould the potter casts the clay,
Imbued with every tinge from grave to gay;
Thus *we* are moulded; thus to one good end,
With varied colouring of thought, may tend.
Behoves us, therefore, unbecoming pride,
Harsh thoughts, and haughty looks, to lay aside;
To keep the tongue that blesseth God, from gall;
The heart—his temple—open unto all;
None judging, none condemning; to the Lord
Leaving alike to punish and reward;
To him, whose beams on good and evil shine
Benevolent, beneficent, divine.
The Eternal Father, lord of all that lives,
The means of bliss to every being gives.
By him created, as by him preserved,
All have enjoyed the bounty—*none* deserved;
For *all*, the Son Eternal laid aside
His amaranth of Deity, and died;
On *all*, who seek assistance from above,
The Eternal Spirit lights—for God is Love.”

With the intention of this poem, and the Christian spirit in which it is written, we have stated that it is impossible to find fault; but much as we are pleased with them, they have not blinded us to many defects in the composition, which are the more surprising, as the passages we have extracted show, that the author has it perfectly in his power to avoid them. In many places his rhymes are inadmissible, and entirely spoil the effect of the sentiment they convey. “Overwhelms” is no rhyme for “condemns,” nor such words as “abhors” for “laws.” But these are minor considerations, which a little care would obviate. We have a more serious objection to the taste with which, in one passage, as if

emulous of the Catalogue of Ships, so many proper names are introduced. A poet should act on the suggestion of the “Scholastics,” and present us with one brick, or at the utmost two, as specimens of his building; and, as if the enormity of his transgression in this way were not sufficient, Mr Peel seriously makes an apology in a note, that the untunableness of our English names had prevented his introducing more. Since we are in the humour for finding fault, we might easily gather a plentiful crop of them, by passing over into the second volume, which, though still breathing the same spirit of benevolence and piety, is devoted to subjects of a more miscellaneous nature. In what language Mr Peel

found the model for his verses—as from the arrangement of the lines and the initial capital we guess them to be—called an “Ode to the Sab-

bath,” it surpasses our humble scholarship to discover. Perhaps the reader will be more fortunate, and we quote a few stanzas :

“Hast watched the peasantry from many a path,
Through field, and copse, and farm,
Collecting round the church?

And heard the salutation of the heart?
And seen the shaking of toil-hardened hands?
The nod of recognition,
And the smile sincere?

And not felt pleased? To me, who many a time
The villagers of Shanklin have admired,
In Sunday clothes arrayed
In Sunday cleanliness.

Thronging the House of Prayer; * some against
The sacred structure leaning, where 'tis kist
By morning's rosy lip;
Some on the grassy slope,

Stretched at full length, whilst others slowly up
The undulating village green ascend,
Now by the elms concealed,
Which skirt that verdant lawn,” &c. &c.

We might perhaps find other passages against which we could object even more strongly than this. But we are anxious to part from this author on the same good terms on which we commenced his acquaintance. And for this purpose we have only to turn to a style of composition, in which we boldly state that we consider him to have few masters—we allude to the Sonnet. We do not of course mean the loftier

style of this composition, such as seemed fit vehicles for the indignation of Milton, or, in our own days, to the scarcely inferior majesty of Wordsworth. But in the simple sonnet, where one gentle thought winds its unostentatious way throughout its whole extent, we know no author of the present day, with the exception perhaps of Bowles, who has excelled the writer of the following lines :—

TO LOVE.

“Spirit! that in mortality disguised,
Didst to redeem us, quit the realms above,
Soul of creation, uncreated love!

O that thy precepts were by man more priz'd!
Thy laws less disregarded, less despised!

Spirit! that lightedst like unto a dove

On the incarnate Deity, us move

To love that goodness which our good devised :

To love e'en those who love not us, dispel

Our prejudices, calm the turbulence

Of jarring passions, evil's power quell ;

That so mankind, under thine influence,

Each with his brother brotherly may dwell,

Slow to offend, as slow to take offence.”

Of all subjects for a poet at this mature age of the world, we consider “The Seasons” the most hacknied, and therefore the most dangerous

on which to try one's skill. Yet, in the following four sonnets, though we recognise no new thought, nor any very unusual power of expres-

* The regular attendance of the parishioners of Shanklin at church, and at the Lord's table, reflects credit on them and on their pastor, the Rev. Justly Hill, Archdeacon of Buckingham.

sion, there is a sustained harmony, and a purity of words and sentiments, which to us have an indescribable charm. Throughout them all there is discernible a feeling so chastened, and a piety so meek, and

at the same time so fervent, that to us each of them seems solemn and trust-inspiring, as when "some pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

TO SPRING.

"Hope of Creation! for all living things,
Walking the earth, or winnowing the air,
Or the wave cleaving, thy caresses share;
The tree grows fruitful 'neath thy brooding wings,
The flower blossoms, and the herbage springs;
The tuneful people of the thicket pair;
Love warms the world, and Joy is every where;
E'en the pale child of care and sorrow sings.
Who doth not love thee, thou prolific Prime,
Whose genial influence is felt by all?
Who doth not welcome the appointed time
O' th' primrose and the cuckoo's early call?
Who sees not in thy beauties the sublime
Author of Nature, of her rise and fall?"

TO SUMMER.

"Season of sweets! for now the garden rose,
Of every kind and colouring, doth pour
Delicate perfume round the cottage door;
Now the Syringa lusciously o'erflows,
Intoxicating every breeze that blows!
The bean and clover daintily breathe o'er
The fields, and honeysuckle's fragrant store,
And new mown hay at evening's dewy close.
Season of beauty! for the trees are now
Of fullest foliage and gayest green;
How fair the fruitage on the bended bough!
How various the plumage to be seen!
Hail, blue-eyed Summer with unclouded brow,
Queen of the Seasons—undisputed Queen!"

TO AUTUMN.

"Season of changes!—now with plenty crown'd,
With golden corn and ruddy fruitage gay,
And reapers feasting in meridian day;
Now, as if weary of repletion, found
Strewing with fruits and foliage the ground,
Welcoming desolation and decay;
Him peradventure eager to obey,
Who maketh e'en the barren to abound;
Inspire me, Autumn, gratefully to bless
Who yields the purple grape and yellow grain,
Tow'rd all his creatures touch'd with tenderness:
And when the walnut * its dark leaves doth rain,
Startling the soul with Nature's nothingness,
Let not the warning voice be heard in vain."

TO WINTER.

"Thou of the snowy vest and hoary hair,
With icicles down hanging, Winter, hail!

* The walnut sheds earlier than most trees its foliage, which falls with a rustling noise.

Not mine at thy authority to rail ;
 To call thee stern, bleak, comfortless, and bare,
 As though thou wert twin-brother to despair !
 Rather shall praises in my song prevail—
 Praises of Him, who gives us to inhale
 The freshness of the uninfected air.
 So long as I behold the clear blue sky,
 The carol of the robin-redbreast hear,
 Along the frozen waters seem to fly,
 Or softly cushioned while the fire burns clear,
 Bask in the light of a beloved eye,—
 So long shall Winter to my soul be dear.”

Perhaps we have now said enough, but before we part, we would offer a suggestion or two as to the future efforts of Mr Peel. In the soft, the simple, and the sincere, he is calculated to excel. Let him leave to others the difficulties of the ode, and—if he would allow us to hint—the jocularities of his familiar epistles, remembering that the incidents which derive importance in the eyes of his private friends, from the circumstance of their happening to one in whom they are naturally so deeply interested, lose their effect in the cold formality of print, and the eyes of indifferent strangers. Let him

restrict himself to the ground which, we believe, he may make in a peculiar manner his own. Not that we would rigidly bind him to subjects suggestive of nothing but thoughts of piety; for he has shown, that he has the power of awakening sympathy with the events of common life. There are two short poems, such as may be called occasional, which strike us to be very beautiful; and, though this notice has already gone beyond the limits we intended, we are so puzzled “which of the two to choose,” that the reader will excuse us if we conclude this article by quoting them both:—

TO AN INFANT SLEEPING.

“How hallowed! how unearthly thy repose!
 The rounded arm revealed above the vest—
 Its rival thrown across the couch of rest—
 The hand half open, coveting to close
 The delicate white fingers dipp’d i’ the rose—
 Are they not beautiful? and seems not blest
 With happy dreams that gently heaving breast,
 Nor dreading foreign nor domestic foes?
 Dream on, dear infant; for away will fly
 The calm that broodeth o’er that candid brow;
 Salt tears will deluge that dark fringed eye;
 And anguish tear the heart all tranquil now!
 Be ’t so!—if thou before the Power on high
 But learn, like patient Job, to meekly bow!”

TO A LADY LEAVING ENGLAND.

“From home, friends, country, (ocean’s favourite isle,)
 Love unrelenting summons thee in haste,
 To regions under skies serener placed
 In the fair Orient. May fortune smile
 Upon thy venture, lady! Hope beguile
 Of fear thy bosom, having fondly traced
 A prosperous voyage o’er the watery waste.
 Heaven guard and guide thee unto good! Meanwhile
 Of each belov’d one, fold the dear adieu
 Around thee like a mantle, on the deep.
 Many will miss thee, mourn thee not a few;
 From some shall thy fair image banish sleep;
 And more than one along the billowy blue
 Look wistful,—ponder on the past,—and weep.”

MANT'S BRITISH MONTHS.

BISHOPS are bugbears to the dissenting vulgar, and the Church of England a nuisance; by the enlightened of all denominations of Christians they are held in respect; by all the wise and good of the Episcopal persuasion, in reverence and love. The ministers of that Church are indeed a Christian order. By example as well as by precept, they have diffused over the land a spirit of benignity, charity, and peace; by their learning they have vindicated their faith, and by their piety they have illustrated it; while they have borne their faculties meekly, and shown that the greatest glory of genius is its dedication to the service of religion. For all the feelings that soften, and all the thoughts that exalt, and all the lessons that instruct humanity, where may we look, and have our search so surely and so richly rewarded, as into the writings of those interpreters of the works and of the word of God—the English Divines?

The literature of England has always owed much to her Church. It has derived thence, directly or indirectly, its religious character. Philosophy has been guarded against scepticism in our schools, by the piety that has breathed from our Temples; and Poetry, which clings too passionately to earth, has been won to wing its way to heaven. Too few, indeed, have been the British bards who have sung of the highest themes revealed to man—the secrets that belong to Eternal Life. But the frame of their souls has been sanctified, far more than perhaps they knew, by the influence of those holy ministrations in which they have habitually joined in high cathedral or humble chapel; and it is observable of all the great poets of this

age, that, as their hair has begun to grow grey, their hearts have been more profoundly affected, and their genius more earnestly inspired by the Bible. In Wordsworth's poetry we see now something far better than the beautiful religion of the Woods. His Ecclesiastical Sonnets are the finest illustrations of Christianity; and more than symptoms and traces of the same sacred spirit—much of its divine *efflatus*—breathes over and through the later productions of other living bards, who were too insensible or forgetful of holiest lore and love, in the enthusiasm with which their youth kindled towards objects transitory as the clouds. It is only in the rubbish, by a horrible profanation, misnamed religious poetry, that the absence of all religion is felt; and from it all hearts revolt in disgust of hypocrisy, except the simple ones, who are apt to mistake words for things, and, sincerely pious themselves, suspect no deceitful pretences in others, but believe that breath, moulded into holy syllablings from scripture, must be the inspiration of prayer and worship.

These few remarks may perhaps be felt to form no inappropriate preface to some quotations from the volumes now lying before us, in which we think there is much poetry, not indeed of a high kind, but of a good; poetry pervaded by a true religious spirit—sincere, in its source and progress, as some hill-born stream, that, without ever growing into a river, cheers many a pleasant meadow, while flowing peacefully onwards to its own small bay of the sea.

Who would not be won by this
“Sonnet to the Reader?”—

“Whoe’er thou art, to whom ’tis joy to flee
From the world’s haunts, not by its lures beguil’d,
Of taste yet pure, of manners undefil’d,
And gaze untir’d on sky, and earth, and sea;
To whom the song of birds is harmony,

And beauty the meek floret of the wild :
 Oh, Nature's simple, unperverted Child,
 For thee I write, and crave a friend in thee !
 Come, hand in hand with me her ways explore,
 Mark'd by the year's beginning, growth, decline !
 What hinders but we draw of thoughts a store,
 Pleasant and good, from that abundant mine ?
 But oft to pause forget not, and adore
 By nature's works reveal'd the Cause divine !"

The subject is as old as the hills and the heavens—but blessings on them—the hills and the heavens are none the worse of age. To grateful eyes and hearts they are for ever beautiful—and in their beauty they seem for ever new. We mean to say, that with new feelings we daily look on their "old familiar faces"—and in mingled dreams of imagination and memory, sweeter to our souls is every rising and every setting sun. Cannot one smile of nature give us back, in one emotion, pleasures that were sprinkled, in their enjoyment, over many years ! In a single sudden shadow, thrown over us by a cloud passing by the sun on some uncertain day, how often is the heart of a man oppressed, as with the gathered gloom of many nights of misery in which he had almost wished to die !

But we must not be melancholy—for the merry April is impatient to be let loose, to wanton on the "dædal earth"—and the greensward in very dewy prime is pranking itself with flowers—ha ! that bank of primroses is even now as gorgeously furnished as 'twill be on old May-day with the golden broom. The Seasons ! The Months ! The Weeks ! The Days ! The Hours ! Poetry has personified them all—she calls them children of the Year—and the Year is the daughter of the Sun by Urania, whose nuptials were celebrated by the Planets with dance and song.

Therefore, of all the poets, he who sang the "Seasons" and the "Rolling Year" must be dearest to Apollo—the god of Light and Gloom. Both glories belong to his dominion—he commands them by the opening and the shutting of his eye—and gladly they obey their king. But all poets that ever sang—and more than all the rest our own—have passed their lives in beautifying the spheres. They have instructed us to understand the solar system which Newton disco-

vered—and have illustrated the laws of attraction and sympathy by an art diviner even than his science—an art that has brightened or obscured into larger or lovelier lustre—clearer than fire—softer than air—than water more sadly dim—now seeming so close to earth that you might almost touch them with your hand from the mountain-top, now retiring or retired into infinitude—millions on millions confused and almost lost in what seems but a haze—zone beyond zone, with black abysses between—and the whole but as a speck on the boundless universe—of what have we been thinking but the—stars ! the stars !

But our humbler home is yet a while on the earth, and of the earth in humbler strain it is that we would speak—though had Heaven made us a poet, we had sang to Tellus many a lofty hymn. Say rather to Mother Earth—for tenderer is the love that is borne to the maternal bosom, yielding to mortals the boon of sustenance and sleep—the dream we call life ! and when that is over, the imagination of everlasting rest ! Oh ! that our lot had lain far away from cities—"beyond the sprinkled villages and farms"—though they indeed are sweet in the pleasanee of the morning and the evening air, and all the hours of brightening or sobering air between—in some deep domicile, solitary in some glen roaring in rain with its unnavigable river that rushes unbridged from source to sea—except where oak or pine has fallen across some chasm—its moss imprinted by the red-deer's hoof ! Blot out the words—for in base ingratitude have we forgotten Windermere ? Nay—how can we forget what is for ever before our eyes ! Blessed be Thou—on thy shadowy bed, belonging equally to earth and heaven—O Isle ! who art called the Beautiful ! and who of thyself canst make all the Lake one

floating Paradise—even were her shore-hills silvan no more—groveless the bases of all her remoter mountains—effaced that loveliest splendour sun-painted on their sky-piercing cliffs! And can it be that we have forsaken Thee! Fairy-land and Love-land of our youth! Hath imagination left our brain, and passion our heart, so that we can bear banishment from Thee and yet endure life! Such loss not yet is ours—witness these gushing tears. But Duty, “stern daughter of the voice of God,” dooms us to breathe our morning orisons far from hearing and sight of Thee, whose music and whose light continue gladdening other ears and other eyes—as if ours had there never listened—and never gazed! As if thy worshipper—and sun! moon! and stars! he asks ye if he loved not you and your images—as if thy worshipper—oh! Windermere! were—dead! And does duty dispense no reward to them who sacrifice at her bidding what was once the very soul of life? Yes! an exceeding great reward—ample as the heart’s desire—for contentment is borne of obedience—where no repinings are, the wings of thought are impeded beyond the power of the eagle’s plumes—and happy are we now—with the human smiles and voices we love even more than thine, thou fairest region of nature! happier than when we rippled in our pinnacle through the billowy moonlight—than when we sat alone on the mountain within the thunder-cloud.

At this rate we shall never get to the “Months—a Poem,”—and if we do not keep a check on our fancy, will be inditing a poem of our own—A DREAM OF WINDERMERE. That would be indeed a work of supererogation; for we have had one for several years in a portfolio—but where the portfolio is, we cannot conjecture—lying, perhaps, among the beautiful sweet-briers, somewhere or other, in the Calgarth woods. We remember poring over it in the green twilight of one of those glades—and reciting it to ourselves with no other audience than a squirrel, who seemed to suppose we were Wordsworth. It has gone the way of Five Cantos of “Edderline’s Dream,” and the world will wag without it and them—as it indeed would have done

almost equally well without the Iliad. It is amusing to think how well it would have wagged—had there been no such being as Shakespeare—and consequently no Schlegel.

And this again brings us—may it tie us down—to our subject—the “Months, a Poem.” The Months are indebted to Dr Mant, Bishop of Down and Connor, for many benign things he has said of and to them—the twelve apostles of nature; yet had they been excellent Christians, though they had never bowed their young heads to receive confirmation from his hand, nor looked reverently up to his lordship in the pulpit when preaching an ordination sermon.

Think not that we are going to unsay what we have said in commendation of the good Bishop’s “Months.” We are about to give them—and from the heart—still greater praise—for we are not—and never were—as you know—among the number of those who are intolerant of all but the very highest poetry. Many are the pleasant paths that lead through the domains of nature. All who love her may act as guides to some sweet spots of scenery—and in their own solitary roamings, may make discoveries even where genius had often been before them, exploring the inexhaustible riches of some small silvan nook belonging to a pair of linnets. Some people despise descriptive poetry; but, for our own parts, we scarcely ever read a page of it, even the poorest in the poorest magazine, without either finding, or making, a new image, or a new modification of an old one—which comes nearly to the same thing—as the twinkling of a leaf can wholly alter from gloom to gladness the character of the *genius loci*—a plump of rain change Dryads into Naiads—a single hive-bee bring a home-feeling into the heart of the most lonesome wild, and an imagination of cottages—the peep of a spire, seen from the mouth of a forest cave, where the wren warbles, conjure before the eye a village-green, where rustics are dancing round the May-pole, or transport us into the village church during the time of psalms. Therefore you must not despise descriptive poetry, if you

love us ; to please us you must admire Mant's "Months,"—and you will be delighted to find how creative of beauty is the spirit of admiration—for it feeds the love that kindled it, till all it looks on seems more and more worthy of the love ; and in such a mood to tread upon a weed—much more a spider—would be felt to be murder—and to deserve death without benefit of clergy—were you even, like Dr Mant, a Bishop. Such a crime he would not commit—were it to entitle him to sign his name CANTUAR ; for a humaner being never mused in the woods. He well deserves now to inhabit a palace—for he was happy in a small parsonage-house—first as curate—then as vicar—then as rector—and the Bishop has the same meek and humble mind that he preserved unchanged in every change of condition—nor are meekness and humility lovelier on any brows than on those that wear a mitre. As you love us, you must love Dr Mant and his "Months."

But you still persist in reading only the highest poetry ? Well, then, you study Shakspeare ? That is right. But why not condescend to take an occasional skreed—as the Shepherd would say—of Homer ? Because he is a poet of the second degree. So is Dante and Milton. Where, then, stand Spenser and Wordsworth ? In the third degree. Southey, Shelley, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, and Rogers ? In the fourth. Bowles, Montgomery, Milman, Barry Cornwall, and a few others ? In the fifth. The rest ? Nowhere. 'Pon our honour, you are a very proud personage—a very fastidious fellow indeed—and we should like, from mere curiosity, to listen to your own strains, more especially when you happen to be inspired by a fit of the colic. To be serious and angry, you may be assured, sir, of this—that even he, who among the minor poets goes by the appellation of "The Pigmy," and fondles a muse little more than a span long, is a giant in imagination to you—and in the purlieus of Parnassus would be graciously nodded to by Apollo, while the God would order Pan to kick you off the premises, and send you, with a flea in your ear, to write articles on the Belles Lettres in the

OMNIBUS. It is, we cheerfully confess, true that many a man can make a pair of stanzas, who could not, were his salvation to depend on the feat, make a pair of breeches ; but it is equally true that many a man can make a pair of breeches, and good breeches too, who, had he even the same awful inducement, could not, by continuing to toil through four generations of men, that fall like leaves, get up a pair of stanzas, and very bad stanzas too, even the worst that ever were sewed by single or double stitch, close or open ; therefore, the least of the minnows among the shoals of Minor Poets, that turn up their silver linings—or bellies—to the sun in the shallows, would seem a whale "wallowing unwieldy enormous in his gait," when seen rising at a midge-fly, which you had previously in vain endeavoured to devour. A minor Prose-writer—which you are—is the least of all the animalculæ—and no experiment in optics could magnify him into any thing like the bulk of one of those monsters that lately terrified the isle from its propriety in that drop of ditch-water, which *plusquam civilia bella* tormented, and convulsed and ensanguined with carnage. The fact is, that you are invisible—and the wonder is that you are not inaudible too—so be thankful that you have a voice, for otherwise you never could "have given the world assurance of a mite."

But we speak now not to mites, but men ; and we beg those who are hard to be pleased with poetry, to think how many kinds there are of musical instruments and of music. When, all at once, 'gins blow the mighty organ, nobody thinks of a flageolet. But is it not equally true, that when all at once 'gins pipe that minim the flageolet, nobody thinks of an organ ? We never heard Vincent Novello handle the organ, but though we had, should we have the less delighted to hear Sandy Ballantyne finger the flageolet ? A fiddle is not a flute, any more than a flute a fiddle—but cannot Nicholson charm those who have had the misfortune to be astonished by Paganini ? So much for musical instruments, and they who play thereon—and we have selected a very few modern instances out of the millions of all ages

that have occurred between the performances of David on the harp, and those of the celebrated Chin chopper, who was a Jew too, we believe, but a German one. 'Tis just the same with musical compositions—and we can answer for ourselves, that we have lost nothing of our delight in the simple Broom o' the Cowdenknowes, since we were "rapt inspired" by the sublime Creation of Handel. And thus are we again brought to Dr Mant's Months, which we can read with pleasure, after the Days of Hesiod, or the Nights of Young, or Pollock's Course of Time, and before venturing on "Eternity" by an anonymous writer, who wishes it to be bound up in one volume with his "Infinitude." From Shakspeare's Tempest we can turn, without a moment's warning, to Crabbe's Village Register—from Miranda won by a Prince, to Phoebe Dawson seduced by a tailor—and though Lady Macbeth be on the whole the more impressive character, we have always felt Mother Millwood to be more imposing—nor can we think that the career, and its close, of the Thane of Fife, are more true to nature than of the City Apprentice.

Leaving all such illustrations of the comprehensive character of our creed, and ceasing to ramble, we cannot help expressing our satisfaction with the modest manner in which Dr Mant's "Months" have been published; up to this moment, we cannot charge our memory with having seen any extracts from them in any periodical—and if it be wafted into favour, it will be on its own wings, and not by the most ignominious of all means—the power of *puffing*—by which so many worthless works have been forced, for a short season, into a wretched notoriety, and then sunk into the jakes. The very exterior look of the volumes is attractive, with its cerulean cover and graceful foilage; and the interior is at once elegant and simple, in the distribution of the page and the distinctness of the type, which rejoices, more than is usual, but not more than to our eye is pleasant, in *Italics* and *CAPITALS*. Those are employed to give emphasis to sentiments which, though not unfrequently commonplace enough, are often very happily

expressed, and with a fine simplicity; these, for the most part, denote names and nouns—of trees, flowers, or birds; and we cannot but think that the creatures—animate or inanimate—deserve the distinction. The promise made to the eye is not broken to the heart, and we repeat, that the volumes are full of truth and nature. We say so, after frequent perusals of many parts of them both—amounting, we daresay, to the whole—on the banks of the Tweed, one day of white clouds, when we could not move a fish, even in the ozier-shallows of Cardronna Mains. Yet the poem, as the Bishop calls it, (it is not a poem,) has one radical vice—we would fain use a gentler word—which, we fear, is incurable—languid uniformity; the "fatal facility of the octosyllabic measure" has betrayed him into a style diffusive and prolix, sometimes to a degree altogether unpardonable—let us say at once *prosy*—and there are many passages, perhaps fifty lines long each, that for any meaning that is in them, might be compressed into five with great advantage. The Doctor so loves all that is amiable, that he sometimes drivels, and then we cannot help thinking that we see symptoms of old age. But having said this much, and with reluctance, we can say, and with perfect truth, that if there be here and there something of the fondness of advanced years, their is much of their wisdom, and of their goodness—and every where conspicuous their piety; if the fire be wanting that burns but in youth or manhood's prime, its place is often supplied by a gentle flame, that sheds "a dim religious light" over the sweet and soothing imagery with which the volumes are filled; the writer's fancy, if not very powerful, is very susceptible, and all its play is inspired by the most amiable feelings; his observation of the most delicately characteristic minutiae of all natural productions is singularly fine; and he shows in every page that he is, in the best sense of the terms, a florist, a botanist, and an ornithologist. Indeed, we know not where else to look for more delightful portraiture of flowers, plants, and birds, than in these most pleasing volumes; and, as a naturalist, the name of Mant may be joined with those of White, Knapp, Rennie, Jesse,

Mudie, and Bennet; and his volumes and theirs be lodged, as household works, on the same shelves of our library with those of Wilson and Audubon—"alike, but oh, how different!" We rather suspect that we fell asleep on a brae, with his book on our bosom, that afternoon on which angling seemed to be, like our pannier, an empty name; but we must attribute the slumbers of one not constitutionally somnolent, in greater measure to the murmuring of bees, the hum of the small unseen, the bleating of lambs, the cawing of rooks, the croonin' of cushats, the high-up hymn of the lark, and the liquid lapses of the most musical of all rivers—to say nothing of "clouds that waver to the half-shut eye," and finally waft away with them the sleeper into the land of dreams.

During the first week of April, *Maga* will be read by millions all over Britain, and by hundreds of thousands more rarely sprinkled all over Ireland; so here is a pleasant passage about April, assuredly one of the loveliest, though in Scotland she be somewhat a little capricious or so—but really so are all her sisters—of the family of the year.

"Hail, April! Lo, inspired by thee
Full many a lovely form I see
Its long lost garniture resume,
Of woodland leaf, and woodland bloom.

"No more with tassels here and there
Besprent, but in a vesture fair
The Larch to welcome thee is seen,
Unmingled, of the tenderest green.
Bright tints, to welcome thee, adorn
Of tenderest green the full-robed Thorn.
Of broader lobes, and darker grain,
His leaves for thee the Maple-Plane
Developes from their crimson sheaths:
For thee his bright and twisted wreaths
Five-finger'd, like a giant's hand,
The Chestnut's lengthening shoots expand.

Forth from his coral's ruby holds
The Lime his pale green leaves unfolds.
The Alder through the wat'ry mead,
About the mountain's rocky head
The Birch for thee his leaves displays,
And Elm and spreading Beech arrays,
To grace thy course, a thickening screen;
This his smooth plates of glossy sheen;
And, stateliest of the woodland realm,
His rougher leaves the blossom'd Elm.

"And, April, many a blossom'd tree
Besides appears to honour thee.
If dull to March's wooing, now
For thee the trembling Aspen's bough
Shows its long drops of scaly down,
White, but with rings of mottled brown.
For thee the Ash-tree's branches gray,
Whose lingering leaves crave longer stay,
Send now their flow'rs unshelter'd forth:
And, offspring of the hilly north,
The beauteous tree of mountain fame,
The Ash-tree's kinsman but in name,
For thee with winged leaflets spread
Puts forth his blossoms' cluster'd head.

"And wilding fruit-trees, such alone
As Britain's isles can boast their own,
Indigenous, of more delight
Ministrant to the curious sight,
Than grateful to the craving taste:
The Crab with virgin whiteness graced
Ting'd with the rose's modest glow;
Of virgin whiteness, like the snow,
The cluster'd Cherry; and more rare,
Of rival white the blooming Pear:
More justly valued for their use,
For swelling pulp, for flowing juice,
But not in form, or native die,
Or texture, lovelier to the eye,
Where, nurs'd by man's improving care,
With Peach and Apricot they share,
And luscious Nectarine, the praise
To light the garden's vernal blaze;
Or claim, their undivided reign,
The blooming orchard's rich domain.

"Nor, April, fail with scent and hue
To grace thee lowlier blossoms new.
Not only that, where weak and scant
Peep'd forth the early primrose plant,
Now shine profuse unnumber'd eyes,
Like stars that stud the wintry skies:
But that its sister Cowslips nigh,
With no unfriendly rivalry
Of form and tint and fragrant smells,
O'er the green fields their yellow bells
Unfold bedropt with tawny red,
And meekly bend the drooping head.
Not only that the fringed edge
Of heath, or bank, or pathway hedge
Glow with the furze's golden bloom:
But mingling now the verdant Broom,
With flow'rs of rival lustre deck'd,
Uplifts its shapelier form erect.

"And there, upon the sod below,
Ground-ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of crusader knight,
Its anthers' crosslike forms of white.
And lesser Periwinkle's bloom,
Like carpet of Damascus' loom,
Franks with bright blue the tissue wove
Of verdant foliage: and above
With milkwhite flow'rs, whence soon
shall swell

Rich fruitage, to the taste and smell
Pleasant alike, the strawberry weaves
Its coronets of threefold leaves
In mazes through the sloping wood.
Nor wants there, in her dreamy mood
What fancy's sportiveness may think
A cup, whence midnight elves might
drink

Delicious drops of nectar'd dew,
While they their fairy sports pursue
And roundelays by fount or rill;
The streak'd and chequer'd daffodill.

"Nor wants there many a flow'r
beside

On holt and heath and meadow pied:
With pale green bloom the upright box
And woodland crowfoot's golden locks;
And yellow cinquefoil's hairy trail;
And saxifrage with petals pale;
And purple bilberry's globelike head;
And cranberry's bells of rosy red;
And creeping gromwell blue and bright;
And cranesbill's streaks of red and white,
Or purple with soft leaves of down;
And golden tulip's turban'd crown
Sweet-scented on its bending stem;
And bright-eyed Star of Bethlehem;
With those, the firstlings of their kind,
Which through the bosky thickets wind
Their tendrils, vetch, or pea, or tare,
At random; and with many a pair
Of leaflets green the brake embower,
And many a pendant painted flower.

"And, April, to thy genial smile
Responsive, countless forms the while
Of animated life obey
The summons of thy gentle sway.

"If uncongenial blasts before
Have stay'd their passage to our shore,
Now wafted, gentler month, by thee
O'er midland or Atlantic sea,
The threefold tribes of swallows haste,
In thy first days, or ere to waste
Thy midmost course has run. Nor fails
He of the pinion's broadest sails
To track their path, their brother Swift.
But tho' to brave the stormy drift
Be his the pinions' amplest spread,
And his with fleetest action sped
The airy flight; more late to come,
More prompt to quit his summer home,
Is he of all the fork-tail'd race;
As if his wint'ry dwelling-place,
Hard by the Stormy Cape, or far
In regions of the eastern star,
Forbade across the tedious way
Or quick approach or lengthen'd stay.

"Nor, April, dost thou fail to bring
To greet thee birds of shorter wing,

Infirm of flight; yet such as trill
Melodious from their tender bill
Sweet music. If the white-throat's
lay,

Flitting from hedgerow spray to spray,
Or gently mounting through the air,
To mark his bosom silvery fair
Invite us;—or from loftiest tree
With brisk unwearied melody,
Of sable breast and snowy head
And quivering tail of crimson red,
The slumbering morn the Redstart
wakes;—

Or 'mid the groves and tangled brakes
The Wood-wren from his yellow throat
Chants forth his sharp and shivering
note,

Peculiar:—or his whisper'd song
That Warbler, olive brown, among
Thicket, or furze, or sheltering grass;
While untaught peasants, as they pass,
Deem the loud whisper of his bill
Is but the cricket's chirrup shrill.

"Nor, April, think I scorn to see
On newturn'd tilth, or upland lea,
Tho' thin and weak her pow'r of song,
Tripping the nibbling flocks among,
Or hunting brisk from ridge to ridge
The worm minute or lurking midge,
With sulphur breast, and olive wing,
The pretty Shepherdess of Spring;—
Or in the shelter'd solitudes
Of southern England's sprouting woods,
Hear with his soft repeated coo
His mate the gentle Turtle woo;—
Or catch on some sunshiny day
'The plain song of the Cuckoo gray,'
Resounding from his shallow bill
With cry monotonous, and still
Repeated; but though rude and dull
Of sound, of pleasing thoughts is full
'The plainsong' of that shallow bird,
Then first amid the flushing heard
Of vernal beauty, at the time
When the young year is in its prime;
And, ere that prime be overcast,
The Cuckoo's homely song is past."

The good Bishop—who must have
been an indefatigable bird-nester in
his boyhood—though we answer for
him that he never stole but one egg
out of four, and left undisturbed the
callow young—treats of those beau-
teous and wondrous structures in a
style that might make Professor
Rennie jealous, who has written, like
a Vitruvius, on the architecture of
birds. He expatiates with uncon-
trolled delight on the unwearied ac-
tivity of the architects who, without
any apprenticeship to the trade, are
journeymen, nay, master-builders,

the first spring of their full-fledged lives—with no other tools but a bill, unless we count their claws, which, however, seem, and that only in some kinds, to be used but in carrying materials—though with their breasts and whole bodies, indeed, most of them round off the soft insides of their procreant cradles, till they fit each brooding bunch of feathers to a hairs'-breadth, as it sits close and low on eggs or eyeless young, a *leetle* higher raised up above their gaping babies, as they wax from downy infancy into plumier childhood, which they do how swiftly! and how soon have they flown! You look some sunny morning into the bush, and the abode in which they seemed so *cozey* the day before is utterly forsaken by the joyous ingrates, feebly fluttering in the narrow grove, to them a wide world teeming with delight and wonder—to be thought of never more. With all the various materials used by them in building their different domiciles, the Bishop is as familiar as with the sole material of his own wig—though, by the by, last time we had the pleasure of seeing and sitting by him, he wore his own hair—"but that not much," for, like our own, his scone was bald, and, like it, showed the organ of constructiveness as fully developed as Christopher or a Chaffinch. He is perfectly well acquainted, too, with all the diversities of their modes of building—their orders of architecture—and eke with all those of situation chosen by the kinds—whether seemingly simple in their cunning, that deceives, by a show of carelessness and heedlessness of notice; or with craft of concealment, that baffles the most searching eye, hanging their beloved secret in gloom not impervious to sun and air; or, trustful in man's love of his own home, affixing the nest beneath the eaves, or in the flowers of the lattice kept shut for their sakes, or half-opened by fair hands of virgins, whose eyes gladden with heart-born brightness, as each morning they mark the growing beauty of the brood, till they smile to see one almost as large as its parents sitting on the rim of the nest, when all at once it hops over, and, as it flutters away like a leaf, seems surprised that it can fly!

"And so 'tis bustle all, nor rest
Nor respite; for the purpos'd nest
Till by instinctive skill are sought
Materials rude and quaint, and brought
Each to the appropriate place, as each
The general laws of nature teach:
The general laws, to all as known
In common, and to each its own.
Whate'er on earth's broad bosom lies,
Or on the passing breezes flies,
May serve their urgent need, they catch
And bear abrupt away: from thatch
Of cottage roof, or haystack, draw
The loosen'd hay, or dangling straw;
Or with keen glance enquiring peep,
And from the rich manuring heap
Take of its matted stores; or cull
The wiry hair, or softer wool,
Of horse or fleecy sheep; and now
Twigs from the dry and sapless bough,
Now tufts of cottony down combine,
Or of the spider's filmy line;
Or fibrous root, or grassy bent,
Or feathery catkin, with cement
Composed of neatly moulded clay:
Now the green moss, or lichen gray,
Or leaves, whose gather'd heaps imbed
The woodland's shady depth, or shred,
Paper, or wood; and oft a plume,
Perhaps their own, the narrow room
Their nestling's future house to form,
Without, within, compact and warm.
"Nor less diversified in place,
The dwellings for their future race
The various kinds are planning. These
Choose the deep shade of forest trees,
Or lowlier shrub, or on the edge
Of cultured field the platted hedge,
Orchard or garden, by the leaves
Fresh-spreading shelter'd: those the eaves
Projecting of man's friendly roof
In populous city, or aloof
In rural hamlet's dwellings rude,
Or in the grange's solitude,
Window or rafter'd beam select.
For some suffices to protect
Their lurking place in mouldering wall
Or bank, where ever bubbling fall
The runnels of the living brook,
Or refuse heap, a hollow nook.
Those the green lands, and grassy leas,
And pastures by the waters please:
These the wild mountain's lone recess,
Or dwellings of the wilderness
Secluded; where they shroud alone,
Beside some bare o'er mantling stone
From storm defended, or within
The bowery heath or prickly whin:
These the old Baron's feudal fort
Dismantled, or the cloyster'd court
Of ruin'd abbey; while the boughs,
Where the rude sounds of wild carouse
Once echoed, or the cloisters dim
Return'd the chant or measured hymn,
Now circle through the lonely grove,

The thrilling notes of joyous love,
Or what to pensive ear the tone
May seem of grateful orison."

"Come, let us walk abroad, and see
Amused with what variety
The little architects their work
Have plann'd; while some already lurk
In covert o'er their procreant bed
Close brooding; some the unform'd shed
Now but prepare, less prompt to ply
The housewife's duty, till the sky
More genial and the swelling spray
Disclos'd forbid prolong'd delay.

"Nor far afield in search to roam
Behoves thee; if about thy home
Tall tree, or shrub, or budding hedge,
Or hollow nook, or jutting ledge,
Meet nestling place afford; and thou
Free nature's denizens allow
To dwell uninjured, nor molest
The fortunes of the rising nest.
For used to men, and human haunts
And actions, if no terror daunts
And drives them from their place pre-
ferr'd,

Full many a sociable bird
Forgets the wildness of his race,
At least forgoes it; and the place
Of man's abode not his alone
Esteems, but chooses for its own.

"Molest them not! the vernal bloom
If chance the prying bill consume,
The ill o'erlook'd they'll more than buy
The indulgence with the snail or fly
Excluded:—if the ripening fruit
Perchance their curious palate suit,
To the pleas'd ear they more than pay
Its value with the tuneful lay.
And if at times 'tis haply true,
That mischief more than good they do,
Still does not the considerate mind
And gentle feel a joy refin'd,
A sort of heavenly joy, to see
God's creatures round about us free
From harm, rejoicing as they can
In their brief life's precarious span?
And would we not desire to know,
Or wish we rather to forego
Such joy if purchased at the price
Of some poor trivial sacrifice?"

"And see the Blackbird and the
Thrush,

Our inmates in the lowly bush:
And nestling in the lofty tree
The Missel-bird our inmate see.
Already may the curious-eye
Aslant their patient forms descry
Close cowering: let the passing glance
Suffice thee; nor with rash advance,
Or motion of the extended arm,
The mother from her charge alarm;

The shelter of her pent-house wings
While o'er the pregnant eggs she flings,
As yet with motion unended;
Or nestles o'er the callow brood,
And fosters the now lively nest
With fervour of the beating breast.

"Here on the lawn, in laurustine
Or holly see the Chaffinch twine
With hair his moss-wove home compact.
There with like zeal, but less exact
Of skill, the intrusive Sparrow weaves
His in the spout or jutting eaves.

"There 'mid the fruit-trees' blooming
bowers,

Where now the warm prolific hours
Tempt him the ivy buds to quit,
And through the flowery orchard flit,
Or garden, for his filmy prey
Enliven'd by the sunny ray,
The Blackcap see: And now with trill
Of wild note from his mellow bill
He cheers, and now with gnat or fly,
Caught sporting in the azure sky,
Attent his brooding-consort feeds:
And, as the nestling task proceeds,
Oft may you mark his sable crown
Exchanged for her's of russet brown.

"Low in the garden's thorny bound,
Or under, on the shelving mound
'Mid waving bent-grass, or the bloom
Of blossom'd furze, her humble home
The Yellow Bunting plants. And she,
Reft of her early progeny
By thoughtless sport, again prepares
Her simple nest and household cares,
The Hedgerow Chanter. And above,
In shelter of the fir-tree grove,
Where the broad bough its shadow lends,
Her home the Golden Wren suspends.
Nor does her duskier kinsman fly
Aloof from man's society;
The streamlet's overarching bank,
Beset with grass and mosses dank,
For the broad cedar's arm, or fir
Wide-spread, or spiral juniper,
Exchanging; or the hawthorn spray,
Or straw-roof'd thatch of treasur'd hay,
Or out-house eave, or ivied wall,
Resounding his blythe madrigal.

"A cradle for the Greenbird's bed,
And bowery covert o'er her head,
The forked pine supplies. A hole
In wall, or tree's decaying bole,
The Ox-eye's artless nest receives.
With thickening shroud of sprouting
leaves
The quickest hawthorn's prickly spines,
Or gooseberry's, where the Linnet
twines

His house compact or cove within
The shrubby and close-cluster'd whin,
'Gainst eye or hand a shelter throw
And barrier from invading foe.

"Deep in the thorn's entangled maze,
Or where the fruit-tree's thickening
sprays

Yield a secure and close retreat,
The dusky Bullfinch plans her seat.
There, where you see the cluster'd boughs
Put forth the opening bud, her spouse
With mantle gray, and jet-like head,
And flaming breast of crimson red,
Is perch'd with hard and hawk-like beak
Intent the embryo fruit to seek.
Nor ceases from his pleasing toil,
The orchard's budding hope to spoil,
Unless with quick and timid glance
Of his dark eye your dread advance
He notice, and your search evade,
Hid in the thicket's pathless shade.

"But most of all to haunts of men
Familiar, though to savage glen
And woodland wild he oft may roam
Secluded, oft his wintry home
No less the Redbreast makes his bower
For nestling in the vernal hour;
In thatch, or root of aged tree
Moss-grown, or arching cavity
Of bank or garden's refuse heap,
Or where the broad-leav'd tendrils creep
Of ivy, and an arbour spread
O'er trellis'd porch or cottage shed."

All must like such verses as these,
and many will love them; and there
are many hundreds as good or better
about the manners, customs, habits,
dispositions, and character of birds,
—of which by and by we may give
you a glance,—scattered through the
Months, from January to December
inclusive; nor does the benevolent
Bishop ever weary of the theme.
Even January, he knows, has its few
early singing birds, such as the Red-
breast, the Blackbird, the Thrush,
and the Missel-Thrush; and he dis-
serts on the notes of one and all of
them, like an ornithologist with a
good musical ear; and, indeed, with-
out a good musical ear, no man can
be an ornithologist. He may, indeed,
be able to discriminate the quack or
cackle of the Middlesex goose
from that of the Glasgow gander;
but the Muscovy duck would puzzle
him, and he would be all abroad with
him of the canvass-back, the delight
of Jonathan. Flocks of small birds
during the initial month, the Bishop
confesses, are not musical, but they
make amends for their sorry song by
their extreme vivacity; and even
then, when the earth is barer than
the sky, the Lark doth often sing, not
so near to heaven's gates, and a
shorter lyric than in advancing

spring, or during that sweetest sea-
son when neither he nor you can
say whether 'tis spring or summer.
We do not at this moment remember
any mention of the January song of
the Lark in any other poet,—though
all poets have sung of the bird at
once so humble and so aspiring,
either "wakening by the daisy's
side," on the lea, or sitting in the
braided furrow; and looking on him
then with his graceful crest, you
might think he could nor sing nor
soar—uplifted by ecstasy into the
blue profound, all ascent and song,
till you no more can see, and must
listen to hear him, and then, as if his
orisons were accepted, fondly waver-
ing earthwards, and after a pause, in
which he seems dallying with a
home-sick passion, dropping down
like one dead, beside his mate in her
shallow nest. But that is not in Ja-
nuary, nor need we say in what
month, for you know it.

Pairing time, you know too, is in
February, and the good Bishop is
most animated on the courtship of
birds—their rivalry—and the infirmi-
ties common to them with all earthly
things. Then it is that the Missel-
Thrush—and some others besides
him—build—rooks, for example, in
England—though never, or but rare-
ly, till well on in March in Scotland.
The Bishop is at home in a rookery—
though he does not tell us what he
thinks of rook-pie. His March, too, is
full of good ornithology; and, though
we have sometimes been inclined to
suspect that he is not altogether ac-
curate in his dates, we believe, on
reflection, that he is so, and that our
experiences are in some things diffe-
rent from his, because of the diffe-
rence of climate. The descriptions
in *Mant's Months*, on that account,
will not always be found to coincide
with those of the same objects or oc-
currences in *Grahame's Birds of Scot-
land*; but both poets are right, nor
have we detected in either any grave
mistake or serious error. After all,
our poets, great or small, are our
best naturalists; and their virtue,
not their vice, is, that they are given
to embellish. That is but the effect
of intenser feeling; and what the
dull call falsehood, the quick know
to be the truth—the whole truth—
and nothing but the truth.

And now we think we hear some

captious critic cry, "what! are these quotations about birds all you have to show us from Mant's Month of April?" They are not all—yet the rest is very much of the same character, and assuredly we could ourselves say a thousand things on the whole creditable to that capricious creature, that are not to be found in these volumes. But the Doctor did not pledge himself to exhaust the subject; and you may be thankful that neither so did we; he has dwelt on what, according to his feelings, are the most delightful attributes of April—and says not a word about angling; whereas we would have wearied you out of your love of life, by prosing upon it for many thousand lines, you all the while looking more blank than our verse, and frequently tempted to put a period, not to our paragraphs, but to your own existence. For though Richard Mant is often prosy enough in all conscience, he is a mere trifle in his petticoats to Christopher North in his sporting jacket—witness even this article, "slow beginning, never ending," which we have been informed by Mr Hughes has set a succession of compositorssound asleep, and rendered a range of readers comatose. Besides, consider that March, April, and May, are *bona fide* but one Month—*tria juncta in una*—and that you must peruse them all in that light before you can pronounce whether or no our diocesan has done them justice. March is the season of flowers—so is May. Nay, January has her wreath of honey-suckle leaves—primroses—daisies—furze—wall-flower—catkins of the hazel—smaller periwinkles—ivy-leaved toad-flax—and "snow-drops, emblem of maiden loveliness"—of all which the Shepherd, whose crook is a crozier, doth tenderly treat. February, too, can gather her wreath of "flowers, and weeds as beautiful as flowers," and many a time and oft have we paused, as she passed us somewhat disdainfully by, to admire her flaunting forehead. Ay, flaunting is the very word, for though usually sour and sharp as an old maid with a snow-drop at her nose, hopeless of loves fruitions, February in the sunshine that elicits the insects, resembles the same old maid on her way to church to be married at last to a

strapping son of Tipperary—and the whole neighbourhood runs out to see her decked with procumbent speedwell, barren strawberry, dandelion, butcher's broom, vernal pilewort, daffodils no less, nay violets, "darkly, brightly, beautifully blue," as her expecting eyes are keeping a look out for the "bold bridegroom." As for March, who comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion, he is Flora's head gardener, and you see him busy among bright and balmy heaps of incense, wishing for no wages, and contented with bed and board. What we have said is sufficient to show that you must not read any one month—and least of all April—by itself; but must study a groupe of *Fratres and Sorores*, for there is no understanding the appearance or character of any one, male or female, without viewing it in closest connexion with the kindred nearest its own age—and then you are aware that there are twins in the family—we leave you to find them out if you can—and now for May—and heigh for MAY-DAY.

"It was of old a festive day,
That usher'd in the birth of May.
Right early on the jocund morn,
When that delightful month was born,
Or ere the thrush's new-fledg'd brood
Came forth their caterpillar food
To pick upon the dewy lawn,
Scarce lighted by the flickering dawn;
Or ere from his low place of rest,
Hid in the sprouting cornfield's breast,
'Tae lark, the shepherd's clock,' had
sprung,

And bathed in light ethereal sung
Aloft his blithesome roundelay
Of greeting to the morning gray;
While yet the amorous nightingale
Told in still twilight's ear his tale
Of rapturous joy and love repaid,
Thick warbling through the woodland
glade;

Regardless of the timely sleep,
The noble from the castled steep,
The burgher from the busy change,
From village, hamlet, lonely grange
The peasantry, a mingled throng
Lasses and lads, and old and young,
Pour'd forth promiscuously to pay
Observance to the merry May:
With shout and song, and winded horn
Alert to wake the slumbering morn;
To rove the good greenwood, and bring
Away the spoil of early spring,
With nosegays dück'd, with garlands
crown'd,

And hang each smiling homestead round,
Window, and door, and porch with
bowers

Of verdant boughs and blooming flowers.

"And then at home the joyous scene!

The Maypole on the village green,
With ribbons, flag, and chaplets bound;
And pipe and tabor's mirthful sound;
And merry bells in concert ringing;
And merry voices blithely singing;
And merry footsteps feately glancing
With jingling bells; and morris-dancing,
'Mid clash of swords and Kendal green,
About the season's maiden Queen,
In crown and flowery mantle drest,
Gave honour to the vernal feast.

"Touch'd by the tint of mellowing
years,

And view'd far off, the scene appears
One but of innocent delight.

And yet perchance a nearer sight,
As space diminish'd oft reveals
Spots that a distant view conceals,
Might open to the thoughtful eye,
Enough to raise a serious sigh,
For much of inconsiderate glee,
Intemperate rout and revelry,
With lack of purity combined;
Enough to satisfy the mind,
Howe'er the fancy love to glance
On by-gone themes of old romance,
'Tis well that now is past away
The observance of those rites of May.

"But who what now remains would
blame

Austerely of the May-day game?
And who so grave, as when he sees,
Returning from the woods and leas,
The lads' and lasses' village troops
With garlanded and ribbon'd hoops,
All sparkling with the morning dew,
Pale primroses, and harebells blue,
Bright goldilocks, and pansies pied,
And scented hawthorn's snow-white
pride,

And all the garniture of spring;
And hears them blithely carolling,
Memorials of the elder times,
Their rude traditionary rhimes,
Gathering of doles a little store
In pilgrimage from door to door:—
Yes, who so grave, so dull of heart
To bear in others' joys a part,
As from such pastime, void of guile
And harmless, to withhold a smile
And tribute to the garland gay,
Nor wish them all a merry May?"

Mant's May is by no means the
best of his months. We desiderate
much of that spirit of blessed mirth
which doth then bound, and abound,
and rebound; and his measures,
which ought to be wild with excess
of joy, like rivulets "dancing their

mazy round," and numerous as the
blended voices of all beings not by
nature mute, are tame in their flow
as art-induced irrigations creeping
along a lawn, undiversified as the
cuckoo's cry, though, like it, melli-
fluous, for the Bishop has an ear for
sweet sounds, though it too greatly
affects the monotonous. With not
a few happy touches he tinges his
trees—but what merit is there in
that? He should have flushed his
woods with beauty, till "our sense
ached at it"—till "our souls were
sick of love." Each kind of tree,
taken *per se*, "shines well where it
stands" in his picture; but they do
not illustrate, and beautify, and glo-
rify one another as they do in na-
ture. He shows us no Forest. His
list seems versified from Evelyn or
Gilpin, without their poetry—his
Scotch Firs would faint at the thun-
der of the Linn of Dee—had Mona's
oaks been like his, there would have
been no Druids. But we never
shame a poet by quoting his poor
lines—and to make some amends
for our veracity, we praise, while
we present it, the "Lily of the Val-
ley."

"Fair flow'r, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the vale!

"Art thou that 'Lily of the field,'
Which, when the Saviour sought to
shield

The heart from blank despair,
He show'd to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?—

"Not thus I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine

Those children of the East!
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest;

"More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

"But not the less, sweet springtide's
flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,

His skill and handy-work,
Our western valleys' humbler child
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

"What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee too a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king array'd.

"Of thy twin leaves the embowed skreen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem
Displays a milk-white bell;

"Instinct with life, thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending
shoot,
As rising from the dead;
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

"The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While Spring shall weave her flowery
crown,
Or vernal breezes blow:—

"Who forms thee thus with unseen hand;
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being through
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is he?

"Omnipotent, to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep, to make thee sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind!

"'There is no God,' the senseless say:—
'O God, why cast'st thou us away?'
Of feeble faith and frail
The mourner breathes his anxious
thought:—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet Lily of the Vale.

"Yes! He, who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine:
Nor deems she, that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine."

We know not well why it is so,
but we are seldom happy in mid-summer. Heaven forbid we should speak slightly of any season—and we confess that the cause must lie in ourselves—for what is there in nature to make a rational man sad about the time of the summer solstice? Dr Mant seems then even happier than his wont, and so good a man must be always happy; his animal spirits seem to rise as he writes in the table of contents of June, "reign of summer established." His July, too, is fervid, though he cannot describe—not he, indeed—a thunder-storm. The story of the fate of the family-party— young maidens all—that perished in a moment on Malvern hills, is ineffectively told—and was much more touching—we well remember reading it—in a Worcester newspaper. But let it pass. The magnificence of the meridian sky—of the rising and setting sun—is not a theme for the Bishop's muse—for though he, no doubt, has a sense of the sublime, he has not the power of wording it—nor could he ever have said of the sun what Wordsworth says of him—

"Outshining like a visible god
The path on which he trode."

But he is at home in the hay-field, walking behind the mowers, and inspecting the swathes with the eye of a botanist, or strolling among the cocks, as the cones rise before the rakes, and the meadow becomes a city of round-headed tents or blunted pyramids. 'Tis many a day since we read such a pleasant passage as this—

"Here, as the swarthy mowers pass
Slow through the tall and russet grass,
In marshal'd rank, from side to side,
With circling stroke and measur'd stride,
Before the scythe's wide sweeping sway
The russet meadow's tall array
Falls, and the bristly surface strows
With the brown swathe's successive rows.

Ah, take they heed, nor on her nest
The Partridge ill-secur'd molest!
Deep in the grass behold her sit;
Reluctant from her couch to flit,
Though the stout mower's whistling
blade
Incautious her abode invade,
And threaten, 'mid the falling heap,
Away herself and brood to sweep!

"Roused from her humble pallet,
mark!

Up starts alarm'd the brooding Lark :
And round and round her dwelling flies
With fluttering wings and plaintive cries.

"And, hark! with oft-repeated wail,
Heard but not seen, the restless Rail
For her low home forbearance begs!
Scarce issued from the ruptured eggs,
Swift through the scatter'd morning dew
The young their fleeting dam pursue.
In pity spare them! Lest trepann'd,
Though cherished by your fondling hand,
Bereaved the captive birds decline,
And for their dam and freedom pine!

"Here the blithe hamlet's gather'd
throng,

With toothed rake and forked prong,
Maidens and boys, in order due
The mower's ridgy track pursue ;
Turn with just care the tedded hay
Alternate to the mellowing ray ;
Or loosely o'er the sunny mead
The scatter'd rows promiscuous spread ;
Or what may fill the rounded lap
In smaller heaps collected wrap ;
Or in more broad and loftier piles
Build the rich produce : while with
smiles

At hand the joyous farmer eyes,
Safe from the assault of lowering skies,
O'r the throng'd field to stature grown
Complete the haycock's tawny cone.

"And there the toiling horses strain
Slowly to move the ponderous wain.
From pile to pile the slow wain goes :—
And still at each more lofty grows,
While the stout swains below supply
Fresh fardels to the swains on high,
Heaps upon heaps, the grassy load :
Thence, lumbering o'er the homeward
road,

It swells, adorn'd with trophied bough,
The rick compact, or treasur'd mow.

"Nor want there objects of delight,
To charm, together with the sight,
The ear and smell : of peerless scent
The new-cut herbage redolent,
Chief from the stem of vernal grass,
Confest for sweetness to surpass
The woodruff's Eden-blowing breath ;
And sweeping through the yielding
swathe

With rushing sound, or the shrill tone
Re-echoing of the sharpening hone
Now and again, the mower's scythe ;
The village maiden's carol blithe ;
The village story circling round ;
And shout, and laughter's jocund sound,
And, join'd to voice of guiding swain,
The rumbling of the loaded wain.

"Nor wants there, what may well en-
gage

The mind reflecting ; if, a page

Of nature's book here open thrown,
We wish by care to make our own
Its rich contents ; and scrutinise
Discreetly with botanick eyes
The clover's many-cluster'd head
Of winged blossoms, white or red :
And, each according to his kind,
The grassy tribes by God design'd
For use of bird, of beast, of man,
Unmark'd by casual glance. But scan,
Ascending from the fibrous root,
Joint after joint, the juicy shoot,
The stalk, the leaf, the waving plume,
The sheltering husk, the fruitful bloom,
And last the swelling seed ; and say,
Though little deck'd by colours gay,
If plainer sample, or more fair,
Of pow'r, contrivance, wisdom, care,
Appeal to man's considerate sense,
And, ruling all, benevolence,
Than nature's lowliest children yield,
The grass and herbage of the field."

His picture of the corn-field and the reapers is not so good, and he had far better have let the story of Ruth alone—which is sure to be spoiled—and likely to be ruined—when taken out of that loveliest of holy scripture. We have thus got into August—but we cannot say that his poetry improves with the fading, faded, and fallen leaf. His autumnal tints are far from being gorgeous—and he is no Poussin. But, if his imagination sometimes be languid, his heart is always alive—and he never alludes to their condition, or paints their occupations, without previously speaking of the poor. He blesses the god-given precept that enjoins the land-owner to leave to them the corners, and the gleanings of the harvest field. His own charities privilege him to write thus—and they inspire him to write thus beautifully—

"I love to see kind heav'n bestow
Abundance on mankind below :
Then chief, when 'tis bestow'd on one,
Who lives not for himself alone,
But, like the rich and fruitful ground,
What he receives, disperses round,
In part to bless the sons of men ;
And grateful gives a part again,
Like incense-breathing fields, to rise
In tribute to the bounteous skies.

"Nor less I love to see the store
Augmented of the lowly poor ;
By honest toil industrious wrought,
By frugal care, and prudent thought,
With peacefulness and heart's content,
Which of the Fount of good, that sent

Life and its blessings, mindful, pays
 To Him the meed of thankful praise.
 And though to Him, who gives us all,
 The turf-built altar be but small,
 The offering there of little price;
 And from that humble sacrifice,
 So the world deems, a trivial flame
 Ascending, though with heav'nward aim,
 With but a feeble light arise,
 And seek acceptance from the skies :—
 I know not but as rich a scent
 That turf-built altar may present,
 Expressive of the heart's desire,
 That offering poor, and feeble fire,
 As grateful to the smell divine;
 As, flaming on the golden shrine,
 Ten thousand hecatombs, and more,
 In homage from the Imperial store."

The Harvest Waggon, the Harvest Queen, and Harvest Home, which, in the poetry of Burns, and Grahame, and Allan Cunningham, and the Shepherd, are all so animated, that the scene leaps off the page, and arranges itself on the field, the road, the stack-yard, or the barn illumined with tallows, ten to the pound, adhering to the walls by their own grease, with here and there a larger fellow in a bit of tin, proudly imagining himself to be a lamp—in the verse of Mant are spiritless as the painted prints one sees in parlours of way-side inns—but they are not, like them, ludicrous or vulgar. Perhaps they had been better had they been so; but the Bishop has no vivacity—and afraid of being thought coarse, or low, he never ventures on those broad strokes which, when dashed off by genius familiarly conversant with rural life, brings the whole scene boldly out in truthful prominence, with all its lights and shadows—till you hear as well as see it—

"A wild scene
 Of mirth and jocund din."

Of the Harvest Moon he sings in a more suitable strain—and we wish we had written this appeal or injunction to reapers as September is stealing away, and corn yet standing in the field, not to let slip an hour in idleness :—

"Time presses : haste not then away
 Impatient with the setting day !

Nor, though in twilight veil'd the sun
 Have now his daily journey run,
 Cease ye the busy work to ply !
 For, lo ! his substitute on high,
 As if to warn you not to close
 Your toil in premature repose ;
 As if to prompt you still to wield
 The sickle 'mid the harvest field ;
 With face benign and fair display'd
 At once to monish and to aid ;
 Eve after eve to glad the scene,
 With brief the intervals between
 Her risings each successive night ;
 Eve after eve with aspect bright
 Scarce minish'd, nature's timely boon,
 Comes forth full-orb'd the Harvest
 Moon."

Half of September, and the whole of October, are occupied by the Bishop's effusions on his darling feathered bipeds—for with him they are all darlings, from the kitty-wren to the golden eagle. About the swallow he pours himself out in two hundred and thirty lines, and he really gets wearisome exceedingly; we know not if they were all indited standing on one foot, but we engage, for a pot of honey, to indite double the number of equal merit—and the Bishop's are not without merit—standing, like any other uninspired Christian, on two—a pair of soles, either in silk, cotton, worsted, or bare. The "green skar, and sable cormorant," he despatches together in a couple of dozen lines, dull enough; his solan goose is lengthy, and we see he never saw the Bass; "ponderous gulls and lighter mews" he dismisses without ceremony, and he is terse on terns. He wastes, however, more breath on the puffin. "Brown Skua Eagle of the Sea," being an "Island king," becomes a bad subject in the Bishop's hands, as we see him catching the prey

"the ravening gull
 Diagorges from his gullet."

Yet for all this sad or poor stuff, he makes amends by the soliloquy between himself and the Little Petrel. It is too long, and occasionally a little languid, but contains so much natural sentiment and imagery that it is worthy a place in Maga.

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXV.

MAY, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

Contents.

WORDSWORTH'S NEW VOLUME,	699
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. XI.	723
MICHAEL LYNX; "THE MAN WHO KNEW HIMSELF,"	730
SONNETS BY "THE SKETCHER,"	739
SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY. PART III.	747
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. BY MONS. DE TOCQUEVILLE,	758
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. CHAP. XIV. THE MOONBEAM.—	
CHAP. XV. THE BREAKING WAVE,	767
THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING. BY DELTA,	792
DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION. A LYRIC. BY MRS HEMANS,	793
CHANGE OF MINISTRY,	796
THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR MODERN POETRY. NO. I.	815

EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO. 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH ;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXV.

MAY, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

WORDSWORTH'S NEW VOLUME.

WE remember the time, and many far younger than we may remember it, when the Poetry of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was known but to a few devout worshippers, to whom it was a religion. That name, now illustrious all over the civilized world, was then with the million—groundlings fondly believing themselves sky-denizens—associated with all low and ludicrous images, and pronounced by them but with derision and contempt. They—the Men—pitied us—the Babies—who fancied we saw beauty in those *childish* compositions fit only for the nursery—THE LYRICAL BALLADS. Their laughter was long and loud; and “cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air” loved to multiply it from “stately Edinborough throned on crags”—where the Critical Philosophy, in the heart of Scottish mists, had erected her metropolitan temple. Vain babbler! her tongue that for so many years had wagged so Merry-Andrew-like, to the delight of the most intellectual audience on the earth’s surface, began to wax clammy and then dry—till in sore dismay the old Lady—ycleped the Critical Philosophy—felt it cleaving to the roof of her mouth—and the mute surd—choked in her shrine by her own unutterable responses—with a gasp expired. There were

none to close the eyes—or with decent care to compose the limbs of the bed-ridden Priestess. The subject was unfit for surgeon or raven—and was left to moulder away on the rock—the spot yet visible in a patch of yellow weeds—for the soil was too thin for sepulture—on the verdant face of our Acropolis.

Scotland—thank heaven—has produced her due number of great and good Poets, but, if you except Beattie, not a single true critic. Then Beattie was himself a poet—not indeed of the highest order—but of pure inspiration—and his fine native genius, richly cultivated by various learning, showed itself in unerring taste and judgment in all his disquisitions on the works of “the vision and the faculty divine.” Adam Smith had no imagination—no profound sensibilities—and was satisfied, without seeming to care much about it, with the French school of poetry and criticism, which he thought was one with the Greek—Racine being with him another Sophocles. David Hume was of opinion that, “if Shakspeare be considered as a MAN, born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction, either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy; if represent-

ed as a Poet, capable of furnishing proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience, we must abate much of this eulogy"—and David adds, "a striking peculiarity of sentiment, adapted to a singular character, he frequently hits, as it were by inspiration; but a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold."—"It is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction. His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, &c., we can excuse!" Lord Kames was acute, nor can we lay to his charge any such blind and deaf blunders as those of Scotland's greatest metaphysician—but he had neither enthusiasm nor fancy, and his *Elements of Criticism* can be considered creditable but to a paper Lord accustomed to pronounce interlocutors in a court of which Apollo was not President. Gerard on Taste is readable—and that is all—but not so Gerard on Genius. Blair's Lectures are composed of commonplaces carefully collected from the French critics—but no man ever had less poetry in his soul—and Cowper has rightly pronounced him the dullest and most dry of all the tribe. Dugald Stewart felt some kinds of elaborate and ornate lyrical poetry, and has expatiated well on its beauties; but the circle was narrow in which his admiration moved; and he knew little of the boundless world of Imagination. So poor a poet as Thomas Brown—and no versifier was ever more ambitious of the laurel leaf—could not but be a poor critic on poetry—even his fine analytical power then deserted him—or rather he is seen vainly attempting to exercise it on materials which he did not understand—on feelings which he had never experienced—on passions that had never with sudden access invaded his own amiable but not very masculine heart. Mr Alison alone of all our Scottish writers on Taste, along with high intellect possessed the poetical temperament—he alone has written imaginatively on imagination—and his work on Association is of itself worth, twenty times over, all the other works to which we have alluded—Beattie's excepted—on the principles consciously or unconsciously observed by genius in its immortal creations.

Whatever other powers may have flourished in Scotland during the time we have been speaking of—and many flourished—assuredly if criticism have any thing to do with its production, growth, and culture—among them could not well have been Imagination. Our philosophy was cold and speculative—it missed the majesty of its own subject—and was little conversant with those truths, in which Poetry lives, moves, and has its being. Our philosophers, with the few exceptions alluded to—were the most prosaic of God's creatures—and at the same time the most sceptical—some of them not firmly believing any thing, and some of them giving up, without regret or remorse, their faith even in the primal intuitions of Nature. There was little religion among them who were accounted the master minds of their age and country; and as they gave the tone to thought and feeling among the cultivated classes, there was in the national character, as exhibited by those classes, none of that high enthusiasm, without which the intellect never becomes imaginative or creative—and they did not produce a single Poet. Between Thomson and Campbell, Beattie alone appeared—Burns belonged altogether to another order of beings—and not one of the Three owed any thing to that much vaunted philosophy of the human mind in which it has pleased Scotland to place her pride. Joanna Baillie—the greatest female poet the world has ever seen—though she chose to cast her poetry perhaps in too philosophical a form—owed her inspiration to nature and Shakspeare; James Grahame, of far humbler genius but as true, immortalized in his Sabbath the sweetest and holiest reminiscences of his early rural life, with the multitude of common minds evanescent as shadows; the Author of the Pleasures of Hope fortunately gave his metaphysics to the wind, and looked with a poet's eye on the glorious aggregates of nature; and Scott, who cared not for the schools and their budge doctors, beheld in his country's ballads,

"The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear,
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quenched the fires of feudal rage,"

glimpses of a state of society which in his imagination grew into full and perfect day, repeopled with a race of beings over whom the grave had long closed in vain—his genius bringing back from oblivion ages of his country's history all pictured as vividly as when the balefires blazed on Tweed, and the beacons rose like stars on every hill-top in the Forest.

In Scotland, then, we see that Poetry, rightly so called, has owed nothing to Philosophy, wrongly so called, but has risen up in spite of it; and what has been the character of Criticism since the commencement of the century? It has been gradually enlightening itself to a perception of the truth under the instruction of that very genius which, for too long a season, in its blindness it foolishly sought to teach—to expound, forsooth, the principles of the divine art in which genius is commissioned by Heaven through heavenly intuitions to excel. It has had the sense, at last, to see that the laws of poetry are to be found in the works of the poets and nowhere else, for there they are exemplified, after exemplars in nature which only poets know—and that the only true science is inspiration. Philosophers—and critics are no less—might have understood this long ere now, as Aristotle understood it, though few of his commentators. But they must have been forgotten it, when such a man as David Hume could have so miserably maligned and despised the Master Mind of the World. Ignorance, almost as gross as his, may be laid to the charge of one and all of our Scottish critics intermeddling with the sons of song. And this brings us back to the equally irrational abuse of Wordsworth, with which for years the press in its freedom groaned and yelled—the same press that all at once fell mute, as if the spirit that worked it had been overawed by a sudden sense of its own impiety—and after a pause, began to clatter almost as senselessly in praise of the prevailing poet, whose empire has now become wide as the light!

Into the causes of this judicial blindness, in which the eyes of some men's souls, not unjustly celebrated for their perspicacity in other regions of thought, were seal-

ed as if with blackest night, we shall not now stop to enquire; but where now have the scorners hidden their many-coloured heads? In what secret spot have the fools buried their cap and bells? Turn up the leading periodicals of those days, in which Wordsworth was declared to be a crazy Simpleton—the Incarnation of Namby-Pamby—and blush for your country—nay, for your kind, and most of all—if ever you did indeed chuckle over the wretched ribaldry that then was thought wit—for yourself. An Edition of his Works in Five Volumes is lying before you—and here is a Sixth Volume—we devoutly trust it will not be the last—in them all not “one line which dying he would wish to blot”—for in them all, not one line without its image, feeling, sentiment, or thought true to nature, and therefore, in her high or humble moods, dear to nature, who will not let one of them die. Compare any one page, or any twenty pages, with the character given of Wordsworth's poetry in the obsolete criticism that sought to send it to oblivion. The poet now sits on his throne, in the blue serene—and no voice from below dares now to deny his supremacy in his own calm dominions. And was it of him, whom devout imagination, dreaming of ages to come, now sees placed in his immortality between Milton and Spenser, that the whole land once rang with ridicule, while her wise men wiped their eyes “of tears that sacred *pity* had engendered,” and then relieved their hearts by joining in the laughter “of the universal British nation?” All the ineffable absurdities of the bard are embodied in these six volumes—the sense of the ridiculous still survives among us—our men of wit and power are not all dead—we have yet our satirists great and small—editors in thousands, and contributors in tens of thousands—and subscribers in millions—yet not a whisper is heard to breathe detraction from the genius of the high priest of nature, while the voice of the awakened and enlightened land declares it to be divine—and uses towards him not the language merely of admiration, but of reverence—of love and gratitude due to a benefactor of humanity, who has purified its passions

by loftiest thoughts and noblest sentiments, stilling their turbulence by the same processes that magnify their power, and showing how the soul, in ebb and flow, and when its tide is at full, may be at once as strong and as serene as the sea.

We are privileged to speak thus—for we remember the first appearance of this great poet: Seemed then to us “a new morn risen on mid-day!” Five-and-thirty years have since fled over our heads—but in the midst of many changes which time has wrought in our inner world no change has there ever been either of thought or of feeling then awakened by the poetry of Wordsworth. No change—but a perpetual deepening and strengthening, and sanctifying—our love growing more solemn, and at times sadder, in the consciousness of the near approach of our life to its close—the revelations made to us by the poet being contemplated now by the light of our setting, as they were then by that of our rising sun!

In the joy that then all at once brightened our whole being, and that was felt to be one with the joy of nature beautified by a new poetry, the friend—the friends dearest to our human heart—and with whom we had up to that grand era in our existence held sweet converse together on all that in common we most dearly loved—partook as largely as that love desired; and in the expansion and elevation of our spirits we too felt as if we were Poets. Nor were we altogether deceived;—for profound feeling, though inspired from without, and, as with us then, by the agency of a superior spirit,—and it was as if an angel had met us on the way, and spoken to us of a new world and a new life even beneath the very skies and on the very earth with which we had been familiar in youth’s often unthinking happiness,—becomes in its bliss creative, and brightens with beauty of its own the visions which highest genius brings from afar to sail over its head like a company of clouds more glorious than had ever before filled the firmament, or to surround its feet like flocks of flowers lovelier than spring had ere then lavished on the earth, dædal now indeed, and burdened with beds

of lustre on which the soul laid itself down in transport, and sank away among the incense into imagination’s dreams that wavered in a region still and sweet as blended air and water—the holy confusion of earth and heaven!

And what we felt—must it not have been felt—in equal greater or lesser passion—by many of the youthhood of the land? For we were then young—and our feet were like the feet of the wild deer on the mountains. Of ourselves we can say—that

“The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the dark and gloomy
wood,

Their colours and their forms, were then to
me

An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.”

These lines vividly express the passion which all have felt whom it has pleased heaven to give a heart alive to the love of nature. But such passion cannot sustain itself as life proceeds, and if not transmuted, dies—leaving the heart forlorn, as the beauty of the earth seems to vanish. And to most of us happens such hopeless loss—because we are not wise in our worship—and have been worshipping an idol. Wordsworth taught us—as he must then have taught many—and has since taught all who have ears to hear and hearts to understand—that they alone can delight in nature to the last who cultivate all their faculties of love—and they are our highest, and must be fed on spiritual food. He has throughout all his poetry instilled into us that creed, by lessons in which its spirit breathes alike, whether drawn from the “sweet flower whose home is every where,” or from the “star of Jove so beautiful and large” by itself in heaven.

“That time is past,

And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would be-
lieve,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of amplest power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise

In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul

Of all my moral being."

As the love of nature is a profound affection, such poetry as this, in which the soul's intercommunion with nature is nearer and dearer than in any other that solitude ever inspired, can never lose its power over the heart that has once received it into its recesses, till that heart has lost all enjoyment of what constituted the purest bliss of youth; and such loss can never befall us as long "as life is wise and innocent." Wordsworth, in his own impassioned youth, drew too keen enjoyment from those almost animal instincts by which he was impelled to cleave to the bosom of beauty, when

"From rock to rock he went,
In pleasure high and turbulent,"

ever to speak disparagingly, in the calm of years, of feelings preparatory to that diviner bliss which wells up from the depths of the tranquillized spirit, when it no longer craves for sensations and impressions, though they too come to it without seeking, tempered and subdued, but lives mainly on reflection and meditation, for which materials have been unceasingly laid in, with no prospective care indeed of the future, but solely for sake of their

own delightful acquisition at the time, yet felt afterwards to be riches the soul can draw upon to the last issues of life. His earlier poetry is full indeed of such instinctive emotions of tenderness, and love, and joy, and young hearts must delight in them, sprinkled as they are all over the Lyrical Ballads, as we ourselves once delighted in them; but only they who, as they grow older, love to listen to "the still sad music of humanity," can feel the religious worship of nature in which Wordsworth has led his whole life. There are few pictures painted by him merely for the pleasure of the eye, or even the imagination, though all the pictures he ever painted are beautiful to both; they have all a moral meaning—far the greater number of them a meaning more than moral—and his poetry can be comprehended, in its full scope and spirit, but by those who feel the sublimity of these four lines in his *Ode to Duty*—

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong."

Is thy life disturbed by guilty or sinful passions? Have they gained a mastery of thee—and art thou indeed their slave? Then the poetry of Wordsworth must be to thee

"As is a picture to a blind man's eye;" or if thine eyes yet see the light in which his poetry is enveloped, and thy heart yet feels the beauty it reveals, in spite of the clouds that overhang and the storms that trouble them, that beauty will be unbearable, till regret becomes remorse, and remorse penitence, and penitence restore thee to those intuitions of the truth that illumine his sacred pages, and thou knowest and feelest once more that

"The primal duties shine aloft—like stars,"

that life's best pleasures grow like flowers all around and beneath thy very feet.

It has been a long, silent, and steadfast happiness to us to watch the progress of Wordsworth's poetry all over the land—and to observe it stealing unobtrusively, like other blessings to those who are willing to

welcome them, into the private sanctuaries of life. What on this earth so cheering to those who love their kind, as to behold the widening of the circle within which move all pure and holy thoughts! From the first we prophesied that, next to Cowper, Wordsworth would, ere many years elapsed, be the poet best beloved in happy domestic privacies, and our prophecy is fast being fulfilled; it wants for its complete fulfillment, perhaps, but that final consecration which the death of a great poet gives to his works. Distant be that day! Yet in the course of nature it cannot be very far distant; and to the heart that loves and reverences him, it must often be felt to be near. Never was the spirit of a mortal being more entirely embodied in imperishable words; as mankind become more enlightened and more religious, his poetry will seem to be more and more beautiful; nor can we imagine that they will ever outgrow his wisdom, or that the virtues of our nature will ever be so purified and elevated as not to find a reflection of themselves in those still waters, overshadowed as they are with the soul's divinest imagery, and unruffled by any disturbing breath.

We care not who may blame us for thus speaking; for we know that Wordsworth is the only Great Poet who has ever devoted his whole life to Poetry, and poured into it his whole spirit, not for sake alone of his own delight in the creations of his own genius, but for the good of his fellow-creatures—we say it with all reverence—for the glory of his Creator. Such language as we have used of him is allowed by all to be justifiable when used of the holiest of our great Divines—and if his life be set apart like theirs to his high vocation—his piety as sincere—his wisdom as wide—and his genius greater far—we know not why we should fear to speak of him, his life, and his labours, in language that can be objected to only by those who are so ignorant of the history of our race as not to know, that from the shrines religion has built in the souls of meditative men to whom God has given the gift of genius, have flowed the most ennobling influences all

over human life, next to those which have come direct from heaven.

Nor are we not privileged to cherish a better feeling than pride in the belief or rather knowledge, that by a hundred papers in our periodical, we have helped to diffuse Wordsworth's poetry not only over this island, but the farthest dependencies of the British empire, and throughout the United States of America. Many thousands have owed to us their emancipation from the prejudices against it, under which they had wilfully remained ignorant of it during many years; and we have instructed as many more, whose hearts were free, how to look on it with those eyes of love which alone can discover the Beautiful. Communications have been made to us from across the Atlantic, and from the heart of India—from the Occident and the Orient—thanking us for having vindicated and extended the fame of the best of our living bards—till the name of Wordsworth has become a household word on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ganges. It would have been so, had we never lived, *but not so soon*; and many a noble nature has worshipped his genius, as displayed in our pages, not in fragments but in perfect poems, accompanied with our comments, who had no means, in those distant regions of possessing his volumes, whereas our work flies on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth.

As for our own dear Scotland—for whose sake, with all her faults, the light of day is sweet to our eyes—twenty years ago there were not twenty copies—we question if there were ten—of the Lyrical Ballads in all the land of the mountain and the flood. Now Wordsworth is studied all Scotland over—and Scotland is proud and happy to know from his Memorials of the Tours he has made through her brown heaths and shaggy woods, that the Bard's heart overflows with kindness towards her children—that his songs have celebrated the simple and heroic character of her olden times, nor left unhonoured the virtues that yet survive in her national character. All her generous youth regard him now

as a great Poet; and we have been more affected than we should choose to confess, by the grateful acknowledgment of many a gifted spirit, that to us it was owing that they opened their eyes and their hearts to the ineffable beauty of that poetry in which they had, under our instructions, found not a vain visionary delight alone, but strength and succour and consolation breathed as from a shrine in the silence and solitude of nature, in which stood their father's hut, sanctifying their humble birth-place with pious thoughts that made the very week days to them like Sabbaths—nor on the evening of the Sabbath might they not blamelessly be blended with those breathed from the Bible, enlarging their souls to religion by those meditative moods which such pure poetry inspires, and by those habits of reflection which its study forms, when pursued under the influence of thoughtful peace. We have read “the Churchyard among the Mountains”—that Book of the Excursion which is itself a noble poem—with the shepherd in his shieling—with the schoolmaster in his hut—with the clergyman in his manse. In that manse, how will this Sonnet—one of the most beautiful in the new volume—be felt! But we shall not quote it by itself—but along with a few others from a former volume, inspired by a kindred spirit, while the Poet was meditating on the Ecclesiastical History of England. Let it take precedence in the short series how pregnant with piety! In these times, how full to many of consolation and hope! To many—if their hearts be not

utterly callous—of reproach—which may it lead to contrition! We have still an established Church—worthy of all love and reverence—and dear, we believe, to the hearts of the people of this yet religious land—dear, let us hope—in spite of their seeming desertion of it, to those who are about to be its rulers. Oh that they would listen to the wisdom that speaks so sweetly and so solemnly in such strains as these! That with this great Poet and Philosopher and Statesman—and the wisest in the land have declared that the highest endowments essential to each of the three characters are all possessed by Wordsworth—they would study the history of the National Establishment of Christianity in England from its first introduction to the consummation of the Papal dominion—from that to the close of the troubles in the reign of Charles the First—from the Restoration to the present times! They would then know what is the meaning of corruption and decay, of reform and renovation—and what the causes of the decline and fall—of the restoration and stability of the true faith. They would learn to regard with a holy fear that holy structure whose downfall is now desired by so many of the weak and wicked—and would shudder at the sacrilege at which they now but smile! Another time we shall accompany the poet all down “that strange eventful history.” Mean while we select a few sonnets from the magnificent series, and leave them without a single word of ours to your own meditations.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

“ Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,
Among the happiest-looking Homes of men
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings; does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his Predecessors trode,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers?”

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTISH COVENANTERS.

" When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,
 The majesty of England interposed
 And the sword stopped; the bleeding wounds were closed;
 And Faith preserved her ancient purity.
 How little boots that precedent of good,
 Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,
 For England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
 Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
 The headless martyrs of the Covenant,
 Slain by compatriot-protestants that draw
 From councils senseless as intolerant
 Their warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
 But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
 Against a Champion cased in adamant."

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

" Ungrateful country, if thou e'er forget
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;
 But These had fallen for profitless regret
 Had not thy holy Church her Champions bred;
 And claims from other world inspired
 The Star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
 (Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
 However hardly won or justly dear;
 What came from Heaven to Heaven by nature clings
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short."

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

" As star that shines dependent upon star
 Is to the sky while we look up in love;
 As to the deep fair ships which though they move
 Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar;
 As to the sandy desert fountains are,
 With palm groves shaded at wide intervals,
 Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls
 Of roving tired or desultory war;
 Such to this British Isle her Christian Fanes,
 Each linked to each for kindred services;
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,
 Where a few villagers on bended knees
 Find solace which a busy world disdains."

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

" A genial hearth, a hospitable board,
 And a refined rusticity belong
 To the neat mansion, where, his Flock among,
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord.
 Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
 To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
 Gentleness in his heart; can earth afford
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
 He from the Pulpit lifts his awful hand;
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
 For re-subjecting to divine command
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man?"

OLD ABBEYS.

" Monastic Domes! following my downward way,
 Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!
 Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
 Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
 On our past selves in life's declining day:
 For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
 We learn to tolerate the infirmities
 And faults of others, gently as he may
 Towards our own the mild instructor deals,
 Teaching us to forget them or forgive.
 Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
 Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
 Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
 Your spirit freely let me drink and live!"

NEW CHURCHES.

" But liberty, and triumphs on the Main,
 And laurelled Armies—not to be withstood,
 What serve they? if, on transitory good
 Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
 The state (ah surely not preserved in vain!)
 Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood
 Of sacred Truth may enter—till it brood
 O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian Plain
 The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time
 Is conscious of her want; through England's bounds,
 In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise!
 I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime
 Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
 That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies!"

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

" Be this the chosen site;—the virgin sod,
 Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,
 Shall disappear—and grateful earth receive
 The corner-stone from hands that build to God.
 Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
 Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
 Those forest oaks of Druid memory,
 Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode
 Of genuine Faith. Where, haply, mid this band
 Of daisies, Shepherds sate of yore and wove
 May-garlands, let the holy Altar stand
 For kneeling adoration; while—above,
 Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
 That shall protect from blasphemy the land."

CATHEDRALS, &c.

" Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles!
 Types of the Spiritual Church which God hath reared;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel—or thrid your intricate defiles—
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will,
 By a bright ladder to the world above,
 Open your Gates, ye Monuments of love
 Divine! thou, Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!"

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

"Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band
 Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
 Of nicely-calculated less or more;
 So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
 Linger—*and wandering on as loth to die*;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality."

THE SAME.

"What awful perspective! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
 In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
 Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
 Whoe'er ye be, that thus—yourselves unseen—
 Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
 Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night!
 But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
 The music bursteth into second life;—
 The notes luxuriate—every stone is kissed
 By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
 Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
 Of the Devout a veil of ecstasy!"

CONTINUED.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
 Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
 Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here;
 Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
 Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
 Melts, if it cross the threshold; where the wreath
 Of awe-struck wisdom droops; or let my path
 Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome
 Hath typified by reach of daring art
 Infinity's embrace; whose guardian crest,
 The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread
 As now, when she hath also seen her breast
 Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
 Of grateful England's overflowing Dead."

That is indeed sacred poetry! How comprehensive is the sympathy of a truly pious heart! How religion reconciles different forms, and modes, and signs, and symbols of worship, provided only they are all imbued with the spirit of faith! This is the toleration Christianity sanctions—for it is inspired by its own universal love. No sectarian feeling here that would exclude or debar from the holiest chamber in the poet's bosom one sincere worshipper of our Father which is in heaven. Christian brethren! By

that mysterious bond our natures are brought into more endearing communion—now more than ever brethren, because of the blood that was shed for us all from His blessed side! Even of that most awful mystery in some prayer-like strains the Poet tremblingly speaks; them we have not taken from their place; but as those we have selected, what lines do you remember at once so affecting and so elevating—breathing so divinely of Christian charity to all whose trust is in the Cross! Who shall say what form of worship is

most acceptable to the Almighty?
All are holy in which the soul seeks
to approach him—holy

“the chapel lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains;”

we feel as the poet felt when he
breathed to the image of some old
abbey—

“Once ye were holy, ye are holy still!”

And what heart partakes not the
awe of his

“beneath that branching roof
Self-poised; and scooped into ten thousand
cells,

Where light and shade repose, where music
dwells

Lingering—and wandering on, as loth to
die!”

Read the first of these sonnets with
the last—and then once more the
strains that come between—and you
will be made to feel how various
and how vast beneath the sky are
the regions set apart by the soul for
prayer and worship—and that all
places become consecrated—the
high and the humble—the mean and
the magnificent—in which Faith and
Piety have sought to hold commu-
nion with Heaven.

But they who duly worship God
in temples made with hands, meet
every hour of their lives “Devotional
Excitements” as they walk among
his works—and in the later poetry
of Wordsworth these abound—age
having solemnized the whole frame
of his being—that was always alive
to religious emotions—but more
than ever now as around his paths
in the evening of life longer fall the
mysterious shadows. More fervid
lines never flowed from his spirit in
its devoutest mood than these—awa-
kened by the sounds and sights of a
happy day in May—to him—though
no church-bell was heard—a Sab-
bath.

DEVOTIONAL EXCITEMENTS.

“Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven.”

“Where will they stop, those breathing
Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind

Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aerial harmonies;
From humble violet, modest thyme
Exhaled, the essential odours climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be their guide.

“Roused by this kindest of May-show-
ers,

The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats,
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal,
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou who canst think, as well as feel.

“Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging canser, shrouds
The taper lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic Forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed.
—Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,
And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery?
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?

“Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualize the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humours change, are spurned like
weeds:
The solemn rites, the awful forms,
Founder amid fanatic storms;
The priests are from their altars thrust,
The temples levelled with the dust:
Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh cloven by the plough.”

Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,
 And vapours magnify and spread
 The glory of the sun's bright head ;
 Still constant in her worship, still
 Conforming to the almighty Will,
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,
 Her admonitions Nature yields ;
 That not by bread alone we live,
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;
 That every day should leave some part
 Free for a sabbath of the heart ;
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,
 From morn to eve, with hallowed rest."

Wordsworth's smaller poems are often felt by us to be linked together by the finest affinities, which perhaps are but affinities between the feelings they inspire. Thus we turn now from the lines we have just quoted to some stanzas on a subject seemingly very different, yet we do so from a feeling of such fine affinities — which haply are but those which subsist between all things and thoughts that are pure and beautiful. Hear how a Christian Poet, as he gazes on a Family that holds not the Christian Faith, embraces them in the folds of Christian Love—and how religion as well as nature sanctifies the tenderness that is yearning at his heart towards them, who though outcasts by Heaven's decree, are not by Heaven, still merciful to man, left forlorn on earth.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST GOAR,
 UPON THE RHINE.)

"Genius of Raphael ! if thy wings
 Might bear thee to this glen,
 With faithful memory left of things
 To pencil dear and pen,
 Thou wouldest forego the neighbouring
 Rhine,
 And all his majesty,
 A studious forehead to incline
 O'er this poor family.

"The Mother—her thou must have seen,
 In spirit, ere she came
 To dwell these rifted rocks between,
 Or found on earth a name ;
 An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
 Thy inspirations give :
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
 Predestined here to live.

"Downcast, or shooting glances far,
 How beautiful his eyes,

That blend the nature of the star
 With that of summer skies !
 I speak as if of sense beguiled ;
 Uncounted months are gone,
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
 That exquisite Saint John.

"I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
 The smooth transparent skin,
 Refined, as with intent to show
 The holiness within ;
 The grace of parting Infancy
 By blushes yet untamed ;
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,
 Nor of her arms ashamed.

"Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
 As flowers, stand side by side ;
 Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
 The Christian of his pride :
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
 Upon them not forlorn,
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

"Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
 Of poverty and wrong,
 Doth here preserve a living light,
 From Hebrew fountains sprung ;
 That gives this ragged group to cast
 Around the dell a gleam
 Of Palestine, of glory past,
 And proud Jerusalem !"

These exquisite lines seem to belong of right to "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent." Indeed this Sixth Volume is supplementary to the Five, and it was the author's intention, from which happily he has departed, to reserve its contents to be interspersed in some future edition of his miscellaneous poems. Some stanzas equally exquisite with those now quoted, and associated with them in our memory by the affinities we have hinted at, we cannot help giving from the "Memorials," &c.—for never was charity inculcated by an appeal to the heart at once so simple and so irresistible.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS OF SWITZERLAND.

"Doomed as we are our native dust
 To wet with many a bitter shower,
 It ill befits us to disdain
 The Altar, to deride the Fane,
 Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
 To win a happier hour.

"I love, where spreads the village lawn,
 Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze ;
 Hail to the firm unmoving Cross,
 Aloft, where pines their branches toss !

And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

"Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide,
Whate'er we look on, at our side,
Be Charity,—to bid us think
And feel, if we would know."

The "Memorials of a Tour on the
Continent"—which having taken up
we cannot lay aside without repe-
rasing them half by book and half
by heart—occupy but some sixty or

so short pages—yet they are worth
all the prose tours published since
the Peace and before it. Not that
they would be found by any means
useful to the ordinary tourist as his
Vade Mecum. For they take no no-
tice whatever of a thousand sights
which it is the duty, if not the de-
light, of the ordinary tourist to look
at and jot down in his journal. But
when Wordsworth does speak of
them it is with a voice of power that
glorifies their grandeur however
august, and solemnizes their magni-
ficence. For example—

BRUGES.

"Bruges I saw attired with golden light
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power :
'Tis passed away ;—and now the sunless hour
That slowly introducing peaceful night
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,
And sober graces, left her for defence
Against the injuries of Time, the spite
Of Fortune, and the desolating storms
Of future War. Advance not—spare to hide,
O gentle Power of Darkness! these mild hues ;
Obscure not yet these silent avenues
Of stateliest Architecture, where the forms
Of Nun-like Females, with soft motion glide !"

BRUGES.

"The Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined
In sumptuous Buildings, vocal in sweet Song,
In Picture, speaking with heroic tongue,
And with devout solemnities entwined—
Strikes to the seat of grace within the mind :
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along ;
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,
To an harmonious decency confined ;
As if the Streets were consecrated ground,
The City one vast Temple—dedicate
To mutual respect in thought and deed ;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate ;
To social cares from jarring passions freed ;
A nobler peace than that in deserts found !"

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

"O for the help of Angels to complete
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan
How gloriously pursued by daring Man,
Studios that *He* might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in Heaven! But that inspiring heat
Hath failed ; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished Shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony :—
This vast Design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal Fabrics—rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet !"

These are lofty strains, worthy such lofty subjects, and truly Wordsworthian—but how sweetly are interspersed between them and others like them some of humbler mood, most touching in their simple pathos—such as a Hymn for the boatmen as they approach the Rapids—Lines on hearing the song of the harvest damsels floating homeward on the lake of Brientz—the Italian Itinerant and the Swiss Goatherd—and the Three Cottage girls, representatives of Italian, of Helvetian, and of Scottish beauty, brought together, as if by magic, into one picture, each breathing, in her natural grace, the peculiar spirit and distinctive character of her country's charms! Such gentle visions disappear, and we sit by the side of the Poet as he gazes from his boat floating on the lake of Lugano, on the Church of San Salvador, which was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, while the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched, and devoutly listen while he exclaims—

"Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
May hope to be forgiven.

"Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Poms of this frail 'spot
Which men call earth,' have yearned to seek
Associate with the simple meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

"Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,
Did mighty Tell repair of old—
A hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief,
Who, to recal his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears."

But we *must* quote the whole of the wondrous stanzas, entitled "Eclipse of the Sun, 1820."

"High on her speculative tower
Stood Science waiting for the Hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face

Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

"Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

"Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue;
Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noon-tide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

"No vapour stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid:—

"Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine—but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread
On jutting rock and curved shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his door,
And on the mountain's head.

"It tinged the Julian steep—it lay,
Lugano! on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er Villas, Terraces, and Towers,
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

"But fancy, with the speed of fire,
Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aerial host
Of figures human and divine,
White as the snows of Apennine
Indurated by frost.

"Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees that might from heaven
have flown,
And virgin Saints—who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown;

"Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each; the wings—
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,
The starry zone of sovereign height
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse.

"Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages

Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

"Lo! while I speak, the labouring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun;
The cypress waves its sombre plume
More cheerily; and Town and Tower
The Vineyard and the Olive bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

"O ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant Lands we roam,
Was such a vision given to you?
Or, while we looked with favoured eyes,
Did sullen mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?

"I ask in vain—and know far less
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our Faith in Heaven's unfailing love
And all-controlling Power."

We do not hesitate to pronounce this the finest lyrical effusion of combined thought, passion, sentiment, and imagery within the whole compass of poetry. If the beautiful be indeed essentially different from the sublime, we here feel that the two spirits may be made to coalesce so as to be in their united agencies one divine power. We called it lyrical, chiefly because of its transitions. Though not an ode, it is odelike in its invocations; and it might be set and sung to music if Handel were yet alive, and St Cecilia to come down for an hour from heaven. How solemn the opening strain! and from the momentary vision of Science on her speculative Tower, how gently glides Imagination down, to take her place by the Poet's side, in his bark afloat beneath Italian skies—suddenly bedimmed, lake, land, and all, with a something between day and night. In a moment we are conscious of Eclipse. Our slight surprise is lost in the sense of a strange beauty—solemn not sad—settling on the face of nature and the abodes of men. In a single stanza filled with beautiful names of the beautiful, we have a vision of the Lake, with all its noblest banks, and bays, and bowers, and mountains,—when in an instant we are wafted away from a scene that might well have satisfied our imagination and our heart—if high emotions were not uncontrollable and omni-

potent—wafted away by Fancy with the speed of fire—lakes, groves, cliffs, mountains, all forgotten—and alight amid an ærial host of figures human and divine, on a spire that seeks the sky. How still those imaged sanctities and purities, all white as snows of Apennine, stand in the heavenly region, circle above circle, and crowned as with a zone of stars! They are embued with life. In their animation the figures of angels and saints, insensate stones no more, seem to feel the Eclipse that shadows them, and look awful in the portentous light. What poet but Wordsworth could have transcended the grandeur of that moment's vision? Not even Milton. In his inspiration he transcends it far—and beholds in the visages of that ærial host those of the sons of heaven darkening with celestial sorrow at the Fall of Man—when

"Throngs of celestial visages
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared."

Never since the day on which the wondrous edifice, in its consummate glory, first saluted the sun, had it inspired in the soul of kneeling saint a thought so sad and so sublime—a thought beyond the reaches of the soul of him whose genius bade it bear up all its holy adornments so far from earth, that the silent company seem sometimes, as light and shadow moves among them, to be in ascension to heaven. But the Sun begins again to look like the Sun, and the Poet, relieved by the joyful light from that awful trance, delights to behold

"Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive Bower,
Their lustre reassume; "

and "breathes there a man with soul so dead" that it burns not within him as he hears the heart of the husband and the father breathe forth its love and its fear, remembering on a sudden the far distant whom it has never forgotten—a love and a fear that saddens, but disturbs not, for the vision he saw had inspired him with a trust in the tender mercies of God? Commit to faithful memory, O son of a day! who may some time or other be a traveller over the wide world, the sacred stanza that brings the Poem to a close—and it will not fail to com-

fort thee when sitting all alone by the well in the wilderness, or walking along the strange streets of foreign cities, or lying in thy cot at midnight afloat on far-off seas.

But let us now turn to the *Memoirs* of Wordsworth's *Tours in Scotland*. We said that the Bard loves Scotland—though we are sorry to know that he is somewhat shy of sojourning in her cities—more especially Edinburgh. Let us see the light of his countenance—we beseech him—for here his head will be honoured—and for years he has been worthily spoken of in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is not using us well to glide through our good town like a common shadow—nay, to sleep one night at least in Glasgow—without visiting Edinburgh at all—as if the wise men of the East were not comparable to those of the West—which we really cannot allow—though we cheerfully confess we have no such phenomenon to show as the Glasgow Gander.

Wordsworth's first visit to Scotland appears to have been in the year 1803—his second in 1814—his third in 1831—and his fourth in 1833—and sad to say we never saw our native air move the locks on his lofty temples. But we have trod many a time and oft, within these last thirty years, every glen and every mountain side or summit that ever felt the pressure of the Poet's feet. We too have written a few pages in prose and verse about the Highlands and the Lowlands—though none of them may have ever met his eyes—which have not been neglected by our compatriots—and Scotland has declared herself well pleased with many sketches and not a few pictures of her scenery, and of the domestic life and character of her inhabitants, by Christopher North. All hail Wordsworth! in the flesh or in the spirit, as on stilts thou fordest the Tweed. On primrosed bank and brae—and on hill-breast of heather—elastic be the greensward and the brown bent beneath the feet of the best-beloved of all English bards; and “at the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,” mayst thou lean on the arm of the best beloved of all Scottish reviewers, and by him be ushered, at “the wee short hour ayont the twal,” in that still hamlet

to the spare chamber with its rushy bed. Sir Walter has reaped a hundred harvests on our hills—and we and others have gleaned many an armful; but the whole soil of Scotland was sown ages ago with seeds that send sprouting up, in joyful resurrection, crop after crop of bold and beautiful thoughts that seem thicker and thicker as scythe and sickle passes through them in vain—while reapers and mowers wonder as they look behind to see the undiminished produce, and would believe in glamoury, but for the sweet scents and sunny colours beyond the power of witch or warlock to imitate—as the living bloom is all redolent of heaven.

Wordsworth in Scotland, as in England, and Switzerland, and Italy, and the Tyrol, is still Wordsworth. Here too he reaps

“The harvests of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart;”

his thoughts and feelings and visions, and dreams, and fancies, and imaginations, are all his own by some divine right which no other mortal shares along with him; and true as they all are to nature, are all distinguished by some undefinable but delightful charm peculiar to his own being, which assuredly is the most purely spiritual that ever was enshrined in human dust. Safe in his originality, he fears not to travel the same ground that has been travelled by thousands—and beaten, and barren, and naked as it may seem to be—he is sure to detect some loveliest family of wild flowers that had lurked unseen in some unsuspected crevice—to soothe his ears with a transient murmur, the spirit of the wilderness awakens the bee that had dropt on the moss as if benumbed by frost—the small moorland bird, revived by sunshine sent from heaven, for the poet's sake goes twittering in circles up the air above his head, nor is afraid that its nest will be trodden by his harmless feet—and should a sudden summer shower affront the sunshine, 'tis that a rainbow may come and go for his delight—and leave its transitory splendours in some immortal song. On the great features of nature—lochs and mountains—among which he has lived all his days—he looks

with a serene but sovereign eye—as if he held them all in fee—and they stood there to administer to the delight—we must not say the pride—of him,

“Sole King of rocky Cumberland.”

And true it is, that from the assemblage of their summits in the sunset

“impulses of deeper mood
Have come to him in solitude,”

than ever visited the heart of any other poet.

The imagery in his *Blind Highland Boy*, though 'tis entitled a tale for children—is in some stanzas magnificent—for the Bard knows well that the highest poetry is not thrown away on the wondering soul of childhood.

“Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the Eagle's scream,
And when he heard the torrent's roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

“Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

“For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills;
And drinks up all the pretty rills,
And rivers large and strong:

“Then hurries back the road it came—
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

“And with the coming of the tide,
Come Boats and Ships that safely ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the Shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.”

This is sublime in its simplicity; and so is *Glen-Almain*, or the *Narrow Glen*.

“In this still place where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one—
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this dell:
It is not quiet, it is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere

VOL. XXXVII. NO. CCXXXV.

Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And therefore was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race,
Lies buried in this lonely place.”

How mournful! Even more so—if that can be—tinged too with the terrible—and steeped, in places, almost in a savage spirit—is the poem suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the islands of *Loch Lomond*, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual, from whom the inhabitation acquired the name of the “*Brownie's Cell*.” But how exquisitely beautiful the close! The ghost of the miserable man has been evoked and laid—and thus Wordsworth, in a transport, describes the ruin that encloses his grave.

“Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,
When she applies her annual test
To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the wither'd heath;—
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws
His soul into the brier-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep,
Prolong'd beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the *BROWNIE's Den*.

“Wild Relique! beauteous as the chosen
spot
In *Nysa's* isle, the embellish'd Grot;
Whither by care of *Libyan Jove*
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young *Bacchus* was convey'd—to lie
Safe from his step-dame *Rhea's* eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage glow'd
Close crowding round the *Infant God*,
All colours, and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!”

The “*Address to Kilchurn Castle upon Loch Awe*,” is one of his most glorious inspirations—so thought Sir *Walter Scott*—whom we once heard recite it with a trumpet-voice—while his grey eyes now glowed and now gloomed, and alternate fires and clouds seemed—as we gazed on the mighty minstrel possessed by the genius of his great friend, in this strain kindred to his own, yet felt to rule over him by a power peculiar to the imagination that conceived it—to flicker and float across that pile of forehead. We have listened, too, to Wordsworth himself chanting it, while the sound of the cataract of *Lodore* was all the while “like thunder heard remote.” Here it is,

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

" Child of loud-throated War ! the mountain Stream
 Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
 Save when the winds sweep by and sounds are caught
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs,
 Oh ! there is life that breathes not ; Powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
 Nor by soft Peace adopted ; though, in place
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
 Huge Cruachan (a thing that meaner Hills
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm) ;
 Yet he, not loath, in favour of thy claims
 To reverence suspends his own ; submitting
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
 All that he has in common with the Stars,
 To the memorial majesty of Time
 Impersonated in thy calm decay !

" Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unproved !
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount ; and rule
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
 To pay thee homage ; and with these are joined,
 In willing admiration and respect,
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called
 Youthful as spring. Shade of departed Power,
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
 The Chronicle were welcome that should call
 Into the compass of distinct regard
 The toils and struggles of thy infancy !
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
 Frozen by distance ; so, majestic Pile,
 To the perception of this Age, appear
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
 And quieted in character ; the strife,
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
 Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades ! "

The true Highland spirit is there,
 but another spirit, too, which Words-
 worth carries with him wherever he
 goes in the sanctuary of his own ge-
 nius, and which colours all it breathes
 on—lending lovelier light to the fair,
 and more awful gloom to the great
 —and ensouling what else were but
 cold death. His sympathies with all
 that is true in art are as intense as
 his sympathies with all that is good
 in nature ; but, habitually benign as
 the Bard is, he is intolerant of the
 paltrinesses and impertinences of
 art when they intrude on nature's
 reign, and mar the effect of her soli-

tary magnificence. In the " Effusion
 in the Pleasure-ground on the Banks
 of the Bran, near Dunkeld," there is
 grandeur in his scorn of the childish
 pantomime of waterfalls flowing
 from the ceilings of that senseless
 summerhouse, at which so many
 grown-up babies keep staring in suc-
 cessive groups from about the be-
 ginning of June to the end of Sep-
 tember. Who that has once seen
 can ever forget the ineffable face of
 that Ossian ?

" What, He—who mid the kindred throng
 Of heroes that inspired his song,

Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
 The stars dim-twinkling through their forms !
 What ! Ossian here—a painted thrall,
 Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;
 To serve—an unsuspected screen—
 For show that must not yet be seen ;
 And when the moment comes, to part
 And vanish, by mysterious art ;
 Head, harp, and body, split asunder
 For ingress to a world of wonder ;
 A gay saloon with waters dancing," &c.

The only objection we have to the lines that immediately follow is that they are so mellifluous and graceful as almost to make us like the very folly they satirize, and more than reconcile us, while we read, to the "illusive cataracts." But they are succeeded by some of the noblest the Poet ever wrote—look, for example, on his imagined statue of an Ossian !

" Then let him hew with patient stroke
 An Ossian out of mural rock,
 And leave the figurative man
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran !
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
 An everlasting watch to keep,
 With local sanctities in trust,
 More precious than a hermit's dust ;
 And virtues through the mass infused,
 Which old Idolatry abused.
 " What though the granite would deny
 All fervour to the sightless eye ;
 And touch from rising suns in vain
 Solicit a Memnonian strain ;
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
 The Wind might force the deep-grooved
 harp

To utter melancholy moans
 Not unconnected with the tones
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;
 While grove and river notes would lend,
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend ! "

He looks again on the paltry pageant
 and

" Thirsting for redress
 Recoils into the wilderness."

Wordsworth frequently speaks with a mournful reverence of Ossian. But not of Macpherson's Ossian, whom we cannot help thinking he doth too much despise—for surely there must be poetry in that imaginary world of dreary though weary mist. He has imaged to himself an Ossian of his own—worthy ancient Caledon—and never thinks of him without thinking "of old age and the loss of eyes." Peace to the souls of the Heroes ! And sometimes Wordsworth does think of the heroes of Scotland—not

of Fingal, and the other phantom kings and chiefs of Morvern—but of him, who

" Fought for Scotland, left the name
 Of WALLACE to be found, like a wild
 flower,
 All over his dear country ; left the deeds
 Of WALLACE, like a family of ghosts,
 To people the steep rocks and river banks,
 Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
 Of independence and stern liberty."

Shame at once and glory to Scotland
 that the following stanzas, " Com-
 posed at Cora Linn, in sight of
 Wallace's Tower," should have been
 written by a poet of England.

" Lord of the Vale ! astounding flood !
 The dullest leaf in this thick wood
 Quakes—conscious of thy power ;
 The caves reply with hollow moan ;
 And vibrates to its central stone,
 Yon time-cemented Tower !

" And yet how fair the rural scene !
 For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
 Beneficent as strong ;
 Pleased in refreshing dews to steep
 The little trembling flowers that peep
 Thy shelving rocks among.

" Hence all who love their country, love
 To look on thee—delight to rove
 Where they thy voice can hear ;
 And, to the Patriot-warrior's Shade,
 Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid
 In dust, that voice is dear !

" Along thy banks, at dead of night
 Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;
 Or stands in warlike vest,
 Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
 A Champion worthy of the Stream,
 Yon grey tower's living crest !

" But clouds and envious darkness hide
 A form not doubtfully desried :
 Their transient mission o'er,
 O say to what blind region flee
 These shapes of awful phantasy ?
 To what untrodden shore ?

" Less than divine command they spurn ;
 But this we from the mountains learn,
 And this the valleys show,
 That never will they deign to hold
 Communion where the heart is cold
 To human weal and woe.

" The man of abject soul in vain
 Shall walk the Marathonian Plain ;
 Or thrid the shadowy gloom,
 That still invests the guardian Pass,

Where stood, sublime, Leonidas,
Devoted to the tomb.

"Nor deem that it can aught avail
For such to glide with oar or sail
Beneath the piny wood,
Where Tell once drew, by Uri's lake,
His vengeful shafts—prepared to slake
Their thirst in Tyrant's blood."

Yet, after all, in most moods, we love his poetry best when it deals with the common on-goings of life, and its ordinary affections. For it beautifies all dearest realities, and the heart cleaves to them the closer because of the charm they derive from that pure imagination which tinges them as if with moonlight, or with the hues of the morning sun.

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head;
And these gray rocks; this household lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road,
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth, together do ye seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream!
Such forms as from this covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears."

"What! you are stepping westward?" said a woman whom the poet and his sister met in a solitary region after sunset—and the observation, so well-known to the ear of every native, being new to theirs, awakens his fancy, and as he continues his journey, he composes on the words a little poem which some have laughed at, and we have seen others read not without tears. The people of Scotland are not aware how impressive their most familiar phraseology often is to our good friends from the south—for example, their perpetual reference to the *airts*. A stranger requesting directions to some street of some town, is told by Saunders to keep straight east—then to turn to the north—and by and by to incline a little southwards—and he will see the shop

facing him to the west of the wynd. To one not conversant in a strange country with the points of the compass, such directions are as perplexing as they appear poetical to Wordsworth. The honest "well-dressed woman" was not aware of having said any thing mysterious, and has doubtless remained ignorant till this day of her having inspired by that usual salutation the imaginative genius of the author of the *Excursion*. But the truth is, that they who laugh at the lines composed on such occasions, are not wise, but foolish; in their ears their country's speech has lost its virtue—they are continually using words of which they have no feeling—and are insensible to the pathos which is often implied in customary phrases, which affect the heart of an alien, or set his imagination on the wing.

"The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native Lake!
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy;
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way."

To us or you a girl shearing in a field by herself is no such rare sight as to set us a-singing a lyrical ballad; but Wordsworth, it would appear, had never seen such sight till one day he came upon it in the Highlands; and immediately his heart was inditing a good matter, even "The Solitary Reaper," one of the very loveliest of all his lays.

"Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself:
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

"No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian Sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

"Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened—motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

Have our friends been all along aware that we have been quoting and commenting on Poems—with the exception but of three—not in Wordsworth's New Volume, but interspersed through his old *Silvæ*? What matters it? The oldest volumes are as new as the youngest, and as fresh—and they will all enjoy together immortal youth. Mind we are not writing an Essay on the Genius of Wordsworth—not we indeed—yet haply some of you may understand and feel it better now and here in these pages than you did before; for our selection has been made in love—and love is "judicious"—so saith Milton. But here are lines, kindred to many of those in which you have been now delighting, from his New Volume, and supremely good as the best composed by him in what we may almost call the olden time. There is no need for us to tell you how much the Broach is still prized by persons in humble stations in the Highlands.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

"If to Tradition faith be due,
And echoes from old verse speak true,
Ere the meek Saint, Columba, bore
Glad tidings to Iona's shore,
No common light of nature blessed
The mountain region of the west,
A land where gentle manners ruled
O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,
That raised, for centuries, a bar
Impervious to the tide of war;
Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain
Where haughty Force had striven in vain;
And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,
By wanderers brought from foreign lands
And various climes, was not unknown
The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown;

The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
Still in the Highland Broach is seen,
The silver Broach of massy frame,
Worn at the breast of some grave Dame
On road or path, or at the door
Of fern-thatched Hut on heathy moor:
But delicate of yore its mould,
And the material finest gold;
As might beseem the fairest Fair,
Whether she graced a royal chair,
Or shed, within a vaulted Hall,
No fancied lustre on the wall
Where shields of mighty Heroes hung,
While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

"The heroic Age expired—it slept
Deep in its tomb:—the bramble crept
O'er Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
Grew on the floors his Sons had trod:
Malvina! where art thou? Their state
The noblest-born must abdicate,
The fairest, while with fire and sword
Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,
Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest
By ruder hands in homelier vest.
Yet still the female bosom lent,
And loved to borrow, ornament;
Still was its inner world a place
Reached by the dews of heavenly grace;
Still pity to this last retreat
Clove fondly; to his favourite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.

"When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall—
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.

"As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvass gleams.
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

"But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise,
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light,
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach."

It is allowed on all hands now that there are no sonnets in any language comparable with Wordsworth's. Even Milton must yield the palm. He has written but about a dozen or so, Wordsworth some hundreds—and though nothing can surpass "the inspired grandeur of that on the Piedmontese Massacre, the tenderness of those on his blindness and on his deceased wife, the grave dignity of that to a Young Lady, or the cheerful and attic grace of those to Lawrence and Cyriac Skinner," as is finely said by the writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Glassford's *Lyrical Translations*, yet *many* of Wordsworth's equal even these—

and the long and splendid array of his sonnets—deploying before us in series after series—astonishes us by the proof it affords of the inexhaustible riches of his imaginative genius and his moral wisdom. One series on the river Duddon—two series dedicated to Liberty—three series on our Ecclesiastical History—miscellaneous sonnets in multitudes—and those last poured forth as clear, and bright, and strong, as the first that issued from the sacred spring! From the "New Volume" we can afford to quote but five—all very fine—and the fifth we feel must deeply affect the heart of every true Scotsman. No two human beings were ever unliker each other in their personal and poetical character than William Wordsworth and Robert Burns. Yet how tenderly does the blameless bard always think on him who often went, alas! so far aside from the right path—how tenderly, even as brother would speak of dead brother, though too wise in his virtue to suffer it to be believed that "light which leads astray is light from heaven!"

THE TROSACHS.

"There's not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass,
Withered at eve. From scenes of art that chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy Guest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
This moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest."

EAGLES.

(COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.)

"Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarr'd
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a Consort paired,
From a bold headland, their lov'd aery's guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
In spirit, for a moment, he resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty."

HIGHLAND HUT.

" See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
 Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
 Shines in the greeting of the Sun's first ray
 Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
 The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
 And why shouldst thou? If rightly trained and bred,
 Humanity is humble,—finds no spot
 Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
 The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
 Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
 But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
 Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
 Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,
 Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof!"

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

(COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.)

" Though joy attend the orient at the birth
 Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
 To watch thy course when Day-light, fled from earth,
 In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,
 Perplexed as if between a splendour lost
 And splendour slowly mustering. Since the Sun,
 The absolute, the world-absorbing One
 Relinquished half his empire to the Host
 Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
 Holy as princely, who that looks on thee
 Touching, as now, in thy humility
 The mountain borders of this seat of care,
 Can question that thy countenance is bright,
 Celestial Power, as much with love as light?"

MOSSGIEL.

" ' There! ' said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride
 Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,
 ' Is Mossgiel farm; and that's the very field
 Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy.' Far and wide
 A plain below stretched sea-ward, while, descried
 Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose;
 And, by that simple notice, the repose
 Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
 Beneath ' the random *bield* of clod or stone '
 Myriads of Daisies have shone forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away, less happy than the One
 That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
 The tender charm of Poetry and Love."

And what, we hear you ask, is the character of the poem that gives its title to the volume "*Yarrow Revisited*?" "*The title Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation, for readers acquainted with the author's previous poems, suggested by that celebrated stream"—"*Yarrow Unvisited*," "*Yarrow Visited*," and "*Yarrow Revisited*," must be all three read in instant succession—say rather with a sweet long pause between, that their per-

fect beauty may be felt—and having done so, you will then understand a profounder meaning than Milton himself knew to be in them—in the words he used of the nightingale—"Most musical, most melancholy." Coleridge was indeed a charming melodist and harmonist, but Wordsworth, believe us, is a greater far—for while in his poetry sound is often still sweeter than in Christabelle or even Genevieve, profounder is the sense, and deeper, therefore, sink

they together into the soul. The stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott, and other friends, visiting the banks of the Yarrow under his guidance immediately before his departure from Abbotsford for Naples.

YARROW REVISITED.

"The gallant youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a 'Winsome Marrow,'
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate,
Long left without a Warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

"Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

"For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

"Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly,—
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy,
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

"And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

"Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness lingering yet
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylay their steps—a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

"For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot

For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

"O! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age,
With Strength, her venturesome brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

"For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Where'er thy path invite thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

"A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honour
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

"And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

"Nor deem that localised Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport
For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is—our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing.

'Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day
In Yarrow's groves were center'd;
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark enter'd,
And clomb the winding stair that once
Too timidly was mounted
By the 'last Minstrel,' (not the last)
Ere he his Tale recounted!

"Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards should chant
For simple hearts thy beauty,
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine!"

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. XI.

"ONCE on a time," said Cornet Winthrop, "the quiet town of Higglesworth was frightened from its propriety by a very well authenticated apparition. It was about six feet high; had a powerful pair of whiskers, bold, joyous-looking black eyes, and the most fashionably made clothes that had ever been seen in the county. Every night, just as it became dusk, it made its appearance under the garden-wall of a fine old manor-house, about half a mile from the town, paced slowly up and down for a considerable length of time, and on the approach of any passenger, either glided noiselessly past him, or, as was most commonly the case, disappeared. Various conjectures were hazarded as to this very unusual occurrence;—many enquiries were made, and the conclusion to which the wise people of Higglesworth came was this, that the apparition, whatever it was, was that of a very handsome fellow, about four or five and twenty, with the pride of a bashaw and the stiffness of a Turk, from which two circumstances they unanimously decided that it had very much the appearance of a military man. It was traced to the gateway of the Piebald Horse, the principal hostel of the borough, and, in fact, the most sceptical in such matters were convinced that the reports on this occasion, like some of the fashionable songs, were founded on facts; for the Boniface of the aforesaid hostel deposed, that for the last ten days the identical ghost had occupied his two best rooms, being No. 10 and No. 12; and, moreover, was the best judge of port wine that had ever taken up his residence in the Piebald Horse. In a few days after these facts were elicited, the phantom discontinued its appearances, but not before it was rumoured, that on one or two occasions it had not 'walked' alone, but had been accompanied by another apparition in a bonnet and cloak. Whether this last circumstance was true or false, the good folks of Higglesworth never discovered; but I have

every reason to believe it was true, as I have heard the story over and over again from the two persons who were principally concerned in the adventure. My friend Harry Villiers was as fine, jovial a heart-ed fellow as could be imagined. Some people might perhaps say he was not so clever as he might have been, as I believe he did not pretend to see much beauty in the preface to Bel-lendenus, never having heard of that performance, and altogether was inclined to consider the schoolmen, as he himself would have expressed it, considerable humbugs. But his judgment in horse flesh, pleasant small talk, and excellent disposition, went a great way to supply his want of appreciation of the classical merits of my old pedagogue, Dr Parr. In the manor-house, which I have told you was about half-a-mile from Higglesworth, lived a gentleman of the name of Tracy, one of those characters who are commoner in life than is often imagined, who make up, by prodigious suavity to strangers, and an affectation of goodness and generosity, for the peevishness and meanness they display to their dependents. Every one was eloquent in the praises of Mr Tracy,—the kind, the good, the indulgent Mr Tracy,—except his servants, whom he nearly starved, and his daughter, whom he tyrannized over as if she had been his slave. I don't exactly know whether Harry Villiers troubled his head much about the sufferings of our sable brethren in the colonies, but I know he was most indefatigable in his zeal for the emancipation of the beautiful Julia Tracy. For this purpose, he would not have grudged twenty millions out of his pocket, if he had had them; but unfortunately, though he had a very decentish sort of fortune, he had neither enough to pay off the national debt, nor even, as he feared, to satisfy the expectations of the grasping and ambitious papa. However, he had one consolation, and that was, that he knew the daughter was neither grasping nor ambitious.

A captaincy of dragoons, a small estate, a few thousands in cash, the strength of a Hercules, and expectancies from an ancient aunt, left him very little room for care or despondency—not to mention that his fortnight's visit to the venerable borough of Higglesworth left him very little room to despair in a matter in which he was more deeply interested than even the condition of his funds.

"On mounting the coach which was to convey him to Cheltenham, his reflections were by no means unpleasant. He had no doubt of gaining the full approval of his aunt, and he was now proceeding to her house to lay the whole story of his love before her. This aunt of his, Mrs Edward Villiers, was very well known in the gay society of the city of pumps and vanities. Fat, fair, and fifty-two, a fortune in her own right, and a surpassing genius for whist—what more had she to desire? She had every thing that could conduce to happiness or comfort; and had only two impediments to her felicity, and these were a heart with the susceptibility of sixteen, and a certificate of her birth, which was dated 1781. How she had got through the twenty years of her widowhood without a second yoke, nobody could imagine. It could not be from the circumstance of no one making her an offer, as she had seldom fewer than half-a-dozen, who were anxious to prove their estimation of her beauty and accomplishments by presiding at the best furnished table in Cheltenham, and taking possession of one of the prettiest estates in the county of Gloster. Of all these obliging and disinterested offers, my friend Harry was the confidant. She never gave a decided answer, but responded to the declarations of her suitors in so very statesmanlike a manner, that the acutest of them were puzzled as to her meaning. They still lived in hope, and I suspect there were few old bachelors, who, after the first month or two of the season, did not look with very peculiar feelings on the pillared portals and beautiful plate glass windows of number twenty-four. And when, in addition, a handsome, dark-brown chariot, with a knowing looking little postilion, came flashing round the corner, and pulled up at

the door, in waiting for the lady of the mansion, it was astonishing to see how gouty old squires and liverless nabobs 'swaled jauntily' along the pavement, and summoned glances of intense admiration as the sweet 'cause of all their care and all their woe' tripped into the carriage as lightly as could be expected from thirteen stone and a half, and deposited herself on the cushion with a ponderosity that proved what unbounded confidence she had in—the strength of the springs.

"To this lady Harry presented himself; after a *tête-à-tête* dinner, the aunt and nephew had a long and serious conversation.

"And so you see, my dear aunt Dorothy—

"La! Harry, why will you always call me aunt Dorothy?—'tis such a ridiculous old-fashioned name."

"What shall I call you—Antiquity, or Antipathy, or what?"

"I was christened Dorothea Leonora."

"Well, then, my dear Aunt Dorothea Leonora, I am going to tell you a secret."

"Oh, delightful—somebody else wishes to be introduced to me. Well, 'tis too bad. Is he young or old?"

"Who?"

"The gentleman."

"I haven't said a single word about a gentleman; I was only going to tell you, in return for all the confidences you have reposed in me, that I am most tremendously in love."

"You? how can you talk such nonsense? Such a thing is contrary to law."

"What is contrary to law?"

"Why, marrying one's uncle's widow, to be sure."

"What the deuce do you mean? I never said a syllable about uncles or widows, or any thing of the sort. Do you remember the Tracys who lived in Chamberfield house?"

"To be sure I do," cried Mrs Villiers; "what a dear, good tempered, pleasant man they say he is."

"Hem! do you remember his daughter?"

"Tall—very handsome—dark eyes—I remember perfectly—rather bald, I think; with whiskers slightly grizzled."

"Whiskers—Julia Tracy—why,

aunt, you must be dreaming—I tell you she is the most beautiful little creature that fancy e’er conceived or poet feigned.’

“ ‘Takes snuff, I recollect,’ continued the widow; ‘they told me he was very rich—certainly. Harry, you may bring him as soon as you like.’

“ ‘Well, I see I must keep my secret for some other time. You will go on talking about Mr Tracy, when all I want you to do is to listen for a few minutes till I have finished telling you about his daughter.’

“ ‘Ah! poor thing, I recollect her very well. What have you to tell me of her?’

“ ‘Simply, that I hope very shortly she will stand in as near a relationship to you as I do. Will you treat her well?’

“ ‘Gracious! how you hurry one? Has Mr Tracy empowered you to say all this?’

“ ‘Not he—but Julia has.’

“ ‘Indeed? I should like to be a little more acquainted with them before I decide on so important a matter.’

“ ‘She will be as dutiful to you as if you were her mother. She has no female relation, and on that account her home is of course not so happy as it would otherwise be.’

“ ‘She must be rather a sensible sort of person for one so young. How old is she?’

“ ‘Not quite eighteen.’

“ ‘Poor child! what a time she has to wait before she reaches the maturity of her charms.’

“ As she said this, Mrs Villiers looked with a benign expression at the image of a robust lady with a red face reflected in the opposite mirror—‘Did she tell you all this herself?’

“ ‘Every word of it, and a great deal more besides. She has a great deal of delicacy on the subject, and made a point of gaining your consent and full acquiescence before any offer was formally made.’

“ ‘I must make some more enquiries—are they coming again to Cheltenham?’

“ ‘Oh, yes—and that is the reason I am so anxious to secure a favourable reception to her before hand. Chamberfield House is let, and she tells me her father is looking out for

another, if possible, in this very street.’

“ ‘How excessively complimentary! Did you tell them I intended to leave this house for the summer, as Dr Snatcher recommends the seaside?’

“ ‘Oh, yes, I told her that—but I was in hopes you would remain this summer, more especially as they are coming here in a week or two. He is resolved not to be very distant. When he is within a door or two of this he will of course cultivate the acquaintance very sedulously; and if every thing is settled satisfactorily, it will prevent the trouble of moving.’

“ She laughed good-humouredly as he said this, and Harry was delighted with the friendliness of the manner in which she entered into his views. He had now little doubt, since he had obtained the concurrence of his aunt, that even Mr Tracy would be satisfied with his proposals, and he accordingly prepared himself to open the siege in due form the moment that gentleman arrived.

“ In the mean time affairs at the manor-house were going on even more uncomfortably than usual. Mr Tracy was forced to expend so much of his good nature and pleasantries among the parties he met at dinner, that he had not a grain of any of them left for his home consumption. His harshness, in fact, seemed every hour to increase, and it was with great delight that Julia heard him announce his intention of immediately proceeding to Cheltenham. She was ordered to have all her preparations completed by a certain day, and it was resolved that he should write to the Plough, securing apartments till they could obtain a house. Julia ventured to suggest the propriety of writing to Mrs Villiers, to ascertain whether she intended to let her mansion for the summer, and as Mr Tracy had a particular liking to the street where it was situated, he resolved to act upon her suggestion. The letter was written, with a request that the answer might be addressed to the Plough—the preparations were all completed, and in due course of time a handsome travelling chariot deposited the father and daughter at the door of the hotel. Not unobserved did they make their

appearance, and a flush on the cheek of the young lady, and perhaps a sudden start, showed that she was not unconscious of the presence of Harry Villiers. He was now delighted with the certainty of being within a reasonable distance of the object of his admiration; every day, he felt satisfied, would throw them together, and he resolved to cultivate the friendship of the old man in spite of the knowledge he had of the repulsiveness of his qualities.

"Buoyed up with these pleasing anticipations, he hurried off to the house of Mrs Villiers, to announce to her the arrival of the party—but for the last few days there had been an air of mystery about that usually ingenuous lady, which puzzled him very much. On the present occasion she received his announcement with an affectation of such interesting consciousness, and made so many exclamations of wonder, surprise, and indecision, that Harry was perfectly astonished at the fuss she made about the arrival of one who was so shortly to be her niece. But his aunt's eccentricities were well known to him, and the kind way in which she spoke of Julia, the compliments she paid to her good sense and delicacy, completely reconciled him to the old lady's absurd behaviour in other respects. He was particularly delighted with the interest she seemed to take in his happiness, when she told him that in order to settle the business as speedily as possible, she intended to invite Mr Tracy to call on her the next morning; and that then, whatever arrangement was come to, the comforts of Julia should not be forgotten. With this intention she retired to her writing desk, and after an hour or two of hard labour completed a note, addressed it to Mr Tracy, and sent it off to the Plough hotel. On this Harry was enraptured with the prospect of success that his aunt's co-operation afforded him, and resolved to make a formal offer of his heart and hand, as it is called, on that very day. He called on Mr Tracy for that purpose, but found neither of them at home; he therefore thought it best to lose no time, and though he was no great penman, he managed to

ask the father's consent, and assured him of his aunt's concurrence, in a very business-like manner, upon paper. His acquaintance with the father was very slight; and his love for Julia had grown up imperceptibly by their frequently meeting at the houses of mutual friends; particularly at the house of a distant relation of Julia, with whom, during her father's residence in Cheltenham, she was nearly domesticated, and who did all in her power to encourage the flirtation. Satisfied with himself and pleased with all the world, he went to bed that night and dreamed of a parson in a white surplice, and a couple of postilions with marriage favours in their caps.

"On the following day Mrs Villiers was all expectation. She was superbly dressed, and was all the morning in the drawingroom practising her airs and graces.

"'La! Harry,' she said, 'I wonder what can be keeping Mr Tracy—he seems quite a man of business.'

"'How do you know?'

"'By his letter, Harry; but, la! I haven't shown you his letter yet. He comes to the point at once, and misses out all high-flown compliments about beauty, and all that sort of thing. 'Tis quite a new style of making an offer.'

"'I don't see, for my part,' replied Harry, 'what use there is in so plain a matter for ridiculous compliments on either side, between two straightforward sensible people.'

"'Why, you know, Harry, one likes a little delicate attention; but perhaps Mr Tracy and I had better leave little trifles of that sort to you and Julia, after we have come to some definitive arrangement. But surely Mr Tracy will be here immediately—hadn't you better leave me to receive him alone? It is a delicate business to manage in the presence of a third party.'

"'Ah! my dear aunt, you can't tell how much I am obliged to you for your kindness. Depend upon it, you will find Julia as grateful as possible when you have given her a happy home.'

"And so saying, he left the room, and proceeded to the house of the friend where his acquaintance with

Julia had commenced, and, though it was still what is called early, most unaccountably, and of course unexpectedly, the first person he encountered on entering the drawing-room was Julia herself. A few words sufficed to explain, in Harry's most eloquent style, that his aunt entered warmly into his design, and had appointed a meeting that very morning with Mr Tracy, to plead his cause as effectually as she could; and, considering that Harry was her next of kin, and that she was reputed to be enormously rich, the two sanguine young people entertained little doubt that the sulky selfishness of the old man would be overcome, and his consent be readily obtained to their union.

"In the mean time Mr Tracy, with his face dressed out in its sweetest smiles, presented himself in the drawingroom of Mrs Villiers. That lady looked as sentimental as she possibly could, and the excessive politeness of the gentleman's manner, and his systematic deference and respect, added greatly to her embarrassment. After a few observations about the weather, and other matters of that kind, the old gentleman drew his chair closer to the sofa of his attentive listener, and said, 'And now, my dear madam, will you permit me to say, that your answer to my letter was highly satisfactory to me?'

" 'Oh—dear—well—but you will understand from it, Mr Tracy, that I have said nothing definitive on the subject.'

" 'Certainly—but the tone of kindness in the letter—according so well with the amiable character of the writer—and the benignant expression of her countenance—lead me to hope, that the business will be quickly settled to our mutual satisfaction.'

" 'Oh—dear—you rather hurry me—one can't exactly decide on so important a point. My nephew, Harry Villiers'—

" 'Pardon me, my dear madam, for interrupting you,' said Mr Tracy, making a strong effort to retain the suavity of his look and manner, 'I have received a note from him; but—the matter on which I am speaking to you just now, is far more interesting to me.'

" 'Oh, dear—you are very polite, I am sure.'

" 'Have you considered the proposal I did myself the honour of making you?'

" 'Oh—I assure you I value the compliment you have paid me very highly, but these things require deliberation. I am not so young as I once was.'

" 'Madam?'

" 'The first bloom of youth is past, but I am not ignorant, that many sensible men prefer a more advanced—a more mature—perhaps a more subdued period of life.'

" 'Yes—precisely—a most valuable remark,' replied Mr Tracy, looking considerably puzzled. 'This seems a very comfortable house, Mrs Villiers.'

" 'Very—I am very much attached to it, and leave it with regret, though only for a very short time.'

" 'O, my dear madam, I should not wish to deprive you of it long.'

" 'You are very obliging.'

" 'I shall take particular care of this very elegant furniture.'

" 'Sir?'

" 'I say, that when I get possession of this house, I shall take care that the furniture suffers no damage when I am master.'

" 'Really—why, 'pon my word, Mr Tracy, you take one by surprise. I have not bound myself by what I said to you in my note, and many previous arrangements'—

" 'Oh! as for that, my dear Mrs Villiers, the details can easily be managed by our respective solicitors—papers and things of that sort drawn up—formally signed, sealed, and delivered—but I thought it was the least I could do to make you my offer in person.'

" 'Nothing can be more flattering. When I have taken a little more time to think'—

" 'Why, there can't be much occasion for thought. Nay, I am willing to make it a sort of provisional bargain—and to dissolve the connection whenever you shall desire it.'

" 'Mr Tracy! I am astonished.'

" 'Nay, more; my dear madam, it would perhaps really be the best plan if you were to take me on trial for a short time;—say, six weeks or two months.'

" 'Mr Tracy! I am shocked,'

“ ‘ In short, my dear madam, I feel certain your good nature will excuse me when I tell you, that my only object in making you the offer which I did, was to get possession of this house as quickly as I could.’

“ ‘ Really, sir, your language is very plain.’

“ ‘ I think, when people of our time of life enter into any business at all, we can’t be too plain to each other—it prevents many disagreeable after-thoughts and misunderstandings. You know my wishes.’

“ ‘ Perfectly; after your very explicit declaration, it is impossible to mistake your meaning.’

“ ‘ Then, dear madam, answer me in one word, will you take me on trial or not?’

“ ‘ Mr Tracy, are you serious? I never heard of such a proposition.’

“ ‘ The commonest thing in life—I will bind myself under a penalty—but our attorneys can settle all the legal particulars. Be kind enough to let me know, in the open friendly manner you have shown all through this conference, by what time your arrangements can be completed, so as to give me possession of the house?’

“ ‘ ‘Pon my word, Mr Tracy, if I was surprised at the plainness and absence of compliment with which you addressed me in the first letter you sent to me from Higglesworth, the mode in which you prosecute your suit is still more unusual. One would scarcely suppose that you came here on so momentous a business as a proposal of marriage.’

“ ‘ That, my dear madam, can wait till you and I have come to some settlement upon matters more nearly concerning ourselves than the love of a thoughtless young man for a silly young woman.’

“ ‘ I understood from my nephew that your daughter’s comfort was one of your principal inducements for making these proposals to me.’

“ ‘ Certainly, a comfortable home would be a great increase to her happiness, and that you have it in your power to afford her.’

“ ‘ She seems a very sensible, considerate person, and I am highly indebted to her for the favourable opinion she entertains of me;—but one’s own happiness is to be considered first—and till I know more of

you, you will of course excuse me if I hesitate before taking so very serious a step.’

“ ‘ Serious? as what?’

“ ‘ As changing my situation.’

“ ‘ Oh! I have already told you that I wish you to do so only for a very short time.’

“ ‘ Sir? You quite amaze me—I never expected so very odd a manner of making an offer.’

“ ‘ An offer? my dear madam—an offer of what?’

“ ‘ Of marriage, to be sure.’

“ ‘ Marriage! Mrs Villiers,—an offer of marriage?—I have certainly received a proposal for the hand of my daughter from Captain Villiers, your nephew—but that is the only offer of the kind I am at present acquainted with.’

“ ‘ Indeed!’ said Mrs Villiers, ‘ and pray, what was your intention in sending me a letter which I received from you, dated from your estate at Higglesworth.’

“ ‘ Madam, I took the liberty of offering myself as tenant of this house, as I understood you were anxious to visit the sea-side for a few months. You held out every prospect of acceding to my wishes, in the answer you addressed to me at the Plough Hotel. I was in hopes, as you invited me to visit you to-day, it was to fulfil my expectations in this respect; but I fear, madam, your thoughts are so filled with the proposals of your nephew, which I understand have met with your full sanction, that’—

“ ‘ ‘Proposals of my nephew! I never heard of them.’

“ ‘ Indeed? Then my answer to the young gentleman shall be very succinct and intelligible. Will you allow me in the mean time to wish you a very good morning?’ And bowing in a very stately manner to the astonished Mrs Villiers, he smiled benignly, and stalked out of the apartment.

“ ‘ Well,’ said the lady when she was left alone, ‘ if this isn’t a very puzzling piece of business I don’t know what is. Here comes a gentleman, after writing me an open declaration, and after receiving an answer to it, leaving him in doubt whether he is accepted or not—and tells me, after a deal of rudeness, about marrying him on trial, that his

whole object in writing me that letter was to gain possession of my house. I wish Harry Villiers would come home.' And, at her wish, her nephew appeared.

"I am come, my dear aunt, to thank you again for your kindness, and to hear the issue of your interview with Mr Tracy.' Mrs Villiers made no answer to this, but pulled a letter out of her reticule, put it into her nephew's hand, and said, 'read this, and tell me what you think of it.' He did as he was commanded, and read as follows.

"*Higglesworth Manor-house.*

"It would perhaps require an apology if I, a comparative stranger, took the liberty of addressing a lady on a subject in which I am deeply interested; but to you, my dear Mrs Villiers, I open myself at once—relying on your good-nature and willingness to oblige. In what I am about to say, I proceed on the supposition that you are as anxious for a change as I am. We both suffer from the solitude of our situations; and at this season of the year Cheltenham itself must be as dull and uninteresting as the retirement from which I write. One of my objects in making my proposal to you, is to secure a comfortable home for my daughter. A house so replete with the elegancies which have been procured by the taste of Mrs Villiers must be admirably suited for this purpose. Perhaps we might arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction, if you would allow me to make you mistress of Higglesworth Manor-house, while you installed me as master of Number Twenty-four. On this and all other matters, when we proceed to final settlements, you will find me disposed to be liberal. I will not conceal from you that I am anxious to come to a conclusion as speedily as possible; and if you will write to me—addressed to the Plough Hotel—whether I may hope to succeed in my suit, you will confer a great obligation on, madam, your most devoted, humble servant,
'FREDERICK TRACY.'

"There!' cried Mrs Villiers—'what do you think of that?'

"Why, that it is a piece of hypo-

critical rigmarole; why didn't he apply to your agent at once?'

"Why should he apply to my agent?'

"To ascertain your terms, to be sure.'

"Harry, Harry, you're as bad as Mr Tracy—you have read the old gentleman's letter—what is it?—what does he want?'

"He wants to take your house, to be sure, for the summer months; for I told Julia you were going to the sea-side.'

"Oh dear—well—did I ever—Well—if that isn't—what shall I do? What will he think?'

"Why, what's the matter, aunt?—what have you done?'

"Done!—why, I've answered his letter as if it had been an offer of marriage, and not a bargain about my house. Dear, dear! what shall I do?'

"Let me see what you said in your answer,' said Harry, almost in convulsions of laughter at the perplexities of his aunt. She gave him a copy of the epistle she had addressed to Mr Tracy, and he read

"Sir,

"I can't help thanking you for the honour you have done me in asking my assistance to make your daughter's home happy. This house is a very comfortable one; and I will not deny that Higglesworth Manor-house, to one so fond of the country as I am, has considerable attractions; but we will leave these things for after deliberations. Perhaps a personal interview would answer our purposes better than a correspondence; and if you will do me the honour to call on me to-morrow at twelve or one o'clock, I shall perhaps have it in my power to give Miss Tracy a comfortable home, by an arrangement which will meet with the approbation of all parties.—I remain your obedient servant,

'DOROTHEA LEONORA VILLIERS.'

"At the moment that Harry finished the reading of this statesman-like document, a servant entered the room, and presented him with a note. It was from old Tracy, and was in these words:—

““ SIR,

““ In consequence of a very extraordinary interview I had this day with your aunt, in which she professed an entire ignorance of your having honoured Miss Tracy with the offer of your hand, I beg, on the part of my daughter, to decline your farther acquaintance; and I have the honour to be, sir, &c.

‘ FREDERICK TRACY.’

““ What the devil is this you’ve been doing?’ cried Harry. ‘ Did I not tell you that Julia insisted on my getting a promise of a kind reception from you before she would allow matters to go any farther?’

““ Yes—but la! now only think—I really thought she had sent me that message in consequence of knowing that her father intended to ask me to become her stepmother.’

““ The deuce you did! and so with your nonsense about marrying old Tracy, you have destroyed my happiness and Julia’s!’

““ No—I haven’t—and now that I think of it, it will get me out of the absurd scrape I have got into, if I write to Mr Tracy in your behalf.’

““ Will you?—Then never mind

what has happened—you are a dear good-tempered old soul after all; and if you think old Tracy has treated you ill in any respect, I’ll call the old rascal out—though, unfortunately, it is not the fashion to shoot one’s father-in-law.’

“ Matters were soon settled to the satisfaction of all parties. Mrs Villiers retained her house in Cheltenham, and the young people built a capital new mansion on her property in the vale of Glo’ster, where they live—as the nursery stories used to end—as happy as the day is long. And so, gentlemen, there is an end of my story.”

“ Well, it is not quite so romantic as the tale of my little old friend under the table here,” said Mr Hixie; “ and I really believe it has every chance of being true; for, curse me if I see any difficulty in the business from beginning to end. I knew whenever you opened your mouth how ’twould be. Only I think old Tracy was an unconscionable old blockhead not to jump at the widow. If I ever find my way to Cheltenham, I shall make an assault on Number Twenty-four myself.”

MICHAEL LYNX; “ THE MAN WHO KNEW HIMSELF.”

“ Sir, will you buy any rhubarb—most excellent Turkey rhubarb?” asks the turbaned dealer, in his best English, of the thousandth passenger, who, with a wily glance at the drug, and a shiver from the crown to the sole, hurries past, deigning no syllable in reply. It is not that he despises the medicinal qualities of rhubarb: by no means—he knows them to be admirable; but then, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, he believes, or tries to make himself believe, that he has no need of them. To his brothers and sisters, to his wife, his sons and his daughters—indeed, to all his relatives, friends, and acquaintance, he may be all but convincingly eloquent on the “ sovereign remedy ” of rhubarb; but for himself, he knows his constitution—he never requires it. A man who presents a history, containing professedly rigid lessons, is

a vender of drugs; a book with an avowed moral is—rhubarb.

Shall we then, at once, avow the tendency of the narrative of Michael Lynx—“ the Man who knew himself?”—No; we eschew such peril; begging to assure our friends, that if, in the following pages, they find, not a string of moralities, but any thing like a single moral, it must be to their own searching sagacity, and not to our premeditation, that they will owe so questionable a discovery. Thus, assuring a large portion of the reading world, that we mean nothing, we think we are justified in the most reasonable hopes of fixing its attention.

Michael Lynx was born—as it is allowed that the joyful event took place precisely nine months and three days after the marriage of his mother, the friends of the lady—and we take our readers to be imme-

diately such—are not authorized to call upon us for the precise date of the parish register. It is sufficient for every reasonable purpose, that Michael was most unequivocally—most undeniably born. We care not to dwell upon the event, it not being with Michael, as with crowds of heroes, one of the two most remarkable accidents of his existence. How many thousands are no more than human candles! They are lighted, and they—burn out. Not so our Michael. His "brief candle" first saw the light in a garret, fearfully elevated above the classic ground, east of that spot, where, in the time of Richard the Second, grapes, it is said, were persuaded to ripen, but where, in the present degenerate times, oxen are at certain days congregated, though not to tread the fruitage of the legendary vine. We speak of Smithfield. If Michael's taper of life burnt irregularly, something is to be allowed for the influence of early accident; the window frames of the room in which he was born were most impartially fitted with brown paper. It is true, great, steady, shining lights have come down to us from garrets; but Michael was not one of these. He was deprived, by the local obscurity of his birth, of even the playful boast of Pope Sextus the Fifth, who, born in a hovel, which admitted the sun through a thousand crannies, vaunted that he was *nato di casa illustre*—"born of an illustrious house." Now, as to his house, Michael—and it is saying much—might have counted flaw for flaw against any Pope in Christendom; but though he had all the defects, he could not boast—in the peculiar place, and under the circumstances in which he was born—of that light which made them illustrious; for it is sometimes better to be the bastard of Apollo, than the lawfully begotten of Plutus.

We have to excuse another defect—a defect implanted in Michael from his earliest years. It cannot be disguised, that Michael's taper, ere it was one-third consumed, was often placed in a bottle. Now, seeing that all men are but so many candles, it should be allowed that the steadiness with which they beam, the clearness and the duration of

their light, the absence of volatile insects which make them waste and flicker, the lack of winding-sheets, and other weakening superstitions, that beset the tallowy torch of flesh, depend almost entirely upon the quality and the currents of air in which it is doomed to be lighted, and to burn. If this be a vulgar error, like the broken-down gentleman who cried mackerel, we earnestly hope that nobody has heard it.

A candle in a bottle! We have made it our business, through life, to narrowly mark a candle, when so placed; and we fearlessly assert, defying contradiction, that no candle thus situated, ever burnt fairly and truly, with credit to itself, and full honest duty to its master. Mark, ye philosophers—behold, ye chemists—how the gross stream winds itself around the vitreous neck of the destroyer, meandering down in twenty ducts into one dull, noisome pond of fat! Is there a breathing man who hath not seen this? If there be, let him seek to know the great moral lesson; and when he sees—as surely he will see—the substance of the taper running into darkness, the bright wick grown dull and black, with sooty lumps, thick as blotches on a drunkard's nose—loading and deforming it—then let him take heed, and never hope to burn his candle in a bottle.

Michael passed the first seven years of his life in healthful dirtiness, flourishing in filth. He was a well-planted root, and shot up firmly from the soil. As for the prejudice against what is vulgarly called dirt, like every other prejudice, its nursing mother is ignorance. It is only necessary to observe any of the tens of thousands of little imps waddling, creeping, running, screaming, hilloing, bellowing, beyond the confines of clean respectability, to feel assured of the sovereign excellence of dirt. There they are, a part and parcel of the mud pies they knead and chaffer with. "Our heart leaps up when we behold" a brood of unclean children—little new-made Adams—so dirty, there seems but part of their clay dried into flesh. Pride may read a fine lesson of humility in such faces; yea, there is a deep primitive truth in their very

earthliness. Let pampered virtuosos feed their sickly sensibilities with paintings and carvings—let them be rapt with Raphael's form, with Titian's colour—let their mouths water at the small prettiness of a Cellini—let them treasure their blooming canyas, their images in marble and ivory, in bronze and gold—let them treble-lock their museums and their cabinets—but leave to us the true, the inimitable *terra cotta* of rare human flesh. Thus, every alley is our gallery—every *cul-de-sac* our ample studio! We could, we feel it, write upon the subject until dirt changed under our pen as at the touch of Midas' finger. We could read a great moral truth in a begrimed cheek; we could—and how many pious fathers might we evoke from their dusty cells to bear testimony—prove the deep sagacity of many by-gone saints in their contempt of water. How many of those excellent men—of those noble pillars of their faith—have come down to posterity with any thing but clean hands! In how many thousand instances (see the lives of anchorites, popes, ancient sulphur-breathers, and modern rantipoles) has the odour of sanctity been any other than the absence of linen? We have read a list of thousands of relics (all duly authenticated), and have not met with one shirt in the whole catalogue. Thus far to combat a morbid sensibility of what are absurdly called the decencies of life: henceforth, let our readers—which are only three other words for all the world—look with an instructed eye upon external uncleanness; let them not turn away from the unseemliness of the mere covering, but hug it closer to their hearts for its foulness. Gods! had we time and space to write an encyclopedic chapter on dirt, what saints, what heroes, what politicians, what poets, could we pick out of the mud! To our story.

And Michael grew in a congenial soil. We regret that, up to his seventh year, no particular event announced the dawning of that light which in after days brightened and dazzled his circle. Passing over two brief captivities in the Compter, with one private whipping, as matters unworthy of the historian and of Michael, let us set out with him in

the wide world. Stay; to disarm scandal, we may as well explain that Michael's first imperfect knowledge of criminal law, arose from his love of apples—a love, as it appears, so deeply implanted in our common nature—so involved in its profane accidents! An apple—but the story is trite as pippins—taught Sir Isaac Newton true gravity; an apple taught Gregory the Seventh a lesson for popes; an apple saved Clym of the Clough from the gallows; an apple might have educated Michael Lynx for that final destination. We have now no time to discuss it, but trust the reader is fully impressed with the importance of the subject. Much may yet be said of the apple!

Beholding Michael at ten years old, we cannot but believe that nature and destiny, like inexorable old women as they are, wrangled at his cradle. Nature endowed the child with her rarest gifts, but the beldam Fate long denied their profitable exercise. It is thus the opposing powers sit, brooding over the world, pleased at nothing so much as at thwarting each other. It is thus nature makes her beautiful, her best creatures, and then destiny snatches away the glorious handiwork, and locks it for ever in a corner cupboard. Again, nature produces some poor mishapen thing—some half-made image—loathsome without, and dark within—when her sister hag, with a grim laugh, pounces on the abortion, hugs it, dandles it, and ringing its nose with gold, hanging priceless jewels at its ears, high uplifts the gilded ugliness. Think of it, ye who, from the nursery to the family vault, walk upon lamb's wool—think how many noble slaves hath the witch destiny, "acting her abhorred behests," daily sweating "in the eye of the sun"—pining in the darkness of the night—how many are bowed by her invisible chain—how many prisoners in the city—how many serfs in the field! She has her captives; and yea, with a false and foul religion, she has her idols for her slaves to worship—her consecrated crocodiles—her solemn monks.

Nature had given to Michael the easy means of a carriage and liveries, but destiny would not readily encourage the coachmaker and tailor.

The bountiful goddess had made our hero musical and imitative; but destiny, who for a time made the god of music himself a shepherd, marked Michael for something less, and Smithfield for his Arcady. Now, had Michael been born within the purlieus of Drury-Lane—had he been even pot-boy to a theatrical public-house, how different had been his fate—how primrose-decked his path to fortune. Of what availed his powers of song—his gifts of mimicry? It is true, he was the idol of the critics at the Three Jugs; but, like their numerous brotherhood, though they could let fall showers of praise, they could not give the smallest piece of pudding. (By the way, why does not some lecturer on pneumatics define the precise time that a man may live upon mere praise? We should like to see a popular poet in a moral air-pump!) Michael would imitate every domestic beast of the field, and was judged—a rare and happy accident to the performer—by persons who really knew something of the subject. Had he to mimic a goat, a hog, a calf, an ass—there were among the auditors the most competent judges of the performance. Happy Michael! how many a playwright has yearned for such critics, and only sometimes found them! Here were gifts, had the professor been the favourite of destiny. To hear Michael, was to fancy Noah's ark sounding in his larynx: indeed, "he was no vulgar boy!" and had fate only thrust him into a playhouse, with such convertible talents, in a very few years he might have had a bank account, and green and gold liveries. Had he only lived in these days, when, like a Turkish pacha, the dramatic muses have horse-tails for banners, Michael had surely emerged, even from the obscurity of the Three Jugs; but in the dark times when Michael roared, and growled, and brayed, and neighed, jackasses were of no stage value: Mr Garrick had no taste; besides, unlike all his brethren, he had a touch of envy.

From ten to seventeen did Michael tend sheep as a profession, and imitate them as an enjoyment. A marked change then ensued; he had hitherto been a sloven, he now became a fop; he cast aside a thatch of

worsted, which, for at least twenty years, under various owners, had usurped the name of cap, and assumed a straw-hat of more than brimstone brightness; there was, moreover, a cunning knowledge of life in the tie of the black riband that girdled it—a true knowledge of the magic worth of appearance—of, as in later life he would say, the use of the exterior. He had a deep-blue frock, one pair of leathern breeches, and shoe-buckles, if not all silver, at least copper, very preciously and thickly cased. Thus habited, a switch in his hand, and a sprig of lavender in his mouth—so fitting, it looked as though it grew there—Michael would drive his flock. Virgil's shepherds (they *had* their faults), in all their glory, were but cow-boys to Michael. If he did not play upon a pipe, he smoked one with an air very far beyond the pastoral; if he did not milk sheep, no hand could more adroitly kill them; if he were not called upon to guard his ewes from wolves, no youth, especially twice a day, had a more craving regard for mutton. Another change, besides the vulgar mutation of dress, came upon Michael; or it may be, that it came with the dress; the shirt of Nessus had its poison, and shirts and new coats, on skins unused to such delicacies, have sometimes a subtle and mysterious influence—"there is magic in the web." How the refinement came, we pause not to enquire; but certain it is, from the day that Michael first appeared in his reformed costume, he gave up his brutal imitations, at least of the lowest of what the humility of man calls the lower animals. He would still mimic a few of the nobler creatures; but it was only when he was in very excellent cue indeed, and at the pressing request of friends—a request very often put, and consented to—that he would condescend to make an ass of himself. The Goose he solemnly forswore at seventeen: how many of our wisest sages have come far short of Michael!

This determination of our hero was, however, for a time fatal to Michael's worldly prospects. When he ceased to be a vulgar beast, he ceased—and the like may have happened to the most convivial souls—

to be attractive to his circle of former admirers. But, the truth must out—ambition was at the bottom of this false delicacy. He had, in an evil hour for his reputation, visited a menagerie at the festival of St Bartholomew. From that moment, he was haunted by the roaring of the forest kings—from that moment, he despised his former accomplishments, holding them as worse than nought, and henceforth determined to do nothing but the lion. It was in vain that friends dissuaded, critics sneered, and foes rejoiced—it was in vain that he was called upon for a growl or a bark, in both of which he was pre-eminent; he would do nothing but roar, and his roaring was contemptible. Foolish Michael! thou mightst have continued to the end an applauded prosperous puppy—but to try the lion, was to fall indeed! And yet, in the homely history of Michael, read we not the fate of thousands? There are greater houses than the Three Jugs, in which the same mistake is daily, nightly made; there are persons of greater likelihood than Michael, who will attempt a roar, when the very extent of their ability is a tolerable yelp. We might multiply parallel examples, but leave them to the reader, who, or he must lack acquaintance, can number them by the gross.

Fortune, however, did not wholly desert Michael; for at the time of his waning popularity at the Three Jugs, he had fallen captive to the sloe eyes, and damask cheeks, of a maiden, a dweller on the Barnet road. Divine, enduring, charitable woman! Though Michael was a mongrel to all mankind, to Susan he was a veritable lion! It is thus, though the poor dolt be jeered and scorned abroad, the love of woman crowns him monarch at her side; it is thus, though the silly goose be plucked bare in the world, that new "wings at his shoulders seem to play," when looked on by her eyes! Michael wooed with the regularity of a stop-watch; for ever at the appointed time, he breathed the gentle signal, which, with corresponding punctuality, brought the maiden to his arms.

At the period of the fulness of his passion, many sheep had been stolen.

One theft was marked by peculiar daring, and the evil growing daily worse, called for rigorous punishment; a hundred guineas was the promised reward for the apprehension of the robbers. All Smithfield was in consternation; since the expedition for the Golden Fleece, there was never such a stir—"a hundred guineas reward!"

We spoke of the concerted signal between Michael and Susan. It was a dark, wintry night, and the *pastor* Michael approached the habitation of his adored, a cottage constructed with a fine taste for the picturesque, and an equally fine contempt for the elements. Michael trode with the stealthy footsteps of a hero of romance, or a smuggler; indeed, a custom-house officer would have paused, doubting whether the intruder came with a contraband passion, or with illicit brandy. Michael, "holding his breath for a time" (at certain seasons the house of the beloved strikes solemnly upon the heart)—crept as closely to the hut as prudence counselled (for Susan shared the common calamity of heroines, she had a father), and then, with his soul at his lips, uttered the well-known sound. But how to describe it? Michael, in the single honesty of his nature, spoke, as he thought, with the mouth of a mere sheep; but what bleating! how modulated—how softened—with what passion, trembling in its tones—with what a tale of hopes and fears, in its few vibrations! A man of ordinary sensibility hearing it, would have forsworn mutton for the rest of his days. There was such pathos in the sound—such eloquence of the heart! This, sympathizing reader, is, you feel, no rhapsody; you, who have heard love refine the roughest notes—you, who have known him tune harshness itself to music, will do some reverence to the bleating of Michael. Ample justice you cannot award, for you did not hear it.

Susan tripped from the cottage; she joined her lover—she spoke—yes, in soft, low accents, twitching Michael by the arm, she exclaimed, "Hush! you fool—I'm here!" Michael answered not; he stood, as on the sudden, struck to stone: perhaps he felt the abrupt truth of Susan—perhaps, he felt the cold; we

cannot answer; but, certain we are, that the signal of love had found an echo in the throats of a near flock, for bleatings came through the darkness, not unaccompanied by human oaths. Michael, without a word, followed the sound; and the roused father of Susan, hearing the lover's footsteps, followed him. Michael approached the prison of the flock, an old dilapidated barn; a light glimmering through the crannies, he beheld—for he knew the ruddle, knew the faces of the innocent victims—the stolen sheep! Had he doubted the identity of the beasts, the peculiar cast of features of two men,—one employed skinning a fat wedder, and another about to prepare a second for the like operation—would not have convinced him of his error. As he stood, in that brief moment, he felt, in imagination, the weight of a hundred guineas suddenly fall into his pocket; another second, and without any trick of fancy, he felt a huge hedge-stake fall upon his back. His first cry was "thieves!" his second, "murder!"

We cannot here suppress a few words on, what we may call, the nationality of the principal of these exclamations. We hold it to be a signal evidence of the immense wealth of our country—a flattering proof of our commercial greatness, and of the universality of property, that when man, woman, or child, is assaulted—though neither shall be the loser of so much as a hair—the cry of the assailed is "thieves!" A man receives a cowardly insult; the poltroon runs away; what suddenly trips up his heels—what, but "stop thief." The cry, knocking at every man's breeches pocket, makes him champion the distressed. There is a freemasonry in the words, and when hallooed, all men proffer helping hands. Of the two exclamations, "thieves" is strikingly national—"murder" is enjoyed by other countries; certainly, there is no comparison in their relative effect. Some fifty years ago, at a crowded drawing-room, two countesses—beautiful as angels—were beset on their way to their carriages. One lost a necklace—the other, a bracelet; one cried "thieves"—the other, "murder;" the thief, with the stolen property upon him, was instantly ta-

ken; the murderer, pocketing the bracelet, was suffered to walk away. When we heard this, we vowed, were we a countess, never, in any situation, to trust to "murder;" no—let every woman in the hour of danger—that is, if she wish for intruding succour, scorn "murder," and place her reliance upon "thieves!"

The fine tenor shouting of Michael, accompanied by the sharp treble screaming of Susan, whilst her father, at every blow he dealt, groaned a deep bass through his teeth, scared the varlets in the barn; one of whom, making a rush from the door, received from the paternal cudgel, a misdirected thwack, which levelled him. However, he was again upon his legs, when Michael fastened upon him, and the lover and the thief, grappling each other, they both fell to the earth. There they lay, writhing and rolling, he of the hedge-stake raining an impartial shower of blows, now upon his future son, and now upon the sheep-stealer, as each came uppermost. The combatants blasphemed—Susan got new strength with screaming—the father growled as he laboured, the rescued sheep set up bleatings of thanksgiving,—when, in the midst of the hurly, half-a-dozen tapers, like so many Wills-o'-the-wisp, broke through the darkness; and the voice of the parish constable, with the voices of two men unknown, were heard in the distance. From that moment, the thief, with Oriental resignation, lay motionless—Michael sat gasping upon him, the father with one hand leaned upon his staff, and with the other, wiped the sweat from his forehead; Susan smoothed her hair, and dried the corners of her eyes. In this condition they awaited the approach of the parish functionary who, acknowledging the greeting of Susan's father, stooped, with his light to the ground, when Susan uttered a scream, sharp enough to pierce the horn lantern which disclosed the horror; for the blood ran in streams down Michael's face, dripping upon the face of the thief below him, and, for the time, almost blotting out his identity. But Tips, the constable, was a stern thinker, paying little respect to blood; so, somewhat wiping from the features of the thief the property of Michael, there

came to light the well-known visage of Jack Robinson, better known by the genial alias of Flowers-in-May. "He's my prisoner—and there's the stolen sheep," cried Michael. "And a good night's work thou'st made of it," rejoined one of the men—"a hundred guineas, and only for a cracked crown." Questionless, a hundred guineas are "worth a poor man's keeping;" but whether, in the present instance, the exchange was in the youth's favour—whether Michael's *pia mater* had been mortally injured by Susan's *pius pater*, remained a case for the surgeons and the assizes. Happily, Michael's skull was no egg-shell, and though, almost immediately on the arrival of Tips, he swooned, and, at least to Susan's father, looked dangerously interesting, time and a plaster made all whole again. Perhaps, too, there was some potent anodyne in the sympathy of the paternal clubman, for no sooner did he hear of the reward, than all his prejudices melted away, and nought remained in his breast, but admiration for his valorous son-in-law. Besides, as both father and Michael, with an exemplary delicacy, breathed no syllable of family quarrels—the broken skull, and bruised party-coloured carcass of our hero, were put down to the black account of the sheepstealers, on whom we shall expend but a few words. The luckless Flowers-in-May—his companion never came near him in his last trial—was judged and sentenced. Michael received the hundred guineas, and Tips a most handsome compliment from the Bench, together with an extra parochial reward, for his cat-like vigilance. On the night of the scuffle, Tips had been to call a midwife, but, with praiseworthy fortitude, he forbore to intrude upon either judge or vestry a single word about his domestic misfortunes.

Michael and Susan were married! The hundred guineas, which had produced a halter for Flowers-in-May, had bought bridal garlands for the youthful couple: hempseed and nuptial flowers sprung from the same bed! That a hymeneal wreath should be only a continuation of the yarn of the ropemaker! Shudder not, ye gentle youths—shrink not, ye timid virgins;—when Susan pressed, with

her loving arm, the neck of Michael, there arose no compunctious workings to his throat; when Michael put on his nightcap, it brought no thought of Flowers-in-May to Susan. No; the hangman wove no dreams for them; they slept peacefully, as though the only gallows were in Utopia. Was not this insensibility? Certainly not; for, much to the disappointment of an overflowing Old Bailey, Flowers-in-May was not hanged. The night before his intended appearance, he had broken prison, and one of his legs; certainly no very cheap escape; still, as most men have two legs, and none have more than one neck, when dislocation is inevitable, it is well that the greatest evil be shared by the greatest number. Michael at the same time reaped the reward of—(a rare union)—mimicry and modesty. Jove loved his love as a bull—Michael bleated, an innocent sheep: mark the fruits of his humility: had he visited Susan as a lion, would there have been any response from the stolen flock? Would they have acknowledged by a single note, by the slightest tremor, their fears of the destroyer? As a lion, Michael might have roared and starved; love tamed him down to a sheep, and fortune flung about him a fine thick fleece. That many men would think of Michael!

Having married our hero, we shall, for some twenty years, leave him to himself and his wife! Twenty years! If the reader startle at the change we are about to show him,—if he smile incredulously at the shifting of the scene, and vow we pen a fairy tale, and not a true and sober history, we—

Here, librarian, hand this sceptic a few volumes of the *Moniteur*. There, sir; turn over not the leaves of twenty years, but of ten, of five, or two. A fairy tale! Why, all the dreams of Eastern visionaries are weak, colourless fantasies, to the stern doings of this tangible world. Should palaces, built in a night, call up our wonder, when, in a few years, we have seen the temples of living kings so oppositely tenanted? The stage Harlequin is now a poor imbecile—out-tripped, outdone by the real antic: all others are base impostors, things whose wickerwork

peeps through the covering: Fortune alone is the true mountebank! See—now she borrows a regal crown, as the Jackpudding, with a smirk, begs of his audience a wedding ring: mark how she whirls it, and twists it, and now hiding it in some base corner, now lending it for a holyday ornament, and now plucking it away again—and now, with a harlot's smile, and a profound curtsy, returning it to its despairing owner. And now, she sits upon a palace step, with balls and sceptres in her lap, casting them now high, now low, like an Indian juggler. And now, she takes some forlorn nestling, and—*presto*—he is *pullus Jovis*! And now, after the thing has strutted, and screamed, and called on nations to reverence its plumes—with no more ceremony than a farmer's wife seizes one gosling from its brethren—does fortune catch the radiant bird—dishonourable catch! She gripes him by his glorious tail—and plucks the peacock of his every plume.

Mr and Mrs Lynx, at the close of twenty years, were resolved on retreating with their honourable spoil. The hundred guineas had rolled and gathered, giving the lie to vulgar superstition, which, with the malice of envy, had predicted ill luck to the sudden gain. How many sleek, oily souls—when they count their hoards, no matter how acquired—must chuckle at the bugbear! Michael had, however, flourished upon average honesty; he had never vulgarly picked a pocket—and certain we are, he never so much as dreamt of forgery. He had grown rich; and as his purse swelled, his tastes enlarged. Retired from the drudgery of making money, his only thought was, how to extract dignified happiness from the four per cents. Michael was fixed in a suburban villa, commanding a most extensive view of metropolitan vapour; his house was as fine, as light, and almost as diaphanous as a Chinese lanthorn; for Michael was none of your churls who build about their domesticities with walls and hedges; not he. The curious traveller might have counted every mouthful swallowed by Michael at breakfast and dinner; for if he were not quite as unconscious, he was as careless of publicity as a honey-bee in a glass hive. And this,

after all, is true retirement. Solitude is not a thing of trees and bricks—but a part of the immortal man. Michael's retreat was all that he could wish; his garden was very promising—his orchard, in little more than a quarter of a century, would "in summer yield him shade—in winter, fire," whilst his lawn looked not common grass, but, closely, and almost as regularly shaven as its master, seemed like an unwrinkled sheet of green baize. He wanted nothing; for a red and blue macaw broke a stillness, that might have been oppressive; and for employment, Michael for the first three months superintended the education of a perverse kitten, whose ravenous love for a dozen gold fish in at least a two-quart globe, as they glanced in the sun—Michael would sometimes think of his guineas—he, after commendable perseverance, subdued into the coldness of mere respect. And is this the Michael of Smithfield? Remember, reader, twenty years! It is not half the time that yonder elephant, cribbed in a den of cunning joiner's work, was the rough denizen of the forest; and now, mark the tame grace with which he takes a sweetmeat from that fair, white hand! Moralists exclaim that all men are forgetful of nothing so much as of their end; this is a mistake; when they rise they are more oblivious of their beginning. When Michael stood at his garden porch, holding 'twixt his lips a sprig of jasmine, plucked from his own tree, growing upon his own freehold, he would have been a cunning metaphysician, who could have persuaded him that he was the very Michael of twenty years ago; at most, he might have had some vague impression, some interrupted glimmering of the fact, but nothing that he could have conscientiously sworn by. It would be a profitable sorcery that could evoke the spectres of our buried years, making them pass, one by one, before our eyes, each shadow following the meanness, the folly of its day! What a picture-gallery to "sear our eyeballs!" And yet, what heart-burning, what contention with the exhibitor! For how few would own the shadow of ten, or five years back, to be their true likeness,—their *vera effigies*?

Michael was completely happy. He had an enduring wife, a fine house, fine grounds, a well-stocked cellar, and, he thanked Heaven—people generally do, when prayers and the physicians have failed—no children! If his mansion were not very durable, it could boast the brightest paint. If it were not built upon rock, the surrounding gravel walks shone like red gold. His house might have been more commodious, but not so handsome. And thus Michael lived, or rather stagnated into old age, embedded, like a jewel in cotton, in all the comforts of this our eating, drinking, and sleeping existence.

And to what did Michael owe this full prosperity? To the hundred guineas? Yes, for they brought with them more than gold; they brought self-knowledge. From the day that Michael touched the shining reward he became an altered man. It was then he "knew himself;" it was then, reviewing the folly of his past

ambition, and contrasting its effects with late results, he started in the world with a proper consciousness of his powers, and a resolve never to attempt beyond them. This was the secret of his success—it was this that clothed the tatterdemalion—that housed him—that gave him "land and beeves." He might, had he persisted in his vanity, have mummied away a whole life, a mountebank and vagabond; but the forcible illustration of his true powers, fixed his eyes upon himself; he looked inwardly, and seeing there no lion, at the last hour "knew himself."

We might close this, our rambling story, with a budget of moral reflections; we shall levy no such tax upon our readers. In every walk of life, from St. Stephens' to St. Giles', how many Michaels become ridiculous, misanthropic, miserable, unprincipled—as lions, who might have been useful, kindly, happy, honest—as mere sheep!

SONNETS BY THE "SKETCHER."

ON A DULL SPRING.

AND is this Spring! that frenzied Poets feign,
 And whimpering lovers, in their sickly rhyme
 (The privilege of fools), sweet beauty's reign?
 Yea, rather seemeth it the grave of Time;
 Around whose rusty monument forlorn,
 Scant flowers and buds, that mock earth's penury,
 Do bloom, like jewels set in hideous scorn
 On the scath'd brow of bald antiquity.
 So, on the Reveller's face, th' original Sin
 Blossoms in deadliness, like the foul mark
 On Cain the murderer—so on Beldame's chin
 Sprouts vegetation through the wrinkled bark;
 And when the old Hag affects to smile and sing,
 She only is more ghastly—This is Spring!

OCTOBER.

Wood Nymph, October, thou art in thy "sere
 And yellow leaf"—go, doff thy gaudy trim—
 It better suits thee 'mid the twilight dim,
 And lonely haunts, to walk in sober gear,
 Than throw, like Proserpine, with forced cheer,
 Thy garlands on the bosom of thy grim
 And gloomy Dis—haste to thy bridal—hear!
 The moaning winds, thy nuptial music hymn;
 And for thy marriage-gift, the wreathed snow
 Prepares a vesture cold, thy winding-sheet;
 And faded flowers, and leaves of russet, throw
 Odours of Death, in token at thy feet:
 Go, deck thyself with rue and drooping fern,
 To meet thy Bridegroom Winter, dark and stern.

WINTER.

Winter, a surly fashion, thankless, rude,
 Misnomers thee a heartless niggard, Time's
 Stern Reckoner, chill'd with maxims harsh and crude.
 To me, thou'rt usher'd in with merry chimes—
 Thou lightest blazing hearths in ancient Hall—
 And biddest guests, and wakest jocund laugh—
 Thou openest wide to the poor Prodigal
 Thy parent-arms, and kill'st the fatted calf—
 Thy keen breath kindly spares the aged thorn:—
 So some old healthy Shepherd on a rock,
 Calls with the blast of his unpolish'd horn
 To better fare and warmer fold his flock:
 Thou blowest, like old Boatswain out at sea,
 Piping all hands, to mirth and jollity.

TIME.

Time was, Time is, and Time will be no more;
 Thus the mind's preparation is expressed—
 And every stage of life still leads to rest:—
 Time was—and I would brightest worlds explore,
 Face the broad sun, and like an eagle soar,
 New fledged and buoyant from his mountain nest;
 Then gorgeous things, gold, jewels, pleas'd me best.
 Time is—the vision of those flights is o'er—

Now would I rather, like the humbler bird,
That closer folds her unassuming wing,
To drop in leafy dell, where nought is heard
But gentle music, and sweet murmuring,
With foretaste of more lasting rest deferr'd,
To passing Time a peaceful requiem sing.

TIME AND OBLIVION.

Old Time sat in a glacier's frozen cave,
Teaching his daughter, stern Oblivion,
The World's large History, deeds by Heroes done,
The pride of Kings; and much of him who gave
Whole realms, to furnish one vain Queen a robe—
"Give me such royal dower," Oblivion cried.
"I will," quoth Time: "Speed with me o'er the Globe."
They sped, and cities crumbled 'neath their stride.
The Pyramids alone stood firm, and staid
Their menaces—aghast stood Time awhile,
Oblivion forward rush'd, and taunting said,
"Stand Monuments of me"—and touch'd each pile,
Each scroll, each sculptur'd character and name,
And wither'd up the records of their fame.

TIME AND THE REVELLER.

A Reveller mock'd Time, as he did pass:
"Begone, old Mower! needs an arm more lithe,
And strong and stout, to wield thine ugly scythe,
If thou wouldst mow mankind and flesh as grass."
Time in his wrath sped on—and shook his glass,
"I warn no more, but strike,"—The scorner blithe
Mock'd on, and bade him come and take his tithe.
Time struck—The Funeral came, with Priest and Mass.
What says the Will? "Time I defy, my name
And life of mirth engrave thou deep and wide."
'Tis done—with group of children Time next came,
That bestride tombstones, and mar sculptur'd pride;
"Spoil on," quoth he—"two words alone I claim,
They are my triumph, be they spared, 'He died!'"

AN HOUR.

Oh! who can prophesy the coming days?
One hour I thought was mine; then, said I, this
I snatch for happiness, from Time's abyss;
Lovely the scene, as if the gentle fays,
Had hemm'd it in with verdure; and sweet rays,
From Love's pure source of light, came soft to kiss
Flowers, that again breath'd out imparted bliss:—
In midst a dial stood—it caught our gaze,
There was no flaming sword from Paradise
To drive us—but a peaceful shadow cast
Upon the dial. There 'twas writ—"Time flies."
"What stayeth not, is not," quoth I. "The past,"
A voice replied, "in bliss will I restore,
When all things are eternal, Time no more."

MAGA.

Hark! how the feather'd songster, Chanticleer,
As sayeth the poet, winds his buglehorn,
And, at his cheerful bidding, disappear
The shades of night, and the forth-stepping morn

Lifts up her veil before her glistening face,
 To bless the waken'd world with gladsome mirth :
 So Maga, with clear voice, call'd to new grace
 The care-worn things, that crept on this dull earth :
 So, in her majesty and queenly pride,
 Cynthia walks forth amid the clouds of night ;
 And spreads a glory round her, far and wide :—
 So the night-wandering ship her pilot-light
 Spreads to the flound'ring monsters in her lee,
 And sheds a radiance round the ghastly sea.

THE SINGING BIRD.

Why dost thou fly, sweet bird ? oh stay, prolong
 Thy strains :—last evening, from thy leafy spray
 (Whence now false fear doth frighten thee away),
 Thou didst enchant my step—To do thee wrong
 Would ill requite thee for thy gentle song :
 And more for this, that listening to thy lay
 Dear Laura sate ; whose eye, of purest ray,
 Beam'd peace, that well had charm'd celestial throng ;
 All unobserv'd I saw her—and did mark,
 How like an angel, clad in heavenly white,
 She seem'd, amid the shade of foliage dark ;
 Like one that stay'd awhile her upward flight,
 As earthly embassy had pain'd her breast,
 And thou didst soothe her with thy song to rest.

THE OWL.

What means the whooping owl, that nightly sits
 In the dark hollows of the shadowy wood,
 Scaring from sleep the silvan neighbourhood ;
 Or strangely by the moon-lit casement flits ;
 And by old ruins, moans and laughs by fits,
 Mocking the solemn hour in changeful mood,
 As he, old gentleman, had lost his wits—
 Is evil boding in his speech, or good ?
 Poor Fowl, thou hast no omens—we ourselves
 Are fancy's fools, interpreting thy notes :—
 Perchance thou'rt watchman to the merry elves,
 Bidding them don betimes their leafy coats,
 Ere Dawn should catch them on the brook's bright shelves,
 And prick them homeward with the sunny notes.

THE GREENWOOD.

This nook the tiny theatre has been,
 Where elves have acted plays, such as they took
 From the fond legends of old fairy book—
 Their tiring-room, under these hollows green,
 And crowded glow-worms lighted up the scene—
 These hanging boughs the orchestra, that shook
 With music, such as tunes the nightly brook—
 Their audience, twinkling stars, and moon serene—
 Their songs inaudible to ear unblest,
 But the blithe lark, listening the live-long night,
 Against the reedy tuft bath lean'd her breast,
 And borne them to Heaven's gate, at morning light ;
 And birds that elves most love, with emulous throats
 Do catch in leafy glens sweet fairy notes.

THE SEA.

Over the sunlit ocean, danced our brave
 And gallant ship. I thought of fables old,

Beautiful as the azure-waving gold
 Beneath me—Nereids in their coral caves,
 And Venus rising from the jocund wave,
 When cloud-throned Gods did her ascent behold ;
 Then sank the sun—night came, the billows roll'd
 With swell and roar—and darkness of the grave—
 It was no hour for fabled Gods. Alone
 The majesty of heaven was all abroad—
 His pathway in the immensity unknown.
 'Neath his pavilion of thick darkness aw'd,
 I worshipp'd—Lord, thy spirit of love the deep
 First moved—still let thy love these waters keep.

MELANCHOLY.

It was an hour of deep and chilling gloom,
 Congenial to my dark and lonely mood ;
 I wander'd by the melancholy wood,
 Whose bare scath'd branches made for darkness room,
 And dry leaves strew'd the ground, as Nature's tomb,
 And moaning winds, like fiends of hellish brood,
 Mutter'd forebodings round of coming doom.—
 Months passed—and there again full sad I stood ;
 There was no change in me, no inward gleam,
 Nor knew I change of outward scene, until
 My downcast eye look'd up—as in a dream,
 Fresh verdure did the silvan hollows fill—
 O, Spring ! said I, thou dost a mockery seem,
 For all within me is dark winter still.

SYMPATHY.

There was a soft enchantment in her eye,
 That charmed all it met, and round it wrought
 A sympathetic incense of pure thought,
 As in some fane of loveliest sanctity :—
 Such was the look of angel from the high
 Emblazon'd heav'n new lighted with glad feet,
 Blessing and blest, and bent on errand sweet ;
 Radiant with love and beaming charity.
 Such was the light that shone o'er leaf and flower
 In sinless Eden, when that gentlest pair
 (In their Creator's image planted there)
 Together walk'd, or sat in silvan bower,
 Or in the moon's mild lustre wond'ring stood,
 And their great Maker saw "that all was good."

FAITH AND LOVE.

When Noah entered in the blessed ark,
 And with him, of all creatures, two and two,
 Twin graces, Trust and Love, their radiance threw
 Around that home—a solitary mark
 Of mercy, mid the deluge deep and dark,
 Wrath universal, that creation slew.
 Thus through the stormy winds, the lunar bark
 Shines peaceful, floating in her sea of blue—
 As he in God, so did in him confide,
 Within that safety ark, each living thing—
 So the sweet dove, sent forth, return'd and hied
 Again, the olive branch of peace to bring—
 Then sped away, trusting that love would guide
 To her her mate with an unerring wing.

CONSOLATION.

I was in misery—Reason to me came,
 And talked most erudite—till my ears rang
 With wisdom, tho' not such as syrens sang—
 For there were admonitions, and more blame.
 I was in misery still—In Friendship's name
 Then Sympathy with comforts to me sprang—
 Wept—pitied me—did the world's ills proclaim,
 As if the catalogue would soothe one pang!
 "Away, away," I cried, "another's woes
 Increase, not lessen mine." Then was I wild,
 And call'd on Death to strike—but Hope arose
 And stay'd his arm—then turn'd with aspect mild,
 "If not on Earth," quoth she, "there *is* repose"—
 "There is in Heaven," I cried, look'd up, and smil'd.

PUNISHMENT AND MERCY.

I wander'd by a river, on whose sides,
 And opposite, two different structures lay—
 A church, bright glowing in the sunset ray—
 A prison—there a chilling gloom abides,
 'True emblem of the wretchedness it hides—
 Here sinners howl and curse, there kneel and pray.
 The river, like another Styx, alway
 The regions of the lost and blest divides.
 Behold in these, man's glory and his shame,
 His remedy for sinners—God's for him.
 Pardon through faith in his Redeemer's name,
 For stripes and chains, and dungeons dank and dim,
 Inexorable law—and blind despair—
 Here Heaven proclaimed to penitence and prayer.

CONTRITION.

As one that, venturing in frail bark, would brave,
 Ere he would lose some worthless merchandise,
 The howling storm—Hope gone, leaps up and cries,
 Lord, save us or we perish—help and save :—
 So to the perilous world my bark I gave,
 And sins I should have cast away did prize—
 But now I call on Him that walk'd the wave,
 Lord, ere I perish, save, though thou chastise ;
 Bid thou all evil thoughts from me depart—
 Thou didst expel all them that impious trode
 Thy holy house as 'twere blaspheming mart—
 Lord, sanctify me even with thy rod ;
 With thy indwelling love, make pure this heart,
 Meet temple for my Saviour and my God.

BEAUTY.

O what is Beauty ? Poets say a flower—
 A flower ! it fades e'en in the scented air
 It perfumes.—Beauty, to the mind's eye, fair
 Beams ever with it's own immortal dower,
 Sweet Purity, instinct with heavenly power :
 'Twas thine, Alcestes, pattern of virtue rare ;
 And thine, chaste lady, in the charmed chair ;
 It aw'd the lion in sweet Una's bower.
 O, Beauty is not in the roseate cheek,
 Nor doth in dimple, nor strange lustre lie,
 But in the patient look, the firm, yet meek
 (Charm'd from the notice of all vulgar eye),
 It enters the soul's depth, and wins assent,
 Like a blest Angel, on sure mission sent.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Fair plant, thou art no nursling of the winds,
 That in their rude affection, wildly free,
 Come from their ocean caves to visit thee,
 And rock thy cradle bed—thus sternest minds
 To things of gentleness sweet Nature binds—
 And hardihood to meek simplicity,
 And healthiest virtues clothes with roughest rinds.
 O that such wrong in tenderness should be!
 The eye of Beauty is thy sun—the breath
 Of loveliness, and maiden's softer care,
 Thy fragile form luxuriant cherisheth,
 That outward wilds and winds but ill could bear.
 The best, the fairest, ripest, are for Death,
 That shall transplant them to a world more fair.

LANGUAGE.

Oh—words are for opinions, policies,
 Inventions, disquisitions, science, art,
 Ministering to crafty reason—but the heart
 Owns not such weak interpreters; *there* lies
 Feeling, that ties the tongue, and from dimm'd eyes
 Makes tears, more eloquent than speech, to start.
 Pain, anguish, agony—mere words—impart
 No sense; who hears them lives, who feels them dies;
 When the sight sickens at the gilded flower
 In sunshine—and the twilight clouds above
 Seem like a pall of death on earth to lower—
 What to another can the sufferings prove
 The sick one feels?—Beware, nor learn the power;
 The heart's sole, sad interpreter—is love.

MUSIC.

Within her mother's arms my infant lay,
 And death fast settling on her aspect mild,
 Like marble innocence. The night was wild,
 And the winds shook the casement with affray,
 As they were fiends, impatient for their prey,
 And quarrell'd for my poor departing child:—
 Again they shook—in death my infant smil'd—
 And the winds howl'd into the night away.
 I rose in madness, for the fiends, methought,
 Had ta'en her—and I pray'd—how vain my fears,
 Some spirit whispered—"Sounds with terror fraught
 Are but delusions human fancy hears—
 Heaven's love is in all sounds, nor is there aught
 But blessed music to immortal ears."

THE CHANGED.

I loved—the earth, and all things on it, grew
 To instant loveliness—sweet sounds the ear
 Delighted, and th' o'ershadowing atmosphere
 Receded, as if pierced with heavenly dew,
 That spread abroad a lustre strange and new.
 —I loved no more—ask me not why—but hear
 The change, that as a curse of darkness threw
 A veil 'twixt Heaven and me—and all was drear,—
 The fount of tears was dried, or I had wept
 To be so poor a thing; without a gleam
 To guide me, to old haunts forlorn I crept,
 No balm in air, no music in the stream—
 As one, that was an angel while he slept,
 And woke a slave, with memory of his dream.

A PICTURE.

A horrid wood of unknown trees, that throw
 An awful foliage, snakes about whose rind,
 Festoon'd in hideous idleness, did wind,
 And swing the black-green masses to and fro.
 A river, none knew whence, or where, did flow
 Mysterious through—swoln clouds on clouds reclin'd,
 And lay like freighted ships waiting a wind—
 And moans were heard, like some half-utter'd woe—
 And shadowy monsters glided by, whose yell
 Shook terribly th' unfathomed wilderness.
 Lives there such scene? God's works invisible,
 Not undiscover'd, their true stamp impress
 On Thought, Creation's mirror, wherein dwell
 His unattained wonders numberless.

ADDRESS TO THE STATUE OF HYMEN.

Hymen, thou art depicted with a torch,
 Whose two-fold flames shoot upwards, and then turn
 Inwards, as they would each the other scorch—
 Emblem of hearts that bicker as they burn;
 Thou'rt like some vengeful angel, with his rod
 Of fire, or with the flaming sword that drove
 From Eden, love. So poets feign'd the god
 Hermes, round whose caduceus spiteful strove
 Two serpents intertwined,—their swoln throats cramm'd
 With venom, ever at each other hiss.
 With such dire wand the spirits of the damn'd
 Did Hermes downward urge from scenes of bliss.—
 Hymen, avert the omen of my verse,
 And change this state for better, not for worse.

SATURN AND PROTEUS, OR HUMBLE DESIRES.

Saturn took refuge in old Proteus' cave,
 His beaten pinions shivering from the blast,
 And from his shoulders flakes of snow fell fast,
 While furiously without the tempest drave.
 For pastime at his hearth, old Proteus gave
 Saturn his mirror, and there bade him cast
 His eyes, and see what things he most would crave,
 Future inventions that before them past—
 Steam-vessels, coaches, cottons, cloths, silks, things
 Ten thousand new—"Now then, old Loiterer,
 Choose well," quoth Proteus, "covering for thy wings,
 Silken perchance."—"Not so, nought I prefer,"
 Quoth Saturn "(leave we silks for earthly kings),
 To flannel drawers, and a comforter."

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DELLA CASA.

(*O Dolce Selva.*)

O loved and lonely wood—as to a friend
 To whom I have unbosom'd many a thought,
 Weary and sad—what change in thee is wrought!—
 Winter, with horrid grasp, as it would rend,
 Has shook thy verdant tops, and Frosts descend,
 And thy umbrageous ancient locks have caught,
 As mine—and 'stead of vernal flow'rets, nought
 But snows along thy sunny glades extend.
 In this short, darkling, melancholy hour,
 Wandering, I muse, how age's frosts begin
 My spirits seize, and every limb enfold,—
 Till all without is chill, and all within.

But far more merciless, my winters lower,
Bringing me nights more long, more drear, and cold.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DELLA CASA.

(*Questa Vita Mortale.*)

This mortal life, that in a little hour
Of shadow passeth by, hath left obscure
Till now that better part of me, and pure—
Deep shrouded in the mists that round it lower.—
Now I behold, great God, in fruit and flower,
In winter's cold, and the rich garniture
That summer brings, thy mercies ever sure,
And manifold thy measure, Grace and Power.
This, the pure air, and the clear light of day
That to our eyes unfolds this Earth—the vale
Which from its dark abyss thou bad'st expand,
All that Heaven covers, once in chaos lay—
Thou didst divide the darkness with thy hand:—
Sun, Moon, and Stars—thy fingers made them all.

LIBERTY.

O angel Liberty! where art thou fled?
Must tyrant multitude, or tyrant king,
Usurp thy reign, and oh! the meaner thing,
Base faction, to the earth thy bounties tread,
And to the winds thy golden harvests fling?
Must man be tyrant to himself? the head
Contending with the heart, the heart to wring—
And passion ever sway in virtue's stead?
Oh that I had the pinions of a dove,
With inspiration of thy holy breath,
Sweet Liberty! to reach that rest—where love,
Fix'd in thy perfect law, aye governeth—
For thou art not of earth, but Heaven above,
And here thy faithful minister is Death.

THE TYRANT'S DEATH.

The mighty Tyrant dead! and one poor hearse
Folds the world's master—calm that bosom, where
The hurricanes of passion rose to tear
And rend to desolation, and to curse,
And all the loveliest things of earth disperse;
Meekness and love fled the portentous glare
Of his stern eye—as he a lion were,
Stalking the forest of the universe.
So silence in the once loud crater sleeps,
But not in death—for therein children play,
And gather sweet flowers 'mid the matted heaps.
But who shall man's volcanic rage allay,
Yet leave him life? He that the wild waves keeps,
And gilds the desert with benignant ray.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

PART III.

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.—JULIUS CÆSAR.

FROM Christian Italy, with its blazing passions of love and hatred, its luxurious and headlong pursuit of pleasure, its enthusiastic yet half sensual devotion, turn we to antique Pagan Rome, with its grave and stately manners, its calm Stoic or Epicurean philosophy, its airy and poetical religion; where, in the Forum, eagle-eyed orators are holding listening senates in awe; where the white-stoled flamens are "at their service quaint" in yonder temple of Jupiter; where chiefs, at whose name the world grows pale, are climbing or descending the majestic Capitol; where, in the shady porticoes or gardens beyond the Tiber, sages and their scholars are meditating, or reclining; through whose crowded and magnificent streets already rolls the tide of the population, the riches and the glories of the world. Let us see how the master mind, which has so deeply penetrated into the spirit of modern times, who has traversed the whole realm of fancy with the ease and certainty of his own Ariel, will find his way through this long hollow valley of antiquity—every where so dim and cloudy, in many parts palled in the thickest gloom;—without even the lantern of learning to assist him, and nothing to guide him through the obscure, but the inward and inextinguishable ray which genius sheds on all it lights upon.

If the creative power, energy, and profound depth of Shakspeare's mind are best indicated in those plays of his which are of pure invention (and in regard to character, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear, though founded on fabulous chronicles, may be considered as such),—the wonderful completeness and balance of his mind, its remarkable union of sagacity with power, of accuracy of judgment, and moderation in taste, with unparalleled reach of imagination, are best illustrated by his historical plays. If, in his plays of pure invention, he was thrown more abso-

lutely on his own resources, and forced, like the Israelites, to find the very straw out of which his bricks were to be made, the form at least of the structure which he was to rear with them, was at his command: No taskmaster prescribed its site or plan; all nature was before him, offering its inexhaustible materials to his choice, and he could place them beside each other in harmonious conjunction. But, in approaching the field of authentic history, his situation was very different. He was called upon, not to create a palace at will, from the vast stores which his treasury afforded, but to reconstruct, in its original symmetry and beauty, a ruined and dilapidated edifice, of which nothing remained but fragments of broken pillars, crushed arches, choked-up vaults, and half vanished staircases; an architectural labyrinth, chaotic and unintelligible save to those to whom genius gave the clue. Yet every fragment which time had spared from the wreck, was to be preserved untouched,—sacred even from genius itself; and out of the heterogeneous masses which lay strewn out, "gold, silver, or base lead," massive marble or crumbling clay, must he endeavour, as he best might, to supply the gaps, build up the broken towers, restore those buried vaults to the light of day, discern by conjecture the original meaning and purpose of that which seemed shapeless and uncouth, and give back to the whole structure its outward beauty, and its internal adaptation and significance. To do this effectually, and as Shakspeare has done; to take, if we may be allowed the comparison, the *bouts-rimés* which history has written down for us, and to fill up the theme, to unite those half connected conclusions in such exquisite and natural sequence, with such appearance of unity and compactness, is a task, demanding perhaps powers of a different kind, but scarcely inferior, on the whole, to

those by which a Hamlet or a Caliban have been called into existence.

The difficulty of such a task is pre-eminently felt in every attempt to revive the spirit of classical antiquity, or to carry us back into familiar contact with the heroes of Greece and Rome. In drawing the characters of those who have occupied a prominent place on the theatre of the world's history, in modern or comparatively modern times, a certain community of feelings and sympathies, existing between ourselves and the subjects of our delineation,—amidst all the differences which temperament, habits, or situation may produce—will always afford us a tolerable key to their probable conduct or feelings in given situations, while the more detailed and frequent notices of their history, which are at our command, though still leaving much for imagination and judgment to supply, are, like lamps in a city at night, sufficient to guide us on, dimly perhaps but safely, from one point to another, to our journey's end. But between the days of Paganism and those of Christianity there is a great gulf fixed, not to be surmounted by labour, and which only the strong wings of genius can overfly. The change from polytheism to Christianity is so sudden and complete, the influences thus brought into play so new and complex, the habits, manners, the whole relations of the sexes and of society, the whole forms of polity, the whole objects of sympathy and desire, here and hereafter, are so changed, that we can have no assurance of the correctness of any analogies drawn from the present to the past, and must feel that in our attempt to reconstruct from the meagre materials of history, aided by reasoning from our own feelings and passions, a consistent and real character of classical antiquity, we are either presenting a cold outline of a few superficial and obvious qualities, or accumulating an incoherent patchwork of others which never existed in the same being.

The French, no doubt, have often cut the knot more simply, by at once converting the heroes of Greece and Rome into Frenchmen, endowing them with modern feelings, passions, and forms of politeness and gallantry, and leaving, in fact, nothing

classical about them, except their supposed local habitation and name. Thus inconsistency of drawing is in some measure avoided; for the characters, under whatever name disguised, are, *intus et in cute*, from their entrance to their exit, modern Frenchmen; and they think, speak, and act naturally enough in their vocation. But all truth of local colouring, all impression of reality, are of course at an end; all peculiarities are at once swept away by this levelling principle. Who can doubt, for instance, that there were many and marked distinctions between the Greek and Roman; yet who can point out the smallest characteristic differences between the Greeks of the Iphigenie, the Greeks of the Trojan war, and the Romans of Cinna and Britannicus—the Romans of the meridian and declining empire?

Not in this spirit has Shakspeare gone to work. His studies from the antique are neither mere impersonations of a few traditional and prescriptive qualities, which make up our vague abstract notion of the Roman or the Greek, nor modernizations of history, carrying the spirit of the wars of the Roses or the Reformation, and the manners and intrigues of the court of Elizabeth, into the conspiracies of the Capitol, and the struggles of “the last of the Romans.” He has taken the characters as he found them in history; he has surrounded them by no modern colouring; yet neither has he shrunk from following them into the inmost recesses of character and feeling. Far from being mere images of certain feelings of patriotism, bravery, and ambition—mere simulacra of human beings—they are living, breathing, acting men, with the thousand shifting impulses and alternations of good and evil feeling, of greatness and littleness, of resolution and weakness, which characterise ourselves and those around us; yet, as by some magic, all those feelings and impulses, every word and action, carry us back thousands of years along the course of time; we feel, for the first time, the assurance that we are indeed in the Eternal City—that such were the majestic beings who in its streets and senates contended for empire—such its venal, and vacillating, and

profligate multitudes, ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder—such its orators, wielding at will this fierce democracy—such its warriors, so beautifully blending calm philosophy with action—such its festivals, elections, conspiracies, quarrels, and reconciliations. In *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*—(and, let us add, though, perhaps, at a humble distance, in the admirable romance of *Valerius*)—alone do we ever experience that species of interest, that conviction of reality, with which we are impressed by an interesting narrative of more modern times. The conspiracy against *Cæsar* agitates us with suspense and curiosity like those of *Fiesco* and *Pierre*; the scene where *Coriolanus* solicits (!) the suffrages of the citizens; the oration over *Cæsar's* body—hurry us on like the tumultuous canvassings and popular declamations of a modern election; and yet in all this we have the full persuasion that there is nothing modern; that the true spirit of the past does in truth animate these creations, and that the essential truth and propriety of history, “the goodly usage of the antique time,” has never been violated.

We say the *essential* truth; because nothing is more easy than to convict Shakspeare of minute mistakes in his Roman plays. A French critic, for instance, who would not have felt the least scruple, “peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret,” would probably be much shocked by seeing a Roman mob throwing up their caps, or wearing pockets, or hearing the clock proclaim the hour in the Capitol; or finding *Cæsar's* gardens placed on the wrong side of the Tyber. In the delineation of the inner man, Shakspeare drew his materials from his own breast, and then he could not err; in externals even, his admirable tact and quick perception seem to supply, in a great measure, the want of learning, and to enable him, with all his limited reading, to avoid every material violation of manners or costume; in the slighter matters only, where inaccuracy was of little consequence, can any mistakes be pointed out. And even when pointed out, they are almost instantly forgotten.

Nothing at first sight appears more artless than the conduct of the action in these classical plays; in which Shakspeare appears to invent nothing, but to follow with close fidelity the course of history. Yet, even under this apparently rigorous adherence to the letter of history, lies frequently the profoundest art of condensation, selection, and omission, of all which does not bear upon the main object of the play. No new events are added, and, in one sense, perhaps, none are omitted, for all are indicated, more or less, but each is reduced to its proper degree of prominence, and is either expanded in action, or briefly adverted to in allusion, according to its relation to the leading idea which the play embodies. What Plutarch, for instance, duly despatches in half a sentence, Shakspeare moulds into one of his most touching and powerful scenes,—the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius: and the same is the case with Antony's artful and admirable oration over *Cæsar's* body. In like manner, much upon which the old gossiping biographer dwells with prolixity, Shakspeare passes over with a transient notice, his aim being not to exhibit the character of *Cæsar* alone (for, in truth, scarcely a single personage in the play is so slightly touched as the one from whom it derives its name), but to present a grand picture of the public life of Rome, at a moment when democracy was about to resolve itself for ever into its natural euthanasia—despotism; and to group round the stately central form of the philosophic Brutus, in whose character stoicism, and an ideal of republican virtue, antagonize so strongly and so strangely with influences the most benevolent and humane,—a varied portrait gallery of subsidiary characters, in which the virtues, vices, passions, and sentiments of the time, should find their representatives. This is indeed the true spirit of history. Shakspeare invariably seizes the subject in its most poetical and dramatic point of view; gives unity and rounding even to the most complicated series of events, by extracting their spirit, discerning their connecting principle, and then carefully detaching and throwing into shadow

every thing which does not tend to bring out in higher relief their characteristic traits, while he lavishes his whole treasury of imagination on those features which he retains, and renders more impressive and lovely.

How admirably, for instance, has he performed this task in that magnificent series of plays from English History, in which he has pursued her annals through changing scenes of glory, disaster, and crime, from the deposition of the Second Richard to the era of the Reformation, and the returning sunshine of the days of Elizabeth. We rise from their perusal with a far more perfect apprehension of this gloomy and troubled period of our history—with a more distinct conception of the causes, the secret springs, and real connexion of events, which have formerly appeared inexplicable or incoherent—with a clearer understanding of the spirit “and body of the time,” than any history has yet afforded. No narrative of any historian could have presented in so fearful, so heart-rending a light, the horrors of the wars of the Roses, and the misery under which the country groaned during that ominous and desperate conflict, as Shakspeare has done in the three parts of Henry VI. Horror seems to sit upon the threshold of the drama. The tone grows deeper and deeper, till the picture appears to be painted more with blood than colours. Murders avenged by murders;—fierce battles, in which the father and son fall by each other’s hand,—victories, which on either side England must mourn—treasons, witchcrafts, adulteries—hollow leagues made but to be broken—universal and unredeemed selfishness—no pity asked or expected, all the bonds of human society torn asunder—an infinite series, in which crime generates crime, without a prospect of returning peace; this funereal pageant unrolls itself before us in endless perspective, and saddens the heart by its intense and unmitigated gloom. Fit actors in such scenes are the beings with which they are peopled; forms often of colossal and massive grandeur, but all “dabbled in blood;” Beaufort dying without a sign—hoping nothing, believing nothing; “grisly” Talbot, the terror of France,

Clifford revenging his father’s death with blood-thirsty affection, luxurious Edward, “perjured Clarence,” “his great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,” and, conspicuous amidst the ghastly procession, the terrible Richard,—lowering obliquely at first like a thunder cloud on the horizon, which enlarges and approaches, till at the close it pours out, as in a deluge, the elements of destruction with which it is overcharged. If any thing could increase the dreary sense of moral confusion which all this leaves on the mind, it is that the only redeeming traits of goodness and humanity which exist in this polluted scene, are found in the weak vacillating King Henry, the tool and puppet of all parties; that greatness is always associated with guilt, that impotence seems annexed to innocence as the condition of its existence, and that in the solitary instance where we bestow our pity, we cannot at the same time withhold our contempt.

On the subject of these dramas from English history, however,—one of the noblest monuments of national poetry of which any country can boast—we shall probably have occasion to speak more at length hereafter. At present we must return to what forms more peculiarly the subject of this article, the plays founded on Roman subjects.

So far as the nature of the subject permitted, Coriolanus perhaps is as perfect in its way as Julius Cæsar; but in the former the field was comparatively narrow; the interest almost exclusively arising from the development of a single character; the accompaniments not of the same splendour and variety. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, a canvass of immense size is crowded with the most interesting historic personages; the empire of the world is at stake—all the powers of evil and good seem visibly to contend for mastery upon the scene; and it is but natural that with such elements to work upon, a drama of more stirring and varied interest should be the result. As a successful study, however, of a single character, nothing in Julius Cæsar can excel Coriolanus himself; and it is indeed truly wonderful to observe how Shakspeare, without softening the repulsive features of

his character, has contrived to excite our admiration, and engage our sympathies for a being whom we find it impossible to love, and frequently even to comprehend.

We know that both in this case and that of Julius Cæsar, the only classical assistance which Shakspeare possessed, was the translation of Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Thomas North* (itself a translation from the French), a work utterly destitute of all spirit or feeling. From Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he could derive no hints, for of these no translations existed—and assuredly Shakspeare never consulted them in the original. Yet the character which Shakspeare, in ignorance of these sources, has produced, exactly corresponds with the conception we should ourselves have formed, after reading all which ancient history has put together on the subject.

Coriolanus is to be regarded as any thing but a perfect hero, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that Shakspeare identifies himself with him as such. His chief greatness, indeed, is relative, and derived from the meanness or baseness of the beings by whom he is surrounded, the Sicinius, Brutus, Aufidius, to whom he is opposed.

“He were no lion were not Romans
hinds.”

Brave indeed he is to rashness—but his patrician pride approaches to madness; it excludes all sympathy with inferiors, whom he regards as creatures of another clay. When the humbled crowd are entreating, in the day of famine, for a grant of corn from the patricians, he lowers himself so far as to mock their misery by taunts and sarcasms, and drives them home to starvation without a feeling of remorse. His contempt for them is mingled with hatred—with a feeling almost of physical disgust. A spirit of despotism has been implanted by nature in his breast; it has been nursed by the arbitrary habits of military command, till selfishness has overgrown and overpowered all his other feelings. In such a character there can be no true nobleness—though Coriolanus's lofty esti-

mate of himself, the laurels which encircle his brow, the terror he everywhere imposes, the idolatry with which his party look up to him; and yet withal a species of bastard modesty which makes it irksome to him to listen to the praises which he knows that he deserves, the contempt and dislike with which we cannot but regard the motives and characters of most of his opponents—surround him with a fictitious nobleness, and lead us, contrary to our better feelings and calmer judgment, to rejoice at the success with which the imperious dictator at first tramples down all opposition. It must indeed be admitted, that if Shakspeare loved and venerated the *people* in the higher sense of the word, no one ever more thoroughly despised the *populace*, or delighted more to expose the aimlessness, fickleness, and ingratitude of their conduct, or the selfishness, under the guise of patriotism and purity, by which their noisy leaders are generally influenced. Both in Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar he seems to have presented us with a perfect anthology of popular follies and vices; placing the rabble of Rome in the most contemptible light, and aggravating its usual vices by the addition of gross cowardice. His picture of the democracy and their rulers is indeed applicable not to Rome only, but to all times and to all countries, and Hazlitt might with justice observe, that any one who studies Coriolanus might save himself the trouble of reading Burke's reflections, or the debates in Parliament since the French Revolution. Might we not indeed almost believe that the whisper of a faction in our own day was to be heard in these words of the Roman Opposition orator Sicinius:—

“Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say—*It shall be*

^{so}
I the right and strength o' the commons,
be it either

For death, or fine, or banishment, then
let them,

If I say fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.”†

This revolting picture of mob rule was not only politically true, but dramatically necessary. Without this abasement of the character of the populace, the towering arrogance and unrelenting harshness of Coriolanus, which border occasionally upon insanity, would have been intolerable. As it is, we feel towards him something of that sympathy which we should experience towards a lion set upon by curs. Nature has certainly placed within his breast something of the "*vis insani leonis*," the same courage and the same cruelty. Savage as he is, however, it is too much that he should be made a mark for "such small deer" to bait and snarl at, nor is it altogether possible to suppress a feeling of satisfaction—a sense of poetical justice—when the lordly animal drives the yelping pack before him, or crushes a whole crowd of his pitiful opponents beneath his giant paw.

But Coriolanus's overweening estimate of himself, and his utter indifference to the feelings of others, on which Shakspeare has dwelt so strongly, prepare us for the crime which he ultimately perpetrates against his country. Grievous as his injuries might be, a patriot, a man of noble nature would have borne them in silence; he would sooner have raised his arm against himself than against his country. But Coriolanus has no true patriotism, and little true nobility of heart; his own greatness has always been to him a subject of more vital interest than the prosperity of Rome; and he hurries to avenge his wrongs upon his country with the rancour and eagerness with which he would have wreaked his vengeance on a personal rival. Most poetical and touching is the moral which Shakspeare impresses on our minds from this crime of Coriolanus and its consequences. For him there is henceforward no rest, no peace—no firm alliance either with Roman or Volscian; despondency, and an evil looking for of judgment, begin to haunt his mind and cloud his spirit from the moment he yields to the entreaties of Volunna, and re-enters the city which had banished him. And in the violent death which so soon overtakes him, we trace the avenging hand,

not of Aufidius only, but of that Nemesis which never leaves long unbalanced, even on this earth, the scales of right and wrong.

The character of Coriolanus then, though far from a pleasing, is a most masterly and self consistent delineation. It has a colossal breadth and magnificence about it, suited to the almost mythic period of Roman history from which it was taken, when actors and events were all impressed with a certain stamp of gigantic and fabulous grandeur; and yet in so minute and masterly a way are the irregular and impetuous workings of this great but perverse mind laid before us, so perfectly are its principles of action brought to operate within the sphere of reality—with such intense vividness is the tumultuary world of intrigue, popular violence, and jealousy, through which the hero is condemned to move and struggle, brought before us, that, as we have already said, the impression it produces is rather that of our being spectators of these scenes themselves, than readers of a dramatic composition.

But the character of Coriolanus stands, it may be said, almost alone in the play—for none of the others, with the exception of the dry humorist Menenius, are drawn with much care or minuteness of finishing. If we wish to find a play in which a variety of characters, all of first-rate importance, and events of corresponding magnitude and interest solicit and engage our attention; and to form an idea of the perfect success with which Shakspeare could throw his mind back into the region of antiquity, we must turn to the infinite variety of Julius Cæsar. That this play, so full of life, of character, so penetrated by the spirit of poetry, should have been characterised by Johnson as cold, must surprise even those who are least disposed to subscribe in general to the doctor's æsthetical views. Certainly he monopolizes the opinion; for probably the most obvious and striking characteristic of the play to every reader is, that, though perfectly Roman it is also so perfectly human, and that we can with so little effort place ourselves among the stormy scene which it presents, and watch with intense curiosity and interest the

shifting fortunes of this great contest on which hangs suspended the dominion of the world. The sketches of character, the observance of minute particulars of manner and habit, the turn of the dialogue, would almost suggest the idea that Shakspeare had actually been present, had known the individuals by long intimacy, had watched their looks and gestures, and "set in a notebook" the very words to which their varying characters, temperaments, and emotions gave birth. How beautifully is this wonderful power illustrated in the scene where Cæsar enters with his train after the games are over, and unfolds to Antony his suspicions of Cassius, and their grounds; and where Cicero's appearance, "with his fiery and ferret eyes," as "crost in conference by some senators;" Cæsar's deafness, Antony's easy temper and thoughtless revelry; and above all, the speaking portrait of the spare and wakeful Cassius, with his "lean and hungry look," the observer who looks quite through the deeds of men, loving no music, seldom smiling, and then only as if he mocked himself, all these hints and allusions are dropped in with such exquisite skill and appearance of nature, that it is difficult for us to persuade ourselves that Cæsar could have spoken otherwise, or that such was not the outward form and presence of those who were the objects of his attachment and his fears.

For the striking scene which follows between Brutus and Cassius, in which the latter endeavours to gain over the former to his designs against Cæsar, as well as for the most dramatic and beautiful scene of the nocturnal meeting of the conspirators at Brutus's house, Plutarch afforded no hint. The prodigies by which it has been preceded,—the restlessness of even the calm Brutus, the arrival of the conspirators, shrouding their faces in the mantle, the reading of the letter by the light of the whizzing exhalations in the heavens, and the secret and gloomy council that follows, produce an awfully real and impressive effect on the imagination. The deep interest and curiosity thus awakened, is sustained by a series of scenes of unparalleled dramatic force and variety. We seem to be agitated

with the suspense of the conspirators themselves, as they throng around their victim in the Senate house, and with their terrors after the great Julius has fallen. Then the speech of Brutus—its effect on the giddy populace, the masterly oration of Antony, by which its effect is so thoroughly neutralized, the gradual working up the spirits of the crowd to mutiny by the allusions to Cæsar's will, his scars, the stabs which had pierced his mantle—the honourable and friendly hands by whom those stabs had been inflicted—these scenes certainly place Julius Cæsar, in point of dramatic interest, far higher than either Coriolanus, or Antony and Cleopatra. The interest in the last two acts, it must be admitted, declines. Yet these were indispensable, for Brutus obviously, and not Cæsar, is the hero of the play, and it was necessary to follow out his fate to his defeat and death at Philippi. The fourth act, however, contains one scene sufficient to redeem any play, the celebrated scene of quarrel and reconciliation between Brutus and Cassius, in which, although Shakspeare has drawn exclusively from his own stores, more of the spirit of Roman life is to be found than in all our other classical plays put together.

Passing from the events to the characters of the play, our attention is immediately directed to the strongly contrasted characters of Brutus and Cassius. Though Shakspeare's leaning towards monarchy is well known, and is sufficiently obvious, not only from Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, but from many others of his plays, it is singular that the most captivating picture of pure republicanism that ever was drawn should have proceeded from his hands. Such is Brutus. The rest conspire and slay from envy of Great Cæsar,—

"He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, makes one of them."

His natural inclinations are all calm, gentle, and benevolent; willingly he would pass his life in philosophic musing; with difficulty is he impelled unto the thorny and devious path of political action. Yet not from fear of consequences, for he is bravery

itself; he loves "the name of honour more than he fears death;" the passionless calmness of his spirit is the result of a mental constitution which nothing mortal can agitate or unhinge. But he feels that in the troubled atmosphere of conspiracy, his pure mind cannot breathe freely; and the natural humanity and tenderness of his disposition are secretly at war with the stoical dogmas of patriotism, by which he endeavours to steel himself to the bloody deed in which he is about to be involved. This native gentleness of disposition never forsakes him; even while his own heart is heavy with anxiety for the approaching battle, he can find time to bestow his care and sympathy upon the over-wearied Lucius. These very qualities, however, which render him so amiable, unfit him for the prominent part he is condemned to take in the struggle; even when he has drawn the sword, he cannot fling away the scabbard; nor follow out conspiracy into all its bloody consequences. Hence he spares Antony, whose powers indeed he misunderstands, and underrates; and falls at last the victim of his own mistaken humanity.

The gloomy Cassius, on the contrary, is all energy and action—a man on whose brow nature, with her own hand, has written conspirator. Shakspeare has somewhat softened the dark colouring of cruelty, vindictiveness, and avarice, with which Plutarch has painted his character, but he leaves him a being of mixed and questionable motives; impressive through his firmness and rapidity of decision, but repulsive in his mental conformation as in his outward form; "a good hater," but scarcely capable of loving or of being loved. Nothing in him is pure or unalloyed; envy and private revenge mingle with, and pollute all his patriotism; if he hates tyranny much, he hates Cæsar more. Even while combating in the name of liberty, he can sell and mart his offices for gold, while he refuses a supply to his dearest friend. His strength of mind and uncompromising character gives him a strong influence over others, but he feels the inferiority of his own nature and principles when compared with the

purer mind of Brutus. Hence the superiority of the latter in the quarrel scene, in which the parties seem to have changed characters; where the gentle Brutus takes the high tone of command and reproach, while the once resolute and energetic Cassius feels his spirit rebuked, and after a brief struggle, acknowledges his error, and bends before the supremacy of virtue in the shape of his friend.

"But we prattle something too wildly," and are keeping our German commentators waiting rather too long. We now turn to our friend Horn, and shall begin by his observations on the Roman people as represented in this play.

"No one ever had a higher estimate of the people than Shakspeare—no one a lower estimate of the populace; I mean that idle rabble that swarms about the market-place—the heartless creatures who are always gaping after something new; prepared to-day to trample in the dust the object of their yesterday's idolatry, if it can be done without danger or discomfort to themselves. This rabble, Shakspeare has frequently made the subject of his satire. It would even appear that he had a singular pleasure in so doing, partly from the feeling of just contempt which it inspired, partly from the comic and amusing materials it afforded. The poet who understands his aim so clearly, may well be allowed to indulge in a sneer against those who know not their own minds or objects.

"We are introduced accordingly to a numerous crowd, glad to find any pretext for converting a working day into a holiday, and as they had formerly shouted at Pompey's chariot wheels in his processions through the streets, now equally prepared to greet with like acclamations Cæsar, from whose arrival they anticipate a still more brilliant spectacle. Among these a cobbler is particularly prominent, who excites by his jests the hot and impatient Marcellus to still greater irritation, and there is something exceedingly amusing in this contest between one who has no time to spare, and another who has too much, and thanks the Gods when he is able in this way to get quit of it. Yet, amusing as it is, this scene is also full of tragic meaning. We

see the tribunes Flavius and Marullus, in the fulness of health and strength, clad with all their official dignity; we hear them inveighing, thundering against this Roman rabble; and in the very next scene Flavius and Marullus can no longer vent their reproaches: both are *no more*. 'For pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images they have,' as Casca drily says, 'been put to silence.' This is the only funeral oration which is pronounced over the eloquent tribunes; at the fearful time when Cæsar is about to fall, and to be followed by a Brutus and a Cassius, no time is left for a longer epitaph on such as Marullus and Flavius.

"The manner in which the 'rabblement' are represented as acting when Antony offers Cæsar the crown, is just and characteristic. They are glad that Cæsar declines it; but when he falls down senseless, and afterwards when he shows them his bare breast, seamed with scars, their sympathies are roused, and they would no longer oppose him were he to bind his temples with the diadem. His mental greatness they cannot comprehend; but when he unfolds his scarred bosom, and addresses to them a few touching words, they all at once perceive that he is a great man, and not unworthy to be a king.

"This scene, which is related by Casca, leads to the still more important one of Cæsar's murder. When he falls, fear is the first feeling which seizes the crowd, and they fly, thinking only of their own safety. Then, recovering their composure a little, and confiding in their numbers, they demand satisfaction, and Brutus admits the justice of the demand, and declares his readiness to give them the satisfaction they ask. The very offer seems to produce the desired effect. A personage so dignified as Brutus, has promised them satisfaction; that is enough for them;—*how* they are to be satisfied seems to them a matter of indifference, but not so to the noble Brutus himself. He speaks in brief flashes, in pointed epigrams, and sometimes as if in anticipation of the style of Seneca. The people are now more than satisfied;—it even requires exertions on the part of Brutus to procure a hearing for Mark Antony. No

sooner, however, do we perceive that he is really to be allowed to speak, than we anticipate that all the effect of the preceding speech will speedily be neutralized. He needs only to employ another and somewhat Asiatic manner; and we say that he is in a fair way to produce the impression at which he aims. But Antony's object is not to make an impression for an hour, but for days; the Romans must not only shout and rage, but act. If he can only hurry them now into some decisive step against Brutus, they are *his* and Octavius's; and their after conduct is at the command of himself and his 'commonplace' associate."

Of Antony's own character Horn speaks eloquently and justly. "Antony is one of the most distinguished characters which Shakspeare has drawn. The over abundance of his nature makes him delight in the dangerous attempt to reconcile extremes in thought and action. He is rash and considerate, brave and luxurious; he does not fear death, but endeavours, while it lasts, to crowd enjoyments of every kind into this swiftly fleeting existence. While Cæsar lives, Antony's dangerous dispositions are little excited; for Cæsar is a being for whom he feels unqualified love and reverence, to whom he willingly bows; and towards whom he stands in a sort of dependence, of which he even seems to be proud. But all his views change with Cæsar's death. He has now lost the only object of his attachment, and his character becomes dangerous in the highest degree. To submit to any other is impossible; least of all to these conspirators, most of whom he despises. Of Brutus alone he has formed a high estimate; but he does not love him, for the lofty virtue of the man has to him a repellent effect; and towards Cassius he has now no other feelings than those which Cæsar at first expresses, and which at that time he had endeavoured to combat. His oration to the people is too generally admitted to be a masterpiece incapable of being surpassed, to require any detailed notice. It is the pattern of that eloquence which has no higher object in view than to persuade the crowd; but this object it

effects in the highest degree. Of true poetical eloquence we do not now speak: Such would in the circumstances be out of place."

Though the play takes its name from *Cæsar*, and derives its interest from the conspiracy against him, and its consequences, he has by no means been drawn with the same minute finishing, nor in the same spirit of love as *Brutus*. The outlines are correct, no doubt, so far as they go, but little of the inward man is revealed to us; not unwisely perhaps, as Shakspeare clearly did not wish that any rival should divide the interest and attachment we feel for the amiable *Brutus*. "Here he is exhibited as sickly, irritable, nervous, neither externally nor internally free; but still retaining grandeur enough to render him the central point of the piece. Natures such as his, after a scene like that where he endeavours to win over the people by the pretended declination of the crown, feel, as it were, peculiarly rigid and frozen up, and therefore the acute and suspicious remark on fat and lean men, in reference to *Cassius*, with which he enters, is perfectly in character. So also the expression of his own greatness.

"But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*."

The masterly scene with *Calphurnia* and *Decius* is exactly in the same tone. His beloved wife has had an ominous dream, which, united with the many portents which have occurred, has excited her mind, and she implores her husband not to go to the Capitol. He combats her fears like a Roman hero—with calm dignified sentences—but at last, to be released from the importunity of the woman, he yields for a moment. No sooner, however, is he again brought in contact with a man (*Decius*), than he revolts at the thought of excusing his absence by an untruth, and the only answer he returns is, that he *will* not come. And even this resolution itself he abandons, the moment he hears from *Decius* the more favourable, and, as he thinks, also the sounder interpretation of the dream.

"His position in regard to the

more distinguished Romans is indicated in two words. He treats them politely, but they are little to him. That he should know of the fever of *Caius Ligarius*, need no more surprise us than that *Wallenstein* should be able to recollect the names of the privates in the regiment of *Pappenheim*. To *Antony*, with whom he has most in common, he addresses a half friendly jest. His relation to *Brutus* is not here alluded to. The poet has indeed taken care that we should know it from other sources: but this was not the moment to awake our pity by the thought. *Cæsar* is truly great, but always conscious of his greatness; and there he ceases to be amiable."

Shakspeare has introduced the name of *Cicero* in this play. And though no part in the action or dialogue is assigned to him, he is characterised with singular felicity by one or two allusions in the speeches of *Brutus* and *Cassius*. His vanity, which would never allow him to engage in any thing where he could not take the lead and play the first part, is at once perceived by *Brutus*, who objects to his being made privy to the conspiracy, on the ground

"That he will never follow any thing
That other men begin."

Another passing observation of *Casca* on his character, is thus alluded to by *Horn*. "It is unquestionably a task of difficulty to depict in a dramatic work eminent men where they are but subsidiary personages, and where little or no space can be afforded them. Yet we ask, and justly, that the poet shall characterise them even in this limited space, since he has introduced their names. How has Shakspeare executed the task in this instance? *Casca* is relating the movement among the Patricians and the populace, which had been produced by *Antony's* offer of the crown, and *Cæsar's* rejection of it. Few moments in Roman history appear so interesting as this; and *Cassius's* question how *Cicero* took it, is a natural one. The answer, 'He spoke Greek,' gives us the complete character of *Cicero* in three words. He has not strength of mind to take a decided

part before the impulse is given; he will not even express a decided and generally intelligible opinion—that he may leave himself unfettered to act, when things shall have moulded themselves into a somewhat clearer shape. There is less of cowardice than of a courtly reserve about him. To the common people he does not choose to speak, nor has he any wish to be understood by such whimsical knights as Casca. If Shakspeare could have read and studied the whole works of Cicero, and all the judgments which have been passed in regard to him, he could not have selected a more characteristic mode of description than these words, ‘He spoke Greek.’

“Casca is a character forcibly drawn with a few features. He has a strong, rugged nature, which has displayed its strength with more than common force in the days of youth. But the world soon becomes too narrow for his wide brain, and he cannot find in it what he had met with in his own heart and head, or in the creations of poetry. He had flattered himself, that without much trouble he should rise to eminence, but he has been unsuccessful; and while Cæsar is all in all, and Brutus and Cassius the objects of general love or admiration, he is still esteemed as nothing more than a tolerably good soldier, of which the state has thousands. Whether he is a real republican may be doubted; at least, compared with Brutus and Cassius, he certainly is not. But he hates Cæsar’s arbitrary power; and, indeed, the man himself, who has thus risen so high above him—a feeling which is mingled with envy, and renders him cunning and deceitful.”

If, in general, the dramatic portraits of the men of antiquity have been failures, this is still more true in regard to the women. One outline, stereotyped, as it were, suffices for all. They are all heroines, and nothing but heroines; and as their heroism generally exhales in words, and not in actions, there is, in general, something almost comic in their effect.

“Shakspeare,” says Horn, “has portrayed his Roman women in their true relation as such. He has not attempted to invest them with the ro-

mantic variety of character which modern times have bestowed; but, within their limited sphere, they have been more richly endowed by him than by any other poet. Their virtue consists in conjugal love, fidelity, pride in the internal and external dignity of their husbands, and patriotism. With what art he could combine these simple traits of character, and distinguish their shades in different individuals, his Roman plays afford the completest proof. In this play we meet with two women, Calphurnia and Portia, both resembling each other in that engrossing attachment to their husbands, on which the characters rest; and yet what a difference do we perceive in them! Calphurnia lives only in Cæsar’s life; for this she watches day and night. His renown is a subject of pleasure to her, but also of care; he has almost too much of it; and now she would retain him—her husband—wholly to herself; he must labour no more, for he has laboured but too much already; she would have him spare himself, that he may be spared for her. She loves him not as a husband only; she treats him as a mother would her child, or as a tender wife would tend a once great, but now sickly husband.”—“Portia is conceived in a higher style. Her love for Brutus is not only deeper but stronger; and she comprehends his whole greatness and amiability. She is Cato’s daughter, and endowed with all the strength of mind of which a Roman republican was capable; but she is also a woman—a tender-loving and anxious woman. In the scene with Lucius, (Act ii. s. 4,) her feminine character appears in all its *naïveté*, where her anxiety, which she is constantly afraid of betraying, goes so far that she imagines the boy has heard her whispered wish for Brutus’s success; and then with the natural cunning and readiness of a woman, adds, as if in explanation to him, “Brutus hath a suit which Cæsar will not grant.” All this, however, every one will readily perceive for himself; we may be permitted only to direct attention to that which gives the character its peculiar form and value—its wonderful blending of the great and lovely—of courage, simplicity, and

womanly anxiety: "All these qualities might indeed have been placed side by side by a poet of only moderate talent; but to unite them dynamically, as they are here united, only the power of a truly great poet could effect."

We had intended to say something on the sequel to *Julius Cæsar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*,—a play also of extraordinary power, though far less generally known to English readers

than the two others to which we have alluded, for the truth is, that our acquaintance with Shakspeare can scarcely be said to extend beyond his acting plays, of which *Antony and Cleopatra* has never been one,—but to do it justice, our remarks would extend beyond the space we can afford;—and here, therefore, for the present, we think it better to drop the curtain.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

BY MONS. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

PERHAPS there is no subject on which men in Europe are so universally ignorant, or in which they expect to possess more knowledge, than on the democratic institutions of America. These are by the one party proposed as models to which all European societies should forthwith and suddenly conform, and by the other held up as carrying in their very seeds the elements of their future and not distant destruction. The one set of politicians see only the weakness of these institutions, as resulting from the absolute sovereignty of the people on which they are supposed, and rightly, to be based, and their antagonists look upon them as an abstract idea of liberty, put to the experiment, and crowned with success. But to whichever of these views we may be inclined to give our adhesion, we must notice, first, that they seem to us both of them to bear within them a false assumption, viz. that society in America has been built upon some theory: for reasoners, considering state organizations as wholes, and finding theories in them, by a common mistake regard them as resulting therefrom. This is a delusion which the mind, engrossed by the totality of a work completed, frequently puts upon itself. It considers a social edifice as it would a house, and refers at once from the structure to the architect, to his plans, his measurements, his rule, and his compass. But if we would draw correct consequences, we should completely reverse the mode of proceeding, and analyze governments not in their finished states, and as the result of

plans, but in their beginnings and growing details, and as the result of peculiarities. If this were done, the gross deceptions which spring from invidious comparisons between state and state would fall to the ground, and each would see that in its peculiar self resided its peculiar sources of amelioration and wellbeing: for to reason justly from one subject to another, one must discover a parity betwixt them, and it is known that between two great calculations, an almost imperceptible fractional difference in any part of the one will give a result immensely different to their totals. A just comparison then between nation and nation, with a view to proposing one, in any singular particular, as a model for the other, may be pronounced impossible. The inhabitants of Mexico, a people bearing a great social resemblance to the Americans, lately attempted to naturalize, in their own country, the federal institutions of their neighbours, and the experiment failed most completely. But even supposing a parity in all other things (which supposition here involves a contradiction), there never can be a parity between *force* and *growth*. Not, however, to prolong this argument, which might lead us too far, we will conclude it, by declaring our thorough conviction that the habit which nations have got of looking out of themselves for reforms, has occasioned more disorder and misgovernment (for they reciprocally produce each other) than all other causes put together.

We have thought it well to preface what we have to say of the ad-

mirable work before us by the foregoing observations, as they appear to us to separate our subject—as it ought to be separated—from all the foreign associations, prejudices, and perversions with which it is oftentimes mixed up, and which distort the judgment as much in its views of America, as in its views of Europe.

Mons. de Tocqueville begins his work by describing the religious character of the first English settlers in the New World, and, what is highly gratifying in a Frenchman, he seems to attribute to the scriptural piety which marked all their proceedings, and which their posterity yet retain, much of the prosperity which the United States have enjoyed. But he appears to think that these happy consequences would have attended the conscientious observance of *any* worship, or at least he points out no distinctions to be made on the subject. We must add, therefore, for him, that the Protestant reformed worship alone, in all the experience of history, has been favourable to, or, to speak more correctly and forcibly, the mother of civil liberty. That all other religious doctrines and rites have ever been degrading and enslaving, and that even when the yoke of these has been broken off and cast away, emancipation from them has not been freedom, but merely a ruinous *breaking out of bounds*, as bad or worse than the superstitious thralldom which preceded it. We will now give some extracts from the journal of Nathaniel Morton, one of the first settlers, and we feel persuaded that the fervent scriptural piety and wisdom that they breathe, will refresh the spirits of our readers, as it has done our own. It must really be delightful and (if they so take it) fertile in profit for a nation to trace their origin to such a godly patriarch as this Nathaniel Morton, and it must be a very perverted moral taste that would prefer the glory of a Cæsar.

"I have always thought," says the venerable patriarch, from whose *New England Memorial* we are extracting, "that it was a sacred duty for us who have received such numerous and memorable testimonies of the divine goodness in the establishment of this colony, to perpetuate the memory of this work in writing,

that which we have seen, and that which has been delivered down to us by our fathers, we ought to transmit to our children, that the generations to come may learn to praise the Lord, and preserve constantly the recollection of his wonderful works." After this exordium, the Memorial describes the departure of the emigrants. "In this manner," it continues, "they quitted this city (Delft Haleft), which had been to them a place of repose. Nevertheless they were calm, for they knew that they were strangers and pilgrims here below. Finally, they arrived at the port where the vessel was in waiting for them. A great number of their friends who could not go with them, had accompanied them thus far. The night passed without sleep, in effusions of affection, in pious discourses, in expressions full of true Christian tenderness. The next day they went on board; their friends still followed them, then were heard on all sides violent sobbings, tears were in all eyes, and the long and renewed embracings and ardent prayers between those departing and those left behind moved even strangers. The signal for sailing being given, they fell on their knees, and their pastor raising his eyes full of tears to heaven, recommended them to the compassion of the Lord. They then took leave of each other, and pronounced a farewell, which to many of them was eternal."

We must give one more extract, which describes the arrival of the emigrants in America.

"They had now passed the vast ocean, and reached their destination; but there were no friends to receive them, no habitation to offer them protection; it was mid-winter, and those who know our climate know the severity of that season, and what furious hurricanes desolate the coasts. In this season it is difficult to traverse known countries, much more so to form an establishment in new and unfrequented tracts. Around them spread an hideous desert, full of animals and savage men, whose number and degree of ferocity was unknown. The earth was frozen, and the soil covered with forests and thickets. Every thing had a wild aspect. Behind them nothing was to be seen, but the immense

ocean which separated them from the civilized world; and to find a little hope and peace, they could only turn their eyes to heaven, from whence came their help!" How much more beautiful, touching and sublime, is this simple record of real facts, than all the imagination of Virgil could supply him with, when recounting the voyage and adventures of Eneas, which were undergone in order "*Romanam condere gentem*," and yet the imaginary and real history run almost parallel.

After having given this account of the introduction of the religious spirit into America, Mons. de Tocqueville proceeds to examine the political constitution of that country, to which his whole work is devoted, and in tracing this to its cradle, his eye first fixes on the townships, or communes, as he calls them; of the United States, in which he discerns the germs, not only of American, but of all modern liberty; and in truth, a glance over history will show us that it was to townships or independent cities, that Italy and the Low Countries owed their freedom and prosperity in the middle ages. France also, during the period of the Hugonot war, bid fair for the attainment of permanent civil rights, by the same means. Switzerland has, excepting short intervals, ever maintained through her free cities, an interior domestic liberty; and England, without her civic franchises and provincial administrations, to which may be added as emanating therefrom, her corporations and commercial associations, could never have grown into such a stupendous fabric for the residence of free men, as she has done. In the edifice of social freedom there are many mansions, but the one on which they all depend is that of commerce or city liberties. In America, however, this species of institution is of more importance than any where else, for there it constitutes *the only centre of order*. Other and higher authorities seem not to have grown out of it, but to have been *delegated* from it. Beyond the township all is agitation, confusion, violence, and constant change; society seems to be brought to the brink of dissolution; but in the very height of each crisis every man falls back upon his city, town,

or hamlet, and there recognises an authority of which he individually forms a constituent part, and is an administrator, and he obeys, and the danger passes off as if by magic. Mons. de Tocqueville observes of this institution which has such admirable virtue to hinder disorganization when all things else tend to it, that there is none less creatable by governments, or that baffle more legislative enactments.

"The liberty of towns," he says, "escapes, as it were; the efforts of man. Rarely is it created. It is born spontaneously. It springs out of a society half barbarous. It is consolidation by the constant action of laws and manners—by circumstances out of all human control, and especially by time. Of all the nations of the *Continent* of Europe, there is not one which understands this liberty. Nevertheless it is in it that resides the strength of a free people. It is to general liberty what preparatory schools are to science. Without it, a people may give themselves a free government, but cannot possess the spirit of freedom. Temporary passions, the interests of a moment, or chance, may give them the exterior forms of independence, but despotism, driven into the core, will, sooner or later, reappear upon the surface."

Thus we see, that freedom naturally grows out of the *infancy* of States, not from the speculative wisdom, but from the simple wants of men; and to this remark the lessons of history will teach us to add, that when the natural action of these wants have been frustrated, or that men rebel in mere wantonness, so that speculative wisdom or theories come to usurp their place, the result aimed at is never attained. There is then a disproportion between men and their aims. Men belong to an advanced generation, and the things aimed at exist not at all, and to have an existence, they must have an *infancy*, which, to a race centuries old, would be preposterous; nevertheless, if they are to be, they must begin at their beginning. They must first exist in their primitive state, and then grow up, *through ages*, into their maturity. It is in vain to attempt to force them. Man cannot have them all at once matured, to suit

his own advanced growth, by the sheer power of his will. The spirits he invokes will not obey him. God, they say, we know, and providence we know; but who are you that we should do at your bidding, and in a moment, what God and providence give us centuries to accomplish—and they tear him to pieces. To return, however, from this digression, if it deserves to be called so, city and provincial liberties constitute, according to the true doctrine of the work before us, *decentralization* of power, and the absence of these, or the absorption of all *administrative* functions by the head of a State, *centralization*; and on this distinction—whilst he regards a *legislative* and *executive* centralization as indispensable—Monsieur de Tocqueville has made it clear, that the great difference between despotic and free governments exist; but he considers the civic liberties of England to be under better regulation than those of America, for the latter, he observes, are almost completely separated from all State control, and to a stranger present the aspect, and are sometimes attended with, the real evils of anarchy; and he sees not why, as in the mother country, they should not, without encroaching on their free operations within their sphere, be subordinate and auxiliary to a general centre of administration. On this subject he makes the following striking observations, some of which apply to America, and others to France.

“For the rest,” he says, “I am convinced that there are no nations more exposed to fall under the yoke of administrative centralization (the great stifler of liberty), than those whose government is democratic. The permanent tendency of such nations is to concentrate all the executive authority in the hands of one power which directly represents the people, because beyond this power there is nothing but the mass of individuals all equal. But when this power is invested with all the attributes of government, it is almost inevitable that it should strive to possess itself of all the details of administration, and, in the long run, it will hardly want the means and the opportunity. France has itself furnished an example of this. In the

French Revolution, two Movements took place, the one favourable to liberty, the other favourable to despotism, for the Revolution acted at the same time against royalty and the provincial institutions. It struck with indiscriminate hostility all which had preceded its absolute power, and all which mitigated its rigour; it was at the same time republican and centralizing. This double character of the French Revolution has been seized upon with alacrity by the lovers of absolute power. When you see them defending an administrative centralization, you may think they are labouring in the cause of despotism;—no such thing. They are defending one of the great conquests of the Revolution. In this manner, it is easy to be the disguised minister of tyranny, and the avowed champion of liberty at the same time.” The inference to be drawn from this last observation is, that France is at the present day farther removed from the acquisition of civil liberty, than she was in the time of Louis XIV. The despotism was then merely in the man or the monarchy; it is now rooted in the very soil by this system of centralization. This, however, belongs not to our present subject. To return.

A first superficial view of the American constitution strikes a distant beholder as simplicity itself. Not only can he discover no other element of power than the popular one, but he sees even this carried to its utmost extent by universal suffrage. There seems nothing to break the unity and directness of its operation. As he examines, however, more closely, this simplicity and unity altogether vanish. He sees, that although the element of social order is, in its generic appellation (if we may use the word), but *one*, it is so divided and subdivided into numerous centres of action, that it operates from its several circles upon itself, as though it were *many*, and in this respect answers the same ends that mixed forms do in England. He sees, first, the townships of which we have spoken, then the counties, then the states at the head of these; then that these states are twenty-four in number, differing in climates and in interests, and then the general go-

vernment of the federal union representing in external affairs the combined whole, and arbitrating in internal matters between twenty-four independent nations. He now perceives that what he mistook for a *simple*, is in fact the most *complicated* government that has ever existed upon the face of the earth. The popular will, he sees—the great sovereign—has broken up its own action into a multitude of partitions, in order to counteract its headlong tendencies. It is every where, he observes, manifested in its full violence, and every where checked in its mid-career, by the complex organization it has given to itself. Notwithstanding this, however (which our space will merely suffer us to allude to without illustrating), M. de Tocqueville shows that the permanent safety of the American constitution—from the very nature of a democracy, and still more of a federal democracy—is very precarious. He shows, first, that the great cementing national power rests upon a mere fiction. The union, considered abstractly, is nothing. It has neither material force nor material possessions, and yet by the exercise of the metaphysical right with which it is endowed, it has to rule over and adjust the conflicting interests of twenty-four different people. For this purpose, its great, we may say *only*, instrument, is a supreme court of judicature, appointed by the President, independent and irresponsible. It is true this court is nominally instituted to take cognizance only of federal questions. But we must mark well, that with it resides the competence to pronounce *what are federal questions*, and it is thus brought into constant collision with the several legislatures of the separate states, and impairs materially their independence. It has even already interfered with their domestic legislation, as in the instance of the federal decree, making it illegal to annul the obligation of contracts, and in another declaring that no law shall have a retroactive effect. Besides this, almost all questions of commerce may be considered federal; and as it is next to impossible that the separate states should not have *peculiar* laws on this subject, the supreme

court may thus meddle with and regulate matters in which the most essential and daily interests of a mercantile population are concerned, and, in this manner, wrest from them gradually their independence in its most important bearing. Now, it is hard to believe that this court, so despotically endowed—though it may not at present act despotically—will not, when the American states shall have grown up to their full proportions, and shall present stronger contrasts in interests and character than they do now, find occasion so to interpose its authority between them, as either to absorb all power in itself, or—what is *more likely*—produce such a convulsion among rival interests, as will bring about its own destruction, and—by a natural consequence—the dissolution of the union, of which it forms the chief bond. But whether this will happen or not, it is certain at least that there exists, in the heart of the most complete democracy the world has ever seen, an authority more unlimited and undefined, and that may become, from its attributes, more all-pervading and all-absorbing than has ever grown out of any other form of government. On this subject, Monsieur de Tocqueville makes the following observations:—

“In the hands of the seven federal judges, are committed constantly, the peace, the prosperity, the very existence of the union. Leave them out, and the constitution is a dead letter; it is to them that the executive power appeals to resist the encroachments of the legislative body, to them the legislature addresses itself for defence against the enterprises of the executive power; to them the union looks to enforce the obedience of the states; to them the states to repel the exaggerated pretensions of the union; to them the public interest appeals against private interest; to them the spirit of conservation against democratic instability. Their power is immense, but it is a power of opinion. They are all potent as long as the people yield obedience to the law; but their power ceases as soon as the law is despised. Now, the power of opinion is that which is the most difficult to exercise, because it is

impossible to fix exactly its limits. It is often as dangerous to go beyond, as to fall below it.

"The federal judges should be not only good citizens, honest and enlightened men, which all magistrates should be, but they should besides be statesmen, men capable of discerning the spirit of the time, of encountering obstacles that may be overcome, and of yielding to the current, when it would otherwise sweep away, with their own authority, the sovereignty of the union, and the dominion of the laws.

"The president may fall into error, and yet the state not suffer, because the power of the president is limited; the Congress may err, and the union not perish, because beyond the Congress is the electoral body, which may change its spirit by changing its members. But if the supreme court should ever be composed of imprudent men, the confederation would have to fear complete anarchy, or a civil war.

"For the rest, let us not deceive ourselves; the original cause of danger is not in the constitution of the tribunal, but in the nature of federal governments. We have already seen that no where is a strong judicial power so necessary as in confederated states. But this necessity imposes the obligation of giving it great extent and complete independence. Yet the more a power is extended and independent, the greater is the danger that results from its abuse. The origin of the danger is not in the constitution of this power, but in the constitution of the state which makes such a power necessary."

We have now shown, we think, that the very functions of the federal union may lead to its ruin, but it is much more likely, we believe, to perish from not daring to put forth these functions than by their abuse; it is certain, at least, that hitherto its authority has been on the decline, and not on the increase. Whilst the states indeed were weak, their population small, and a common danger threatened their existence from without, the federal government was strong because a common centre of action, and a regulating power in the different commonwealths was wanted. This want, however, is no longer

felt. Each state is in itself sufficient for itself. The grand utility of the union is one that contemplates only distant dangers and emergencies not to be foreseen; its monopoly of external affairs gives it no predominance, because these are insignificant. Its existence as a balance of power, and a check upon the other states, is, naturally, by the democratic spirit, considered rather as an evil than a good; and the only sensible benefit which results from its existence, in ordinary times, consists in its forming many nations into one, and thus excluding *national enmities* from the soil, which would otherwise most assuredly have grown up, and averting the vexatious impediment to commerce, which would arise from the necessity of guarding every frontier with a line of custom-houses. But this benefit, great as it is, is of a negative kind, and of such kind would the states desire the power of the federal government to be. They wish it to exist but not to be felt. The moment it makes itself active, it is considered as an enemy; and the general advantage which resides with it, weighs not for a moment against the particular interest it may run counter to. Thus, on the question of the tariff, the state of South Carolina, with arms in its hands, made the general Congress rescind its own resolutions, and at the same time promulgated the *nullifying* doctrines which, if acted on, would completely dissolve the union. But besides the weakness which it exhibits, whenever brought face to face with any single state, there are many other reasons to show, we think, that the federal government is not made for permanence; for how can permanence be established on constant fluctuation? The government of each state may endure, because each has a bond of union in itself, and therefore there is no danger of its falling to pieces; but the federal union is not one but twenty-four, and these twenty-four not stable unchanging societies, whose interests may be adjusted by a precalculated system, but societies varying yearly in their populations, resources, characters, and respective bearings. These twenty-four grew out of thirteen, and out of the twenty-four may probably grow forty. But

as their number grows, so does the precariousness of the union. Washington was originally at the centre of the confederated states, it is now at their extremity. The Mississippi was at that time a nearly uninhabited country, whereas, within forty years its population has increased thirty-fold, whilst the population of other states has only had a threefold increase. This, as well as its situation, fertility, and commercial resources, points it out as inevitably to become the central point of the federal government, but its inhabitants are rude and uncivilized in comparison with those of the other states of the union, and therefore unfit to have the predominance. The inhabitants of the south also, where slavery prevails, exhibit a broadly marked distinction of character from those of the north. Besides this, some states have increased immensely in wealth and numbers, whilst others have decreased. Virginia had formerly thirty-three members at Congress; it has now only twenty-one. New York had, in the year 1790, but ten; it has now forty. These forty might, if they chose, perhaps give the law to the whole Congress. To sum up our argument, we believe that it is utterly impossible any durable union should be established on so shifting a foundation, or that a power, whose force is merely one of *opinion* (mark, it is a common object of jealous suspicion *even now*), should so unite all dissenting opinions in its own favour, as to produce concord and unanimity between a multitude of independent nations, comparatively strong and weak, rich and poor, prosperous and declining. We look indeed upon the government of the federal union to be nothing more than a great scaffolding, to subsist till the building of a great house is finished—the great continent of the new world peopled, cultivated, and colonized. It answers the providential purpose at present of preventing the workmen falling out among themselves, and of destroying each other, instead of prosecuting the great work for which the junction of all their hands is required. But when this great end shall be accomplished; when the sentiment of mutual weakness in which the confederation arose shall be

succeeded by a sense of separate strength and sufficiency; when the one object and character, which associated all together, shall give place to broad contrasts and interests the most antagonistic, we cannot believe that the union can continue to exist. We are quite unable to discover what will *then* be the one universal cementing interest. Even at present the states appear to us to be rather conjoined than united.

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of the federal government—which, in the present phasis of American society, is the only institution of which any thing can with a show of probability be predicated—that we have left ourselves but a very narrow limit to advert to what we would further wish to notice in the admirable work before us. We must therefore be brief, and confine ourselves to one topic only out of the many that are spread so invitingly before us; and of these, the question, whether or not, with reference to America, a pure democracy be capable of durability? appears to us to admit of the concisest solution. The constitution of the United States is generally instanced as a proof, that this form of government, if not the best, is at least a *permanently* practical one. Now we must say, that our studies of this constitution itself have led us more forcibly to the opposite conclusion than all other arguments put together. In the first place, however, we are willing to confess that democracy has hitherto been for America, taking its good with its evil, perhaps the best species of government she could have adopted. And why? Because the whole population of the country has consisted solely of *one industrious class*. Manual and mercantile labour have been the only things to be represented, and the former in a degree much predominant over the latter. *Hands* have been alone wanted, and therefore *hands* alone counted; and although other wants begin to arise now, we are not sure that, whilst the great task of the inhabitants of the United States is to clear, cultivate, people, and colonize the soil, the government, which has the least control in it, and leaves men most at large in their enterprises, will not be the

most advantageous. Men in large spaces, jostle not against each other, especially when their work is a common one, their interest a common one, and there is room for them all. Industry and enterprise, with vast unoccupied fields before them, may be almost left to themselves. Local regulations,—which the Americans possess in their *townships*, and which constitute really their only *effective* government—is nearly all that is wanted. The more unchecked they are in other respects the better. *Numbers* alone in this case ought to be represented, because *numbers* constitute the great desideratum. But when the great work of *hands* shall be completed, *hands* will lose their predominating value; when the all absorbing necessity of *MANUAL industry* shall be abated, and it continues no longer to resolve all classes of society into *one*, many distinctions, as yet hardly known, and all connected with or arising from *intellectual superiority*, will emerge. The question then will be, shall all these yield the political arena completely to a numerical majority? Hitherto this has, in the fullest sense, happened. In the late question of the bank, the mercantile interest, although it is not without a share of representation and means of self defence, was entirely sacrificed—to that of the populace. Monsieur de Tocqueville assures us that universal suffrage has a similar effect in sacrificing intelligence to ignorance. Educated and enlightened men, he says, shun public life, and take shelter in retirement, knowing they have no qualities to recommend them to mob favour, whilst those who are sent to watch over the fortunes of the state are generally such as have been unable to manage, with profit, their private affairs. “When one enters,” he continues, “the Chamber of Representatives at Washington, one is struck with the vulgar aspect of this great assembly. The eye seeks in vain for some celebrated man on whom to rest. Nearly all the members are obscure individuals, whose names give back no image to the mind. They are for the most part village attorneys, small traffickers, or even belong to the lowest class of the people. And in a country where

education is nearly universal, it is said that the representatives of the people cannot always write correctly.”

We must now add, as most strikingly connected with our argument, a passage on the *tyranny of the majority*, by which it will be seen how much more crushing this species of tyranny is than that of the most potent despot that ever ruled with an iron hand over men; and how effectually—if it could maintain itself—it would for ever prevent society from rising above its foundations. “An absolute king,” says Monsieur de Tocqueville, “has but a material power; he can constrain actions, but cannot touch the will, but a majority is clothed at the same time with a force material and moral; it rules the will as much as the actions; and hinders together the act and the desire which would prompt it. * * * In America the majority traces a formidable circle around thought. Within its limits a writer is free, but wo to him who should dare to venture beyond it. Certainly he has no *auto da fé* to fear, but his life is made a burden to him, by daily persecutions and disgusts of every sort. *The political career is closed upon him, for he has offended the sole power which could open it to him.* * * * Princes have, so to speak, materialised violence; democratic republics have rendered it as intellectual as the human will which it would constrain. Under the absolute government of one, despotism struck the body; and if the object of its resentment had the king against him, he might have the people for him; but in democracies, tyranny proceeds differently. You are free not to think as I do, it says; your property and your life are secure to you, but from this day you are a stranger among your fellow-citizens. You may keep all your privileges, but they are become useless to you; if you ask for the votes of your countrymen they will not give them; if you wish to gain their esteem, it shall be refused. You may remain among men, but you have lost the rights of humanity. When you approach your fellows, they will fly from you as from an impure being; those even who believe in your in-

nocence will abandon you also. Go in peace; your life is left to you, but it is worse than death."

Monsieur de Tocqueville then remarks upon the obligation which is imposed on every writer in America to flatter the majority, and contrasts this with Labruyère inhabiting the palace of Louis XIV. whilst he wrote his chapter on great men, and Molière writing pieces of severe criticism on the court, which were acted before courtiers. But in America the majority lives in perpetual adoration of itself. For this reason, there is *no freedom of thought* there, and therefore no literature. The majority rules with a perfection and abstract completeness of despotism never before realized, and hardly within the bounds of fancy, over all active and all speculative life connected with action. The minority is struck with a fiat of moral annihilation, and the *select* men of the nation, of whom this minority will always be composed, are thus voted into non-existence, and only suffered to enjoy the gross gratifications of animal life in peace, on the condition that they remain quiet, and attempt not to interfere with or gainsay the decisions of the mob. The doctrine, in fact, of equality is applied to the intelligence, and it is laid down as an axiom, which lies at the root of all pure democracy, that there can be no superiority, either intellectual or moral, that is not given and expressed by a major number.

Now it must be observed, that the evils we have above specified, great as they are, are, comparatively speaking, hardly felt at present, because, in America, both the majority and minority may, on a general view, be said to constitute but one and the same description of men. They

both represent *labour*, and this is of such paramount importance at the actual moment, that every mental endowment becomes—in an interior sense too—attendant on it. A good stout labourer will yet for some time to come be of more value, and, in a political light, more highly considered, in the New World, than a Newton, a Bacon, or a Shakspeare. We would look forward, however, to a more advanced period, and would ask—Is America for ever to be the land solely of traffic and hand-work, and is all understanding higher than a mechanical one (if we may use the expression) to be perpetually banished from her soil? Even if so, we could show, did our limits permit, that her democracy could not last. But if she is to become, as she *must* by inevitable progression become, polite and refined; if she is to be great in intellect as well as in physical force; if the gratification of social wants, with superadded luxuries, is not to satisfy her, or mere traditional knowledge to content her; if her *mind* is to rise from the earth, and have *its* wants, its labours, its delights, and to bring all the results of its researches to adorn, dignify, and liberalise the otherwise grubbing pursuits of society; if she is to consider man not a mere work-day labourer, but an inquisitive intelligence, and this world, not so much a material as a spiritual laboratory; then must she find some other interpreter than bare *numbers* to express her will.

We recommend Monsieur de Tocqueville's work as the very best in plan on the subject of America we have ever met with, and we think we may claim the same praise for it with reference to its execution.

CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. XIV.

THE MOONBEAM.

THE morning after we arrived, we were sitting at breakfast, talking over our past expedition, and plans for the future, when two letters were laid on the table. The first was to my uncle, and ran as follows:—

"Havanna, such a date.

"MY DEAR FRENCH,

"I sailed from this on the 15th ult., and had got pretty well to the northward, when it came on to blow like fury, and I was driven back with the loss of several of my sails, and the bowsprit badly sprung.

"Knowing that I would touch here on my way home, I had desired letters to be forwarded from England if any thing material occurred, to the care of Mr M——; and accordingly, on my return, I received one from our mutual friend Ferrit, of Lincoln's-Inn, informing me of my brother Henry's death; and, what surprised me, after all that had passed, an acknowledgment of his having been married, from the first, to that plaguy Swiss girl, Mademoiselle Heloise de Walden. This makes a serious difference in my worldly affairs, you will at once see, as the boy, whom you will remember as a child, must now be acknowledged as the head of the family. But as I have no children of my own, and have wherewithal to keep the old lady and myself comfortable, and had already left Henry my heir, having as good as adopted him, I am rather rejoiced at it than otherwise, although he does me out of a baronetcy. Why that poor dissipated brother of mine should have been so much ashamed of acknowledging his low marriage, I am sure I cannot tell, as the girl, I have heard say, was handsome, and tolerably educated. But now, of course, the murder is out, so there is no use in speculating farther on the matter; Ferrit writes me, that the documents confirmatory of the marriage are all right and properly authenticated, and he sends me a probate of poor

Henry's will, to communicate to his son, who is now Sir Henry Oakplank, and must instantly drop the De Walden.

"I have sent letters for him to the admiral; but as the youngster may fall in your way in the Spider, to which I have appointed him, and in which he sailed for Jamaica a few days before my return here, I think, for the sake of your old crony, poor Henry, as well as for my sake, you will be glad to pay the boy some attention.

"Give my regards to Mr Brail, if still with you. I have got a noble freight on board—near a million of dollars—so, in the hope of meeting you soon in England, I remain, my dear Frenche, your sincere friend and old schoolfellow,

"OLIVER OAKPLANK."

The next letter was as follows:—

"H. M. Schooner Spider, Montego Bay—such a date.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have only a minute to advise you of my arrival here this morning, and of being again under weigh, in consequence of what I have just learned of the vagaries of our old acquaintance the Midge. I trust I may fall in with her. I saw your friends, the Hudsons, safe outside the Moro, on the — ulto., in the fine new ship, the Ajax. I left them stemming the gulf stream with a beautiful breeze.

"I wish you would have a letter lying in the hands of the agents, Peawee, Snipe, and Flamingo, in Kingston for me, as I am bound to Port Royal whenever my present cruise is up. Yours sincerely,

"HENRY DE WALDEN."

"Aha, Master de Walden—not a word about Mademoiselle Sophie, eh? *my friends* the Hudsons indeed! but never mind—I rejoice in your good fortune, my lad."

That very forenoon I was taken ill with fever and ague, and became

gradually worse, until I was so weak that I could scarcely stand.

Lennox had come up to see me one morning after I had been a week ill; he informed me that old Jacob Munroe was dead, having left him a heap of money, and that he was about going down to the Musquito Shore in the schooner Moonbeam, a shell trader belonging to his late uncle, and now to himself, as a preparatory step to winding up old Jacob's estate, and leaving the island for Scotland. Hearing I had been ill, a thought had occurred to the kind-hearted creature, that "a cruise would be just the thing to set me on my legs again;" and, accordingly, he had come to offer me a passage in his schooner.

Dr Tozy was standing by. "Not a bad notion, Mr Lennox; do you know I had some thoughts of recommending a sea voyage myself, and now since I know of such a good opportunity, I by all means recommend Mr Brail to accompany you, unless, indeed, you are to remain too long in some vile muddy creek on the Musquito shore."

"No, no, sir, the Jenny Nettles, another vessel of ours, sailed a fortnight ago, to see that the turtle-shell is all ready, so I won't be eight-and-forty hours on the coast."

"Then it is the very thing."

And so it was arranged. My uncle drove me down next day to the bay, and the following morning I was at sea, in the beautiful clipper schooner, the Moonbeam. Once more

"The waters heave around me; and on high

The winds lift up their voices."

We had been several days out, and were bowling along nine knots, with a most lovely little breeze steady on the quarter. I was lounging at mine ease under the awning, on a hencoop, reading. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sharp stem was roaring through the water, the sails were critically well set and drawing to a wish, and the dancing blue waves were buzzing alongside, and gurgling up through the lee scuppers right cheerily, while the flying fish were sparking out in shoals from one swell to another. It was one of those glorious, fresh, and exhilarating mornings in which it is ecstasy for a young chap to *live*, and which are

to be found in no other climate under the sun. Besides, I was in raptures with the little fairy, for she was a beauty in every respect, and with the bracing air that was hour by hour setting me up again. While I am thus luxuriating, I will tell you a story—so come along, my boy.

A NEGRO QUARREL.

We had several negroes amongst the Moonbeams, one of whom, a sailmaker, was busy close to where I lay, with his palm and needle, following his vocation, and mending a sail on deck—another black diamond, a sort of half-inch carpenter, was busy with some job abaft of him. I had often noticed before, the peculiar mode in which negroes quarrel. I would say that they did so very classically, after the model of Homer's heroes, for instance, for they generally prelude their combats with long speeches—or perhaps it would be more correct to call their method the Socratic mode of fighting—as they commence and carry on with a series of questions, growing more and more stinging as they proceed, until a fight becomes unavoidable; as in the present case.

The origin of the dispute was rather complex. There was an Indian boy on board, of whom more anon; and this lad, Lennox, with a spice of his original calling, had been in the habit of teaching to read and to learn a variety of infantile lessons, which he in turn took delight in retailing to the negroes; and there he is working away at this moment, reversing the order of things—the young teaching the old.

Palmneedle appears a very dull scholar, while Chip, I can perceive, is sharp enough, and takes delight in piquing Palmy. Chip says his lesson glibly. "Ah, daddy Chip, you shall make one parson by and by—quite cleber dis morning—so now, Palmneedle, come along," and Palmy also acquitted himself tolerably for some time.

"What you call hanimal hab four legs?" said Indio, in continuation of the lesson, and holding up four fingers. Here I thought of my cousin Sally.

"One cow," promptly rejoined Palmneedle, working away at the sail he was mending.

"Yes—to be sure! certainly one cow hab four legs; but what is de cow call?"

"Oh, some time Nancy, some time Juba."

"Stupid—I mean what you call ebery cow."

"How de debil should I sabe, Indio?"

"Becaase," said Indio, "I tell you dis morning already, one, tree, five time; but stop, I sall find one way to make you remember. How much feets you hab yourself—surely you can tell me dat?"

"Two—I hab two feets—dere."

"Den, what is you call?"

"One quadruped. You tink I don't know dat?"

"One quadruped! ho, ho—I know you would say so—you say so yesterday—really you wery mosh block-head indeed—*dat is* what de cow is call, man. You!—why you is call one omnivorous biped widout fedder—*dat is* what you is call; and de reason, Massa Lennox tell me, is, becaase you nyam as mosh as ever you can get, and don't wear no fedder like one fowl—mind *dat*—you is one omnivorous biped." Here Chip began, I saw, to quiz Palmy also.

"Now, Massa Indio," said the former, "let me be coolmassa one leetle piece. I say, Palmy, it is find *dat* you hab two feets—*dat* you eats all you can grab," (*aside*), "your own and your neighbours"—(*then aloud*)—"dat you hab no fedders in your tail—and derefore you is call *one somniferous tripod*" (at least what he said sounded more like *this* than any thing else). "Now, dere is *dat* ugly old one-foot-neger cookey" (the fellow was black as a sloe himself), "wid his wooden leg, what would you call *he*? tink well now; he only hab *one* leg, you know."

"One unicorn," said Palmy, after a pause, and scratching his woolly skull. But my laughter here put an end to the school, and was the innocent means of stirring up Palmy's wrath, who, mortified at perceiving that I considered the others had been quizzing him, was not long of endeavouring to work out his revenge. Slow as he might be at his learning, he was any thing but slow in this. Palmneedle now took the lead in the dialogue. "Chip," said Palmy, "enough of nonsense; so tell

me how you lef de good old woman, your moder, eh?"

Chip, who was caulking his seam, laid down his caulking-iron and mallet, pulled up his sleeve, fidgeted with the waistband of his trowsers, turned his quid, spit in his fist, and again commenced operations, grumbling out very gruffly, "my moder is dead." He had clearly taken offence, as Palmy evidently expected he would do; but *why* I could not divine. Palmy proceeded in his lesson of "teazing made easy."

"Nice old woman—sorry to hear dat." The rascal had known it, however, all along. "Ah, now I remember; she was much swell when I last see him—and face bloat—Ah, I feared, for long time, she would take to nyam dirt at last."

"Who tell you so—who say my moder eat dirt?" cried Chip, deeply stung; for the greatest affront you can put on a negro, is to cast in his teeth either that he himself, or some of his near of kin, labour under that mysterious complaint, *mal d'estomac*.

"Oh, nobody," rejoined Palmy, with a careless toss of the head; "I only tought she look wery like it—glad to hear it was not so howsome-dever—but sartin she look wery mosh like it—you mos allow *dat* yourself, Chip?" The carpenter made no answer, but I could see it was working. Palmy now began to sing in great glee apparently, casting a wicked glance every now and then at his crony, who thundered away, rap, rap, rap, and thump, thump, thump, on the deck, paying the seam, as he shuffled along, with tobacco juice most copiously. At length he got up, and passed forward. Palmy sang louder and louder.

"Come, mind you don't change your tune before long, my boy," said I to myself.

Chip now returned, carrying a pot of molten pitch in his hand. As he stepped over Palmy's leg, he spilt, by accident of course, some of the hot fluid on his foot.

"Broder Palmneedle—broder Palmneedle—I am wery sorry; but it was one haxident, you know."

Palmy winced a little, but said nothing; and the master of the schooner coming on deck, sent Chip to stretch the sail in some particular way, and to hold it there, for the

convenience of the sailmaker. Every thing remained quiet between them as long as the skipper was near, and I continued my reading; but very shortly, I heard symptoms of the scald operating on our sailmaker's temper, as the affront had done on the carpenter's.

Quoth Chip to Palmneedle, as he sat down on deck, and took hold of the sail, "Really hope I haven't burnt you, ater all, Palmneedle?"

"Oh, no, not at all," drawing in his scalded toe, however, as if he had got the gout in it.

"Quite glad of dat; but him do look swell a leetle, and de kin begin to peel off a bit. I am sorry to see."

"Oh, no," quoth Palmy again, quite cool, "no pain, none at all."

A pause—Palmy tries to continue his song, but in vain, and presently gives a loud screech as Chip, in turning over the clew of the sail roughly, brought the earring down crack on the parboiled toe. "What you mean by dat?"

"What! have I hurt you? Ah, poor fellow, I see I *have* burnt you now, ater all."

"I tell you I is not *burn*," sings out Palmy, holding his toe hard with one hand; "but don't you see you have nearly *broken* my foot? Why did you hit me, sir, wid de clew of dat heavy sail, sir, as if it had been one mallet? Did you do it o' propos?"

"Do it on purpose," rejoins Chip. "My eye! I drop it light, light—just so;" and here he thundered the iron earring down on the deck once more, missing the toe for the second time by a hairbreadth, and only through Palmy's activity in withdrawing it.

At this Palmy's pent-up wrath fairly exploded, and he smote Chip incontinently over the pate with his iron marline-spike, who returned with his wooden mallet, and the action then began in earnest—the combatants rolling over and over on the deck, kicking, and spurring, and biting, and bucking each other with their heads like maniacs, or two monkeys in the hydrophobia, until the row attracted the attention of the rest of the crew, and they were separated.

* * * * *

I had risen early the next morn-

ing, and was wearying most particularly for the breakfast hour, when Quacco, who was, as usual, head cook and captain's steward, came to me.

"Massa, you never see soch an a face as Mr Lennox hab dis morning."

"Why, what is wrong with him, Quacco?"

"I tink he mos hab sleep in de moon, sir."

"Sleep in the moon! A rum sort of a lodging, Quacco. What do you mean?"

"I mean he mos hab been sleep in de moonlight on deck, widout no cover at all, massa." And so we found he had, sure enough, and the consequence was, a swelled face, very much like the moon herself in a fog, by the way, as if she had left her impress on the poor fellow's mug; "her moonstruck child;" but I have no time for poetry! It looked more like erysipelas than any thing else, and two days elapsed before the swelling subsided, during the whole of which time the poor fellow appeared to me—but it might have been fancy—more excited and out of the way than I had seen him since we parted at Havanna.

Can it be possible that the planet really does exercise such influences as we read of, thought I! At any rate, I now for the first time knew the literal correctness of the beautiful Psalm—"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

We had now been a week at sea, the morning had been extremely squally, but towards noon the breeze became steadier, and we again made more sail, after which Lennox, the master of the schooner, and I, went to dinner. This skipper, by the way, was a rather remarkable personage,—*first*, he rejoiced in the euphaneous, but somewhat out of the way, appellation of Toby Tooraloo; *secondly*, his face was *not* a tragic volume, but a leaf out of a farce. It was for all the world like the monkey face of a cocoonut, there being only three holes perceptible to the naked eye in it, that is, one mouth, always rounded and pursed up as if he had been whistling; and two eyes, such as they were, both squinting inwards so abominably, that one guessed they were looking for his nose. But if a person had been set to make an inventory of his

physiognomy, at first sight, against this feature the return would have been *non est inventus*. This would have been incorrect though, for the curious dial *had* a gnomon, such as it was, countersunk, it is true, into the phiz, and the wings so nicely bevelled away into the cheeks, that it could not be vouched for, unless when he sneezed, which, like the blowing of a whale, proved the reality of apertures, although you might not see them. His figure was short and squat, his arms peculiarly laconic, and as he always kept them in motion, like a pair of flappers, his presence might be likened to that of a turtle on its hind fins.

The manner and speech of El Señor Tobias were, if possible, more odd than his outward and physical man; his delivery being a curious mixture of what appeared to be a barbarous recitative, or sing-song, and suppressed laughter, although the latter was only a nervous frittering away of the fag end of his sentences, and was by no means intended to express mirth; the voice sounding as if he had been choke-full of new bread, or as if the words had been sparked off from an ill-set barrel organ, that was revolving in his brisket.

"I hope," said I, to this beauty, "you may not be out in your reckoning about your cargo of shell being ready for you on the coast, captain?"

"Oh no, oh no,—ho, ho, ho," chuckled Tooraloo.

"What the deuce are you laughing at?" said I, a good deal surprised. Being a silent sort of fellow his peculiarity had not been so noticeable before.

"Laugh—laugh—ho, ho, he. I am not laughing, sir—quite serious—he, he, ho."

"It is a way Mr Tooraloo has got," said Lennox, smiling.

"Oh, I see it is."

"I am sure there will be no disappointment this time, sir,—*now*, since Big Claw is out of the way,—ho, ho, ho,"—quoth Toby.

"Big Claw—who is Big Claw?" said I.

"An Indian *chief*, sir, and one of our *chief* traders,—he, he, ho,—and best customer, sir,—ho, ho, he,—but turned rogue at last, sir, rogue at last—he, he, he—left

my mate with him, and Tom the Indian boy, voyage before last—he, he, he—and when I came back, he had cheated them both. Oh dear, if we did not lose fifty weight of shell,—ho, ho, he."

"And was that all?" said I.

"That was all—ho, ho, he,"—replied Toby.

"Your mate was ill used, you said, by Big Claw?"

"Yes,—ho, ho, he."

"As how, may I ask?"

"Oh, Big Claw *cut* his throat, *that's* all—ho, ho, ho."

"*All?* rather uncivil, however," said I.

"*Very*, sir,"—quoth Toby,—"he, he, he."

"And why did he cut his throat?"

"Because he made free with one of Big Claw's wives—ho, ho."

"So,—that was not the thing, certainly; and what became of the wife?"

"Cut *her* throat, too—ha, ha, ha!"—as if this had been the funniest part of the whole story.

"The devil he did!" said I. "What a broth of a boy this same Big Claw must be; and Indian Tom, I see him on board here?"

"Cut *his* throat, too though—ho, ho, ho—but *he* recovered."

"Why, I supposed as much, since he is waiting behind your chair there, captain. And what became of this infernal Indian bravo—this Master Big Claw, as you call him?"

"Cut *his own* throat—ha, ha, ha!—cut his own throat, the very day we arrived, by Gom, ha, ha, ha! ooro! looro! hooro!" for this being a sort of climax, he treated us with an extra rumblification in his gizzard, at the end of it.

Here we all joined in honest Tooraloo's ha, ha, ha!—for the absurdity of the way in which the story was screwed out of him, no mortal could stand—a story that, on the face of it at first, bore simply to have eventuated in the paltry loss of fifty pounds weight of turtle-shell, but which in reality involved the destruction of no fewer than three fellow creatures, and the grievous maiming of a fourth. "*That's* all, indeed!"

By this time it might have been half-past two, and the tears were still wet on my cheeks, when the vessel

was suddenly laid over by a heavy puff, and before the canvass could be taken in, or the schooner luffed up and the wind shaken out of her sails, we carried away our foretopmast, topsail, and all; and, what was a more serious matter, sprung the head of the mainmast so badly, that we could not carry more than a close-reefed mainsail on it. What was to be done? It was next to impossible to secure the mast properly at sea; and, as the wind had veered round to the south-east, we could not fetch the creek on the Indian coast, whither we were bound, unless we had all our after-sail. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to bear up for San Andreas, now dead under our lee, where we might get the mast comfortably fished, and we accordingly did so, and arrived there and anchored about dusk, on the evening of the seventh day after leaving Montego Bay.

San Andreas, although in reality a possession of the crown of Spain, was at the time, so far as I could learn, in the sole possession, if I may so speak, of a Scotchman, a Mr * * *,—at least there were no inhabitants on the island that we heard any thing about, beyond himself, family, and negroes, with the latter of whom he cultivated any cotton that was grown on it, sending it from time to time to the Kingston market.

We had come to, near his house; and when the vessel was riding safe at anchor, the captain and I went ashore in the boat to call on Mr * * *, in order to make known our wants, and endeavour to get them remedied. There was not a soul on the solitary beach where we landed, but we saw lights in a long low house, or shed, that was situated on a ridge on the right hand of the bay, as you stood in, and in one or two of the negro huts that surrounded it, and were clustered below it nearer the beach. After some search, we got into a gravelly path, worn in the rocky hill side, like a small river course or gully, with crumbling edges of turf, about a foot high on each hand, against which we battered our knees at every step, as we proceeded towards the house.

It was a clear starlight night, and the dark house on the summit of the ridge stood out in bold relief against the deep blue sky. "Hush

—hark!" A piano was struck with some skill, and a female voice sang the beautiful song set to the tune of the old Scottish melody "The Weary Pund o' Tow."

This was a startling incident, to occur thus at the world's end.

"Hey day," said I; but before I could make any farther remark, a full rich male voice struck in at the chorus—

"He's far away, he's far away, but surely he will come.

Ye moments fly, pass swiftly by, and send my soldier home."

We remained riveted to the spot until the music ceased.

"I say Tooraloo, Toby, my lad, you have not sculled us to fairy land, have you?"

"Oh no, it is old Mr * * * 's daughter, the only white lady in the island that I know of, and I suppose one of her brothers is accompanying her—ho, ho, he."

"Very like; but who have we here?" as a tall dark figure in jacket and trowsers, with a Spanish cap on his head, came dancing along the ridge from the house, and singing to himself, apparently in the exuberance of his spirits.

He was soon close to, confronting us in the narrow road, and bounding from side to side of the crumbling ledges of the footpath with the buoyancy of boyhood, although the frame, seen between me and the starlight sky, appeared Herculean.

"Hillo, Walpole, what has kept you so late?"

We made no answer, and the figure closed upon us.

"Pray is Mr * * * at home—he, he, he?" said our skipper to the stranger.

The party addressed stopped suddenly, and appeared a good deal startled. But he soon recovered himself, and answered,—

"He is. May I ask you makes the enquiry in such a merry mood?"

"Yes; I am the master of the Moonbeam—ha, ha, ha—a Montego Bay trader, bound to the Indian coast, but obliged to put in here in distress—he, he, ho—having badly sprung some of our spars—ha, ha, ha."

"Then what the h——l are you laughing at, sir?" rejoined the stranger, savagely.

"Laugh—laugh—why, I am quite

serious, sir,—sad as a drowned rat,—why, I am put in here *in distress*, sir—ha, ha, ha.”

It was time for me to strike in I saw. “It is a peculiarity in the gentleman’s manner, sir,” said I, “and no offence is meant.”

“Oh, very well,” said the other, laughing himself, and turning to Toby once more. “And this other?” continued the stranger, very unceremoniously indicating myself to be sure.

“My passenger—he, he, he”—said the man, with some discretion, as there was no use in our case of mentioning names, or being more communicative than necessary.

“Oh, I see—good-night—good-night;” and away sprang my gentleman, without saying another word.

“He might have waited until we got time to ask him who *he was* at any rate,” said I.

“Why,” said Toby, “that may be a question he may have no joy in answering—ha, ha, ha.”

“True for you, Tooraloo,” said I, Benjie.

We arrived in front of the low building, whose windows opened on a small terrace or esplanade, like so many port-holes.

The building stood on a ridge of limestone-rock, *a saddle*, as it is called in the West Indies, or tongue of land, that from fifty or sixty feet high, where the house stood, dropped gradually, until it ended in a low sandy spit covered with a clump of cocoa-nut trees, with tufts of mangrove bushes here and there; forming the cape or foreland of the bay on the right hand as you stood in. This low point trended outwards like a hook, so as to shut in the entrance of a small concealed cove or natural creek, which lay beyond it, separated from the bay we lay in by the aforesaid tongue of land, so that the house commanded a view of both anchorages.

From one side, as already related, the acclivity was easy; but towards the creek the ground fell away sudden and precipitously; and on the very edge of this rugged bank, the house was perched, like an eagle’s nest, overhanging the little land-locked cove.

There was a group of fishermen negroes in front of the house, talking and gabbling loudly as usual, one of whom carried a net, while three

others followed him with broad-bladed paddles on their shoulders, as if they had been pursuing their calling, and were now retiring to their houses for the night.

“Is Mr *** at home?” said Tooraloo—really I can no longer be bothered jotting down his absurd ho, ho, he.

“Yes, massa,” said the negro addressed; and without waiting to knock, or give any sign of our approach, the skipper and I entered the hall, or centre room of the building.

From the partial light proceeding from the open door of an inner apartment, I could see that it was a desolate-looking place, with a parcel of bags of cotton piled up in a corner, and lumbered, rather than furnished, with several skranky leathern-backed Spanish chairs.

Several rooms opened off each end of the said hall beside the one from which the light streamed. The skipper unceremoniously passed on to this apartment, motioning to me to follow him. I did so, and found an old gentleman, dressed in a gingham coat and white trowsers, and wearing a well-worn tow wig and spectacles, seated at a small table, smoking, with a glass of spirits and water beside him, and an empty tumbler opposite, as if some one had been accompanying him in his potations; while a young lady, rather a pretty girl, seated at a piano, with some music open before her, was screening her eyes from the light, and employed, so far as I could judge, in peering down towards the cove, as if trying to make out some object in that direction.

“Well, father, I cannot see either of them; surely they have put out all the lights on purpose; not a glimmer, I declare.” Turning round, she started on seeing us, and rising, left the room suddenly by another door.

“Who may *ye* be now?” quoth the old man, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and knocking the ashes off the end of it against the candlestick. “Are you any of Captain Wallace’s people?”

“No,” said Tooraloo, laconically enough. “Was that Captain Wallace we met going down the path just now?”

He gave no answer, but again enquired, “*who we were?*”

Our situation was explained to him, that we had put in, in distress, and wanted assistance; and he promised to send his people to lend a hand with our repairs in the morning.

"But *who* was the gentleman we met?" said I, repeating Toby's question, and endeavouring to pin the old man to an answer.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot rightly tell. He is an American I rather think, and commands two Buenos-Ayresan"—

Here some one coughed significantly under the open window. The old man looked dogged and angry, as if he had said, "What the deuce, mayn't I say what I choose in my own house;" and, gulping down his grog with great fierceness, as if determined not to understand the hint, he continued, speaking emphatically through his set teeth.

"Yes, sir, he commands two privateers at anchor down in the cove there."

The signal was twice repeated at this. It was clear there were eavesdroppers abroad. Our host lay back sullenly in his chair—

"Ay! And what kind of craft may they be?"

I scarcely knew what I said, as the notion of the privateers, and of having gentry of the usual stamp of their crews in such near neighbourhood, was any thing but pleasant or comfortable.

"A schooner and a felucca, sir," said Mr * * * in answer.

Some one now thundered against the weather boarding of the house, making every thing shake again, as if a drunken man had fallen against a hollow bulk-head, and I heard a low grumbling voice, as if in suppressed anger. I could see with half an eye that *this* had aroused the old gentleman, and made him pocket his peevishness, for he now set himself in his chair, and screwed his withered features into a most taciturn expression.

"The Midge again," thought I, "by all that is unfortunate—oh for a glimpse of Henry de Walden and his Spider!"

It is the devil and all to be watched—to have the consciousness that the very stones are listening to you, and ready to fly at your head, and

no armour, offensive or defensive, about you.

A sort of desperation was in consequence coming over me, and I rapped out, but still speaking so low, that I considered it impossible that I could be overheard by any one without—

"I think I know that same Captain Wallace's voice—I have heard it before, I am persuaded."

"You have, have you?" said some one outside, with great bitterness, but in a suppressed tone.

The exclamation was apparently involuntary. I started, and looked round, but saw no one.

"I know nothing of him, as I said before, gentlemen," continued the old man.

At this moment I had turned my face from the open window towards Toby, to see how he took all this. A small glass hung on the wall above his head, in which (murder, I grew as cold as an ice-cream) I had a momentary glimpse of a fierce sun-burned countenance, the lips apart, and the white teeth set as if in anger, raised just above the window sill. It glanced for an instant in the yellow light, while a clenched hand was held above it, and shaken threateningly at old * * *.

I turned suddenly round, but the apparition had as suddenly disappeared. It was clear that * * * now wished more than ever to end the conference.

"I know nothing beyond what I have told you, gentlemen—he pays for every thing like a prince—for his wood, and provisions, and all, down to a nail."

I was now no ways anxious to prolong the conversation myself.

"I don't doubt it, I don't doubt it. Well, old gentleman, good-night. You will send your people early?"

"Oh yes, you may be sure of that."

And we left the house and proceeded to the beach, as fast, you may be sure, as we decently could without running. We both noticed a dark figure hustle round the corner of the house, as we stepped out on the small plateau on which it stood.

Captain Toby hailed the schooner, in no very steady tone, to send the boat ashore instantly—"instantly"—

and I sat down on a smooth, blue, and apparently wave-rounded stone, that lay embedded in the beautiful white sand.

"So, so, a leaf out of a romance—miracles will never cease," said I to Tooraloo, who was standing a short distance from me, close to the water's edge, looking out anxiously for the boat. "There is the old Midge again, Toby, and my Montego bay friend, Wilson, for a dozen—mind he don't treat us to a second

Edition of the Ballahoo, and Dear Toby, Tooraloo, and

Why, captain, there is no speaking to you, except in rhyme, that name of yours is so — Hillo! where away—an earthquake, or are the stones alive here? So ho, Tobias—see where I am travelling to, Toby," as the rock on which I sat began to heave beneath me, and to make a strange clapping sort of noise, as if one had been flapping the sand with wet swabs.

"Tooraloo, see here—see here—I am bewitched, and going to sea on a shingle stone, as I am a gentleman—I hope it can swim as well as walk"—and over I floundered on my back.

I had come ashore without my jacket, and, as the skipper picked me up, I felt something warm and slimy flowing down my back.

"Why, where is my cruiser, Toby—and what the deuce can that be so warm and wet between my shoulders?"

"A turtle nest—a turtle nest," roared Toby, in great joy—and so indeed it proved.

Accordingly, we collected about two dozen of the eggs, and, if I had only had my senses about me when I capsized, we might have turned over the lady-fish herself, whom I had so unkindly disturbed in the straw, when she moved below me. We got on board without more ado, and having desired the steward to get a light and some food and grog in the cabin, I sent for Lennox, who was busy with the repairs going on aloft, and, as I broke ground very seriously to make my supper, communicated to him what we had seen and heard.

I had already in the course of the voyage acquainted him with the particulars of the ball at Mr Rose-apple's, and of my meeting with, and suspicions of Mr Wilson, and that I verily believed I had fallen in with the same person this very night, in the captain of a Buenos-Ayreal privateer.

"A privateer!" ejaculated Lennox,—"a privateer—is there a privateer about the island?"

"A privateer!" said the captain of the Moonbeam—"no—not one, but two of them, ha, ha, he—and both anchored t'other side of the bluff there, he, he, ho—within pistol-shot of us where we now lie, as the crow flies; although they might remain for a year in that cove, and no one the wiser, ho, ho, he.—In my humble opinion, they will be foul of us before morning, ho, ho, he—and most likely cut all our throats, ha, ha, ho."

Poor Saunders Skelp on this fell into a great quandary.

"What shall we do, Mr Brail?—we shall be plundered, as sure as fate."

"I make small doubt of that," quoth I, "and I only hope that may be the worst of it; but if you and the skipper think with me, I would be off this very hour, sprung mast and all."

"How unfortunate!" said Lennox—"Why, I have been working by candle light ever since you went away, stripping the mast, and seeing all clear when the day broke, to — But come, I think a couple of hours may still replace every thing where it was before I began."

Our determination was now promptly taken, so we swigged off our horns, and repaired to the deck.

"Who is there?" said some one from forward, in evident alarm.

It was pitch dark, and nothing could be seen but the dim twinkle of the lantern, and the heads and arms of the men at work at the mast head.

"Who is there, aft by the companion?"

"Why, it is me, what do you want?" said Lennox.

"Nothing particular, sir, only

there are people on the water close to, ahead of us—take care they do not make free with the buoy.”

“Hail them then, Williams, and tell them, if they don’t keep off, that we will fire at them.”

“I have hailed them twice, sir, but they give no answer.”

We all went forward. For some time I could neither see nor hear any thing. At length I thought I heard low voices, and the dip of an oar now and then. Presently I distinctly saw white sparkles in the dark calm water, towards the mouth of the bay, as of a boat, keeping her station on guard. By and by, we heard indications of life on the larboard bow also.

“Why, we are beset, Lennox, my boy, as sure as fate,” said I.

“What boats are those?”

No answer.

“If you don’t speak I will fire at you.”

A low suppressed laugh followed this threat, and we heard, as plain as if we had been alongside of the strangers, three or four sharp clicks, like the cocking of strong musket locks.

“Privateers-men, as sure as a gun,” said Tooraloo—“oh dear, and they are going to fire at us, don’t you hear?”—and he ducked his pate, as if he had seen them taking aim.

“I see two boats now as plain as can be,” said Lennox.

“Well, well, if you do, we can’t help it,” said I—“but do take my advice and stand by, to be off the moment there is a breath of wind from the land, *will ye?*”

All hands were called. We piped belay with the repairs, secured the mast as well as we could, hoisted the mainsail, and made every thing ready for a start; and just as we had hove short, a nice light air came off the land, as if on purpose; but when we were in the very act of tripping the anchor, lo! it fell calm again. As to our attempting to tow the schooner out of the bay with such customers right ahead of us, it would have been stark staring madness. We had therefore to let go again, and began to reoccupy ourselves in peering into the night. The roar of the surf, on the coast, now came louder, as it struck me,

and hoarser, as if the ground-swell had begun to roll in more heavily.

“We shall have the sea breeze shortly, Lennox, take my word for it—it is blowing a merry capful of wind close to us out there,” said I; but the *terral* again sprung up, notwithstanding my prognostication, so we hove up the anchor, ran up the jib, and the Moonbeam, after canting with her head to the eastward, began gradually to slide towards the offing through the dark and midnight sea. Presently sparkling bubbles began to ripple against the stem, and to buz away past the bows, as she gathered way.

Accustomed now to the darkness, we could perceive the boats ahead separate, and take their stations one on each bow, keeping way with us, as if watching us. We had loaded the two carronades with musket balls, and had our twelve muskets on deck. We continued gliding along, and presently the boats, as if by signal, lay on their oars, and letting us shoot past them, closed astern of us, and then pulled a stroke or two, as if they had an intention of coming up, one on each quarter.

“If you come nearer,” said Lennox through the trumpet to the boat that was pulling on the starboard side, “so help me, God, I will fire at you.”

No answer. The breeze at the instant took off, and they approached within pistol shot, one on each quarter, but did not come any nearer.

“They are only seeing us off, they don’t mean to annoy us, Lennox, after all; so hold on steadily, and don’t mind them,” said I.

But the zeal of Toby Tooraloo, who had by this time got much excited, and be hanged to him, had nearly got us all into a scrape.

“You villains, I will teach you,” quoth the valiant Tobias, “to insult an armed vessel—so stand by there, men—give them *two* of the carronades”—as if he had had any other; and before Lennox could interfere, he had sung out “Fire!”

Bang went both carronades whisking up the surface of the sea on either beam into a fiery foam, the bullets spanking away in flakes of fire, until they dropped ashore in

the distance. The same low fiendish laugh was heard from the boat nearest us, and as if they had only waited for this very foolish act of aggression on our part, to commence an attack, one of the boats pulled ahead, and then made right for our starboard bow.

"Hillo!" said I, thinking the Rubicon was passed, and that our only chance now was to put our best foot foremost—"Sheer off, whoever you are, or I will show you, my fine fellow, that we are not *playing* with you, any how"—and picking up a musket, I took deliberate aim at the boat, and fired.

A loud "Ah!" declared that the shot had told. This was followed by a deep groan, and some one exclaimed in Spanish, "Oh dios, soy muerto!"

"Close and board him," shouted a loud and angry voice from the same boat—"Close and board him—cut their throats, if they resist."

At this moment, as old Nick would have it, it again fell calm, and the boats began to approach rapidly, the other threatening our larboard quarter; but whether they were not quite satisfied of the kind of reception we might give them, I know not, but they once more lay on their oars when close aboard of us. A clear and well-blown bugle from the boat where the man had been hit now awoke the sleeping echoes of the bay. Gradually they died away faint and more faint amongst the hills. "Ha, that is no reverberation, that is no echo; hark, it is answered by another bugle from the cove. Now we are in a remarkably beautiful mess," said I; "see—see." A rocket was sent up by the boat nearest us, and instantly answered by a steady *red*

light from beyond the clump of cocoa-nut trees, through whose hair-like stems we could perceive the little Midge with her tall lateen sail, stealing along in the crimson glare like some monstrous centipede of the ocean, and propelled by her sweeps, that flashed up the dark water all round her into blood-like foam, as if old Nick's state barge had floated up red hot and hissing. A loud rushing noise now growled down on us from seaward, and one could perceive a squall, without being a pig, whitening the tops of the swell, even dark as it was.

"Haul off," sung out the same voice, just as the breeze struck us. "Sheer off, and let the scoundrel alone, and mind yourselves—he will be on the reef close to us here bodily in a moment."

"Thank you for the hint," thought I, forgetting, in my anxiety to escape the instant danger of going ashore on the rocks, that, by returning, we were regularly running into the lion's mouth. "The reef is close to you, is it?" Tooraloo had caught at this also, so it was about ship on the other tack; but, notwithstanding, we had the utmost difficulty in getting back to our anchorage before it came on to blow right in like thunder, and there we lay on deck through the livelong night, exposed to a pitiless shower of rain, in a state of most unenviable anxiety, expecting every moment to be boarded.

Neither the felucca nor boats followed us in however, so we concluded they had returned to the cove, as all continued quiet. But the weariest *night* must have an end, as well as the weariest *day*, and at length the long looked-for morning broke upon us.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BREAKING WAVE.

As the day lightened, the wind fell, and by sunrise, it was nearly calm in the small bay, although we could see the breeze roughening the blue waters out at sea.

Presently, Mr ***'s negroes came on board, and before determining what to do, or proceeding with our

repairs, we endeavoured to get out of them some more information regarding the privateers, to give them no worse a name, and their crews; but apparently they knew nothing beyond what we were already acquainted with.

"Nice peoples dem — Captain

Wallace! Oh, quite one gentleman—plenty money—plenty grog—Ah, very nice peoples,” was all that Quashie knew or seemed to care about—at least all that he would say.

While we were yet irresolute as to the prudence of stripping the mast, with such gentry almost within earshot, a small dory, or light canoe, shoved her black snout round the headland on which the cocoa nuts grew, paddled by a solitary figure in the stern, with an animal of some kind or another stuck up, monkey-fashion, in the bow, which, as it came nearer, I perceived to be a most noble Spanish bloodhound. I looked earnestly at the stranger through the glass, and concluded at once that he could be no other than our friend of the preceding evening.

“I say, Lennox”—he had been standing at my elbow the minute before—“that’s *my* man—there”—pointing with the telescope.

“Mr Lennox is below, sir,” said Tooraloo, “but you are right; it is *him*, sure enough.”

The man paddled briskly along-side, when the bloodhound caught a rope in his teeth, that was hanging over, and, setting his feet against the bowpost, held on until his master jumped on board, which he did with the most perfect *sang-froid*.

“Now for it,” thought I, “he is come to tell us *civilly* that we are to have our throats cut for shooting one of his beauties last night.”

Having deliberately secured his dory, by making fast the painter round one of the stanchions of the awning, he called to his dog—“Matamoro—here, boy, here,” and saw him safe on board before he had the civility to make his bow. At length he turned to me, and I had *now* no difficulty whatever in making out my *amigo* Mr Wilson in the identical Buenos Ayrean captain, although he had altered his appearance very materially from the time I had seen him in Jamaica. Awkward as our position appeared to be fast getting, I could scarcely keep my eyes off the beautiful animal that accompanied him; first, because I admired him exceedingly; and, secondly, because he seemed deucedly inclined to bite me. He was as tall as a stag-hound, whose symmetry of head and

figure he conjoined with the strength of the English bull-dog. His colour was a pale fawn, gradually darkening down the legs and along the neck, until the feet and muzzle were coal black. He gamboled about his master like a puppy, but the moment any of us spoke to him, he raised his back into an angry curve, with the black streak that ran down it from head to tail bristling up like a wild boar’s, and setting his long tail straight, as if it had been a crow-bar, or the Northumbrian lion’s; and then his teeth—my wig! the laughing hyæna was a joke to him. But I must return from the dog to the man. He was dressed in very wide trowsers, of a sort of broad, yellow striped silk and cotton Indian stuff; slippers of velvet-looking, yellowish-brown Spanish leather, and no stockings; a broad belt of the same sort of leather worn round his waist, over the ample folds of an Indian shawl of a bright yellow colour, with crimson fringes, the ends of which hung down on one side like a sash, fastened by a magnificent gold buckle in front, worked into the shape of a thistle. Through this cincture was stuck, on the left side, a long, crooked, ivory-handled knife, in a shark-skin sheath, richly ornamented with gold; while a beautifully worked grass purse hung from the other, containing his cigars, flint, and steel. His shirt was of dark ruby-coloured cotton, worked with a great quantity of bright red embroidery at the sleeves and throat, where it was ruby-fastened with the largest gem of this description I had ever seen, also fashioned like the head of the aforesaid Scottish thistle, with emerald leaves, and set in a broad old-fashioned silver brooch—the only silver ornament he wore—such as the ladies of the Highland chieftains in days of yore used to fasten their plaids with on the left shoulder. It was evidently an heir-loom. Vain, apparently, of the beautiful but Herculean mould of his neck, he wore his shirt collar folded back, cut broad and massive, and lined with velvet of the same colour as the shirt, and no neckcloth.

He had shaven his whiskers since I had seen him, but wore a large jet-black mustache on his upper lip, and

a twisted Panama chain round his neck, supporting an instrument made of some bright yellow hardwood, highly polished, resembling a boatswain's pipe in shape; the ventiges inlaid with gold.

His cap, of the same sort of leather as his belt, was shaped like the drooping top of a hussar's, falling down on the left side of his head, and ending in a massive tassel of gold bullion (with a tortoise-shell scoop in front, dropping low over his eyes, hooped in with a broad gold rim), while a band of richly embroidered gold thistles encircled the lower part of it.

He wore buff gloves, which, when drawn off and stuck in his belt, disclosed hands richly decorated with several valuable rings, and, although strong and muscular, fair as a woman's.

There had been *one* alteration in his appearance, however, that I surmised he would have dispensed with if he could; and that was a broad, deep, and scarcely cicatrized scar down his sun-burnt cheek.

"My Kingston friend—proof positive," thought I.

I had never seen so handsome a man, bronzed almost black though he was by wind and fierce suns—such perfect symmetry, conjoined with such muscle and strength—such magnificent bodily proportions, with such a face and forehead; and such pearl-white teeth—but the fiend looked forth in the withering sparkle of his hazle eye.

"The thistle," said I to myself, as the old Scottish brooch, and the general predominance of the national emblem in his equipment attracted my attention; "alas, can love of country, pervading as it is, still linger in the bosom of a man *without* a country; of one whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him; *of the Tiger of the Sea!*" Yes, like the dying lamp in the sepulchre, flickering after its fellows have long been for ever quenched, whose faint and uncertain beams seem still to sanctify, if they cannot warm, the gloomy precincts, where all beside is cold, and dark, and dead;—it was the last ray of blessed light, gleaming through the mist of surrounding rottenness and

desolation—the last pale halo of virtuous and holy feeling hovering to depart from off the obdurate and heaven-scathed heart of the God-forsaken PIRATE.

Unjust—unjust. There *was* another—a kindlier, a warmer, a steadier flame, that still burnt sun-bright in that polluted tabernacle—all worthy of a purer shrine—nor left it, until abreast of the spark of life itself—it was shattered from his riven heart by the dart of the Destroyer; and the dark and felon spirit, whirled to its tremendous account on the shriek of unutterable despair, crushed from him in his mortal agony, as the dancing waves closed, howling and hissing like waterfiends, over the murderer's grave. But let me not anticipate.

From his manner I could not say whether he knew me or not.

"So you have put in here in distress," said he to the master of the Moonbeam, glancing his eyes upwards, where the people were at work at the head of the mainmast.

"Yes, sir," said Tooraloo, but before he could get in another word, our *friend* was in the main-rigging himself, and near the masthead.

"Eigh, eigh," sung out Palmneedle and Chip, who were helping the carpenters and riggers aloft, "*what dis—who dis?*" for the dog was following his master like a monkey, *yaffing* and barking, and sprawling with his feet through the ratlines—so each of the negroes, seizing a rope, slid down on deck, and with such vehemence, that they capsized on their backs, cocking up their black trotters in the air, after a most ludicrous fashion.

"Oh, I see—I see," said Wallace, or Wilson, descending, and swinging himself in on deck with the grace of an Apollo; "masthead badly sprung—and your chaps seem to be going clumsily enough about their work too"—(a truth, undoubtedly)—"I will send you my carpenter's crew to lend a hand in fishing it."

"Thank you, sir," said Toby, with much the sort of expression and tone of a contrite culprit thanking the hangman for adjusting the rope.

I was myself cruelly taken aback by such unlooked-for civility, I will confess.

"But won't you step down and see

my owner, sir; he is in the cabin," quoth Tooraloo, in doubt what to say or do—*metre again*.

"Oh, certainly—no objections—but won't you go first, sir?" said he, with one hand on the companion, and politely indicating the ladder with the other, cloaking his real object, however, which was clearly that he might not be taken at advantage.

Tooraloo and I went below on this, as one needs must go when the devil drives, and were immediately followed by the stranger.

Lennox was busy with some papers, and stooping down over his open desk, with his pen crossed in his mouth, when we entered—

"The captain of the Buenos Ayrean privateer, sir," said Tooraloo, stopping at the door and ushering him in past him—jamming himself as flat as a flounder against the door-post, as if to prevent even a fibre of his clothing from touching the other.—Lennox looked up,—his eyebrows instantly contracted, his colour faded, and he became as pale as death. The pen dropped unheeded from his lips, while the large law paper that he held in his left hand, in which he had apparently been writing, trembled like an aspen leaf.—At length he ground out between his teeth—

"Hast thou found me—O mine enemy?"

"*Found you*"—said the other, who had started, or rather staggered back, also apparently overcome with extreme surprise, and nearly capsizeing Tooraloo, knocking the breath out of his body against the door-post with a grunt. "*Found you*, Saunders, why if I have, it has not been in consequence of *looking* for you, let me tell you *that*; for of all the unexpected meetings that ever befell me, so help me God—this is"——

"Blaspheme not, William Adderfang—take not *His* name into your mouth—you *have* found me, let that suffice—and am *I* wrong in calling you my enemy—me!"——

"Yes, Saunders—you *are* wrong—and with little of your *profession*, and none of your *romance* and *non-sense*, my boy, I will prove you are wrong at a fitting opportunity—so there's my hand, man—there's my hand."—Lennox sprang back, as if it had held a viper—"Heyday" said the other, drawing himself up fierce-

ly—"why I thought you might have allowed bygones to *be* bygones at this time of day—and surely I may cry quits now, after your having scoured your knife against my ribs, at"——

Here he checked himself, and Lennox also made an effort to resume his composure. He now shook his hand, but very much as one would shake a red-hot poker—and then with no very good grace asked him to sit down to breakfast, which he did with apparent cordiality, and a deuced good one he made too; chattering and doing the agreeable all the while, as if he had been an old and intimate acquaintance come on board to welcome us on our arrival. As for me Benjie—I freely confess that I could not have told whether I was eating biscuit or blancmange; and I verily believe you might have palmed castor oil on me for coffee, and I never would have noticed it.

"Adderfang—William Adderfang—the seducer of Jessie Miller!"—said I to myself—"here's a coil—the villain who stabbed and robbed me at Havanna!—the master Wilson, of Montego bay—the man with the blunderbuss at Kingston.—Whew! This devil of a fellow to pounce upon us so unexpectedly, in an out of the way place like San Andreas too! and with a couple of whacking privateers, to give them still their genteel name, and a hundred and fifty neat young gentlemen to back him.—There's a climax of agreeables for you—if he should recognise *me* now! Come, this *does* account with a vengeance for the floating notions that crossed my mind at Mr Roseapple's—I was *sure* I had seen him before."

Still, notwithstanding these *pleasant dreams*, I gave in to circumstances, better than either of my two shipmates, I fancy; for Lennox could eat but little, and was evidently ill at ease—as for the skipper he gobbled mechanically—he could not help *that*; but I noticed that he watched the stranger like a cat watching a terrier, starting at his every motion; and when he dropped his knife by accident on the floor and stooped to pick it up, he held his breath until he saw him at work at the biscuit and cold ham again; as if he had considered there was

a tolerable chance of his giving him a progue with it *en passant*, just for the fun of the thing as it were.

Gradually, however, I got more at ease, and was noticing the extreme beauty of his short curling auburn hair, now that his cap was thrown aside, with a dash of premature grey here and there, like hoarfrost in early autumn; and the noble ivory forehead, paler by contrast with the bronzing of his face, and smooth as monumental alabaster while his fierce spirit was in calm, but crisping in a moment if his passions were roused, like the ripple on the calm sea before the first of the breeze; when he rose abruptly and led the way from the cabin.

When we came on deck—Adderfang, or Wilson, or Wallace, or whatever his name for the moment might be—whistled “loud as the scream of the curlew,” and an armed boat immediately shoved out from under the mangroves that grew on the small point or headland near the cocoa-nut trees, and pulled towards us.

“Come”—thought I, “he seems determined not to trust too much to our forbearance either.”—The boat approached—it was apparently a very fast one, pulled by four splendid fellows in neat white trowsers and blue shirts, and all with cloth caps handsomely embroidered.—They had their cutlasses buckled round their waists by black belts, and there were four marines in white jackets, two in the bow and two aft, sitting with their muskets upright between their knees.—The officer commanding the boat was a tall sallow young man, very Yankee in appearance, dressed in a blue uniform coat, and one epaulette, with uniform buttons of some kind or another, so that altogether I should have taken him for an officer in the United States navy, had I accidentally met him. He came along-side.

“Mr Kerrick”—said Adderfang, who evidently, but from what motive I could not tell, was most desirous that we should be off from our anchorage as fast as possible.—“send Whitaker and four of his crew from the Sparkle”—this I guessed was the schooner, although I afterwards found her real Spanish name was

the *Mosca*—“and see—it is to get all put to rights aloft there—the head of the mainmast is badly sprung you can tell him, and he will know better than any of us what to bring.”

“Ay, ay, sir,”—said his subaltern, and without more ado the boat shoved off again, not for the point, however, but direct for the beach under Mr ***’s house, where the officer landed, and the crew, leaving a boat-keeper on the beach, began to skylark about; but evidently they had their instructions never to move so far away but that they could reach their boat again, at least before we could, if we had tried it.—I knew from their lingo, that those youths were all of them either Americans or Englishmen, probably a mixture of both.

Presently Tooraloo, at his request, or *command*, for although the words were civil enough, the tone sounded deuced like the latter, put Adderfang ashore in the Moonbeam’s boat, and under the idea that if there was any danger toward, I ran as much risk where I was as on the land, I asked to accompany him, so that I might reconnoitre a bit by the way. Accordingly we were walking up to Mr ***’s house, when I thought I would diverge a little, in order to have a parley with some of the boat’s crew, who I had noticed converge towards their own boat whenever they saw ours put off; but before I could ask a question, the officer before mentioned interposed, and with a great deal of mock civility offered *his* services, if I wanted any thing. I had no plea to avoid him, so I followed Adderfang and Tooraloo to the house.

I now found, when I could look about me in the daylight, that it was even a narrower tongue of land than what I had imagined, on which the house stood, and that divided the bay where we were, from the narrow land-locked creek where the two privateers were at anchor.

Where I stood I looked right down upon them—they lay in a beautiful little basin indeed, with high precipitous banks on the side next me, but with a smooth hard white beach at the head of the creek and on the opposite side. The entrance was very narrow, not pistol-

shot across; close to the shore, and immediately below me, lay a large schooner, but I could only see her mastheads and part of her bowsprit and fore-rigging, as she was moored with her stern towards the high bank, so as to present her broadside to the opening of the harbour, and her bows to that of her consort, the little Midge, that lay further off and close to the shore on the other side of the creek, at right angles with the schooner, so as to rake her if she had been carried, and at the same time to enfilade any boats coming in to attack her. Both vessels had the Buenos Ayrean flag flying; blue, white, and blue, horizontally.

There were sentries along the beach; one being advanced near to where I stood, who, when I made demonstrations of descending, very civilly told me to leave about, and *go back again*. I remonstrated, and said, "In the island of a friendly power I saw no right that he, or any one else, had to set bounds to my rambles."

He said he knew nought about *whose island it was*, but he knew what *his orders were*; "so if I ventured, he had given me fair warning." With this, he threw his musket across his body, and slapped the side of it, to see that the priming was all right.

"You are very obliging," said I; "but, pray, put yourself to no inconvenience whatever on my account, as I shall return." And, like the thief in the hen-roost, I *did* "go back again."

By sunset that night our repairs were finished, and a message came from Captain Wallace, that he *expected* we would weigh and be off at daylight in the morning—a hint that we were right willing to take, I assure you.

The bearer further said, that he was ordered to leave a small blue and yellow flag, that we were to hoist if we fell in with the Water-wraith, a schooner-tender that he had cruising about the island, which would prevent her from molesting us.

"Murder! Are there three of them?—ho, ho, hoo"—trundled out our friend, Toby Tooraloo.

When we tried to get the carpenter's crew to take payment as they were leaving us, they said they were positively forbidden to do so, and their captain *was not a man to be trifled with*.

"Why, so it appears," thought I.

Lennox was mute and melancholy, but we could not better ourselves, so at length we retired to rest. I could not sleep, however, so I was soon on deck again, where I found both Lennox and Tooraloo before me.

"Do you hear that, sir?" said the former to me, so soon as I came on deck. I listened, and heard a low moaning noise that came off the land, swelling and dying away on the fitful gusts of the *terral*, like the deepest tones of an Eolian harp.

"I do," said I, "and hark—is that a bell?—no, it cannot be, yet the sound is most like." Again we all listened eagerly. But the voice of the wilderness had ceased, and we were about commencing our pendulum walk on the confined deck, when once more it came off, and in the very strongest of the swell, the same ringing sound like the tolling of a deep toned bell in the distance, swung three times over us distinctly on the night air. "Who struck the bell forward there?" I sung out, a good deal startled—no one answered—we all then passed forward; *there was no one on deck*—"very strange," said I—"what can it be?"

"My dregy," said poor Lennox, with a faint laugh.

"Davy Jones—Davy Jones—the devil—the devil—the devil—hooro, hooro, hooro!" quoth Tooraloo.

Whatever it was we heard neither sound again, but they had scarcely ceased when a small glow-worm coloured spark, precisely like the luminous appearance of a piece of decayed fish, flitted about the fore-top-gallant yard and royal-mast-head, now on the truck, now on either yardarm, like a bee on the wing, during the time one might count twenty, and then vanished.

"And there goes his worship visibly; why the air must be fearfully surcharged with electricity to be sure," said I, Benjie. We were all

astonishment—but the plot was only thickening.

"How loud and hollow the sound of the surf breaking on the reef there is, Lennox," I continued. "I have never seen such a strong phosphorescence of the sea as to-night. Look there, the breakers on the reef are like a ridge of pale fire. Why, here are a whole bushel of portents, Lennox, more numerous than those which preceded the death of Cæsar, as I am a gentleman."

The Dominie did not relish the jibe, I noticed. "It may be no laughing matter to some of us before all is done, sir."

"Poo, nonsense; but there may be *bad weather brewing*, Master Lennox."

"Yes, sir. We shall have a breeze soon, I fear."

"No doubt—no doubt."

"There's a squall coming—there's a squall coming—ho, ho, he"—rumbled Toby.

"Where—where?"

"There—right out there."

"Poo, poo—that's the reef—the white breakers—eh, what?—why it moves, sure enough—it is sliding across the mouth of the bay—there, whew"—as a blue light was burned in the offing, disclosing distinctly enough a small schooner standing in for the land, under easy sail. Presently all was dark again; and a night-signal was made on board of her with lanterns.

"Waterwraith as sure as can be," said I; "but why does he bother with blue lights and signals? would it not be easier to send in a boat at once?"

"Too much sea on—too much sea on," quoth Tooraloo; "and no one would venture to thread the reefs and run in so dark a night as this is; so he has no way of communicating but by signal."

After a little we noticed the small white wreath steal back again like a puff of vapour, and, crossing the bay, vanish beyond the bluff opposite the cocoa-nut trees.

"There—she has said her say, whatever that may have been, and has hove about again, sure enough."

We saw no more of her that night, and with the early dawn, we were once more under weigh, sliding gently out of the small haven.

I am sure I could not tell how the

little beauty slipt along so speedily, for the collapsed sails were hanging wet and wrinkled from the spars, so light was the air; and as we began to draw out into the offing, and to feel the heave of the swell, the motion of the vessel made them *speak* and flutter, the water dashing down in showers, at every rumbling flap of the soaked and clouded canvass.

The night had been throughout very hot and sultry, the sky as dark as pitch, and now the day broke very loweringly. Thick masses of black clouds rolled in from the offing, whirling overhead like the smoke from a steamer's chimney-stack. It lightened in the south-east, now and then, and as we drew out from the land, the distant grumble of the thunder blended hoarsely with the increasing noise of the surf, as the swell, at one time, surged howling up the cavernous indentations on the ironbound coast, ebbing, with a loud shoaling rush, like a rapid river over shallows; at another, pitched in sullen *thuds* against the rocks, and reverberated from their iron ribs with a deafening roar, that made air and sea tremble again. As we got out of the bay, the growling of the sea increased, and came more hollow, the noise being reflected from the land in sounding echoes.

Close to, the waves rolled on in long sluggish undulations; in colour and apparent consistency as if they had been molten lead; the very divers that we disturbed on their dull grey surface, *ran* along, leaving dotted trails, as if it had been semi-fluid, or as if some peculiarity in the atmosphere had rendered them unable to raise themselves into the murky air.

Shoals of sea-mews and other waterfowl were floating lightly, and twinkling with their white wings in the cold grey dawning, as we crept through amongst them and disturbed them, like clusters of feathers scattered on the glass-like heaving of the dark water, afraid apparently to leave the vicinity of the land; every now and then the different groups took up in succession a loud screaming, like a running fire passing along the line, and all would be still again—while birds that hovered between an English martin and

Mother Cary's chickens in appearance, kept dipping, and rising, and circling all round us; and the steady flying pelican skimmed close to the tops of the swell, on poised and motionless wing, as straight as a point blank cannon shot; while a shoal of porpoises were dappling the surface to windward, with their wheel-like gambols.

"What the deuce makes the fish jump so this morning?" said I to Lennox, as several dolphins sprang into the air ahead of the Moonbeam—"What is that?"—a puff of white vapour, with a noise for all the world like a blast of steam, rose close to us.

"The blowing of a whale, sir;" and immediately thereafter the back of the monster, like a black reef, or the bottom of a capsized launch, was hove out of the water, and then disappeared slowly with a strong eddy; his subaqueous track being indicated on the surface by a long line of bubbles, and *swirling* ripples, like the wake of a ship cleaving the water rapidly, growing stronger and more perceptible as he neared the surface to breathe again.

"Ah! that accounts for it. There again he rises."

"Yes," rejoined he; "but see how he shoves out into the offing, although the shoals he is after are running in shore. As sure as a gun, he is conscious of the danger of being embayed if the weather comes to what I fear it will be soon."

"Lots of indications that a close-reefed topsail breeze, at all events, is not a thousand miles off, Master Lennox," said I.

Out at sea, the swell tumbled more tumultuously; the outline of the billows seen with startling clearness by the flashes of lightning, on the verge of the horizon; while nearer at hand, the waves began to break in white foam, and roll towards us with hoarse and increasing growls; although the light air that was drifting us out came off the land, and consequently blew in the directly contrary direction from whence the swell was proceeding. Threatening as the weather looked, right off the cocoa-nut trees at the point, we perceived a boat, rising and disappearing on the ridges and in the hollows of the sea like a black buoy.

"So—an ominous looking morning, Toby. Still, our friends of the blue, white, and blue bunting, are determined to see us fairly off it seems; for there is their boat watching us till the last you see."

"So I perceive, sir," said the skipper; "but if it were not for their neighbourhood, Mr Brail, I would have recommended Mr Lennox to stay where he was until the weather cleared; but there is no help for it now."

The morning wore on. We were now sliding along shore about a mile from the beach, and our view down to the westward, as we approached the southernmost point of the island, began to open.

The higher part of the land was quite clear; the outline, indeed, dangerously distinct and *near-like* according to my conception; but the white clouds that floated over it when we first started, like a sea of wool, and which usually rise and exhale under the morning sun, had in the present case rolled off to the southward, and lay heaped up in well-defined masses, like the smoke of an engagement floating sluggishly in the thunder-calmed air, close to the surface of the water.

I was admiring this uncommon appearance, not without some awkward forebodings, when a flaw of wind off the land rent the veil in the middle, or rather opened an arch in it, at the end of whose gloomy vista rose the island as a dark background, and suddenly disclosed a small schooner lying to, so clear and model-like under the canopy of vapour, that I can compare it to nothing more aptly than a sea-scene in a theatre.

"Hillo!" said I, "what vessel is that down to leeward there? It must be our friend of last night, I take it. Hand me up the glass, if you please."

"Where's the small flag—where's the small flag?" sung out Toby.

"Here, sir," said Chip the negro, as he bent it on to the signal halyards.

"Then hoist away," rejoined Tooraloo. "The Waterwraith that down to leeward, sir, to a certainty."

"Sure enough," I replied; "I hope he will let us go without overhauling us. I am not at all amorous of the society of those gentry—quite enough of it in the bay yonder, Toby."

The moment she saw us, she made sail towards us, but hove about again so soon as she had answered the signal, which she did by a similar flag, and then stood in for the land again.

In a minute, the mist once more boiled over her, and she disappeared.

It crept slowly on towards where we lay, for it was now nearly calm again, although the threatening appearances in the sky and on the water deepened if any thing, and was just reaching us, when we heard a cannon-shot from the thickest of it.

"Heyday — what does that indicate, Lennox?"

"Some signal to the other villains in the cove, sir"—and then, in a low tone as he turned away—"but to me it sounds like a knell."

Another gun — another — and another—"Some fun going on there at all events," said I.

The breeze now freshened, and the fog bank blew off and vanished; when lo! our spectral friend the Waterwraith reappeared, but on the other tack this time, and about two miles to the westward of us, with a large schooner, that had hitherto also been concealed by the fog, sticking in his skirts, and blazing away at him. In ten minutes they both hove about again. They had now the regular sea breeze strong from the eastward, and were close-hauled, under all the sail they could carry, on the starboard tack.

"Confound it," said Lennox, who was now beside me, "we seem to have dropped into a nest of them—it will be another privateer."

"Then why is she firing at the small one?" said I.

"Oh, some make-believe manoeuvre," said he.

But I had taken a long look, and was by no means of this opinion. The smallest vessel, the schooner we had first seen, would evidently go far to windward of us, but the larger was right in our track; so avoiding her, if we stood on as we were doing, was out of the question.

"However, better take our chance with this chap out here, than run back into the lion's mouth," said I.

So we kept on our course, having now got the breeze also, and steering large, so as to go a-head of the schooner, unless he stood away to

intercept us. We were beginning to think he was going to take no notice of us after all, and had brought him end on, when a flash spurted from his bows, and a swirl of white smoke rolled down to leeward.

"He has fired at us," said I, as the shot hopped along the water close to us.

"Then hoist away our colours," said Lennox; "let us know the worst of it at once."

The next shot pitched over the lee quarter, and knocked one of our hencoops to pieces, unexpectedly liberating the feathered prisoners. Toby's lingo—for he was now in an ecstasy of fear—became very amusing. "Now, men, rouse aft the foresheet, and do some of you catch that duck. Clap on the topsail halyards—mind the capon—topgallant and royal halyards also—bless me the turkey is overboard—why, that royal is all aback—chickens—topgallant-sail is not set at all—both geese—now a small pull of the boomsheet. You blood of a black—female dog"—to Chip, the negro carpenter—"belay all that—murder! if both the guinea birds are not over into the sea."

"Ha!" said I, "I thought so—there goes the blue ensign and pennant. He is a man of war, thank Heaven!"

"Heave to, captain," cried Lennox; but just as we had shortened sail preparatory thereto, the large schooner ranged alongside, and fired a broadside of round and grape slap into us, whereby Lennox himself and other two poor devils were wounded, and our rigging considerably cut up.

"That's the Spider for a thousand," said I; "but what the deuce can he mean by firing at us?"

"I can't tell, but I don't think that's the Spider, sir," said Lennox, "so make all sail again, captain—haul by the wind, will you?" And away we staggered once more, running in for San Andreas as fast as we could split; but with the large schooner close at our heels, and firing away like fury, the little Waterwraith promptly availing himself of this interlude, by tacking, and standing off the land again.

"Why, Toby, you and your owner are both mad—what better of it will you make by going back,"

Lennox had gone below to have his arm bound up by this time.

"You would not have us tack, and get another broadside, sir? Besides, look at the weather, sir, even putting the schooner out of the question," said Tooraloo.

"Ah, *there* indeed, you have some reason."

Toby saw his advantage. "Surely you would not have us keep the sea in such a threatening morning, and in such company, sir?"

The prudence of this was becoming every moment more evident, as the dark waves were now breaking all round us, and the water was roughening and whitening to windward; it was clear we should have a sneezer before long.

Thanks to our excellent sailing, we gradually dropped the schooner, until we were out of gunshot—we were presently up with the island, and ran in, and once more came to in our old corner; but the man-of-war kept in the offing, apparently to reconnoitre. We found a privateer's boat at our old anchorage, most like the one that had seen us off in the morning. It was coming out with Adderfang himself in it—all his gay dress thrown aside—he had neither hat nor cap on, nor shoes, but wore a simple blue shirt, and canvass trowsers; the former open at the breast, disclosing his muscular and hairy chest, and with the sleeves rolled up to his armpits. He was covered with dust and perspiration, and had evidently been toiling fiercely at something or other with his own hands. He was armed to the teeth, as were his boat's crew.

"What brings you back, Mr Brail?" said he, his brows knit, his eyes flashing fire, his face pale as death, and his lips blue and trembling, evidently in a paroxysm of the most savage fury; "what brings you back? and what vessel is that astern of you? No concealment, sir; I am not in a mood to trifle."

"She is a man-of-war, captain," at this critical juncture sung out the tall, sallow man, who had been in command of the boat on the previous day, from the top of the cliffs, where he had perched himself like an ugly cormorant, with a glass in his hand.

"I thought so," said the pirate with great bitterness; "I thought so. Fool! to believe that any thing but treachery was to come from that whelp! Walpole—here, men, lend me a hand."

And before we could interfere, he was on board, with four desperadoes as powerful almost as himself. I had never witnessed such devilish ferocity before in any animal, human or inhuman, except in his worship's dog, who was jumping and foaming about the deck as if he had been possessed by a kindred devil, or had been suffering under hydrophobia; only waiting apparently for the holding up of his master's little finger to lunch on Toby Tooraloo, or breakfast on me, Benjie.

"Here, Matamoro, here," roared our *amigo*, indicating the companion to this beautiful pet, who thereupon glanced down it like a ferret after a rat; and from the noise below it was clear he had attacked Lennox. Adderfang and two of his men instantly followed, and presently the poor dominie, bleeding from his recent wound, and torn by the dog in the shoulder, was dragged up the ladder, bound, and hove bodily into the boat. I was petrified with horror. Lennox gave me one look as he passed—one last concentrated look of the most intense woe. I never shall forget the expression: It seemed to say, "Do you believe what I told you at Havanna to have been a dream now, Mr Brail?"

"Where are you going to take me now, Mr Adderfang? I have had no communication with the schooner in the offing. Don't you see I am wounded by her shot. Mind what you do, or you shall repent this," cried the poor fellow as they dragged him along.

"Let him go," I sung out, as they were about shoving off. "Men, stand by me. Release him, you murdering villain! Where would you take him to, you bucaniering scoundrel?"

"To hell!—and mind you don't keep him company—to meet the fate of a spy! one that has brought an enemy on me, when I was willing to have forgotten and forgiven. Let go the painter, sir—let go, I say."

And he made a blow with his cut-

lass, that missed me but severed the rope; and as if the action had lashed him into uncontrollable rage, he instantly drew a pistol, and fired it at my head. The bullet flew wide of its mark, however, but down dropped Toby Tooraloo; while Adderfang shouted,—

“Shove off, men—give way for your lives—pull.”

And in a twinkling the boat disappeared behind the small cocoa-nut-tree point.

“Good God, sir,” said Toby, lying flat on his back, where I thought he had been shot, “what is to be done? They will murder Mr Lennox.”

“Very like; but I thought you were killed yourself, Toby.”

“No, sir—no, sir—only knocked down by the wind of the shot, sir—wind of the shot, sir—ho, ho, hoo!”

“Wind of a pistol bullet no bigger than a pea? For shame, Toby!—fright, man, fright.”

But we had no time for reflection; for the schooner was now right off the mouth of the small bay, apparently clear for action. She was a man-of-war, beyond all question; and I still was convinced she was the Spider. Presently she hauled round the cocoa-nut-covered cape, and took up a position, so far as I could judge, opposite the mouth of the creek. Oh, what would I not have given to have been on board of her! But this was impossible.

The blue and yellow private signal that Adderfang had sent us, and which had been kept flying until this moment, was now hauled down, close past my nose.

“Spider!—to be sure that is the Spider; and no wonder she should have peppered us so beautifully, Master Toby, with such a voucher for our honesty aloft; with this same accursed signal flying, that she had seen the Waterwraith hoist. There! the murder is out; what conclusion could De Walden have come to, but that we were birds of a feather?”

“Ay, ay—true enough—hooroo! hooroo! hooroo!”—rumbled Tobias, sweating like a pig with downright fear.

Tooraloo and I now hurried ashore in the boat, without well knowing what to do, and ran to the ridge to see, if possible, what be-

came of Lennox. The boat wherein he was, stopped for a moment at the schooner, the Mosca, apparently giving orders, and then pulled directly for the Midge, where the people got out, dragging poor Lennox along with them. When they got on the deck, the barbarians cast him headlong down the main hatchway, which was immediately battened down, and then hoisted in the boat.

The crew of the schooner below me, whose deck, as already described, was hid by the high bank, were now busy, I could hear, in clearing for action; and several of them were piling up large stones, and making fast hawsers from her mastheads to trees at the top of the cliff near where I stood; so that, in the event of her being carried below, it would be impossible to tow her out,—while the stones would prove formidable missiles when launched from above. I also perceived a boat at the foam-fringed sandy spit opposite the cocoa-nut trees, that formed one side of the narrow entrance, whose crew were filling bags with sand, and forming embrasures in a small battery for two carronades, that had been already landed, and lay like two black seeds on the white beach.

The Spider had by this time tacked, and stood out to sea again, apparently astonished at the extent of the preparations; but after a brief space, she hove about, and in the very middle and thickest of a squall, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning, she dashed gallantly into the harbour; but just as she came abreast of the battery, she took the ground; she had tailed on the bank, and hung. Her masts first bent forward as if they would have gone over the bows, the rigging and canvas shaking and flapping convulsively; but instantly the sound spars recovered their upright position with a strong recoil, like two tough yew staves when the bowstrings snap.

“Now, Master Henry, you are in for it,” thought I.

This was the signal for the battery to open; but the grape from the Spider soon silenced it. However, the broadside of the schooner beneath me was raking her with terrible effect I could see; while they were unable to get a single gun

to bear. At length, by lightening her, her broadside was got round, so as to return the fire; and now the hellish uproar began in earnest. For several minutes the smoke, that rose boiling amongst the trees at the top of the cliff like mountain mist, concealed all below; and I could neither see nor hear any thing but the glancing spouts of red flame, and thunder of the cannon, and the bright sparkles and sharp rattle of the small arms blending with the yelling and shouting of the combatants: but the next squall made all once more comparatively clear. The battery, I perceived, was again manned, and galling the Spider most awfully; but just as I looked, a boat's crew from her stormed it, driving those who manned it along the sand-bank towards where the Midge lay, spiked the guns, and then returned. The freshening breeze, at this instant, forced the Spider over the shoal, and she entered the creek. Giving the Midge a broadside in passing, in the hope of disabling her, so as to leave nothing to cope with but the Mosca; but the sting was not to be so easily taken out of the little vixen. Presently the Spider anchored by the stern, within pistol-shot of the schooner, right athwart his bows, and then began to blaze away again.

The cheers from the Spider increased, and the shouts of the pirates subsided; but the felucca, which had slipped on being fired at, and warped out between the Spider and the mouth of the cove, now dropped anchor again, with a spring on her cable, and began to dash broadside after broadside of round and grape right into her antagonist's stern,—thus enfilading her most fearfully.

I could make nothing out all this time on the Spider's deck; for although I now and then caught a glimpse of it, during the moments when the strength of the gale cleared away the smoke, and could dimly discern the turmoil of fighting men, and the usual confusion of a ship's deck during a hot engagement; yet the moment my optics began to *individualize*, as Jonathan says, the next discharge would whirl its feathery wreaths aloft, and hide every thing again half way up the masts, that stood out like two blast-

ed pines piercing the mountain mists.

Hilo! my eyes deceive me, or DOWN goes the blue ensign on board of the Spider!!! So, fare thee well, Henry de Walden; well I wot, my noble boy, that thou hast not lived to see it—Strike to pirates!—No! No! How could I be such a fool?—it is but the peak haulyards that are shot away, and there goes a gallant fellow aloft to reeve or splice them again, amidst a storm of round, and grape, and musket-balls. He cannot manage it, nor can the gaff be lowered, for something jams about the throat haulyards, which he struggles in vain to overhaul—then let it stick; for now he slides down the drooping spar to knot the peak haulyards *there*—look how he sways about, as the gaff is violently shaken by the flapping of the loosened sail, for both vang and brails are gone—mind you are not jerked over-board, my fine fellow—murder! he drops like lead into the pall of smoke beneath, shot dead by the enemy's marksmen—another tries it—better luck this time, for he reaches the gaff-end, and there the peak rises slowly but steadily into the air once more, the ensign streaming gallantly in the wind. Whew! the bunting clips into the smoke to leeward, vanishing like a dark-winged sea-bird dipping into a fogbank, the ensign haulyards being shot away—worse and more of it—down goes the maintopmast next, royal mast, pennant and all; snapped off by a shot as clean as a fishing-rod—no fun in all this, any how—well done, my small man—a wee middy emerges from the sulphureous cloud below, with a red ensign fluttering and flaming around him, as if he were on fire. He clambers up the mainrigging, and seizes the meteor there—*seizes!* he nails it to the mast. He descends again, and disappears, leaving the flag flaring in the storm from the masthead, as if the latter had been a blazing torch.

I began, however, to think De Walden was getting too much of it between the Midge and the schooner, when I saw fire and thick smoke rise up near me, as if bursting from the afterpart of the latter vessel; and, at the moment, the increasing gale broke the Spider's spring, that a shift of wind had

also compelled her to use, to keep her in her station,—so that, from being athwart his hawse, she swung with her bows slantingly towards her opponent's broadside, and lay thus for some time again, terribly galled by a heavy raking fire, until the men in the *Mosca* were literally scorched from their guns by the spreading flames.

I could now see that the pirate crew were leaving her; so I slipped down nearer the edge of the cliff, to have a better view of what was going on beneath, but keeping as much out of the line of fire as possible.

The schooner's hull was by this time enveloped in smoke and waving red flames, and her fire silenced; while the *Spider*, taking advantage of the lull, was peppering the little *Midge*, who was returning the compliment manfully; her broadside, from the parting of the warp, being now opposed to hers.

The crew of the *Mosca* now abandoned her in two boats, one of which succeeded in reaching the *Midge*; while the other made for the shore on the opposite side of the creek.

Seeing me on the ridge, the rogues in the latter stopped, and faced about—"Heaven and earth, what is that?" I was cast down sprawling on my back.

"What dat is—what dat is, do massa say?" quoth honest Quacco's voice at this juncture; "Massa no was shee one whole platoon fire at him? If massa will keep walloping his arms about like one breezemill, and make grimace, and twist him body dis side and dat side, like one monkey—baboon you call—and do all sort of foolis ting for make dem notice him, massa mos not be surprise if dey soot at him." And true enough, in the intensity of my excitement, the strong working of my spirit had moved my outward man as violently as that of a Johnny Raw witnessing his first prizefight. If my contortions were of any kindred to those the sable serjeant illustrated his speech by, I must have made rather an amusing exhibition. "Look, if two of dem bullet no tell in de tree here, just where massa was stand up, when I was take de liberty of pull him down on him battam; beg pardon for name soch unpoliteful place before massa."

"Thanks, trusty armourer," cried I, Benjie. But the gale, that now "aside the shroud of battle cast," blowing almost a hurricane, again veered round a little, and the *Midge* was under weigh, near the mouth of the creek, standing out to sea.

The weather was, indeed, getting rapidly worse—the screaming seabirds flew in, like drifts of snow, scarcely distinguishable from the driving foamflakes. The scud came past in soaking wreaths like flashes of white vapour from the safety valve of a steam boiler; anon there was a sudden and appalling lull, and the white smoke from the guns rose up, and shrouded the vessels and entire cove from my sight. The clouds, surcharged with fire and water, formed a leaden coloured arch over the entrance to the cove, that spanned the uproar of dark white-crested waves, boiling and rolling in smoky convolutions, and lancing out ragged shreds from their lower edges, that shot down and shortened like a fringe of streamers, from which the forked lightning *crankled* out every now and then clear and bright.

To the right hand, directly over the cocoa-nut trees, these fibres, or shreds of cloud, were in the most active motion, and began to twirl and whisk round into a spinning black tube, shaped like the trunk of an elephant; the widest end blending into the thickest of the arch above, while the lower swayed about, with an irregular but ponderous oscillation; lengthening and stretching towards the trees, one moment in a dense column, as if they had *attracted* it, and the next contracting with the speed of light, as if it had as suddenly been *repelled* by them, leaving only a transparent phantom-like track of dark shreds in the air, to show where it had shrunk from. There, it lengthens again, as if it once more felt an affinity for the sharp spiculæ of the leaves, that seem to erect themselves to meet it. It almost touched them—flash—the electric fluid sparked out and *up*, either from the cocoa-nut trees themselves, or through them as conductors from the sandy spit on which they grew. I saw it distinctly; but the next moment the pent gale, as if it had burst some invisible barrier that confined it, gushed down as suddenly as it had taken off, and stronger than be-

fore. I was blinded and almost suffocated by the heaviest shower ever dashed by wind in the face of mortal man—the *debris*, so to speak, of the vanished waterspout. I can compare it to nothing but being exposed to the jet of a fire-engine.

A column of dense black smoke, thickly starred with red sparks, now boiled up past the edge of the cliff under me—presently it became streaked with tongues of bright hissing flame, which ran up the rigging, diverging along every rope as if it had been a galvanic wire, and twisting, serpent-like, round the Mosca's masts and higher spars, and licking the wet furlled sails like boa constrictors fitting their prey to be devoured. See how it insinuates itself into the dry creases of the canvass, driving out the moisture from the massive folds in white steam; now the sails catch in earnest—they drop in glowing flakes of tinder from the yards—there the blue and white pennant and ensign are scorched away, and blow off in tiny flashes; and, in the lulls of the gale we distinctly hear the roaring and crackling of the fire, as it rages in the hull of the doomed vessel below. “I say, Quacco, mind we don't get a hoist, my man—see we be not too near—there the guns go off as the metal gets heated, for there is not a soul on board.”

“Oh dear! oh dear—see that poor little fellow, sir—ho! ho! ho!” rumbled Tobias Tooraloo, who all this time was lying flat on his stomach beside me, with his head a little raised, turtle-fashion. A poor boy belonging to the pirate schooner had been caught and cut off by the fire when aloft, and was now standing on the head of the mainmast with one arm round the topmast, and waving his cap in the most beseeching manner at us with the other hand—the rising smoke seemed to be stifling him, at least we could not hear his cries; at length the fire reached him, when after several abortive attempts to climb higher up, he became confused, and slung himself by a rope to the masthead, without seeming to know what he was about—he then gradually drooped, and drooped, the convulsive action of his head and limbs becoming more and more feeble; merciful Providence! the flames

reach him—his hair is on fire, and his clothes; a last, strong, and sudden struggle for an instant, and then he hung motionless across the rope like a smirched and half-burned fleece.

It never rains but it pours. “Hark! an earthquake!” and, as if a volcano had burst forth beneath our feet, at this instant of time the pirate schooner under the cliff blew up with an explosion that shook earth, and air, and water—shooting the pieces of burning wreck in every direction, that hissed like meteors through the storm, falling thickly all around us.

The Midge, the Midge—she slides out of the smoke! See! she gains the offing.

But the Avenger of Blood is behind; for the Spider had now cleared the harbour's mouth, and was in hot pursuit. The felucca with her sails—a whole constellation of shot-holes in them—double reefed, tearing and plunging through it; her sharp stem flashing up the water into smoke, in a vain attempt to weather the sandy point “Won't do, my boy, you cannot, carry to it as you will, clear the land as you are standing; you *must* tack soon, unless you mean to *jump* the little beauty over it.” As I spoke, she hove about and stood across the schooner, exchanging broadsides gallantly. “Well done, little one.” The Spider tacked also, and stood after her—a gun!—another!—both replied to by the felucca; the musketry peppering away all the while from each vessel; the tiny white puffs instantly obliterated by the foam-drift—and now neither fired a shot.

The gale at this moment came down in thunder; all above as black as night, all below as white as wool. The Spider shortens sail just in time—the Midge not a pistol-shot ahead on the weatherbow. See, the squall strikes her—her tall lateen sail shines through the more than twilight darkness and the driving rain and spray, like a sea-bird's wing. Mercy! how she lies over! She sinks in the trough of the sea!—Now she rises again, and—breasts it gallantly!—There! that's over her bodily; her sails are dark, and sea-washed three parts up. Look! how the clear green water, as she lurches, pours out of the afterleitch of the sail like a cas-

cade! Now! she is buried again; no! buoyant as a cork—she dances over it like a wild duck. See! how she tips up her round stern, and slides down the liquid hollow; once more she catches the breeze on the opposite rise of the sea; her sails tearing her along up the watery acclivity, as if they would drag the spars out of her. Now she rushes on the curl of the wave, with her bows and a third of her keel hove out into the air, as if she were going to shoot across the liquid hollow, like a flying fish, into the swelling bosom of the next sea. Once more she is hove

on her beam-ends, and hid by an intervening billow.—Ha!—what a blinding flash, as the blue forked lightning glances from sky to sea, right over where I saw her last!—hark! the splitting crash and stunning reverberations of the shaking thunder, rolling through the empyrean, loud as an arch-angel's voice, until earth and air tremble again. She rights! she rights!—there! the narrow shred of white canvass gleams again through the mist, in the very fiercest of the squall—yes, *there!*—no!—God of my fathers!
IT IS BUT A BREAKING WAVE!

SONG.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

I.

MOON! thou hast gently won
Now thy high place and free,
Shedding calm looks upon
Misery and me!

II.

Those lovely beams and bright,
Almost appear to be
Smiles sent to awaken night,
Memory and me!

III.

Moon! those pure rays ere long—
Smiling undimmed—may see
Borne—yon dark yews among—
Death—but not me!

IV.

Haply, to fair Realms flown,
I may look down on thee,
While deathless joys shall crown
Myriads and me!



THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING.

BY DELTA.

WHERE Ocean's waves to the hollow caves murmur a low wild hymn,
 In pleasant musing I pursued my solitary way;
 Then upwards wending from the shore, amid the woodlands dim,
 From the gentle height, like a map in sight, the downward country lay.
 'Twas in the smile of green April, a cloudless noontide clear;
 In ecstasy the birds sang forth from many a leafing tree;
 Both bud and bloom, with fresh perfume, proclaimed the awakened year;
 And Earth, arrayed in beauty's robes, seemed Heaven itself to be.
 So cheerfully the sun shone out,—so smilingly the sky
 O'erarched green earth,—so pleasantly the stream meandered on,—
 So joyous was the murmur of the honey-bee and fly,—
 That of our fall, which ruined all, seemed traces few or none.
 Then hopes, whose gilded pageantry wore all the hues of truth,
 Elysian thoughts—Arcadian dreams—the poet's fabling strain—
 Again seemed shedding o'er our world, an amaranthine youth,
 And left no vestiges behind of death, decay, or pain.
 At length I reached—a churchyard gate—a churchyard? Yes! but there
 Breathed out such calm serenity o'er every thing around,
 That “the joy of grief” (as Ossian sings) o'erbalm'd the very air,
 And the place was less a mournful place, than consecrated ground.
 Beneath the joyous noontide sun, beneath the cloudless sky,
 'Mid bees that hummed, and birds that sang, and flowers that gemmed
 the wild,
 The sound of measured steps was heard—a grave stood yawning by—
 And lo! in sad procession slow, the funeral of a child!
 I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest;
 The dark earth shovelled o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod,
 I marked the deep convulsive throes, that heaved the Father's breast,
 As he returned (too briefly given!) that loan of love to God!
 Then rose in my rebellious heart unhallowed thoughts and wild,
 Daring the inscrutable decrees of Providence to scan,—
 How death should be allotted to a pure, a sinless child,
 And length of days the destiny of sinful guilty man!
 The laws of the material world seemed beautiful and clear;
 The day and night, the bloom and blight, and seasons, as they roll
 In regular vicissitude to form a circling year,
 Made up of parts dissimilar, and yet a perfect whole.
 But darkness lay o'er the moral way which man is told to tread;
 A shadow veiled the beam divine by Revelation lent;—
 “How awfully mysterious are thy ways, oh, Heaven!” I said;
 “We see not whence, nor know for what, fate's arrows oft are sent!”
 Under the shroud of the sullen cloud, when the hills are capped with snow,
 When the moaning breeze, through leafless trees, bears tempest on its
 wing;
 In the Winter's wrath we think of death, but not when lilies blow,
 And, Lazarus-like, from December's tomb walks forth triumphant Spring.
 As in distress o'er this wilderness I mused of stir and strife,
 Where, 'mid the dark, seemed scarce a mark, our tangled path to scan,
 A shadow o'er the season fell; a cloud o'er human life;
 A veil to be, by Eternity, but ne'er by Time withdrawn.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

A LYRIC.

BY MRS HEMANS.

*Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele,
Omai la navicella del mio intelletto.*—DANTE.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain ;
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
A cloud-like weeping train ;
Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn-gold
On all the glistening leaves ; and wildly roll'd,
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing,
Across the sunset sky ;
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night
Came rushing with her might
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
Wakening or answering some deep Sybil tone,
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,
Faint spirit, strive no more !—for thee too strong
Are outward ill and wrong,
And inward wasting fires !—Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way
Beyond their blighting sway,
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore !
How shouldst thou hope Earth's fetters to unbind ?
O passionate, yet weak ! O trembler to the wind !

"Never shall aught but broken music flow
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe ;
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
From the reed's hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague wild symphony :
No power is theirs, and no abiding-place
In human hearts ; their sweetness leaves no trace,—
Born only so to die !

"Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe ;
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

"So fade, fade on ! thy gift of love shall cling,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain !
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.

Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude ! ”

Then my soul yielded ; spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
Its powers, like leaves before the night-rain, closing ;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
As if a soft mist gleam'd
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
To many a shape and hue
Of vision'd beauty grew,

Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
Oh ! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
Unrolling, then swept by,
With dreamy motion ! Silvery seas were there
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
Of Southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
Which floated past me into orient day,
Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
Colour'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
Height above spiry height !
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steep'd in golden light !
While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings :
Or as if waters forth to music leaping.

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Link'd in majestic anthems ; while through all
That billowy swell and fall,
Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
My being's core ; then, moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by Love and Faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night !
A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power ;—a clear unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll,
And to a new control
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
Th' accordant rush of elemental sound
To one consummate harmony profound ;
One grand Creation-Hymn,
Whose notes the Seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre,
 Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
 If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
 Now to its fount and end?
 Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
 Shine forth a heavenward guide?
 An angel of bright power?—and strongly bear
 My being upward into holier air,
 Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
 And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

The radiant hope new-born
 Expands like rising morn
 In my life's life: and as a ripening rose,
 The crimson shadow of its glory throws
 More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream
 So from that hope are spreading
 Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
 Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me;—once enjoy'd,
 Father of spirits! let them not depart!
 Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void,
 Darken'd by mine own heart!
 Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
 All lovely gifts and pure
 In the soul's grasp endure;—

Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
 All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
 Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
 O consecrate my life! that I may sing
 Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring
 In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
 Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
 And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
 And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
 To the rich breeze of song! O! let me wake
 The deep religion, which hath dwelt from yore,
 Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
 And wildest river shore!

And let me summon all the voices dwelling
 Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
 And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
 In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
 Too daringly in aspiration rise!
 Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
 By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
 Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
 And on its penitential altar spread

The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
 The fire from heaven, whose touch alone can shed
 Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
 Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!
 Thine are all holy things—O make me Thine,
 So shall I too be pure—a living shrine
 Unto that spirit, which goes forth from Thee,

Strong and divinely free,
 Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
 And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
 Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
 Immortally endow'd for liberty and light.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

"THE Girondists," says Dumont, "chagrined at the loss of their places in the Administration, proceeded to the most ruinous excesses. They experienced now that cruel necessity to which all who seek to rise by the passions of the people are sooner or later subjected—that of submitting to the vices, and allying themselves with the brutality, of the mob. They openly associated with and flattered men of the most revolting habits and disgusting vulgarity, and commenced that system of revolutionary equality which was so soon to banish politeness, humanity, and every gentler virtue, from French society. They resolved to rouse the people by inflammatory petitions and harangues, and hoped to intimidate the Court by the show of popular resistance;—a dangerous expedient, and which, in the end, proved as fatal to them as to the power against which it was directed."* Is it of the Girondists and Jacobins, or of the Whigs and Radicals that these words are spoken? of Brissot and Vergniaud, or Brougham and Russell? So wonderfully identical is the march of Democracy in every age and country, and so exactly similar the situation into which the shortsighted, shallow politicians, who hope to rise upon the passions of the people, speedily bring themselves, that what is affirmed of one crisis or era, becomes directly applicable to another, and human vice and folly, ambition and wickedness, run in the same deplorable circle from the beginning to the end of the world.

What we long ago prophesied has come to pass. The Reform Bill has utterly and for ever extinguished the Whigs. Before it accomplished one of the objects for which it was intended—before it had exterminated the principles, or ruined the disciples of Pitt—before it has blasted one principle of Conservatism, or choked up one fountain of loyalty, it has utterly annihilated the weak, ambitious, and reckless party which, for selfish and ambitious ends, forced on

that perilous innovation. The Bill was to have given the Whigs a long lease of power: extinguished alike the obdurate Tories and unprincipled Revolutionists: saved us equally from anarchy and despotism; and established on the basis of united property, intelligence, and virtue, a permanent government, suited to the wants, and in unison with the wishes of the immense majority of the nation. What has it done? Has it secured property, satisfied education, brought the Legislature into harmony with the public voice, banished faction, so-pited discord, benefited or blessed the people? Has it elevated the Whigs, rendered the great families of that party the real depositaries of power, and reduced O'Connell, with his united band of Papists, Dissenters, Infidels, and Revolutionists, the despicable and powerless body that was anticipated? All this was promised, not once, but a thousand times; and all this, not thousands, but millions, were simple or deluded enough to believe. Where are these promises and anticipations now? What steadiness and permanence of government has resulted to the authors of the measure from the change? Before it had been three years in operation, it had driven Lord Grey from office; separated the high-minded Whigs, with Stanley and Graham, from their more obsequious colleagues; overturned the Melbourne Administration, and now, as the last step in the chain of degradation, reduced the haughty houses of Cavendish and Russell into the humble followers of an Irish Demagogue, and compelled the descendants of Howard and Sidney to range themselves in meek obedience at the beck of a paid Agitator, whom they themselves denounced, in the Speech from the Throne, two years ago, as a public enemy!

The House of Commons is now divided into three parties, of whom the Whigs are the weakest, both in point of numbers and respectability. There are 300 united Conservatives

* Dumont, 388.

under the banners of Sir Robert Peel, 200 Radicals, Papists, and Revolutionists following the footsteps of O'Connell, and 150 Whigs in the guidance of Lord John Russell. Incessantly haunted by the passion for power, and chagrined at the total failure of all the splendid expectations which they had formed from the great healing measure, they have now submitted to the humiliating necessity to which they have by their own acts reduced themselves; and, abandoning all their principles, have consented to range themselves as auxiliaries under the great Revolutionary Leader. What were the original principles of the Whigs, under Somers, Algernon Sidney, and Russell? Fierce and inveterate hostility to the Papists, and the Irish Agitators; firm and unbending support of the Protestant Constitution in Church and State; a religious adherence to the ancient institutions and liberties of the empire; and a cordial union with Holland, and all the Protestant party in Europe, against the ambition of the Papal powers and the military force of France. What are the principles of their mongrel and degenerate descendants in our days? Tame submission, abject flattery, crouching servility to the Irish Agitator; a cordial union with Romanists and Infidels; a marked disregard of every religious observance; an anxious desire to re-establish Popery—the grave, in every age, of free institutions; an inveterate hostility to the Protestant provinces of Holland, and intimate alliance with the despotic throne of Catholic and Infidel France. These are the principles in which the Whigs have terminated; this the Serbinian bog which has swallowed up the cause for which Hambden bled in the field and Sidney on the scaffold. What has occasioned this hideous, this monstrous tergiversation? Their reckless, ignorant, and insatiable impatience for power, which, regardless of consequences, led them to force through, and impose upon the country, in a moment of madness, a vast organic change, which, after annihilating their own power, has left them no place in the arena of politics but to range themselves under an avowed Revolutionary

Leader, and make up for the secession of all the eminent and noble members of their party, by a close alliance with Infidels, bankrupts, and prodigals; a total abandonment of all their former principles; and a frantic, insane attempt to re-establish the very faith which their ancestors on the scaffold resisted, and overturn the very religion which they would have perished rather than abandon!

The prospects of the Conservatives, again, have never, since the death of Mr Pitt, been so fair as they are at this moment. The condition and weight of a party are not to be estimated merely by the seeming flourishing or adverse state of their affairs, any more than those of an individual are by the external splendour or simplicity with which he lives. It is in periods of adversity that the spirit is nurtured which overcomes difficulty; and amidst the sunshine of prosperity that the corruption is spread which ruins the most powerful empires. During the high and palmy days of Toryism, in the midst of the splendour which followed the peace, and when overshadowed by the laurels of Trafalgar and Waterloo, the spirit was gathering strength, unknown, unheeded, unobserved, which was destined at no distant period to overturn the Constitution. During the anarchy and turbulence which followed the Reform agitation, the truth and justice of Conservative principles struck root firmly and irrevocably in the minds of all the reflecting and enlightened part of the community; and, under the alternate rule of Whig imbecility and Radical or Infidel tyranny, which has since succeeded, they have spread rapidly and generally through all the better and educated classes of society. To have given this noble and increasing spirit a consistent and beneficial direction, and turned it to the support of great and generally interesting objects, is the immense benefit conferred upon the nation by Sir Robert Peel's acceptance of office. Already the admirable effects of that courageous step appear in the votes of Parliament; already they appear in a tenfold greater proportion in the feelings of the country. It is no longer a feeble dis-

pirited band of 100 or 120 Conservatives who stand manfully but mournfully up to certain defeat in the House of Commons; but a powerful, determined phalanx of 300 members, who can almost already equal their antagonists in number, and exceed them tenfold in property, worth, talent, education, and every generous or patriotic feeling. It is no longer a few insulated towns which petition, at the hazard of insult, violence, or conflagration to the petitioners, in support of the Constitution, but hundreds of counties, cities, and villages, which have simultaneously come forward to rally round Sir Robert Peel, and implore him to stand between the country and Revolutionary spoliation. Symptoms such as these;—a spirit such as this, is the true spring of great and heroic achievement; the certain forerunners of renovation, security, and glory.

Nor let the great and noble Conservative party be discouraged; because they have been compelled to retire from power, and the coalition of Revolutionists, Papists, and Infidels is for a time triumphant. Those who are disheartened by such an event, only show how superficially they had judged of the tendency of the Reform Bill. The effects of that Revolution were so prodigious, the innovation it made so appalling, that the only surprising thing is, that it did not utterly sweep away and annihilate before this time all our institutions, and prostrate the British empire at the feet of a Radical faction, as completely as France was by the bloody flail of the National Assembly. In Scotland and Ireland, less accustomed than England to bear the perilous excitement of power, this effect has already in some degree taken place. If the empire was composed entirely of them, or such as them, the march of Revolution would be certain, and inevitable ruin attend all the institutions of the country. But the loyalty, moderation, and sterling sense of England has at length been aroused to vigorous efforts. Already a majority of its representatives are in the Conservative interest; and although the vehemence of Ireland, joined to the Revolutionary cupidity of Scotland, have given a majority of twenty or

thirty on the whole to the other side; still the step made towards a restoration of the proper balance within the last twelve months has been prodigious—one such step, and the vic- is gained.

That this will be the result at the next general election appears more than probable. The coalition of Whigs, Revolutionists, Papists, Dissenters, and Infidels which has now taken place, has necessarily had the effect of annihilating the third party, who divided and paralysed so large a portion of the middling ranks of society; and restoring matters to their own proper and natural footing; that of two parties, the Destructives and Conservatives, who divide between them the whole community. There is and can be now no medium: those that are not with us are now decidedly against us. The mongrel, spurious breed of liberal conceding Tories, who by their half measures brought the empire to the brink of ruin, is almost extinct; the remnants of honourable constitutional Whigs have all but disappeared. Hardly any remain but determined Constitutionists and avowed Revolutionists. Society is restored to its original and permanent form; the contest of the House of Have against the House of Want is fairly commenced, and every human being must ere long find himself drawn on one side or other into the strife. The contending principles of good and evil, of virtue and vice, of Heaven and Hell, which have been at issue since the beginning of time, are now openly arrayed against each other: on the one side, unflinching fortitude, courageous rank, enduring worth, supported by talent, learning, and probity: on the other, revolutionary audacity, reckless indigence, desperate wickedness, aided by energy, falsehood, and ambition. It may not be easy to say to which of these two parties victory will in the first instance incline—it cannot be difficult to prophecy with which, in the end, the triumph will permanently rest.

The question upon which Sir Robert Peel's Administration resigned was, as usual in such a crisis, a matter of comparatively little importance. He resisted, and rightly and nobly resisted, the principle of Church spoliation; well knowing,

that, if once introduced, it would admit of boundless application; that the robbery of a guinea is as much a crime as that of a hundred thousand pounds; and that the Revolutionary party, by which it was supported, waited only for the establishment of the precedent, that Ecclesiastical property might be diverted to other purposes, to commence a general assault upon all the possessions of the Church. It was to force on this result, and not for any practical benefit to be anticipated from the measure itself, that the united Radicals, Papists, and Infidels stood to their guns so vigorously during the contest. Rely upon it, O'Connell and his hungry band of followers looked for something more substantial than the appropriation of a problematical and inconsiderable surplus in the year 1888, when they ranged the Whigs under their banners, for the grand attack on Church property. It was for something instant and immediate—for speedy gratification of party spleen and factious passion—for the instantaneous gratification of the lust for power, that the disgraceful alliance was formed. It signifies little what the nominal question of discussion was, the real point at issue was the immediate spoliation of the ecclesiastical estates. As such it was understood by both parties, as such it was regarded by the country, and as such it has created a division, which, for ever extinguishing the Whigs, has severed the whole country into the two great parties, which, sooner or later, in all Revolutionary convulsions, engross between them the whole of the community.

To do the Radicals justice, they are no hypocrites. If numbers have long been, and some, perhaps, still are, blind to their real objects, it is not for want of a loud and undisguised proclamation of them by their leading and ablest organs. Hear what the Examiner says on the real points at issue in the Irish Church Question:—

“The Establishment must be put down by law, or the people will put it down by methods which law does not sanction, but is unavailing to prevent. No measure, short of abolition, will meet the popular demand.

“The grievance of the Establish-

ment is not that it exists in this shape, or after that fashion, but that *it exists in any shape, or after any fashion—in a word, its being is its crime.*”

“‘Appropriation’ is a good word; but, to be frank, the phrase ‘appropriation of surplus’ does not please us—for there is implied therein an admission that the Church is only wrongfully possessed of that portion of its property which is over and above decency, and the warrant of the gospel.

“Reduced by the rules of good government, and with due respect to the religious rights of the people, it is ‘all surplus,’ and should *every farthing be ‘appropriated’ to the nation.*

“This, somebody may say, is not to reform, but to subvert; we grant it. With respect to the institution in question, we are subverters, not reformers. There are cases for the pruning knife, and there are cases for the axe.”—*Examiner*, April 18.

This is at least plain speaking, so plain that he that runs may read. To the same purpose we quote the leading article of a new journal, the “National,” established on the day that Sir R. Peel resigned, and which, though a straw, shows how the wind sets in the Radical quarters.

“The first effect of the momentary recall of Earl Grey from his dignified retirement into the Royal presence, was a suspicion that an attempt to construct a ‘pure old Whig’ Government was the alternative that presented itself to the mind of Majesty at this most awkward crisis for the Court. It vanished from every sane head as quickly as it came. Loyalty itself forbade the entertainment of such a thought. Nobody could with decency attribute to the King the conception of an idea, which could not have been conceived by the least sagacious of his subjects, without furnishing good grounds for the issue of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*. To nominate Earl Grey (high as are his claims to respect) as the successor of Sir Robert Peel, would be to attempt to carry us back from the opening of the second to the opening of the first Reformed Parliament—a scheme only less absurd and impracticable than the exploded project of carrying us back,

in spite of the Reform Bill, to the days of the old rotten borough representation. A Government might as easily be formed out of the six insides of the 'Derby dilly.'

"We have had enough of these changes from tweedledum to tweedledee—of these distinctions of vehicle, without difference of progress. The country is in no mood to slacken the pace at which the majority in the House of Commons have indicated their disposition to travel. It is little likely to trust itself to the guidance of men, who think that the tortoise moves on too speedily, and who deprecate the perils attendant upon the velocity of a snail. Whoever comes in must make up his mind to go out again, or go on. The Whigs, as a party known under that name, are as eternally separated from office as the Tories are. Those of the once confederated body who may be called into power at this juncture, must resolve to govern upon principles so closely approximating to those of Radicalism, as to command the support of at least one hundred and fifty Members of the House of Commons, identified with the popular cause in Parliament, and to be won by nothing less than prompt and positive movements in the onward path. To stand still is now as impossible as to retrograde; to march a hair's breadth at a time, with long pauses between the motions, is equally impossible. In spite of the past, which, though it be forgiven, need not be forgotten, we look with confidence to some of the men who must form part of the Administration now constructing, for an important change in the tone and purport of their future Cabinet Councils, and for an abandonment, not of the principles they may have entertained, but of the policy they have pursued. The clipping and compromising era is gone. The Tories have had their final trial. If their successors *hesitate to make the spirit of the age the spirit of their rule*—if they shrink in fear of consequences—their trial will also be a final one, and a sentence of banishment and oblivion will be passed upon them. If they move with reluctance, *they will be mercilessly pressed.* If they keep not pace with

public opinion, they must make way for those who will." — *National*, April 13.

These announcements, made in the first tumult and triumph of victory, are in the highest degree satisfactory. They promise a brighter day than this country has known since the disastrous era of the Reform Bill. That the *English* nation (for we exclude the Scotch and Irish populace as obviously unable to bear the excitement of political power) will suffer these principles to be carried into effect, is what cannot for a moment be imagined. The English are, it must be confessed, prone to delusion, and liable to occasional and ungovernable fits of folly; but they are nevertheless, excepting in the lower orders of the manufacturing towns, strongly attached to their religious and monarchical institutions, and capable, when once thoroughly roused and awakened to their danger, of great and persevering efforts in their defence. To suppose that England, still governed at heart by these principles, notwithstanding the pollution and delusion of recent times, will submit to see them overturned by a combination of Irish Papists and Scotch infidels, is out of the question. She is still, notwithstanding the changes she has undergone, the ruling power. She still returns 500 out of the 658 Members who compose the House of Commons; and four-fifths of the wealth and strength of the State is to be found within her bosom. Will she submit to see her Monarch degraded, perhaps dethroned; her Church despoiled, perhaps extinguished; her institutions levelled with the dust by a reckless and unprincipled coalition of Popish demagogues and Scotch adventurers, with the base rump of the Whigs, to overturn the Church, which it was once their first object and greatest glory to support? The extraordinary, the unprecedented impression which Sir Robert Peel's memorable stand in defence of the Church and Monarchy has made over the whole country; the piles of addresses with which he has been besieged, since the contest began, prove that the nation, in England at

least, is still right at heart; that the former aberrations of the people arose from delusion, not corruption, and that, when the frauds which have been practised upon them are once thoroughly exposed, they will exert with irresistible vigour their giant strength.

This was what we always thought, and it was in this that we ever saw the only ray of hope which broke in through the thick darkness of the last six years. That the men of education and property in England would submit to be plundered and enslaved by a band of revolutionists and infidels; that they would voluntarily, and with their eyes open, surrender the religion which has, for two centuries, been co-existent with the glory and prosperity of their country, and the institutions which have been handed down unimpaired through a thousand years, was what we never for one moment imagined. It was their delusion and misapprehension, not their wilful aberration, that we feared and do fear. It was under this lamentable error that the Reform Bill commanded so general and otherwise inexplicable an assent. The people felt uncomfortable and chagrined from many concurring causes, and they really believed what the Whigs, for their own selfish purposes, told them, that a remedy for all their evils would be found in that innovation. It was not because they thought it would, but because they thought it would not overturn the institutions of the empire, that the great bulk of the better classes of society supported the measure. No doubt there were others of a different description, many ambitious and designing men, who, secretly bent on revolution, urged on the change, as the most likely means of effecting that object, and a multitude of blind ignorant followers who warmly supported any thing which promised to pull down their superiors, and elevate themselves, alike careless of, and incapable of, appreciating the consequences. But the greater part of the men of property and education who supported the perilous step, never were desirous of revolution or spoliation; they really believed that the change would benefit the

middling classes of society, without seriously injuring their superiors; they thought that a mixed Government of King, Lords, and Commons might co-exist with the Ten-pound clause; that the National Church would be only the more strongly established, by all classes being admitted to a share in the Government, and that the institutions of the country, divested of the rust and corruption of ages, would acquire fresh vigour and stability from the auspicious change, which should restore their original character. It was the extent,—the enormous, and, to men of information, inconceivable extent of this opinion which occasioned all our difficulties, and is the origin of all our present dangers. Those possessed of historical information were from the first aware of the vast extent and prodigious peril of this misconception, and thence the vigorous and intrepid efforts which, in every part of the country, they made to resist the change; but how many are those possessed of historical knowledge compared to the mass of the people? Not one to a thousand. Thence it was that so many good and able men were swept away by the Reform mania; they had virtue, probity, good intentions, and were well-informed in their own departments, but they wanted the one thing needful, *historical knowledge*; and hence the general prevalence of a delusion attended with perilous, it is to be hoped not irreparable, consequences.

Now, however, the danger is no longer remote and consequential—visible only to the far-seeing eye of historic research, or the piercing ken of prophetic anticipation. It is no longer the small black cloud, no larger than a man's hand, on the verge of the horizon, which is visible, but the thick pestilential cloud which threatens to envelope the world in darkness. O'Connell and the Radicals are now, if not formally invested with power, really the directors of Government. They possess two hundred votes in the House of Commons; and without their aid, Ministers would in a week be left in a fearful minority. Whether in or out of office, therefore, they must be the real rulers of Government. Thus, their authority is only to be the

more dreaded if they are placed behind the scenes, and intrusted with the wires which are to move the puppets whom they place upon the stage. Now, what are the principles and intentions of O'Connell and the Radicals—the real rulers of the State? They have told us a thousand times what they are. They are resolved to separate Ireland from the English Union; in other words, to establish an Hibernian Republic in close alliance with France, after the model of that proposed by Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald to the French Directory, in 1797. They are determined to agitate till they have utterly destroyed the Established Church. "Its fault, in their own words, is, that it *exists*." They will re-establish Popery, in all its plenitude in the sister isle, not as in other papal states, in honour supported by property of its own, but servilely dependent on the contributions of the poor; that is to say, a mere engine in the hands of the demagogues. They are determined, in O'Connell's words, to put an end to the "*cant* of national faith," by confiscating the whole public funds; in other words, extinguishing the great saving-bank of the poor;* and thereby, in consequence, occasioning the immediate stoppage of every bank in the kingdom, and inducing a general bankruptcy of every person engaged in trade or manufactures. They are resolved to reduce our military and naval establishment at least to the diminutive standard of 1792—a scale which is totally inadequate to the necessities and security of the empire as it at present stands, and will expose us, on occasion of the next breaking out

of hostilities, to imminent danger from foreign subjugation. They are determined to reduce still lower the elective franchise, especially in Ireland, where, experience has proved, it is already too low for the return of a rational body of representatives, and by the introduction of the ballot, and annual or triennial Parliaments, complete the dependence of Government in all its branches on the popular voice; while, by forcing on the Crown the creation of a vast body of peers, wholly subservient to what is called the popular cause, they will render impossible any resistance by the barons of England to these encroachments, and, if necessary, secure the means of their total abolition. These are the designs openly avowed by the Radicals and Revolutionists; and it is this party which is now, whatever leaders may be nominally placed at the head of affairs, really coming into power. It is in vain, therefore, to say that the dangers, so long foretold by the Conservatives, are remote and chimerical, the result of disappointed hopes and crazed imaginations. They are instant and imminent; the party professing them will speedily be in power, and before twelve months are over, they will be embodied in bills which are supported by the whole influence of Government, and all the weight of the united Papists, Infidels, Radicals, and Revolutionists, whose alliance has driven Sir Robert Peel from power.

Still we contemplate the prospect without dismay—at least with little dismay compared to that which we felt during the chaos of unanimity exhibited by the middling ranks during the Reform mania, in every part

* Number of individuals entitled to dividends, on 5th January, 1833:—

Under L.5,	58,321
10,	29,736
50,	64,631
100,	16,653
200,	9,700
300,	2,936
500,	1,923
1000,	941
2000,	283
Above 2000,	104

185,228

See PORTER's *Parliamentary Tables*, II. 7.

of the empire. That the danger is great, it would be folly to deny. It is great on account of the unexampled political profligacy which has dictated the present coalition of Whigs, Papists, and Radicals, and the decided majority which they have, by the effect of the Ten-pound clause, acquired in the House of Commons. It is in vain to conceal that the powers of Government are substantially though not apparently in the hands of the Revolutionists, and that the weight of the Executive, instead of being exerted to check the advances of Democracy, will all be employed to facilitate its progress, and increase its power. At such a crisis, if the higher orders, including under that word not merely the noble in rank, or the affluent in circumstances, but all whose information, talents, or acquirements, elevate them above the populace, were to desert their country as the French emigrants did, or resign the contest in despair, there cannot be a doubt that the result would be the same here as in that devoted country, that a few years of anarchy, spoliation, and blood, would be terminated by the sword, and the liberties, independence, and glory of England be for ever lost in an old age of despotism and decrepitude. But it is because they have not done, and will not do this, that we still entertain hopes, and sanguine hopes, of the result: The eyes of the higher and educated classes, of all who have acquired information, or possess property, have long been opened to the imminence of the danger. The gain of one hundred seats at the last election, proves that the mist is rapidly falling from the eyes of the middling ranks, while the unexampled extent of the petitions to Sir Robert Peel, on occasion of his retirement, demonstrates, that in all but the depraved or deluded urban constituencies, it has already reached the lowest. When, in addition to this, some of the favourite measures of the Revolutionists are brought forward, the Repeal of the Union, the confiscation of Corporate property, the Establishment of Popery in Ireland, the spoliation of the English Church, or of the public funds, it is impossible to doubt that the electors will be generally roused to such a sense of their danger, and of the de-

lusions which have been practised upon them, as will enable the friends of the Constitution to regain their ascendancy in the House of Commons.

That we do not over-estimate the probability, the strong probability of a reaction to this extent in public opinion, must be evident to every one who considers the language now used by a large portion, and that too the most influential of the public press, which was foremost in supporting the Reform Bill. The London journals who possess the greatest circulation, and are known to watch with the most discerning eyes the changes of public opinion, are now as powerful and as able in defence of what remains of the Constitution, as ever they were in support of the Reform mania. Let us listen to the Times, whose ability we ever felt and acknowledged, even when most vigorously advocating that measure, which we uniformly and as strenuously opposed, now predicting the consequences of the O'Connell alliance, which, from the position of the Great Agitator and his whole Tail on the Treasury benches, is too completely realized.

"Listen, Englishmen, to the proposals of this enemy to your name and nation.

"As the price of supporting a Whig-Radical Government, he insists that the law-officers of the Crown in Ireland shall be nominated by him (O'Connell!!) He insists that he (O'Connell) shall have a *veto* on the appointment of the Viceroy, the King's representative in Ireland!! He strongly urges that the elective franchise in Ireland shall be lowered to L5; that he, O'Connell (not having yet power enough over the Irish constituency, which has returned near fifty members at his bidding!) may be enabled to command a sufficient number of votes to give stability to the Whig-Radical Government!

"The Agitator does not ask to be appointed himself to office. He is too cunning for that. 1st, The King has the sense and firmness resolutely to refuse it; 2d, If the King were willing to receive into his service the bitter enemy to his Irish crown, Mr Daniel O'Connell knows very well that the honour would cost him a higher price than it could by possibility repay—that he would lose by

it his despotic sway over the multitude, and with it his infamous but enormous rent; and, lastly, that instead of being at the mercy of the Whig Ministers, by their powers of discarding him from office on misbehaviour, he would hold a scourge over them, by threatening, whenever the spirit moved him, to withdraw from them his Parliamentary support, and leave them in a minority.

"But, great Heaven! do we live to see the day when such a negotiation can be entered upon by any nobleman or gentleman having access to his Majesty's presence with a man of O'Connell's history, political principles, and projects? Can, we ask, any Minister, or candidate Minister of the British Crown, dare so much as to whisper within the Royal hearing the demands of such an adventurer upon his Majesty's patience, and on the honour and dignity of the people of this great country? What! name the law-officers of the Crown, and have for his creatures those individuals whose official duty it may become to begin their functions, as public prosecutors, by a criminal process against their own patron!

"What! restrain the Sovereign of the British empire from nominating for Lord-lieutenant of Ireland any nobleman to whom this turbulent and scheming Papist shall object!

"A British Minister representing a *once English* party permitting a demagogue like this to force upon him a measure almost tantamount to universal suffrage, on pretence of enabling the said mob tyrant to serve more completely the Administration of to-day, when, after having acquired through such extension of the suffrage a dominion over the electors of 90 out of 100 representatives, he may to-morrow play upon the fears and profligacy of his Ministerial menials, and drive them into the perpetration of any political crimes, however desperate in their nature, however deadly in their consequences, to the peace, the unity, and safety of the realm, on pain of being, by a nod of this 'infernal Jupiter,' at once hurled out of office.

"We cannot, we dare not, indulge the mingled terror and humiliation which tidings like those conveyed to us in the course of yesterday, and to the effect above stated, have raised within our minds. If the Whig

lords, who have so far listened to O'Connell, plead the hard necessity of their condition, and exclaim, 'What can we do? how can we form our Ministry without his help?' our answer, and, if we mistake not, the answer of all England, will be, 'Then do not form your Ministry.' The hardship of the case upon these ambitious personages is, that forsooth they are urged on to disgrace and crime by a necessity of *their own creating*—by a party necessity—a factious necessity—a necessity of which no honest Englishman admits or sees the pressure, beyond the pale of their own Whig-Radical clique. Who asked them by a succession of factious votes to turn out the Minister of the King's free choice, that they might seize his power? They say it is 'necessary' to their Cabinet, that they should serve implicitly O'Connell's will; in other words, it is more necessary that Church and State, and Protestant Ireland, and the existence of the Empire, should be sacrificed beyond redemption, than that the Whig leaders and their Radical confederates should remain for six months longer out of office. Once more, and in all sincerity, and in bitterness of heart, we appeal to our countrymen, whether they will thus allow a band of selfish place-hunters to roll the Crown of the United Kingdom in the dust."—*Times*, April 14, 1835.

Listen also to the Morning Herald, one of the steadiest and ablest, because the most moderate, supporters of the Reform Bill through all its stages.

"England has had to undergo the struggle of a reformation in religion, and it would now appear as if she were destined to undergo the struggles of an attempt at a counter-reformation; and as the house of Russell took a prominent part in the former case, so it takes a leading share in the latter, but on the opposite side. Is this a proof of repentance for sharing in the confiscation of the property of the Church of Rome? We doubt very much that it is that species of repentance which will amount to any thing like voluntary restitution.

"The attempt of the Whigs of the present day to confiscate a portion of the property of that Church of which their ancestors were the champions,

will not stop with the Irish branch of the establishment—the attack is made on the outworks before the citadel is stormed; but we confess we do not think the principle of confiscation the worst part of this Whig measure. It is the avowed intention of appropriating the confiscated property to Papal objects which strikes us with most alarm. An allusion is made to the Church of Scotland, but there is no analogy. The Scotch Church is a branch of Protestantism, but the Church of Rome is an antagonist Church to Protestantism in all its branches. The Whigs would devote a portion of the property of the Protestant Church to the purposes of a religion which sets out with denying the knowledge of the Scriptures to the people, and yet the Whigs call themselves the friends of universal education. But the sacrilegious attempt has roused the Protestant spirit of this land, and though the assailants are eager and fierce, the temple of the Reformed faith shall not want for defenders.”—*Morning Herald*, April 14.

And again the same paper adds,
 “The difficulties which lie in the way of the construction of a Whig Cabinet have been created by the Whigs themselves. In their eagerness to drive Sir Robert Peel’s Administration from office before its measures of safe and constitutional Reform could be submitted to the sober reason of the country, they were under the necessity of having recourse to auxiliaries, whose claims to a share of the ill-gotten power they feel it unsafe to admit and dangerous to decline. Even if some of them have resolved to get rid of principle and the sense of shame together, and to ‘go the whole hog’ with the Irish Agitator, the King is not so bereft of understanding or the support of the country as to suppose he has no other alternative than to secure what remains of regal power by a surrender of the virtual sovereignty of Ireland to the representative of the Papal democracy of that part of the United Kingdom, but soon, in that event, to be broken up and dismembered. Advocating, as we do, and as we have done for years, a full and efficient reform of the Irish as well as the English branch of the Church Establishment,

we can have no wish either to conceal or to spare the abuses which deform its beauty and impair its usefulness. But it is one thing to sweep the temple clean with the besom of Reform, and another to lay to its foundations the pickaxe of the levelers. The Roman Catholic legislators are sworn not to do any thing that would tend to weaken or subvert the Church. How they have observed that oath their recent votes have shown. Still we trust they will not be able to subvert it; but should they be, it does not require extraordinary sagacity to foresee that the fall of the Monarchy will not be far off.

“The abuse lavished by the Roman Catholic press on Lord Grey at this moment proves, if any thing were wanting to prove it, that Papal gratitude for benefits received from heretic hands exists no longer than it is found convenient to appear to be grateful. Liberal as our sentiments are with regard to religious creeds, of which we wish a full toleration to all, yet history and experience constrain us to believe that the Protestant who politically serves the Roman Catholic party, and refuses to go all lengths—who dares to preserve some independence of mind, and declines to become their slave—is always treated worse in the end than their consistent and unflinching enemy. Great as is the ingratitude which Lord Grey now experiences because he will not sacrifice all English and Protestant feeling, to promote the ambitious views of the Papal Agitator, it is not greater than was experienced by their indefatigable advocate Grattan, when he dared to have an opinion of his own, and to refuse to submit to the most degrading dictation.” — *Morning Herald*, April 15.

When language of such energy and ability as this is habitually used by the journals most dependent upon public opinion, and most solicitous to follow its various changes, and who stood foremost in the ranks of the Reform champions, it is idle to dispute that a vast reaction in the public mind has taken place, and is taking place, and that it has reached a class where the democratic party have hitherto found their chief and most respectable support.

The Radical newspapers are un-

sparing of their abuse of the Times and other journals, once the decided advocates of Reform, on account of what they call their political tergiversation. In truth, however, the charge is not only ill-founded, but the reverse of the truth. The Morning Herald and the Times are neither turncoats nor renegades when they advocate Reform and resist Revolution; they are only doing what the advocates of Reform throughout asserted their political creed prescribed. What did the Radicals tell us during the progress of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, was the real import of what they desired? Why, that they were at heart the true friends of the Monarchy and all its institutions; that they were desirous to renovate, not destroy; and that the charge of their being desirous to spoliolate property, overturn religion, or dismember the empire, was a scandalous falsehood, invented by Tory malignity, and palmed off on vulgar credulity. Now that the thing has happened which the Tories all along predicted would occur, and property is openly threatened with spoliation, not merely by a vote of the House of Commons, but the proclaimed intentions of Government, they have the effrontery to accuse those persons of inconsistency who adhere to the intentions which they themselves uniformly professed, and who endeavour now to realize the oft-repeated tale, that Reform would not lead to revolution! The real renegades, the true deceivers, are those who vehemently, and with the most earnest protestations, asserted one set of principles, while they secretly, and in their hearts, entertained another; who sport with oaths, and make derision of protestations; who keep their promises only as long as it serves a political purpose to observe them, and break them the instant they see a supposed expedience in so doing; who style themselves the friends of freedom, while they are pursuing measures calculated to induce the most degrading bondage; who profess a regard for religion, while really intending to overturn it; and utter the words of allegiance with their lips, while their hearts are scheming the overthrow of the monarchy; who treat

the people as the instruments of their ambition and the puppets of their will; who, totally disregarding all projects of practical benefit, and stopping by their faction all plans of real improvement, keep the nation in that perpetual vortex of agitation, from which nothing but evil can accrue to others, whatever temporary elevation may arise to themselves.

The conduct of the Conservatives since they fell from power in November 1830, has been a model of political wisdom, ability, and virtue. What they had done before that time, we fearlessly told them in the plenitude of their power; what they have done since, we take a pride in recounting, now that they have again been driven from the helm of affairs. Under circumstances of unexampled difficulty, anxiety, and danger, they have pursued a course equally removed from obstinate adherence to old institutions, and weak concession to popular clamour. When the whole powers of the state were turned to the side of anarchy; when that of the Crown was in the hands of an administration which wielded it for the purposes only of their selfish ambition, and set the nation on fire by a vast and uncalled-for concession; when they were assailed equally by the frown of authority and the madness of the people, they calmly and resolutely stood at their posts, braving every contumely, facing every danger, withstanding every allurement, and incessantly urging, with unexampled ability, the disastrous consequences which would ensue from the measure under discussion. After it passed into a law, and they were, in consequence, reduced for a time to a trifling minority in the House of Commons, they continued the same patriotic and dignified course, disdaining to join in a coalition, or indulge in any factious opposition to a Ministry, who, in their opinion, had inflicted so serious a wound on their country, supporting them whenever they brought forward a measure calculated to promote the good of the country, and throwing over them the shield of their talents and their moral influence when they were assailed by the fierce anarchical faction whom their efforts had

raised to such a fearful pre-eminence in the state. On no occasion whatever did they coalesce with the Radicals; on no occasion did they refuse to the Government that support which the interests of the country required, how prejudicial soever it might be to their own immediate advancement. Twenty opportunities of throwing their opponents into a minority, and driving them from power, they intentionally passed by, and continued in their patriotic post in opposition, strenuously endeavouring to mitigate the evils of that change which they had done nothing to induce, but every thing in their power to prevent.

Conduct so noble, disinterested, and patriotic, met with its reward. The Reform mania subsided; the incapacity of the Whigs became daily more apparent; divisions broke out on all sides from the "constant and active pressure from without," which the great organic change in the constitution had brought to bear directly on the Administration. Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham first broke off, in consequence of the projected spoliation of the Irish Church; Lord Grey next was expelled by a dark intrigue, in which the great Agitator was a principal actor; Lord Althorp and all the respectability of the Cabinet were then expelled; Lord Brougham dragged the Great Seal through the dirt of the Scotch Radical constituencies; and at length the Administration fell to pieces from avowed inability to conduct the Government, without a direct submission to the Radical faction; and the King, shaking off the load which had so long lain upon him, joyfully sent for the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to conduct the public affairs.

Since assuming the helm, the conduct of that great statesman has been a model of wisdom, resolution, and ability. At once perceiving that from the altered temper of the times, it was no longer possible to conduct the Government without a considerable change in many departments of the State, and wisely judging that the only way to stem the torrent of Revolution is by affording a cautious remedy for every real grievance, he pledged himself in the outset to commence a reform of every practical

abuse, and, at the same time, steadily resist every approach to revolutionary spoliation. This was real reform, divested of all its dangers and all its evils; and if the Reform Bill could have led to that result, and *no other*, it would have been hailed as an unmixed blessing by every friend to humanity. The measures which he introduced, or which were in progress under his auspices, promised to effect all the improvement which the partisans of innovation desired, without any of the perils which the friends of existing institutions apprehended. They were such as Mr Burke long ago prescribed as the only remedies calculated to arrest the evils of the French Revolution; they were such as subsequent historians have unanimously designated as the only measures which could have extracted the poison from that fearful convulsion, and converted its undying energy to the good of mankind. The reformation of the Church of England and Ireland, without alienating a farthing of its property, but providing for the greater efficiency and respectability of its establishment—the introduction of a general and compulsory commutation for tithes over both kingdoms—the abolition of imprisonment for debt in small cases, and restraining of arrestment of wages of the labouring classes—the establishment of local courts, without any of the evils to which Lord Brougham's plan was subject—the issuing of a commission to consider the means of abolishing flogging in the army—and many other projects equally salutary and safe—had already signalized an Administration, whose parliamentary career, unusually stormy, and difficult, had not exceeded six weeks, when it was brought to an abrupt termination.

And what was the policy of the Whigs during the period when these beneficial projects were in progress or preparation? Did they imitate the dignified and patriotic conduct of their great opponent, and abstain from all factious opposition to a Government which had embraced all that was safe in their own reform designs, and matured so many plans which they professed to have at heart? Did they unite with the Conservatives to restrain the ad-

vances of the Radicals, to the perilous nature of whose projects they were now, by bitter experience, so fully awakened, and diminish that "constant and active pressure from without," which Earl Grey had declared was inconsistent with any thing like good government? Did they imitate that noble and patriotic forgetfulness of all selfish objects, of which the Conservatives, in supporting them, had so recently afforded an illustrious example, and on which they had so often and so lavishly bestowed their praise? They did none of these things; nay, they did the very reverse. Cordially uniting in factious opposition with the demagogue whom they had themselves denounced as a public enemy in the Speech from the Throne, they began their hostility to the King's Government before even the Speaker was elected—resolute thus to show that it was to no measures of which they disapproved, to no policy which they condemned, but to the existence of the Conservatives, on any terms, in office, that their hostility was directed. Considering the generous forbearance of their opponents towards themselves, on which they had so often bestowed their loudest commendations, not as an example to be followed, but a beacon to be avoided, they opposed alike every measure—good, bad, or indifferent—of Government; they were only hindered from withholding the supplies, and thereby stopping the circulation of the empire at its heart, by the evident impossibility of carrying so desperate a measure, even in a Reformed House of Commons; and at length they united in a factious attempt to engraft on a great remedial measure, calculated, by their own admission, to allay, as far as any legislative measures can allay, the irritation and miseries of Ireland, a project of spoliation, calculated for no present effect, intended only to come into operation fifty years hence, but of service to them, as establishing a principle which would embarrass the Government, by bringing the measure they had introduced, thus disfigured, into collision with the House of Peers. The prospect of rolling the crown of England in the dust—of shaking the Protestant religion in the three kingdoms—of installing the anarchical

faction in power—of forcing an Administration dragged at the chariot-wheels of Revolution on their Sovereign—were as nothing in the estimation of these men, compared to the removal of Sir Robert Peel from office. They have licked the dust beneath the feet of O'Connell, retracted all their aspersions, eat in all their vituperation: dined with him, praised him, and magnified him, and at last made it a condition that he shall have a large share indirectly, and therefore the more dangerously, in the government of the very sovereign into whose mouth they put, only two years ago, the strongest censure upon him which a king can bestow on a subject. And this is the consistency, patriotism, and disinterestedness of the Whigs!

When a party who act on the old-fashioned and established principles of public virtue, consistency, and generosity, are assailed by a coalition who scruple at no advantage which tergiversation, violence, and faction can afford, they can hardly fail in troubled times, in the first instance, to be overthrown, just as a man who travels quietly along the highway is no match for an armed desperado, or one who pursues the humble career of unobtrusive industry is eclipsed in the outset by another who shines in the borrowed lustre of successful fraud. But notwithstanding all this, it will be found in the end, that honesty is the best policy. The fruits of iniquity are short-lived in public as well as private men; the transient lustre which they diffuse is the passing glare of the meteor, not the steady and beneficent light of the king of day. Such factious, selfish, and unprincipled conduct in the end recoils upon its own authors; the reward of the opposite set of measures may be slow, but where society is not utterly corrupted as it was in France at the outset of the Revolution, it is certain and permanent. Already the splendid eloquence, resolute conduct, and statesman-like wisdom of Sir Robert Peel have secured him a place in the hearts of all true Englishmen, second only to that of Mr Pitt. Already the foundation is laid in public opinion of an Administration on Conservative principles, which, at some future period,

will consign to the dust the coalition of Radicals, Catholics, and recreant Whigs, by which it has been oppressed.

The question on which the Administration of Sir Robert Peel resigned is one so perfectly clear, both on principle and experience, that no *bona fide* opposition is conceivable upon it. Seeing that the Established Church is now supported by no contributions from the industrious classes, but by landed property of its own, either in separate estates or the tithes, which is an estate of itself, it is as clear as any proposition in mathematics, that a party which proposes to confiscate this property, and throw the maintenance of religion for support upon the voluntary contributions of its flocks, just creates a burden upon the labouring classes which had no former existence. That such a project should be entertained, and *bona fide* entertained, by infidels who desire the total destruction of religion, or by sectarians whose views of political or religious benefit to the poor is subordinate to their hatred at the establishment, is perfectly conceivable. But that it should be embraced by those who in good faith desire the advancement of religion or relief of the poor, is utterly incredible. What would we say to the sincerity of those who, professing a great regard for the labouring classes, should propose that the expense of Government, hitherto defrayed out of the hereditary revenue of the Crown, or its territorial possessions, should be thrown as a burden upon the earnings of industry; or that institutions of charity, hitherto maintained by mortmain estates and a charge on no human being, should be kept up by a penny-a-week, subscribed out of the earnings of the poor who were admitted to its benefits? Such is exactly the state of the question between the Voluntary System and the Established Church. The former proposes that religion should be maintained by contributions from the different congregations who compose the Christian community, and that all the present estates of the Church should be confiscated; the latter argues, that the estates now set apart for the support of religious teachers should be per-

manently devoted to that end, so that all the poor who choose to frequent their places of worship should receive instruction gratis. Which of the two is the system which really aids and assists the poor? And let it be recollected, that this obtains equally, although the whole revenue of the Church is derived from tithe, and consequently paid in the first instance by the tenant to the clergyman. That is only a seeming burden on him; in reality it is a portion of his rent which he is transferring from the rector to the landlord; if the former did not exist, the latter would swallow up the whole.

When the advocates for popular rights, therefore, combine to commence the spoliation of the Church; in other words, to effect the extinction of that system which provides for the maintenance of the ministers of religion out of separate landed estates set apart for their support, with a view to their being thrown as a burden upon the earnings of the poor, we assert that they are either wilfully deceiving the people, or blinded by prejudice to the most self-evident truths; and that it requires the utmost stretch of liberality to believe that so palpable an absurdity can be in good faith maintained by any person sincere in his regard for the poor, and gifted with the light of reason. That it should be earnestly and zealously maintained by the whole coalesced herd of Radicals, Infidels, and Revolutionists, is perfectly conceivable; and whatever opinion may be entertained as to the wisdom or expedience of their measures, there can be no doubt of the sincerity of their wish to carry through a measure which bids here, as it has done elsewhere, to involve religion itself in the ruin of the Establishment.

Nor let any one be deceived by the cuckoo-cry of devoting the surplus of the Ecclesiastical Fund to purposes connected with morality and public instruction. This is the usual stale pretence put forth by all Revolutionists; morality and public instruction are ever in their mouths, when robbery, spoliation, and confiscation are in their hearts. So said the Constituent Assembly when they confiscated the property of the French Church: the surplus of the

Church estates, after providing for the due and adequate maintenance of religion, was to be devoted to the purposes of "beneficence and public instruction." How much of the estates of the clergy were devoted to these objects? not one farthing. The Revolutionists having effected the confiscation of the Church property by this pretence, gave themselves no farther trouble about either the education or relief of the poor: public instruction was never so miserably neglected in any country as it was in France during the ten years which succeeded the Revolution; and when Napoleon endeavoured to restore something like a system of general education in 1802, he found the ecclesiastical estates so completely dissipated, that nothing whatever was to be got from that source, and the expenses of the whole establishments for public instruction required to be defrayed from the general revenue of the state, which continues to be the case to this day.

We are constantly referred by the Dissenters and Radicals to the example of Scotland as an instance of the successful application of the property of one church to another professed by a majority of the inhabitants. This instance is not only inapplicable, but the reverse of Ireland. There is no radical and insurmountable distinction between Presbyterians and Episcopalians, both are branches of the same great Protestant faith, and nothing in the tenets of either precludes them from living on friendly terms with the other. No great confiscations of estates have left in Scotland the seeds of interminable animosity between the descendants of the dispossessors and the dispossessed. Scotland never had within her bosom a class similar to the Popish priesthood and Popish demagogues of Ireland, who, disregarding all the misery they are inflicting on their country, keep up for their own selfish purposes the infernal system of agitation which perpetually over-spreads the land with misery, conflagration, and massacre: finally, Scotland is inhabited by a comparatively cold and thoughtful race, of Danish or Gothic extraction, remarkably tenacious of purpose, and to-

tally devoid of those vehement bursts of passion which distinguish the peasantry of Ireland, inheriting the fiery temperament and acute feeling which in every age have characterised their Moorish or Celtic progenitors. These essential lines of distinction between the situation and character of the Scottish and Irish people render totally inapplicable the argument drawn from the pacification of Scotland to any similar effect from the Catholic faith being established in Ireland. And the result has abundantly proved the solidity of this distinction, and utterly annihilated all the plausible sophisms, founded on the miseries of Ireland being the result of religious distinctions. Catholic emancipation, we were told a thousand times, would at once still the discord of the Emerald Isle; fifteen hundred, instead of five-and-twenty thousand, men would be amply sufficient for its garrison; and O'Connell, in his own words, "would be reduced from the great Agitator to a mere *nisi prius* lawyer." Has the result corresponded with these predictions? Has Ireland, for the last five years, been the tranquil, contented isle which was promised? Has it been found possible to reduce, by a single battalion, its garrison? Has murder, conflagration, and robbery ever been so frequent as it was under the Whig policy of conciliation and concession? Did not the adoption of that system drive even that feeble and irresolute Government, by sheer necessity, to a measure of great and surpassing severity, which at once extinguished the liberties of the people; but, at the same time, almost completely stopped the atrocious anarchy which had prevailed? Has O'Connell, as he promised, since the Relief Bill was passed, been reduced from the great Agitator to a *nisi prius* lawyer? The total failure of all these attempts to pacify Ireland by the abolition of religious distinction, and the progressive increase of its violence and anarchy, with every advance towards conciliation made by the British Government, have placed it beyond a doubt, that the distraction of the country is owing to very different causes from the establishment of the Protestant faith; and that the

restoration of Popery would, in all probability, be the immediate signal for as frightful an outbreak as the Tyrone Rebellion.

In truth, however, it is not the Irish Church, all important as its protection is to the cause of the Protestant faith; it is not Ireland, essential as its union is to the existence of the empire, which is now at stake. Dearer, yet more important interests are involved in the contest; it is the Church of England; it is the cause of Protestantism and Christianity in Great Britain itself which is at issue. Its enemies have commenced the attack in Ireland because it is deemed the most vulnerable quarter; and because their efforts are there supported by the fierce passions and thorough organization of the Popish priesthood. But is any one simple enough to imagine that their efforts will terminate *there*; that after having beaten down the English Church in the sister isle, they will halt midway in the career of success, and permit it to exist in England and Scotland? Is it likely that the coalition of Papists, Dissenters, and Infidels who have acted so cordially together for the appropriation of a doubtful surplus which is not to arrive for fifty years, will fall to pieces when instant destruction to the parent church is to be achieved, when the sees of Canterbury and Durham are to be the prizes in the strife? Does human nature lead us to expect that this will be the result? Does Catholic principle, which never recedes but from necessity, and never loses an opportunity of advancing, lead us to anticipate such a consummation?

Look at reform—where did it begin? In Ireland with emancipation to the Catholics, because that was deemed the weak point of the constitution. Where did it end, in defiance of the solemn protestations of its supporters that they had no ulterior objects in view? In England; in the centre and heart of the empire; in a vast change which has totally subverted the ancient balance of the constitution, and has driven us to sea on the dark ocean of innovation. The same farce is beginning again

with the appropriation of the Irish Church, in hopes that the English will be simple enough a second time to swallow the bait. If they do so, after the warnings they have received, and the experience they have had, they deserve to be swept from the book of nations.

What are the consequences to be anticipated from the extinction of the Protestant faith as a national establishment in Ireland, upon the integrity, independence, and peace of the empire? Can it be doubted, that its immediate effect would be to bring about a separation of Ireland, not merely from the British crown, but the British empire? O'Connell says, indeed, that if governed by its own legislature, Ireland would be the most loyal and peaceable of kingdoms. Is any one foolish enough to believe him? Is not this just of a piece with his solemn protestation, that Catholic emancipation would at once and for ever extinguish agitation, and reduce him to a mere Nisi Prius lawyer? What were the real designs of Wolf Tone and Lord E. Fitzgerald, as revealed in their memorial to the French Directory in 1796, and confessed by the former of these persons in his memoirs? They were: 1. "To establish a Hibernian Republic in close alliance with France. 2. To forbid all adherence to the British Government, under the penalties of high treason. 3. *To confiscate every shilling of English property in Ireland, movable and immovable, and appropriate it to the public service.*"* If such were the objects of the Irish malecontents in 1796, when their power was as yet in its infancy, is it likely that their ideas are more moderate at this time, after they have obtained emancipation, and the Reform Bill has organized the whole population under the great agitator, and acquired seats for so many fierce Papists in the House of Commons? And what will be the effect to English prosperity; what the consequence to the income and property of every man in Great Britain, from the adoption of such extreme and frightful hostility? Can any thing else but the most calamitous civil

* Second Memorial to Directory, Feb. 1796; Wolf Tone, ii. 197, 201.

war be anticipated from such savage measures? Will the Irish Protestants, that bold and gallant body, submit to be reduced to beggary, and massacred by the Popish rebels? Is it likely that France will remain an unconcerned spectator of these events; or that she will let slip the opportunity, by joining the Irish malecontents, of destroying the independence of the British Empire, and revenging, at one blow, the defeats and the disasters of four centuries? And how is English industry to exist, under the shock to credit and stoppage of sales which must ensue from such accumulated disasters? How are the fabrics of Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Leeds, to find a vent, when Ireland is the seat of a furious civil war, and England is contending in front and flank with the forces of France and the Hibernian republic? What wide-spread, what unparalleled and unutterable suffering awaits the British manufacturing population, when, by the occurrence of these now highly probable events, the usual vents for their produce are closed? And if these calamities ensue, who will they have to blame but themselves for having, by their cordial alliance with the Irish Papists and agitators, warmed into life, vigour, and activity, the serpent which from the very first openly avowed these anarchical projects?

The situation of Sir Robert Peel, contending single-handed with the formidable coalition of Radicals, Papists, and Dissenters, in the House of Commons, has been often and aptly compared to that of Mr Pitt in 1784, withstanding at the age of six-and-twenty the united forces of Mr Fox and Lord North; and in our last Number we unfolded the most striking features of the resemblance. Hitherto the contest has terminated differently; but we are not to conclude from that either that the final result is to be less favourable to the interests of order and freedom in the one case than the other, or that the skill, resolution, and ability displayed by the statesman of our days are inferior to those of his immortal predecessor. The circumstances were different; and thence the difference hitherto in the result. Mr Pitt had to contend merely with

a Parliamentary majority; the wishes of the people were, at first, secretly, at length openly, in his favour; all thoughtful men, unfettered by party, were alarmed at the formidable coalition which threatened, by making India independent of the Crown, to overturn the constitution. All that was necessary was to weather the storm till a dissolution brought their feelings to bear upon the votes of the House of Commons, and the victory was secure. In 1835 the case was widely different. The spread of manufactures, and the growth of manufacturing towns, which had been at least fourfold in the preceding half century, had extended in a similar proportion the democratic principle; the Reform Bill had given it full and portentous political influence, and a variety of concurring causes had multiplied tenfold the number and influence of those discontented worthless characters who longed for the general license and anarchy of a revolution. A dissolution was looked forward to as the termination of the struggle in the first case; it had preceded its commencement in the second. Mr Pitt contended at the head of the people against a coalition which had obtained a Parliamentary majority; Sir Robert Peel, at the head of the friends of order, virtue, and religion, against the combined forces of popery, democracy, and revolution. This important distinction necessarily led to a difference in the first instance, at least in the result. When Mr Pitt got the supplies past, he was sure of victory; when Sir Robert Peel did so, his most difficult task still remained, that of combating the revolutionary projects of his opponents. A Parliamentary majority was comparatively unimportant in the first case, because it was known that the feelings of the country did not go along with the factious proceedings of their representatives, but it was very different in the second, because an appeal to the electors had recently been made, with a view to ascertain their opinions on the very question which was really then at issue, and therefore such a majority was an indication of a real preponderance at the time of the elections, at least of the revolutionary over the conservative principle, among the

classes who had been wakened into political power by the Reform Bill. The spirit of the constitution, therefore, which is, that the public voice, soberly and steadily formed, should decide the government, counselled Sir Robert to retire, as much as it commanded Mr Pitt to remain at his post. It is ridiculous to think of governing England by means of an administration which is not supported by public opinion. Sir Robert Peel has an immense majority in all the educated classes of the community; in all who hold property, or reverence virtue; but he has not as yet got a majority among the Radicals, Dissenters, Infidels, and Papists, in whom the Reform Bill has vested the power of returning a majority in the Lower House. By his administration, how short soever, he has made an immense step towards the obtaining of such a majority, and thence the incalculable benefit which he has conferred upon his country.

There is one way, and one way *only*, of successfully combating the revolutionary passions which the innovations of the Whigs have roused in the country; and that is, by strenuously endeavouring to acquire a majority in the House of Commons. This is to be done, not by bribery or corruption, neither by drunkenness nor intimidation, but by two weapons, the persevering and skilful use of which can alone save England from destruction.

The first of these is by the influence of the press, and the incessant efforts of genius and talent of the highest order to support the Conservative cause. This has already taken place to a very great extent already over the whole country; and richly were the authors of the change rewarded in beholding the extraordinary reaction in favour of the Constitution which the last election exhibited. It is by a steady and undismayed prosecution of the same course that the country is to be saved. Another such change, and the cause of Revolution is overthrown. There is a natural inclination of talent of the highest class to resist the control of authority; and never does the under-current flow so strongly as when that authority is directed by the violence, or calcula-

ted to gratify the cupidity, of the mob. The superiority of the literary, political, and historical works recently published on the side of order, to those of revolution, is most conspicuous; in periodical literature, the same glorious distinction is, if possible, still more manifest; while, even in the daily press, the extent of the revolution in favour of Conservative principles is in the highest degree satisfactory. It is by the united influence of talent, thus directed, that the forces of anarchy can alone be successfully combated; and the vast change of opinion they have already effected in the better and educated classes in every part of the empire, affords the fairest grounds for hope in the final issue of the contest.

But political power is not now vested solely either in property or intelligence: the Reform Bill has enfranchised an active, restless, and numerous class, destitute alike of the one and the other. Under the present system, and with the addition of Scotland and Ireland to the constituency, it is quite possible that the whole men of education or property in the kingdom might be on one side, while democracy, delusion, and ignorance were on the other, and the former might be in a decided minority in the House of Commons. A considerable proportion of the present voters are utterly inaccessible to reason or argument, totally incapable of forming a rational opinion on any political subject, and therefore the ready and certain prey of the demagogues, whom such a state of things necessarily and continually keeps in activity. These men can never be convinced; from their occupation and habits they are necessarily democratical, and will ever continue so. They must be *out-voted*, or the Constitution is lost.

The mode in which this is to be done is obvious; and it is here that the persevering efforts of property can best overcome the prodigious ascendancy which the Reform Bill in the outset gave to the reckless and destitute classes of the community. IT IS IN THE REGISTRATION COURTS, THAT THE BATTLE OF THE CONSTITUTION IS TO BE FOUGHT AND WON. It is by a continued, persevering, and skilful exertion there, that education, worth, and property,

are to regain their ascendancy over anarchy, vice, and democracy. The many victories gained by the Conservatives during the last contest, were chiefly owing to the efforts that had previously been made in this department. The forces of anarchy, strong and often irresistible in a moment of general excitement, or on the eve of an election, are unequal in general to a steady persevering effort for a course of years, in keeping up a majority on the roll. It is there that property and information can most easily regain its just and necessary ascendent over mere numbers. Let therefore the Conservatives unite in associations in every city, borough, and county in the kingdom, to subscribe for the purpose of purging the election rolls of the multitudes of disqualified Radicals who are now there, and placing on it persons of property and education, on whose principles they can rely. By a proper organization in this way, it is astonishing what may be done; in most places, excepting the great cities, which may be set aside as in general irreclaimable, one member at least of sound principles might be secured. It is thus, and *thus only*, that the balance of society can be restored in these islands. Let no one grudge trouble or expense in such an attempt; it is the battle of property which is there to be fought; it is the cause of religion, truth, and freedom which is there to be won.

To the Parliamentary leaders of the Conservatives we need hardly

offer one piece of advice, for there can be no doubt that their own principles will lead them to adopt it. Let them imitate their opponents in one particular, and in one only; let them consider the conduct of the present Ministers when in opposition, as a beacon to be avoided—not an example to be followed. They have been driven from the helm by the most factious and unprincipled Opposition recorded in English history, and by an alliance of the most profligate and unprecedented character—let them, in return, support the Government in all measures which appear really beneficial, and reserve their hostility only for those cases (and it is to be feared they will be too many) in which changes of a perilous and revolutionary character are brought forward. To their opponents, the Whigs, they owe nothing; to the cause which they serve, and the country which they love, they owe every thing. It was thus that the Duke of York, in 1793, answered the savage decree of the French Convention to give no quarter; he met it by a proclamation calling on his troops to deviate in no respect from the usages of civilized war. After many years of disaster, the cause which took this noble revenge finally triumphed. A similar, and not less glorious result, awaits those who meet the coalition of faction, and the hostility of selfishness, by a steadier adherence to the principles of Patriotism and Virtue.

April 20, 1835.

THE FEMALE CHARACTERS IN OUR MODERN POETRY.

No. I.

KAILYAL—IN THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

WE meditate a Series of Effusions, which, without any merit of ours, must be delightful; for in them will be found much of the finest poetry ever poured forth by genius under the inspiration of woman's virtues. No need to go back to the heroic ages—though the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* hath each its own fair feminine star—*Andromache* and *Penelope*—shining yet unclouded in *Homer's* sky. Let *Alcestis*—*Iphigenia*—*Antigone*—each a loveliest light—repose in constellation—by us now dreamt of and no more—among the mournful mist of remotest years. *Cordelia*, *Desdemona*, *Ophelia*, *Juliet*! fade away and forsake us—for a while into the abysses of oblivion O! sink, ye immortal shadows, with your still eyes triumphant over death and the grave! And ye who haunted the storms like streaks of sunshine—*Una*, and *Flori-mel*, and *Britomart*, and *Belphebe*—be hidden till we again evoke ye—in the green glades or black caves of far Faëry Land! Invade not our soul, thou bright Image of *Ethereal Chastity*! as thou wanderest heaven-guarded through the mazes of that *Enchanted Wood*! Invisible in *Eden's* bowers, be she the *First* and *Fairest*, for whom the *Blind Bard* of *Paradise* beheld in a vision how the very heavens did weep!

All are gone—at our bidding to return—yea, at the lifting of a finger, for imagination has command over the whole spiritual world, and her empire is called the Past. No boundaries hath her reign—for it is momentarily swallowing up the present. All that wavers away from our senses is hers in the twinkling of an eye—the fluctuating becomes motionless—the evanescent fixed—on that sea there are no billows—on that sky no clouds—all, all is still in that universe—to that divine idea of nondisturbance in our love and our fear we have given the name of *Death*.

Do you understand us? Ye do—

then you have a soul for poetry—and know the meaning of this line—

“The consecration and the poet's dream.”

Of such consecration and such dream the soul is conscious at every glimpse of the Beautiful. Without it what is the rose's or the lily's leaf—what the dewdrop that trembles thereon—what the plumage of the sea-bird melting into the foam—what the violets in woman's eyes—or what the blue serene when with your soul-sight you look up to the sky?

Knowing and feeling all this, and far more than all this—for these are but hints of being that lies beyond the heaven of heavens—how must you reverence—and without blame how must you worship in their works—the great Poets! Were they extinguished, alas! for the world of memory! For 'tis Imagination that preserves for aye her sanctities from decay. Our mere human heart would lose hold of them—our mere human eye would lose sight of them—as they sank away into the realms of inanimated dust. But Imagination, though born in the heart, possesses a power not given to that strange, tumultuous thing which is disturbed for ever by its own beatings—her eyes discern, and know that it is immortal, the essential light that trickles in a transient tear. Therefore it was that Wordsworth called her

“The Vision and the Faculty Divine.”

Poetry, then, you perceive, is Piety, and its spirit is religious, obeying in its liberty the laws by which it is bound—for they are self-imposed—and in silken fetters, that but confine its feet and wings within the regions of holiness, be they on earth or in air, it feels for ever free—now like the rooted flower—now like the soaring bird—for is not the primrose as free in its still bloom on the brae, as the lark in its song that beats at the gates of heaven?

We do not fear to say that we

ought to read the poetry of uninspired men, as far as may be, in the same spirit in which we read the Scriptures. As far as may be—and that must depend on the faithfulness of the Poet's self to the sacred trust confided to him by his Maker. Genius is naturally a holy thing—and it has remained so till the last in the souls of most great poets—bear witness Three of the greatest—Spenser—Milton—Cowper. Profaned and desecrated it has too often been—wooing and wooed by pollution; and oftener, while it has yielded not to such temptations, nevertheless has it been lowered by the ascendancy of passions originating and ending in earth. Such accusation has been brought even against Shakspeare's self—though we hope unjustly; yet the charge is sometimes not without semblance of truth—and we take refuge from it in the calm that succeeds the trouble of his tragedies. On the heartbreaking Here arises the sense of a soul-consoling Hereafter. Conscience tells us that earth and hell cannot thus baffle the decrees of heaven. As the innocent die with the guilty, the visionary spectacle confirms the belief, which all realities inspire, that there is a world of reward and retribution. Dimly of old in such sins and sufferings men saw Fate—but they now see God.

Solemn as has been the tone of those few reflections—more solemn, we allow, than is usual in criticism on Poetry that does not claim for itself a sacred character—we do not think it will be found fault with by any one who reads our paper to its close. For we are about to lay before them a succession of pictures, by one of the great masters, of the triumph of the Powers of Good over the Powers of Evil. We have chosen to begin this series with *KAIL-YAL in the CURSE of KEHAMA*—a poem of wonderful power, but we have reason to believe not generally well known to the rising or newly-risen generation, who, enlightened as they think themselves, are yet in the dark with regard to many excellent matters lying within reach, if they but knew in what direction to put out their hands. Mr Southey's poems have gone, it is true, through many editions, and are destined to

go through many more—yet in comparison with that of some of his contemporaries, his poetry can hardly be said to be *popular*. It would almost seem as if his poetical reputation had suffered eclipse by the perpetual passing of his admirable prose work between the eyes of the public and its splendour—and that many thousands of his countrymen know Thalaba, and Madoc, and Roderick but by name, while by universal consent their author is rightfully placed at the head of the Literature of England.

This is a kind of obscurity of his fame which a man of genius may contemplate even with pride; yet highly as we estimate the many merits of Mr Southey's prose, we cannot prefer it to his poetry—or think that future ages will do so, except in the article of style, which is indeed worthy of all admiration—and far beyond that of any other writer of the age, characterised by the grace and power of true English speech. But wise, and good, and learned man as he is, he does not possess in great strength the faculty of reasoning; and on some questions of vast importance to the welfare and well-being of mankind, he often rashly delivers judgments which, on an appeal to the tribunal where that faculty alone is privileged to preside, will assuredly be set aside as contrary to the law both of nations and of nature. Yet we had, perhaps, no business to say so now; and with far greater satisfaction to ourselves declare our perfect trust in the truth of all the feelings, and sentiments, and affections with which his poetry overflows, and which win their way into the heart, while the images that so naturally accompany them at the same time delight the fancy, and with an emotion of the beautiful often subdue and temper into pleasure what otherwise might have been a too painful passion. His pathos is never so profound as Wordsworth's, but its touches, though gentle, are irresistible, for they are frequently let fall on those holy weak-points of our nature—pity and grief. We have heard it called *womanish*; and let it bear the reproach.

But the great glory of Southey's genius is its *originality*. It is easy

to assert that he draws on his vast stores of knowledge gathered from books—and that we have but to look at the multifarious accumulation of notes appended to his great Poems to see that they are not Inventions. The materials of poetry indeed are there—often the raw materials—seldom more—but the Imagination that moulded them into beautiful, or magnificent, or wondrous shapes, is all his own—and has shown itself most creative. Southey never was among the Arabians nor Hindoos, and therefore had to trust to travellers. But had he not been a Poet he might have read till he was blind, nor ever seen

“The palm-grove inland amid the waste,”
where with Oneiza in her Father’s Tent

“How happily the years of Thalaba went
by!”

In what guidance but that of his own genius did he descend with the Destroyer into the Domdaniel Caves? And who showed him the Swerga’s Bowers of Bliss? Who built for him with all its palaces that submarine City of the Dead, safe in its far-down silence from the superficial thunder of the sea? The greatness as well as the originality of Southey’s genius is seen in the conception of every one of his Five Chief Works—with the exception of Joan of Arc, which was written in very early youth, and is chiefly distinguished by a fine enthusiasm. They are one and all National Poems—wonderfully true to the customs and characters of the inhabitants of the countries in which are laid the scenes of all their various adventures and enterprises—and the Poet has entirely succeeded in investing with an individual interest each representative of a race. Thalaba is a true Arab—Madoc a true Briton—King Roderick indeed the Last of the Goths. Kehama is a personage whom we can be made to imagine only in Hindostan. Sir Walter confined himself in his poetry to Scotland—except in Rokeby—and his might then went not with him across the Border—though in his novels and romances he was at home when abroad—and no where else more gloriously than with Saladin in the Desert. Lalla Rookh is full of brilliant poetry; and one of the series—the Fire-Worship-

pers—is Moore’s highest effort—but the whole is too elaborately Oriental—and often in pure weariness of all that accumulation of the gorgeous imagery of the East, we shut up the false glitter, and thank Heaven that we are in one of the bleakest and barest corners of the West. But Southey’s magic is more potent—and he was privileged to exclaim—

“Come listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me: I am he who framed

Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.
Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread

The adventurous sail, explored the ocean path,

And quelled barbaric power, and overthrew

The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted on its fanes triumphantly
The Cross of Christ. Come, listen to my lay.”

And listen to it you now will—with us—the Lay that sings of the Trials of Kailyal and Ladurlad—of many a sore trouble all ending in bliss.

What and why pronounced was Kehama’s Curse, and who was Kehama? According to the Hindu religion, prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power, which has made them formidable to the supreme deities themselves, and rendered necessary an Avatar, or incarnation of Veeshnoo the Preserver. The Rajah Kehama had to perform but one more sacrifice to obtain such power—but ere he had effected it, his son Arvalan was slain by a peasant—Ladurlad—whose daughter Kailyal he had sought to violate. The foul spirit of the ravisher appears before his father at the funeral of his own corpse—and on being asked what it desires—answers—

“Only the sight of vengeance. Give me that!

Vengeance, full worthy vengeance! Not the stroke

Of sudden punishment—no agony
That spends itself and leaves the wretch at rest,

But lasting long revenge.”

The Man—only not Almighty—
while

“The strong reflection of the pile
Lit his dark lineaments,”

fixed his dreadful frown on Ladurlad—and pronounced the CURSE. Reginald Heber calls it “horribly sublime.” Francis Jeffrey—“miserable doggrel.” Christopher North avers that it is neither one nor other—but stern and savage as a curse should be—and in expression simple and direct to the point.

“I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent’s tooth
And the beasts of blood,
From sickness I charm thee;
And time shall not harm thee;
But Earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek Death
To release thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.”

“The greatest part of this curse,” quoth the Ex-king of Criticism, “would appear to most people, we believe, as no inconsiderable blessing; since it charms its object from the effects of wounds and violence—and sickness and infirmity and of old age; and *merely* dooms him not to be wet with water nor fanned with wind—and to pass his days without sleep, with a fire in his heart and a fire in his brain.” Comfortable as may seem to this arch-hypercritic, the condition of a person “merely so doomed”—the poor Hindoo looked forwards with horror to an eternal life of such heart-and-head-ach—and his silly child, Kailyal, was utterly disconsolate. Such wit would not tell now-a-days—but twenty years ago—ere Maga had arisen—it used to set the table in a roar, and was quoted by all the Whiglings as decisive of the

doggrel-teeming genius of Southey. We quote it now in no contempt for one—whose talents, “bright, various, quick,” we admire—but in proof of the wretched misery of the fashionable criticism of that day. The very name of the Cursed sounded ridiculous in the ears of the reigning Arbiter of Taste, and Comptroller-General of Genius—“Ladurlad—for that is his name.” And on the father saving his daughter from being drowned, the critic, true to that nature to which the Poet was false, cannot restrain his laughter at so funny an incident! The Poet then proceeds to speak of the daughter lying in her father’s arms, “Composed like one who sleeps with open eyes”—of one in sickness rescued from death to us a most affecting image. But the Maiden’s heart revives—and her face is restored to all its beauty—only sadness has for ever taken the place of the native joy of innocence. The Rajah had frowned the wretch away into endless wandering—but knew not that his Curse had empowered the father to save his child. And now it may be said that the action of the poem begins—the travel and the travail of filial and paternal piety—illustrating the power of love and pity to soothe pain that may never know respite—and to sustain the spirit from which they overflow on that one holiest head! And they who have seen the head of Lear on the knees of Cordelia will not withhold their tears at the sight of Ladurlad’s on the lap of Kailyal—for no less sacred a thing is misery when witnessed in a Hindoo peasant than in a Briton King.

“Reclin’d beneath a Cocoa’s feathery
shade
Ladurlad lies,
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath
laid,
To hide her streaming eyes.
The boatman, sailing on his easy
way,
With envious eye beheld them where they
lay;
For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early
dew;
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious
hour,
And the cool gale of morning as it
blew,
Not yet subdued by day’s increasing
power,

Ruffling the surface of the silvery
stream,
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and rais'd
no shower.

Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as
they!

"But now the sun in heaven is high,
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour,
They pant and palpitate with heat;
Their bills are open languidly
To catch the passing air;
They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not, it moves not.
The boatman, as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger
there,
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them
falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.

"There all the morning was Ladurlad
laid,
Silent and motionless, like one at ease;
There motionless upon her father's
knees,
Reclin'd the silent maid.

The man was still, pondering with steady
mind,
As if it were another's Curse,
His own portentous lot;
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy
thought,
As though it were a last night's tale of
woe,

Before the cottage door,
By some old beldame sung,
While young and old assembled
round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound,
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous
tongue.

"Musing so long he lay, that all
things seem
Unreal to his sense, even like a
dream,
A monstrous dream of things which could
not be.

That beating, burning brow,...why
it was now
The height of noon, and he was
lying there

In the broad sun, all bare!
What if he felt no wind? the air was
still,

That was the general will
Of nature, not his own peculiar
doom;

Yon rows of rice erect and silent
stand,

The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest
plume

Is steady on the sand.

"Is it indeed a dream? he rose to
try,

Impatient to the water-side he went,
And down he bent,

And in the stream he plung'd his hasty
arm

To break the visionary charm.

With fearful eye and fearful heart,

His daughter watch'd the event;

She saw the start and shudder,

She heard the in-drawn groan,

For the Water knew Kehama's charm,

The water shrunk before his arm.

His dry hand mov'd about unmoisten'd
there;

As easily might that dry hand avail

To stop the passing gale,

Or grasp the impassive air.

He is Almighty then!

Exclaim'd the wretch'd man in his
despair;

Air knows him, Water knows him;

Sleep

His dreadful word will keep;

Even in the grave there is no rest for
me,

Cut off from that last hope...the wretches'
joy;

And Veeshnoo hath no power to save,

Nor Seeva to destroy.

"Oh! wrong not them! quoth
Kailyal,

Wrong not the Heavenly Powers!

Our hope is all in them: They are not
blind!

And lighter wrongs than ours,

And lighter crimes than his,

Have drawn the Incarnate down among
mankind.

Already have the Immortals heard our
cries,

And in the mercy of their righteous-
ness

Beheld us in the hour of our distress!

She spake with streaming eyes,

Where pious love and ardent feelings
beam;

And turning to the Image, threw

Her grateful arms around it...It was
thou

Who saved'st me from the stream!

My Marriataly, it was thou!

I had not else been here

To share my Father's Curse,

To suffer now...and yet to thank thee
thus!

"Here then, the maiden cried, dear
Father, here

Raise our own Goddess, our divine
Preserver !

The mighty of the earth despise her
rites,

She loves the poor who serve her.

Set up her image here,

With heart and voice the guardian
Goddess bless,

For jealousy would she resent

Neglect and thanklessness....

Set up her image here,

And bless her for her aid with tongue and
soul sincere.

"So saying, on her knees the maid

Began the pious toil.

Soon their joint labour scoops the easy
soil ;

They raise the image up with reverent
hand,

And round its rooted base they heap
the sand.

O Thou whom we adore,

O Marriatally, thee do I implore,

The virgin cried ; my Goddess, pardon
thou

The unwilling wrong, that I no
more,

With dance and song,

Can do thy daily service, as of yore !

The flowers which last I wreath'd around
thy brow,

Are withering there ; and never now

Shall I at eve adore thee,

And swimming round with arms out-
spread,

Poise the full pitcher on my head,

In dextrous dance before thee ;

While underneath the reedy shed, at
rest,

My father sate the evening rites to
view,

And blest thy name, and blest

His daughter too.

"Then heaving from her heart a
heavy sigh,

O Goddess! from that happy home,
cried she,

The Almighty Man hath forced
us !

And homeward with the thought
unconsciously

She turn'd her dizzy eye...But there
on high,

With many a dome, and pinnacle, and
spire,

The summits of the Golden Palaces

Blaz'd in the dark blue sky, aloft, like
fire.

Father, away! she cried, away!

Why linger we so nigh ?

For not to him hath Nature given

The thousand eyes of Deity,

Always and every where with open
sight,

To persecute our flight!

Away...away! she said,

And took her father's hand, and like a
child,

He followed where she led."

There are few if any pictures in
our poetry more beautiful than this
—so perfect is the repose, that we
almost forget there is a sufferer. As
we remember the Curse, we believe
that filial piety has even already im-
paired its power of inflicting misery
—and that with such a daughter al-
ways at his side the father—in spite
of that unquenchable fire—will day
by day better bear his lot. On they
go through the evening silence, while

"Arising from the stream

Homeward the tall flamingo wings his
flight ;"

the evening gale is blowing, and

"Like plumes upon a warrior's crest
They see yon cocoas tossing to the breeze ;"

but no breath of air cools Ladur-
lad's brow—the sound and the sight
of waters more torment his brain ;
and the two lie down amid the wild
in the moonlight, heeding not the
white flag flapping to

"Mark where the tiger seized his human
prey."

Ladurlad neither moves, nor groans,
nor sighs—and Kailyal, "willingly
deceived," believes her father sleeps,
and in that blessed belief falls herself
asleep by his still but agonized side.
His misery is more than he can bear
—or, if he can bear the burden of his
curse, why endure

"The unavailing presence of her grief?"

The Rajah believes her dead—and
she may live secure in some still hut
far remote from the palace. So as-
suring himself that she is asleep, he
rises up, and "stealing away with
silent tread," leaves her in the wild
never more to be afflicted by the
misery of her father's face. We know
not whether this be natural or no—
Southey felt it to be so as he was in
the fit of strong imagination—and
therefore we would fain believe it
right—nor is it often that a poet errs
in conceiving a crisis—yet we have
never yet been affected by the pas-
sage as we would wish—and even

now suspect that the "Separation" was suggested, not by the passion of the present scene, but with an eye to the future. Kailyal awakens and feels him gone, and madly rushes through the boughs that smite her—when on a sudden,

"Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light"

the living form and face of the spectre Arvalan! She flies to an open fane opportunely near, of

"Pollear, gentle God,

To whom the travellers for protection pray,"

and as Arvalan seizes her in the sanctuary, the Deity

"Over the forest hurld him all abroad."

Not knowing what power had saved her, she continues her flight, and stumbling on the knotted root of a manchineil,

"Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade."

And there she lies, while the poison-dews distil over her from the baleful boughs of that mortal tree—and

"What if the hungry tiger, prowling by,
Should snuff his banquet nigh?

Alas! death needs not now his ministry!"

If there be something rather harrowing and horrible in all this than pitiful—which to us we confess there is—perhaps it was purposely made so by the poet, that by the force of contrast, the sudden beauty that succeeds might be still more startling and impressive. Yet it needed no such artifice—if artifice it were—to enhance the delight inspired by such a vision.

"Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,

It might have calm'd the gay amid their mirth,

And given the wretched a delight in tears.

One of the Glendoveers,

The loveliest race of all of heavenly birth,

Hovering with gentle motion o'er the earth,

Amid the moonlight air,
In sportive flight was floating round and round,

Unknowing where his joyous way was tending,

He saw the maid where motionless she lay,

And stoop'd his flight descending,

And rais'd her from the ground.

Her heavy eyelids are half clos'd,

Her cheeks are pale and livid like the dead,

Down hang her loose arms lifelessly,

Down hangs her languid head.

"With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,

The gentle Glendoveer

Prest her thus pale and senseless to his breast,

And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,

And bears the Maiden there,

Where Himakoot, the Holy Mount, on high

From mid-earth rising in mid-heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of Even.

Soaring with strenuous flight above,

He bears her to the blessed Grove,

Where in his ancient and august abodes
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods."

In Sacontala, there is a description of this abode of the Saturn of Hindostan. Dushmanta says, "Matiali, what mountain is that which, like an evening cloud, pours exhilarating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?" Matiali answers, "That, O king, is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hémacúta; the universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement." Dushmanta exclaims, "I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat. It becomes indeed pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath. In this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire." Such is the picture painted of the Holy Mount by Calidasa, the great dramatic poet of the Hindoos, and Southey sees of it a vision even more beautiful. Ereenia, for that is the name of the Glendoveer, lays the lifeless Kailyal at the feet

of the Father of the Immortals, where he sits beside the tree of life that shades the fountains of the sacred river. Casyapa smiles benignantly on his son, but says he dare not receive the mortal maid into the sanctuary, for he fears Kehama, whom the Asuras and the spirits of the damned acclaim their hero—whom Yamen, and Brama, and Veeshnoo, dread as they turn their faces in doubt towards Seeva's throne. Kehama might seek her even on the Holy Mount, and were Force and Evil to enter here, the stream of the Ganges would lose its virtue;

"And they who gasp upon its banks in death
Feel no salvation."

Ereenia continues to plead fervently for the "poor child of earth," and Casyapa listens but does not relent. Look, says the Glendoveer—

"Look! she drinks.
The gale of healing from the blessed groves.

She stirs, and lo! her hand
Hath touched the Holy River in its source,
Who would have shrunk if aught impure
were nigh.

CASYAPA.

The maiden, of a truth, is free from sin."

All this while Kailyal has been lying insensible at Casyapa's feet—and what can be more exquisite than the picture of her revival!

"The waters of the holy Spring
About the hand of Kailyal play;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay,
As if with that rejoicing stir
The holy Spring would welcome her.
The Tree of Life which o'er her
spread,

Benignant bow'd its sacred head,
And dropt its dews of healing;
And her heart-blood at every breath,
Recovering from the strife of death,
Drew in new strength and feeling.
Behold her beautiful in her repose,
A life-bloom reddening now her dark-
brown cheek;

And lo! her eyes unclose,
Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring
profound

When night hangs over it,
Bright as the moon's refulgent beam,

That quivers on its clear up-sparkling
stream.

"Soon she let fall her lids,
As one who, from a blissful dream
Waking to thoughts of pain,
Fain would return to sleep, and dream
again.

Distrustful of the sight,
She moves not, fearing to disturb
The deep and full delight.
In wonder fix'd, opening again her eye
She gazes silently,
Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was
past,
That she had reach'd her heavenly home
of rest,

And these were Gods before her,
Or spirits of the blest."

Lo! at Ereenia's voice comes sailing
down the skies a Ship of Heaven!
"Where wouldst thou bear her?"
cries the Sire of Gods.

"Straight to the Swerga, to my Bower
of Bliss,
The Glendoveer replies,
To Indra's own abodes."

There is a delightful simplicity of poetical diction in the whole passage from which we have now made extracts—nor is there one superfluous or misplaced word. The Poet's heart is hushed by the dream of his fancy—all is serene around the flight of the Glendoveer, ere yet he leaves the air of earth—fit place of repose for Kailyal is that heavenly breast—on which she is wafted away to a place of profoundest peace. Yet even there we continue to pity her—and nothing can be more affecting than her speechlessness on awaking in presence of celestial beings on the Holy Mountain. Power and will have left her—and gazing on them she is passive as in sleep. It is not in fear, nor yet in joy, that she is mute—though both fearful and joyful—but it would seem as if the language of the lower world were either forgotten, or felt by her unfitting such a place, nor meet for the ear of its inhabitants—standing like Gods before her, or the spirits of the blest.

But now that her trance is over, and Kailyal sitting by the side of her Glendoveer in the Ship of Heaven, on its aerial voyage to Swerga's Bowers of Bliss, why should not the poet indulge—nay revel and riot in the pleasures of imagination—if such be

his sovereign will? And what forbids that we should enjoy his joy, and sympathize with him in that excitement of the very senses that kindles the fancy till it clothes all they look on with the gorgeous colouring of the light it loves? What sense is there in declaring all such

descriptions "redundant," "diffuse?" That is their merit. They *are* redundant and diffuse; and so are the folds of the crimson-cloud draperies depending from the sky-ceiling to the sea-floor on either side of the throne of the rising or setting sun.

"Then in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia laid

The waking, wondering Maid;

The Ship of Heaven, instinct with thought, display'd

Its living sail, and glides along the sky.

On either side in wavy tide,

The clouds of morn along its path divide;

The Winds who swept in wild career on high,

Before its presence check their charmed force;

The Winds that loitering lagg'd along their course,

Around the living Bark enamour'd play,

Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

"That Bark, in shape, was like the furrowed shell

Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-king,

On festal day, their duteous offering bring.

Its hue? . . . Go watch the last green light

Ere Evening yields the western sky to Night;

Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight

Till thou hast reach'd its orb of chrysolite.

The sail from end to end display'd,

Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the maid.

An Angel's head, with visual eye,

Through trackless space, directs its chosen way;

Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,

Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.

Smooth as the swan when not a breeze at even

Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.

"Recumbent there the Maiden glides along

On her aerial way,

How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind

Had flagg'd in flight behind.

Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,

And all serene in mind,

Feeling no fear; for that ethereal air

With such new life and joyance fill'd her heart,

Fear could not enter there;

For sure she deem'd her mortal part was o'er,

And she was sailing to the heavenly shore;

And that Angelic form, who mov'd beside,

Was some good Spirit sent to be her guide.

"Daughter of Earth! therein thou deem'st aright.

And never yet did form more beautiful,

In dreams of night descending from on high,

Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight;

Nor, like a vision of delight,

Rise on the raptur'd Poet's inward eye.

Of human form divine was he,

The immortal Youth of Heaven who floated by;

Even such as that divinest form shall be

In those blest stages of our onward race,

When no infirmity,

Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,

Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire,

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim
 Had seem'd unworthy him ;
 Angelic power and dignity and grace
 Were in his glorious pennons ; from the neck
 Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web,
 Richer than robes of Tyrian die, that deck
 Imperial majesty ;
 Their colour like the winter's moonless sky
 When all the stars of midnight's canopy
 Shine forth ; or like the azure deep at noon,
 Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
 Such was their tint when clos'd, but when outspread,
 The permeating light
 Shed through their substance thin a varying hue :
 Now bright as when the Rose,
 Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight
 A like delight : now like the juice that flows
 From Douro's generous vine,
 Or ruby when with deepest red it glows :
 Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine
 When, at forthcoming of the Lord of Day,
 The Orient, like a shrine,
 Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
 And heralding his way,
 Proclaims the presence of the power divine.

" Thus glorious were the wings
 Of that celestial Spirit, as he went
 Disporting through his native element.
 Nor these alone
 The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view ;
 Through the broad membrane branch'd a pliant bone ;
 Spreading like fibres from their parent stem,
 Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
 Or as the chaster hue
 Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem.
 Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite
 The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
 On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

" Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.
 Far far beneath them lies
 The gross and heavy atmosphere of earth ;
 And with the Swerga gales,
 The Maid of mortal birth
 At every breath a new delight inhales.
 And now toward its port the Ship of Heaven,
 Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight,
 Yet gently as the dews of night that gem,
 And do not bend the hare-bell's slenderest stem.
 Daughter of Earth, Ereenia cried, alight,
 This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,
 Lo, here my Bower of Bliss !

" He fur'd his azure wings, which round him fold
 Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
 The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze :
 Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
 Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,
 Now on his heavenly home."

And has she forgot her father ? oblivious bliss of a trance ! On the
 She has—for a while—and all the Holy Mount she had drunk the gale
 world below—nor remembers that it of healing from the Blessed groves
 is called earth. Her bliss has been the —in the ship of heaven, sailing with

the Glendoveer through the waveless sea of sky, she had enjoyed the ether in which the Devetas delight—and now she was in the Swerga's bowers—the terrestrial Paradise—the abode of Indra—and during such wonderful waftage was it a sin in Kailyal to cease to remember even the brightest and blackest of her former being—that the past with all its delight and all its distraction was extinguished in the present—Ladurlad—Kehama—Arvalan not even so much as names! In this the poet obeyed the still sweet voice of nature; but hark! how a single word brings back the mortal maid to her mortal life. Ereenia tells her

"The almighty Rajah shall not harm thee here;"

and Kailyal replies, in a line that explains all,

"*I thought that death had saved me from his power.*"

The Glendoveer gently says

"Long years of life and happiness,
O child of earth, be thine!

From death I saved thee, and from all thy foes

Will save thee, while the Swerga is secure."

"Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta!

Take me again to earth! This is no place
Of hope for me! . . . my Father still must bear

His curse . . . he shall not bear it all alone;

Take me to earth, that I may follow him! . . .

I do not fear the Almighty Man! the Gods

Are feeble here; but there are higher powers

Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like ours;

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta! . . .

"Saying thus she knelt, and to his knees she clung,
And bowed her head, in tears and silence praying.

Rising anon, around his neck she flung

Her arms, and there with folded hands she hung,

And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer

Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's tongue,

Again she cried, There is no comfort here!

I must be with my Father in his pain . . .

Take me to earth, O Deveta, again!

"Indra with admiration heard the maid.

O Child of Earth, he cried,

Already in thy spirit thus divine,

Whatever weal or woe betide,

Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,

And all good Powers will aid a soul like thine.

Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said,

Take her where Ganges hath its second birth,

Below our sphere, and yet above the earth:

There may Ladurlad rest beyond the power

Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour."

KAILYAL.

"Not me alone, O gentle Deveta!

I have a father suffering upon earth,
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,

For whose strange misery

There is no human help,

And none but I dare comfort him

Beneath Kehama's Curse.

O gentle Deveta, protect him too!"

Ereenia leads Kailyal to the garden of the Deity, but Indra, like Casyapa, is in dread of Kehama, and notwithstanding the passionate intercession of the Glendoveer, "with a sad displeasure," in which there is pity too, declares that no child of man, till the mortal part hath been put off, must sojourn in the Bowers of Bliss—

"For on mortality

Time and infirmity, and death attend,

Close followers they, and in their mournful train

Sorrow and pain, and mutability;

Did they find entrance here, we should behold

Our joys, like earthly summers, pass away."

Kailyal all the while has been mute; and having listened to the colloquy in which Indra communicates to Ereenia his fears that the Rajah is about to become omnipotent, at its close exclaims—

From the Ship of Heaven voyaging towards this middle region of Repose, the Glendoveer sees Ladurlad combating in a whirlwind of sand with the spectral Arvalan—and he sinks down to the rescue.

“He bade the Ship of Heaven alight,
And gently there he laid

The astonished father by the happy maid,
The maid now shedding tears of deep delight.”

But ere this meeting there is some very affecting descriptions of the sufferings and sorrows of Ladurlad since he had left his child—and the section entitled “Home Scene,” has been thought by many to be the most beautiful part of the poem. In it

“Unwittingly the wretch’s footsteps
trace

Their wonted path toward his dwelling
place;

And wandering on, unknowing where,
He starts at finding he is there.

* * * *

He took his wonted seat before the door,
Even as of yore,

When he was wont to view, with placid
eyes,

His daughter at her evening sacrifice.
Here were the flowers which she so carefully

Did love to rear for Mariataly’s brow;
Neglected now,

Their heavy heads were drooping, over-
blown;

All else appeared the same as heretofore;
All—save himself alone!

How happy then—and now a wretch for
evermore.

* * * *

Yet thinking on the heavenly powers, his
mind

Drew comfort, and he rose and gathered
flowers,

And twined a crown for Mariataly’s
brow;

And taking then her withered garland
down,

Replaced it with the blooming coronal.
Not for myself, the unhappy Father cried,

Not for myself, O Mighty One! I pray,
Accursed as I am beyond thy aid!

But oh! be gracious still to that dear Maid
Who crowned thee with these garlands
day by day,

And danced before thee, aye, at even-
tide

In beauty and in pride.

O Mariataly, wheresoe’er she stray
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her
guide!”

These and other passages equally touching enhance our happiness on seeing the much-enduring man lying with his daughter in his arms in the Ship of Heaven.

“Beholding all things with incredulous
eyes

Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there he
lay,

While sailing up the skies, the living
bark,

Through air and sunshine, held its hea-
venly way.”

Proud of its delight, it sails up the fields of ether like an angel, and on reaching Meru mountain, the clouds float round to honour it, and the Evening lingers in heaven. On Meru mountain is the mortal birth—for none hath seen its source—of

“The holy river, the redeeming flood;”

and in a mountain-valley the stream expands into a lake (not so fair as Windermere!) on whose banks the living bark alights.

“The Glendoveer

Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed lake.
O happy sire! and yet more happy daughter!

The etherial gales his agony aslake,
His daughter’s tears are on his cheek,
His hand is in the water;

The innocent man, the man opprest,
Oh, joy! hath found a place of rest

Beyond Kehama’s sway,

*His Curse extends not here—his pains have
past away!”*

That passing away—to him who had so long borne “fire in his heart and fire in his brain,” must of itself have been bliss! But here not with Kailyal alone has Ladurlad met—the spirit of her mother Yedillian—“the early-lost, the long-deplored”—no such sallow, shrouded, silent, and sorrowful phantom as grief, unable to forget the grave, images the ghost of her who was once so radiant in her joy—but fairer even than when first she slept in the nuptial bower, and lustrous in a beauty beyond that of the daughters of mankind, bestowed on her by the air inhaled by those whose lives had been pure on earth, in regions lying in everlasting light inaccessible to the thought of death!

“O happy Sire, and happy Daughter!

Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting place and sanctuary have
found,

What! hath not then their mortal taint
defil'd

The sacred solitary ground?
Vain thought!...the Holy Valley smil'd
Receiving such a sire and child;
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously,
And roll'd her little waves to meet
And welcome their beloved feet.
The gales of Swerga thither fled,
And heavenly odours there were shed
About, below, and overhead;
And Earth, rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,
Where every amaranthine flower
Its deathless blossom interweaves
With bright and undecaying leaves.

"Three happy beings are there here,
The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.
A fourth approaches...who is this
That enters in the Bower of Bliss?
No form so fair might painter find
Among the daughters of mankind;
For death her beauties hath refin'd,
And unto her a form hath given,
Fram'd of the elements of Heaven;
Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.
She stood and gaz'd on sire and child;
Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
The tears were streaming down her cheek,
And when those tears her sight beguil'd,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the caress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

"The Maid that lovely form survey'd;
Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not;
But Nature to her heart convey'd
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe oppress'd.
Not so, Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held her to his breast!
Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,
By Death alone to others given,
This moment hath to him restor'd
The early-lost, the long-deplor'd,

"They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,

In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven
returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

A blessed family is this
Assembled in the Bower of Bliss!
Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,
And pangs beyond all human measure,
And thy reward is now divine,
A foretaste of eternal pleasure.
He knew indeed there was a day
When all these joys would pass away,
And he must quit this blest abode;
And, taking up again the spell,
Groan underneath the baleful load,
And wander o'er the world again
Most wretched of the sons of men:
Yet was this brief repose, as when
A traveller in the Arabian sands,
Half-fainting on his sultry road,
Hath reach'd the water-place at last;
And resting there beside the Well,
Thinks of the perils he has past,
And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,
The plain which must be travers'd still,
And drinks...yet cannot drink his fill;
Then girds his patient loins again.
So to Ladurlad now was given
New strength and confidence in Heaven,
And hope, and faith invincible.
For often would Ereenia tell
Of what in elder days befell,
When other Tyrants, in their might,
Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth;
And Veeshnoo took a human birth,
Deliverer of the Sons of men;
And slew the huge Ermaccasen,
And piece-meal rent, with lion force,
Errenen's accursed corse,
And humbled Baly in his pride;
And when the Giant Ravenen
Had borne triumphant, from his side,
Sita, the earth-born God's beloved bride,
Then, from his island-kingdom, laugh'd
to scorn
The insulted husband, and his power de-
fled;

How to revenge the wrong in wrath he
hied,
Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,
And met the hundred-headed foe,
And dealt him the unerring blow ;
By Brama's hand the righteous lance was
given,
And by that arm immortal driven,
It laid the mighty Tyrant low ;
And Earth, and Ocean, and high Heaven,
Rejoiced to see his overthrow.
Oh ! doubt not thou, Yedillian cried,
Such fate Kehama will betide ;
For there are Gods who look below . . .
Seeva, the Avenger, is not blind,
Nor Veeshnoo careless for mankind.

" Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued
With hope and holy fortitude ;
And Child and Sire, with pious mind
Alike resolv'd, alike resign'd,
Look'd onward to the evil day ;
Faith was their comfort, Faith their stay ;
They trusted woe would pass away,
And Tyranny would sink subdued,
And Evil yield to Good."

Dear to each other are Kailyal and
Ereenia—and the Poet has not hesi-
tated to allude even to Love. Cam-
deo, the Cupid of the Hindu Mytho-
logy, comes flying to Mount Meru
—one shaft from his bowstring of
bees strikes Ereenia's breast.

" Go aim at idler hearts,
Thy skill is baffled here !
A deeper love I bear that Maid divine,
Sprung from a higher will,
A holier power than thine !
A second shaft, while thus Ereenia cried,
Had Camdeo aim'd at Kailyal's side,
But lo ! the bees which strung his bow
Broke off, and took their flight.
To that sweet flower of earth they winged
their way,
Around her raven tresses play,
And buzz about her with delight,
As if, with that melodious sound,
They strove to pay their willing duty
To mortal purity and beauty !"

Reginald Heber says that, "accus-
tomed as we are to the Grecian Cup-
id, we cannot reconcile ourselves
to Camdeo's bowstring, which being
composed of live bees, must have
been singularly ill adapted to the
purposes of archery ; nor are we at
all pleased with the bees breaking off
upon one occasion, and hiving upon
Kailyal's head." But why may not
an English Christian critic, "accus-
tomed as he may be to the Grecian
Cupid," easily reconcile himself to

the Hindu Cupid, in a poem where all
are Hindoos ? Camdeo's bow is not
classical—you may call it, if you
choose, fantastic—but it is not inele-
gant ; and though it would have been
found "singularly ill-adapted" to the
purposes of archery in the hands of
Robin Hood, Little John, Adam
Bell, Clym-o'-the-Clough, or William
of Cloudeslie, in those of Camdeo,
who, it must be remembered, was
not an outlawed forester, but a God,
it was found serviceable, and sent a
shaft into the side of many a hart and
many a hind. The bees do not, we
see, "hive on Kailyal's head," though
they would have shown as good taste
by doing so, as did their cousins of
Hybla and Hymettus, by swarming
on the lips of the infant Plato. The
incident is assuredly told with grace,
and Southey was not the Poet to
shun the Lad on the Lory, in an ima-
gination peopled with all the chief
personages of that fabulous faith.
What creature of the Grecian My-
thology resembled the Glendoveer ?
What machine the Ship of Heaven ?

" Ah ! wanton ! cried the Glendoveer,
No power hast thou for mischief here ?
Choose thou some idler breast,
For these are proof, by nobler thoughts pos-
sessed.
Go, to thy plains of Matra, go,
And string again thy broken bow !
Rightly Ereenia spake ; and ill had thoughts
Of earthly love beseeemed the sanctuary
Where Kailyal had been wafted, that the
soul
Of her dead mother there might strengthen
her."

And was it not right too that "the
soul of the dead mother," enrobed
in celestial beauty, should now
be with the husband of her youth
in that mysterious region of rest ?
Not from Hades did she come—
no river of separation flowed be-
tween the living and the dead—
and what see we in the poet's vision
of the Happy Family on Mount
Meru, that love, inspired by sorrow,
has not seen and suffered—for the
bliss was like suffering—and wept
on waking to know that it was but a
dream !

" O ye who, by the Lake
On Meru Mount, partake
The joys which Heaven has destined for the
blest,
Swift, swift, the moments fly,

The silent hours go by,
And ye must leave your dear abode of rest !”

“ They little deeming that the fatal day
Was come, beheld where, through the
morning sky,

A ship of Heaven drew nigh.
Onward they watch it steer its steady flight ;

Till, wondering, they espy
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.
But, when Ereenia saw the sire appear,
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight,
His heart receiv'd a sudden shock of fear ;
Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,
O Father ! cried the startled Glendoveer,
The dreadful hour is near ! I know it well.
Not for less import would the Sire of Gods
Forsake his ancient and august abodes ! ”

Casyapa tells them that Kehama is
about to consummate the mighty sac-
rifice of the hundredth steed un-
touched by human hand, and then
he will be Man-almighty !

“ And now, O child and father, ye must
go,

Take up the burthen of your woe,
And wander once again below.
*With patient heart hold onward to the end—
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in
mind,
That every God is still the good man's
friend ;
And they, who suffer bravely, save man-
kind.*”

“ The will of Heaven be done,” are
all the words Ladurlad speaks—Ye-
dillian had vanished—the Glendoveer
must go with Casyapa—and he and
Kailyal again be wanderers on earth.

“ There was no word at parting, no
adieu.

Down from that empyreal height they
flew :

One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet uttered
not,

When, to his heart and brain,
The fiery curse again like lightning shot.
And now on earth the sire and child
alight—

Upsoar'd the ship of Heaven, and sailed
away from sight.”

The glories and beauties of Mount
Meru are no more—the streams of
Paradise have ceased to flow—the
Fountain-tree shakes forth no longer
its diamond shower—the Palace,
whose far-flashing beams brightened
the polar night of the north's ex-
tremest shore, is gone like a rain-
bow—for the inevitable hour has

confirmed the almighty Rajah in his
power over earth, and hell, and hea-
ven—and the Asuras and the giants
join the cry of the damned in Pa-
dalon.

“ Up rose the Rajah through the con-
quered sky,

To seize the Swerga for his proud abode ;
Myriads of evil genii round him fly,
As royally, on wings of winds, he rode,
And scaled high Heaven, triumphant like
a God.”

Our delight now is to be with
Kailyal and Ladurlad ; and we have
no more to do with Kehama than is
necessary to the unfolding of the
story of their woes and virtues ; else
we could say much about that extra-
ordinary incarnation of supernatural
ambition and pride. He had long
been powerful—now he is omni-
potent ; and perhaps it might be diffi-
cult to account for his not having
left a Vicegerent or Lord-lieutenant
behind him, on his ascent to the
Swerga ; but suffice it now to say
that, however it may fare with the
rest of the earth, things seem to
go on in Hindostan pretty much ac-
cording to the old régime.

Kailyal implores a promise from
her father that he will never leave
her more—which is given—and
her soul is satisfied ; and looking
around them as if to seek

“ Where they should turn, North, South,
or East or West,”

the Maiden cries—

“ Have we not here the Earth beneath our
tread—

Heaven overhead,
A brook that winds through this sequestered
glade,

And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and
shade,

The little all our wants require is nigh ;
Hope we have none—why travel on in fear ?
We cannot fly from fate, and fate will find
us here.”

Every good poem, we believe, has
a beginning, a middle, and an end.
We have reached the end of the
middle, and are at the beginning of
the end—of the second series of
their sufferings ; but there is a pause
of peace between—a prolongation
on earth of the happiness they en-
joyed on the Meru Mount. But the
fire burns in the heart and brain
of Ladurlad—Yedillian may never

revisit mortal shades—and Kailyal has been forsaken by her Glendoveer!

“Hope we have none, said Kailyal to her sire.

Said she aright? And had the mortal maid

No thoughts of heavenly aid,

No secret hopes her inmost heart to move

With longings of such deep and pure desire,

As vestal maids, whose piety is love,

Feel in their extasies when rapt above,

Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse as-
pire?

Why else so often doth that searching eye

Roam through the scope of sky?

Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,

Starts there that quick suffusion to her
cheek?

’Tis but the eagle, in his heavenly height;

Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry,

And marks his wheeling flight,

Then languidly averts her mournful sight.

Why ever else, at morn, that waking sigh,

Because the lovely form no more is nigh,

Which hath been present to her soul all
night;

And that injurious fear

Which ever, as it riseth, is repress,

Yet riseth still within her troubled breast,
That she no more shall see the Glendoveer!”

Oh! why had Reginald Heber—
(perhaps it was not he)—whom all
admired and loved—the heart to
say, “that the love of the Glendo-
veer reminded us of the *Comte de*
Gabalès—and of *Pope*!!! who
adapted to comic machinery the at-
tachment of his airy beings. It is
perhaps less fitted to serious poetry;

for so inseparable are our ideas even
of sentimental affection, from the
pangs of jealousy and the tumults of
desire, that we can hardly conceive
love, in the sense usually affixed to the
word, existing between two beings
of different natures, any more than
between two persons of the same
sex.” True, we cannot “*in the sense*
usually affixed to it ;” but Southey
has shown us how we can in the
sense he has chosen *unusually* to af-
fix to it; “pangs of jealousy and
tumults of desire,” would indeed be
out of place here—but not so the
gentle glow that warms Kailyal’s
bosom—not so the sadness that sha-
dows it—not so the regret almost like
an upbraiding which her heart will
not suffer her lips to whisper, that
no Ship of Heaven—though often the
Eagle—is seen in the sky. The poet
knew well that to have touched her
heart with slightest passion for a
human lover would have ruined ut-
terly her divine devotion to her
Father—yet at the same time he
knew well, that even in among the
midst of life-deep emotions of
filial piety might steal delight in the
angelical beauty and benignity of a
blessed Glendoveer.

Yet in not a word of the following
altogether matchless description is
there any allusion to the holy at-
tachment—delicate its links as the
lines of gossamer of which the
knots are dewdrops—between Kail-
yal and Ereenia.

“’Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,

A green and sunny glade amid the wood,

And in the midst an aged Banian grew.

It was a goodly sight to see

That venerable tree,

For o’er the lawn, irregularly spread,

Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;

And many a long depending shoot,

Seeking to strike its root,

Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.

Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,

Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,

With many a ring and wild contortion wound;

Some to the passing wind at times, with sway

Of gentle motion swung,

Others of younger growth, unmov’d, were hung

Like stone-drops from the cavern’s fretted height.

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,

Nor weeds nor briars deform’d the natural floor,

And through the leafy cope which bower’d it o’er

Came gleams of chequered light.

So like a temple did it seem, that there

A pious heart’s first impulse would be prayer.

" A brook, with easy current, murmured near;
Water so cool and clear

The peasants drink not from the humble well,
Which they with sacrifice of rural pride,
Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside;
Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense
To those in towns who dwell,
The work of Kings, in their beneficence.
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,
Pellucid, deep, and still, in silence join'd
And swell'd the passing stream. Like burnish'd steel
Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon;
And when the breezes, in their play,
Ruffled the darkening surface, then with gleam
Of sudden light, around the lotus stem
It rippled, and the sacred flowers that crown
The lakelet with their roseate beauty, ride,
In gentlest waving rock'd, from side to side;
And as the wind upheaves
Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves
Flap on the twinkling waters, up and down.

" They built them here a bower; of jointed cane,
Strong for the needful use, and light and long
Was the slight frame-work rear'd, with little pain;
Lithe creepers, then, the wicker-sides supply,
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
Beneath that genial sky
And here did Kailyal, each returning day,
Pour forth libations from the brook, to pay
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite;
In such libations pour'd in open glades,
Beside clear streams and solitary shades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.
And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,
The Maid, as with an Angel's voice of song,
Pour'd her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even,
And gliding in religious dance along,
Mov'd, graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven,
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

" Thus ever, in her Father's doting eye,
Kailyal perform'd the customary rite;
He, patient of his burning pain the while,
Beheld her, and approv'd her pious toil;
And sometimes, at the sight,
A melancholy smile
Would gleam upon his awful countenance.
He, too, by day and night, and every hour,
Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, or rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,
An agony repress, a will resign'd,
To her, who, on her secret throne reclin'd,
Amid the milky Sea, by Veeshnoo's side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power endued,
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,
And marks the silent sufferings of the good,
To recompense them in her own good time.

" O force of faith! O strength of virtuous will!
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still!

The Curse still burning in his heart and brain,
 And yet doth he remain
 Patient the while, and tranquil, and content !
 The pious soul hath fram'd unto itself
 A second nature, to exist in pain
 As in its own allotted element.

“ Such strength the will reveal'd had given
 This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
 That to their solitary resting-place
 They brought the peace of Heaven.
 Yea all around was hallow'd ! Danger, Fear,
 Nor thought of evil ever entered here.
 A charm was on the Leopard when he came
 Within the circle of that mystic glade ;
 Submit he crouch'd before the heavenly maid,
 And offer'd to her touch his speckled side ;
 Or with arch'd back erect, and bending head,
 And eyes half-clos'd for pleasure, would he stand,
 Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

“ Trampling his path through wood and brake,
 And canes which crackling fall before his way,
 And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play
 O'ertopping the young trees,
 On comes the Elephant, to slake
 His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
 Lo ! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he flings
 The grateful shower ; and now
 Plucking the broad-leav'd bough
 Of yonder plane, with waving motion slow,
 Fanning the languid air,
 He moves it too and fro.
 But when that form of beauty meets his sight,
 The trunk its undulating motion stops,
 From his forgetful hold the plane-branch drops,
 Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational eyes
 To her as if in prayer ;
 And when she pours her angel voice in song,
 Entranced he listens to the thrilling notes,
 Till his strong temples, bath'd with sudden dews,
 Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse.

“ Lo ! as the voice melodious floats around,
 The Antelope draws near,
 The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs to hear,
 The Snake comes gliding from the secret brake,
 Himself in fascination forced along
 By that enchanting song ;
 The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols late,
 When not a breeze wav'd the tall jungle-grass,
 Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and silently
 Hang on the cluster'd trees.
 All things in wonder and delight are still ;
 Only at times the Nightingale is heard,
 Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird
 Her rival strain would try,
 A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie ;
 She only bore her part in powerful sympathy.

“ Well might they thus adore that heavenly Maid !
 For never Nymph of Mountain,
 Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,
 With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.
 No idle ornaments deface
 Her natural grace,

Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet stain,
 Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor ankle-ring,
 Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or breast,
 Marring the perfect form; she seem'd a thing
 Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a child
 Of early Nature undefil'd.

A daughter of the years of innocence.
 And therefore all things lov'd her. When she stood
 Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
 Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
 Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother bird,
 When Kailyal's steps she heard,
 Sought not to tempt her from her secret nest,
 But, hastening to the dear retreat, would fly
 To meet and welcome her benignant eye."

Delighted reader! to whom but snatches, or stray glimpses of Southey's inspirations have hitherto been known, thou mayest perchance have seen bits and pieces of the above description quoted in some scores of the more popular of our thousand and one periodicals. And you may have admired them as you might half a foot of canvass cut off the corner of a picture by some Goth, or out of its very heart. "Specimens of the Living Poets!" We have seen such collections—we think—for the use of schools. Sentences are generally—though not always—printed pretty entire—but few paragraphs are so fortunate; and the impression left on the mind of the pupil who may have attained his or her teens is, that the living poets are all idiots. The Quarterly Reviews (they have lately improved in this respect, though they might all "*thole amends*") used to stop short in their quotations long before the close of any sweeping sentence of numerous verse with "linked sweetness long drawn out," so that the effect on the ear, and mind, and temper, of the reader was like that which you may imagine might be caused on those of a lover of instrumental music by some fiend in human form knocking the kit from the shoulder of some famous fiddler—at the critical moment when he had run his fingers up to within an inch of the bridge, and was about to give the world assurance of a shake that would have eternized his name on earth. Southey has suffered severely from this system. There is, as we have said, a notion that he is very diffuse; and as the editors of *Elegant Extracts* cannot afford room for the

whole of such a passage, as we for example have quoted, they cut it into shreds, and then insert the shortest as a specimen of the Laureate.

How complete the picture in all its fair proportions! Never again on this earth is Kailyal to be seen by her father so happy—and therefore it is that the poet lavishes all loveliness on her and on the scene she beautifies! But how can she have the heart to be so happy, and her father all the while enduring his Curse? That he may be able to endure it, since he is excommunicated from death. It is her duty to be happy—not merely to seem so—for there must be no deceit practised on the miserable, by those who love them—the pity of the pure-hearted for the strong-souled must be serene as that of the dewy but unclouded skies. The fire in Ladurlad's heart and brain would more intensely burn were he to suspect that his Kailyal was playing him false in dance and song—and that she had not obeyed the commands of himself, of nature and of heaven, to be in her own heart, as well as before his eyes, blest as the bird of Paradise hovering ever on unwearied wings.

The Cane-bower is broken in upon, and Kailyal carried off by the foul Priests of the Temple of Jagannaut, but she is rescued by her father, who engages in many perilous adventures, and is empowered to achieve them all by his Curse. In this part of the Poem, Mr Southey displays in prodigious splendour his genius for description of the wild and wonderful; nor is Kailyal often out of sight, ever out of mind—acting always like herself—as Words-

worth says of Emmeline (of whom anon) in the White Doe of Rylstone, by time and faith

"Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed humanity."

"Their golden summits in the noon-day light
Shone o'er the dark-green deep that rolled between;
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight.
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude,
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice, save of the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves!"

Turner! darest thou not face such city and such sea? Martin! recoilest thou from the vastness of those water shadows? Into those awful abysses Ladurlad descends to release the Glendoveer from his imprisonment among their ancient sepulchres. For seven days and nights he is in the depths—and for seven days and nights Kailyal is on the shore. Etty! there you may

"Behold upon the sand
A lovely maiden in the moonlight stand.
The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet,
The waves around her polished ankles play,
Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is wet;
Her arms are crost, unconsciously, to fold
That bosom from the cold,
While statue-like she seems her watch to keep,
Gazing intently on the restless deep!"

Omitting much, we come now to the Descent of Kehama, who is suddenly smitten with desire for Kailyal—and speaking for her sake complacently to Ladurlad, who, he says, like himself has been doing the work of destiny, concludes with these words, "I take away thy Curse"—and it is gone!

"So rapidly his torments were departed
That at the sudden ease he started,
As with a shock, and to his head
His hands up-fled,

Will no painter dare to show us by his art any one of those pictures? Ladurlad and Kailyal on the yellow shore gazing on the wondrous city of Baly submerged in the sea—while of its ancient towers

As if he felt through every failing limb
The power and sense of life forsaking him.

"Then turning to the maid, the Rajah
cried,
O virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favoured alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny,
Now let thy happy heart exult with pride,
For Fate hath chosen thee
To be Kehama's bride,
To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,
And of whatever worlds beside
Infinity may hide."

Well might the maiden shudder to be wooed by such a lover—yet the Man-Almighty might have won the haughtiest of Earth's fairest queens. For he

"Had laid his terrors by
And gazed upon the maid.
Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his front
Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mixed with dread,
And might have said
That sure he seem'd to be the King of Men;
Less than the greatest that he could not be,
Who carried in his port such might and majesty."

"High-fated one!" he cries, "ascend the subject sky, and sit on the Swerga throne a queen by Kehama's side. It is written by all-knowing Nature upon thy brain in branching veins, that thou and I, alone of human kind, are doomed to

drink the Amreeta-drink divine of Immortality!"

"O, never—never, Father! Kailyal cried!" Kehama then bids Ladurlad counsel his daughter, or again he will feel the Curse. The father's answer is sublime.

"She needed not my counsel, he replied,
And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus
Of destiny! For though all other things
Were subject to the starry influencings,
And bowed submissive to thy tyranny,
The virtuous heart and resolute will are free.
Thus in their wisdom did the Gods decree
When they created Man. Let come what will,
This is our rock of strength; in every ill,
Sorrow, oppression, pain, and agony,
The spirit of the good is unsubdued,
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still."

These lines are worthy of being written in letters of gold—say, rather—for gold rusts—engraven deep in granite—or in marble—and marble in its delicate beauty seems almost as if it were immortal, nor moulders it, as many think, in storms—on front of Metropolitan Temple, in

whose heart, on Sabbaths, and days held holy, at stated hours, "gins blow the mighty organ."

What did the Man-Almighty? He cursed them with his hand, and vanished through the sky. Ladurlad's brain and heart are again on fire—and Kailyal is a *leper*!

"The Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,
Soar'd to the Swerga, and resum'd his throne.
Not for his own redoubled agony,
Which now through heart and brain,
With renovated pain,
Rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan.
That groan is for his child; he groan'd to see
The lovely one defil'd with leprosy,
Which, as the enemy vindictive fled,
O'er all her frame with quick contagion spread.
She, wondering at events so passing strange,
And fill'd with hope and fear,
And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,
And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,
Perceiv'd not in herself the hideous change.
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan
Her father breath'd; his agonies alone
Were present to her mind; she clapt his knees,
Wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

"Nor when she saw her plague, did her good heart,
True to itself, even for a moment fail.
Ha, Rajah! with disdainful smiles she cries,
Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,
Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part.
Shall I not thank thee for this scurf and scale
Of dire deformity, whose loathsomeness,
Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
Arms me against all foes! Oh, better so,
Better such foul disgrace,
Than that this innocent face
Should tempt thy wooing! That I need not dread

Nor ever implous foe
Will offer outrage now, nor farther woe
Will beauty draw on my unhappy head ;
Safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go.

" Her face in virtuous pride
Was lifted to the skies,
As him and his poor vengeance she defied ;
But earthward, when she ceas'd, she turn'd her eyes,
As if she sought to hide
The tear which in her own despite would rise.
Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer
Call forth that natural tear ;
Was it a woman's fear,
A thought of earthly love, which troubled her ;
Like yon thin cloud amid the moonlight sky
That flits before the wind
And leaves no trace behind,
The womanly pang past over Kailyal's mind.
This is a loathsome sight to human eye,
Half-shrinking at herself, the Maiden thought,
Will it be so to him ? Oh surely not !
The immortal Powers, who see
Through the poor wrappings of mortality,
Behold the soul, the beautiful soul, within,
Exempt from age and wasting malady,
And undeform'd, while pure and free from sin.
This is a loathsome sight to human eye,
But not to eyes divine,
Ereenia, Son of Heaven, oh not to thine !

" The wrongful thought of fear, the womanly pain
Had past away, her heart was calm again.
She rais'd her head, expecting now to see
The Glendoveer appear ;
Where hath he fled, quoth she,
That he should tarry now ? Oh had she known
Whither the adventurous Son of Heaven was flown,
Strong as her spirit was, it had not borne
The awful thought, nor dar'd to hope for his return."

And whither had flown the Glendoveer ? To regions beyond the reach of thought, where sits on his throne Seeva the Alone, the Inaccessible ! Faith hath given him power to pierce the Golden Firmament "that closes all within"—

" By strong desire through all he makes his way,
Till Seeva's Seat appears—behold Mount Calasay !"

Many mysteries he sees—and in the midst of them, and as they are all melting away, and himself sinking down in utter darkness that has suddenly fallen on "insufferable bright," he hears a voice within him, the in-

dubitable word of Him to whom all secrets are known,

" Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne.

He hath the remedy for every wo ;
He setteth right whate'er is wrong below."

Precipitate but imperceptible was the fall of Ereenia from the Heaven of Heavens. When coming within the mundane sphere, he felt that earth was nigh, the Glendoveer expanded his azure wings, and sloping down the sky, on the spot from whence he had soared aloft, is again on his feet.

" Kailyal advanced to meet him,
Not moving now as she was wont to greet him,
Joy in her eye and in her eager pace ;
With a calm smile of melancholy pride

She met him now, and, turning half aside,
 Her warning hand repell'd the dear embrace.
 Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,
 The Virgin said; the Almighty Man hath read
 The lines, which, traced by Nature on my brain,
 There to the gifted eye

Make all my fortunes plain,
 Mapping the mazes of futurity.

He sued for peace, for it is written there
 That I with him the Amreeta cup must share;
 Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
 Sit on the Swerga-throne, his equal bride.
 I need not tell thee what reply was given;
 My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,
 His impious words belied.

Thou seest his poor revenge! So having said,
 One look she glanced upon her leprous stain
 Indignantly, and shook
 Her head in calm disdain.

“O Maid of soul divine!

O more than ever dear,
 And more than ever mine,

Replied the Glendoveer;

He hath not read, be sure, the mystic ways
 Of fate; almighty as he is, that maze
 Hath mock'd his fallible sight.

Said he the Amreeta-cup? So far aright
 The Evil One may see; for Fate displays
 Her hidden things in part, in part conceals,
 Baffling the wicked eye

Alike with what she hides, and what reveals,
 When with unholy purpose it would pry
 Into the secrets of futurity.

So may it be permitted him to see
 Dimly the inscrutable decree;

For to the world below,

Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we must go;
 Thus Seeva hath exprest his will, even he
 The Holiest hath ordain'd it; there, he saith,
 All wrongs shall be redrest

By Yamen, by the righteous Power of Death.”

The Father and the fated Maid and
 that heroic Spirit now journey toge-
 ther for many a day along the dreary
 road that leads to the dread abodes of
 Yamen. They finally find themselves
 on the remotest bound of Earth,
 where it is girded by the outer ocean.
 Ocean is it—or but an unimaginable
 abyss? And in a creek a vessel!

“Strange vessel sure it seemed to be,
 And all unfit for such wild sea!

For through its yawning side the wave
 Was oozing in; the mast was frail,
 And old and torn its only sail.

How shall that crazy vessel brave
 The billows, that in wild commotion
 For ever roar and rave?

How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean,
 O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
 Whose secrets none return to tell!”

The travellers fear to enter—but as
 with reluctant feet they linger on the
 strand—and for sake of Kailyal,
 hangs back the Glendoveer—

“Aboard! Aboard!

An awful voice, that left no choice,
 Sent forth its stern command

Aboard! aboard!

The travellers hear that voice in fear,
 And breathe to heaven an inward prayer,
 And take their seats in silence there.”

Self-hoisted seem the sails—by invi-
 sible hands are let slip the cables of
 that fated ship—the land-breeze rus-
 tles through her shrouds—leaving
 the living light of day, she stands out
 to sea with a fair wind to the World's
 End—and crazy as she seems to be,
 she is swifter than any arrow.

"And they have left behind
The raging billows and the roaring wind,
The storm, the darkness, and all mortal
fears,

And lo! another light
To guide their way appears,
The light of other spheres."

All is bright above and below—all is
still. Not in sunshine sails the ship
—nor in moonshine—nor are there
any stars. All they know is that they
have reached the light of other
spheres. And that light is holy, for
from Ladurlad's heart and brain the
Curse is gone, and Kailyal no more
is a leper.

"He feels again
Fresh as in Youth's fair morning, and the
Maid

Hath lost her leprous stain.
The Mighty One hath no dominion here,
Starting she cried; O happy, happy hour
We are beyond his power!

Then raising to the Glendoveer,
With heavenly beauty bright, her angel
face,
Turned not reluctant now, and met his
dear embrace!"

The ship reaches its destined shore
—and the travellers pass through
many sights of wo ere they reach
the edge of the gulf in which is the
road that leads to Padalon. What
wonder if Kailyal's lips were
blanched with dread? That she
clasped the neck of the Glendoveer,
and closing her eyes hid her face on
his breast? Even Ladurlad is asto-
nied by the sounds and sights of
wo—for Yamen's ministrant de-

mons are for ever ascending from
that gulf to drag down the ghosts of
the wicked—and full of shrieks for
ever is the mouth of hell. The Glen-
doveer tells Ladurlad that for a little
while he must be left alone, till he
has borne his daughter down and
placed her safely by the throne of
him who keeps the gates of Padalon.

"Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he
said,

Be of good heart, Beloved! it is I
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings
he spread,
Sprang upward in the sky, and pois'd his
flight,

Then plunged into the Gulf, and sought
the world of night."

And now they are at the Southern
gate of Padalon—and alighting
there, Ereenia lays Kailyal at the
feet of Neroodi, one of the eight
Janitors—for so many doors hath the
place of Doom. "And who and
what art thou?" cried Neroodi—
"and why, O Son of Light! now that
Yamen trembles on his throne,
bringst thou this mortal maid to our
forlorn abodes?"

"Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga
bowers,
And sweet society of heavenly Powers!"

"Lord of the gate!" replied the
Glendoveer, "we come obedient to
the will of Fate." Ereenia then in-
trusts Kailyal to Neroodi's care,
while he reascends to bear down her
father.

"Then quoth he to the Maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest dear,
In faith subdue thy dread,
Anon I shall be here. So having said,
Aloft with vigorous bound, the Glendoveer
Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

"But, as he thus departed,
The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was lying,
Like one entranced or dying,
Recovering strength from sudden terror, started;
And gazing after him with straining sight,
And straining arms, she stood,
As if in attitude
To win him back from flight.
Yea, she had shap'd his name
For utterance, to recall and bid him stay,
Nor leave her thus alone; but virtuous shame
Repress the unbidden sounds upon their way;
And calling faith to aid,

Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid
 Collected courage, till she seem'd to be
 Calm and in hope, such power had piety.
 Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate
 She crost her patient arms, and at his feet,
 Prepared to meet
 The awful will of Fate with equal mind,
 She took her seat resign'd.

“ Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow
 Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid.
 Hope, long unfelt till now,
 Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile
 Dawn'd in his brightening countenance, the while
 He gaz'd on her with wonder and delight.
 The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,
 Virgin, be on thee! cried the admiring God ;
 And blessed be the hour that gave thee birth,
 Daughter of Earth,
 For thou to this forlorn abode hast brought
 Hope, who too long hath been a stranger here.
 And surely for no lamentable lot,
 Nature, who erreth not,
 To thee that heart of fortitude hath given,
 Those eyes of purity, that face of love : . .
 If thou beest not the inheritrix of Heaven,
 There is no truth above.

“ Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe
 Shone with an inward joy ; for sure, he thought,
 When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,
 In this momentous hour,
 Ere long the World's deliverance would be wrought,
 And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.
 With pious mind the Maid, in humble guise
 Inclined, received his blessing silently,
 And rais'd her grateful eyes
 A moment, then again
 Abas'd them at his presence. Hark ! on high
 The sound of coming wings ! . . her anxious ears
 Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia brings
 His burthen down ! Upstarting from her seat,
 How joyfully she rears
 Her eager head ! and scarce upon the ground
 Ladurlad's giddy feet their footing found,
 When, with her trembling hand, she clapt him round.
 No word of greeting,
 Nor other sign of joy at that strange meeting.
 Expectant of their fate,
 Silent, and hand in hand,
 Before the Infernal Gate,
 The Father and his Heavenly Daughter stand.”

The Glendoveer commands the Lord of the Gate to direct them their way to the Throne of Yamen ; and Neroodi calls on Carmala to bring forth his chariot. But before they ascend—

“ Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white
 As the swan's breast, and bright as mountain snow,
 When from the wintry sky
 The sun, late-rising, shines upon the height,
 And rolling vapours fill the vale below.
 Not without pain the unaccustom'd sight
 That brightness could sustain ;
 For neither mortal stain,

Nor parts corruptible, remain,
 Nor aught that time could touch, or force destroy,
 In that pure web whereof the robes were wrought;
 So long had it in ten-fold fires been tried,
 And blanch'd, and to that brightness purified.
 Apparell'd thus, alone,
 Children of Earth, Neroodi cried,
 In safety may ye pass to Yamen's throne.
 Thus only can your living flesh and blood
 Endure the passage of the fiery flood.

"Of other frame, O Son of Heaven, art thou!
 Yet hast thou now to go
 Through regions which thy heavenly mould will try.
 Glories unutterably bright, I know,
 And beams intense of empyrean light,
 Thine eye divine can bear: but fires of woe,
 The sight of torments, and the cry
 Of absolute despair,
 Might not these things dismay thee on thy flight,
 And thy strong pennons flag and fail thee there?
 Trust not thy wings, celestial though thou art;
 Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail
 And pity quail,
 Pity in these abodes of no avail;
 But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,
 And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.
 Go, and may happy end your way betide!
 So as he spake, the self-mov'd Car roll'd on,
 And lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon."

"Pois'd on a single wheel, it mov'd along,
 Instinct with motion; by what wondrous skill
 Compact, no human tongue could tell,
 Nor human wit devise; but on that wheel
 Moving or still,
 As if an inward life sustain'd its weight,
 Supported, stood the Car of miracle."

This Car has been childishly laughed at as childish, because it has but one wheel—as if imagination cared about mechanics—and yet their laws are not violated by that invention. The miracle is specious; even as across the bridge that spanned the wide gulf of fire girding the realms of Padalon—a single rib of steel "keen as the edge of keenest scymitar"—shot like a meteor the Infernal Car.

"At sight of Carmala,
 On either side the Giant guards divide,
 And give the chariot way.
 Up yonder winding road it rolls along,
 Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,
 And lo! the Palace of the Infernal King!"

What Bard hath best sung of Hell?
 Homer—or Virgil—or Dante—or Milton?
 Is there any other Hell to be compared for a moment with the Hell of the Hebrews?

Southey's Padalon on the whole is

a fearful place; yet sometimes it appears but a "painted hell." We then admire the imagination of the Poet; we cease to shudder at what is but a picture. Not so, however, on such sights as this—

"Far other light than that of day there shone
 Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
 They, too, in darkness entered on their way,

But, far before the Car,
 A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
 Filled all before them. 'Twas a light which made
 Darkness itself appear
 A thing of comfort, and the sight dimm'd,
 Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere."

That is sublime—and so is this—

"Aloft the brazen turrets shone
 In the red light of Padalon,
 And on the walls between,

Dark moving, the infernal guards were seen, "His neck beneath the conquering
Rajah's feet,

Gigantic demons pacing to and fro; Who on the marble tomb

Who ever and anon, Had his triumphal seat."

Spreading their crimson pennons, plunged below,

Faster to rivet down the Asura's chains!"

Wild is the din of punishment—
but through it breaks,

"Like thunder heard through all the warring winds,

The dreadful name KEHAMA! still they rave,

Hasten and save!

Now—now, Deliverer, now, KEHAMA, now!

Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou!

How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came!"

And Kehama comes! Yamen falls from his sepulchral throne—

"Who are ye who bear the golden throne, tormented there?" and each of the three burning statues declares the guilt now punished by eternal pain. Bring forth the Amreeta,

"Exclaim'd the Man-Almighty to the tomb;"

and the tomb, rent asunder, discloses a huge anatomy, who

"Puts forth his bony and gigantic arm, And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's hand."

He drinks, and "the dreadful liquor works the will of fate." He glows like molten ore—doomed thus to live and burn eternally.

"The fiery Three,

Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,

A song of jubilee:

Come, Brother, come! they sung; too long

We in our torments have expected thee;

Come, Brother, come! henceforth we bear no more

The unequal weight; Come, Brother, we are Four!

"Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain

Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone.

And yielding to the bony hand

The unemptied cup, he mov'd toward the throne,

And at the vacant corner took his stand.

Behold the Golden Throne at length complete,

And Yamen silently ascends the Judgment-Seat.

"For two alone, of all mankind, to me

The Amreeta-cup was given,

Then said the Anatomy:

The Man hath drank, the Woman's turn is next.

Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,

And do the Will of Heaven? . . .

Wonder, and Fear, and Awe at once perplex

The mortal Maiden's heart, but over all

Hope rose triumphant. With a trembling hand,

Obedient to his call,

She took the fated Cup, and, lifting up

Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,

Is it not your command,

Ye heavenly Powers? as on her knees she fell,

The pious Virgin cried;

Ye know my innocent will, my heart sincere,

Ye govern all things still,

And wherefore should I fear!

"She said, and drank. The Eye of Mercy beam'd

Upon the Maid: a cloud of fragrance steam'd

Like incense-smoke, as all her mortal frame

Dissolved beneath the potent agency

Of that mysterious draught; such quality,

From her pure touch, the fated Cup partook.

Like one entranced she knelt,
 Feeling her body melt
 Till all but what was heavenly past away :
 Yet still she felt
 Her spirit strong within her, the same heart,
 With the same loves, and all her heavenly part,
 Unchanged, and ripen'd to such perfect state,
 In this miraculous birth, as here on Earth,
 Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

Mine! mine! with rapturous joy Ereenia cried,
 Immortal now, and yet not more divine ;
 Mine, mine. . . for ever mine !
 The immortal Maid replied,
 For ever, ever, thine !

“ Then Yamen said, O thou to whom, by Fate,
 Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,
 Daughter of Earth, but now the Child of Heaven,
 Go with thy heavenly Mate,
 Partaker now of his immortal bliss ;
 Go to the Swerga Bowers,
 And there recall the hours
 Of endless happiness.

“ But that sweet Angel, for she still retain'd
 Her human loves and human piety,
 As if reluctant at the God's commands,
 Linger'd, with anxious eye
 Upon her father fix'd, and spread her hands
 Toward him wistfully.
 Go! Yamen cried, nor cast that look behind
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,
 For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's Bower.

“ The Car, as Carmala his word obey'd,
 Mov'd on, and bore away the Maid,
 While from the Golden Throne the Lord of Death
 With love benignant, on Ladurlad smil'd,
 And gently on his head his blessing laid.
 As sweetly as a child,
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
 Tir'd with long play, at close of summer day,
 Lies down and slumbers,
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.
 Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking !
 For on that night a heavenly morning broke,
 The light of heaven was round him when he woke,
 And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's Bower,
 All whom he lov'd he met, to part no more.”

BLACKWOODS'

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXVI.

JUNE, 1835.

VOL. XXXVII.

Contents.

WILLIAM PITT. No. V.,	843
THE EVEN-SONG OF THE STREAMS. BY W. ARCHER BUTLER,	856
FATHER O'LEARY'S SERMON,	859
AN OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY,	860
FAMILY POETRY. No. VI. NURSERY REMINISCENCES,	874
NOTES OF A TRAVELLER. BY M. DE LAMARTINE,	875
PARLIAMENTARY REPORT ON LIGHTHOUSES. LETTER FROM ALAN STEVENSON, Esq.,	884
THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE. CHAP. XVI. THE END OF THE YARN,	893
A LEGENDARY TALE—WITH VERY LITTLE LORE,	906
THE PILOT FISH AND THE SHARK,	908
THE CANADA QUESTION,	909
"HOW SWIFT IS A GLANCE OF THE MIND!"	928
NIGHTS AT MESS. CHAP. XII,	929
LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG,	937
NURSERY RHYMES,	930
FOREIGN MILITARY BIOGRAPHY,	957
MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATE REVOLUTION,	964

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, NO 45, GEORGE STREET,
EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOODS' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCXXXVI.

JUNE, 1835.

Vol. XXXVII.

WILLIAM PITT.

No. V.

THE year 1784 had begun with the severest trial of Pitt's public existence; it had closed with his most consummate triumph. Thenceforth all was incontestable superiority. He saw the whole array of Opposition hopelessly routed, and flying in fragments before him, the strength of the English mind awakened and rising with redoubled vigour round him, and heard at once the universal plaudits, and the universal pledges, of the empire. A higher gratification, if possible, was reserved for him in seeing the King restored to his place in the Constitution, and the Constitution itself restored to its rank in the heart of the country, and all crowned by the consciousness that the triumph was his own work, that the whole train of successes was the result of his adoption of the two principles of at once resisting the violence of a factious House of Commons, and refusing to obey the incessant suggestions of his friends to extinguish that House by a premature dissolution. The sacrifices of a whole life of political toil might have been repaid, by the feeling which came crowding on the bosom of the great

statesman at that unexampled hour. But the due tribute is not given to his sagacity, unless we regard the circumstances. He had adopted the national cause, at a time when to every other eye it was desperate; he had penetrated into the nature of the contest, when to every other glance it was covered with impenetrable clouds; and still more, he had formed a just estimate of the English heart, he had placed a generous, intrepid, and *righteous*,—the word is not too strong,—confidence in the nation, when it was exultingly pronounced by one party to be totally alienated from its old pulses of loyalty, and despairingly admitted by the other to be all but incapable of restoration. In the midst of this general decline, he alone had spoken the long forgotten language of faith and feeling, which the empire no sooner heard, than it answered with an unanimity and force which echoed through Europe. No statesman of England had ever more illustriously earned the civic crown.

Regarding those memorable events not in the light of mere historical curiosity, but as the best guides to living conduct, we are entitled to

contrast the success of Pitt's measures with the checkered fortune of those which have just passed before our eyes; and this we do without the slightest desire to throw blame on any quarter. Still we cannot but look upon the hasty dissolution of the last Parliament, as a capital oversight. We see how delicate an operation this was regarded by even the daring mind of Pitt; and we see in every feature of the question, as it stands before us, but still stronger reasons, if possible, for avoiding so direct an experiment on the prudence of the people. What was it but to recommit the power of the Legislature into the hands of the populace in the very first fever of possession? The Reform Bill had but just taught them that they were masters of the Representation.

To cashier a House of Commons, for the very charge of being too much the instrument of the populace, was to send it back to its makers, not with a stigma, but with a letter of recommendation. It is true that nearly a hundred Conservative members have been added. But what has been the practical result? Was it to make the Ministry firm? No, the Ministry were broken down at once. Was it to qualify the virulence of faction? No, faction grew only more inveterate, more active, and more successful. The dissolution placed faction in sight of all its objects; and leaving it numbers still sufficient to outvote the Ministry, and inspiring it with a more violent determination of overthrow, has given it the mastery of the empire. Pitt would have waited; he too could contemplate an increase of numbers, but he justly disregarded all increase, short of a direct majority. To all his advisers on this subject his answer was, I shall move when I see the nation willing to move, and not before.

On this reasoning he inflexibly acted. He resisted the Opposition, *within* the House, because he knew that it was only within the House that its violence could be smote, its measures resisted, or its hypocrisy unmasked. Every night that witnessed his existence as a minister, witnessed his work on the buttresses and battlements of the ene-

my's stronghold; every night saw him demolishing some defence, levelling some rampart raised against the rights of the Crown and the nation, or reducing some portion of the garrison to flight or surrender. He felt that he must have the fates of Opposition in his hands at last; he was resolved to lose nothing by precipitancy, where every thing was to be gained by conduct. This plan succeeded in every point. He suffered Opposition to rush from violence to violence, but he never suffered it to move a step without pointing the eye of the nation to the movement. He compelled it, by the very heat of the encounter, to throw off the assumed rule of Constitution, and show the weapons which it carried beneath, sharpened for the heart of the monarchy. At one while by lofty scorn, at another by intolerable rebuke, he stung it into that fury which defies all prudence, and irritating it into speaking out all its secrets, extorted from its lips the very language of treason. Then, having completed its developement before the nation, having shown that its patriotism was only a raging thirst for place, that with public purification for its theory, its principle was universal spoil; and that with the prosperity and freedom alike of India and England on its tongue, its object was to grasp at the wealth of India, only to gild the throne of a Parliamentary despotism in England; he then struck the final blow, and dissolved the Parliament altogether. No public measure ever more amply vindicated its principle by its success. It instantly cut away the ground from under Opposition, and cut it away for the full term of his public life. It not merely swept the party from its anchorage, but sent it to float dismantled, and without chart or compass, over the waters. From that hour Opposition, retaining its form, lost its spirit. Instead of the antagonist, it became the involuntary auxiliary of the Minister. Reluctantly as it drudged, it still drudged for him alone, disputing his intentions only with the effect of giving them additional confidence in the public mind; resisting his measures only to the ex-

tent of proving their solidity; prophesying evil against his policy only to give evidence of the wisdom which brought their conjectures into contempt. Caliban himself was not more rebellious, or more at the mercy of his master,—more bitter at his thralldom, or more hopeless of shaking off his chain. The long minority was the *tool* of Pitt. It might fill the benches opposite to Ministers, it might rail and struggle; but its labours were fruitless, and its boldest struggles only gave a more unequivocal victory to the young master of British Council.

Whether the success which so unequivocally followed the conduct of the great Minister half-a-century ago would have followed a similar conduct in the late Cabinet, is now beyond any useful discussion. The general opinion of the public at the crisis undoubtedly was, that Parliament ought not to be dissolved; that in a Cabinet where the only object could have been the restoration of the Government to tranquillity, the wiser course was to take advantage of the tendency of all legislatures to retain their existence; and that the Minister should be keenly sensible of the hazards of dissolution. It is also but truth to acknowledge, that the result of the elections painfully justified this opinion; and that, if the Cabinet obtained a larger number of adherents, it also created a more violent spirit of hostility.

Nothing can be clearer than this change of character. The late Parliament was willing to give the Conservative Ministry "a trial:" the present Parliament has unequivocally refused all trial. The late Parliament threw out the successive ministries of Lords Grey, Althorp, and Melbourne: the present Parliament adopts the fragments of the three, and, under a new leader, marches to the overthrow of the Cabinet. In those circumstances, what was to be done by the Cabinet? Continue the struggle? No. With majorities against every measure, the public business must have been suddenly brought to a stand. Were the peers to be summoned to the field? The Minister would have but precipitated the attack

which the democracy is already preparing. Was the King's name to have been tried? What Minister could be justified in bringing the Crown into conflict with the Commons? The Minister had exhibited his qualities to the full extent: he had shown, that if failure was to come, it should not come from his want of resolution. But what general can fight without an army? His only course was either to appeal to the nation once more, or return his power into the hands of the King.

Sir Robert Peel has been charged with timidity in declining another appeal to the people. Yet here it is only justice to acknowledge, that this appeal to the nation must have only aggravated the public hazards. But half undone by the first appeal, we should be only hurried the more rapidly into civil convulsion by the second. Even Pitt had waited, until Opposition was disgraced by open defeat,—until the empire was disgusted by its fruitless and factitious paroxysms,—until the King's name had become a tower of strength once more,—and until popularity of the most solid, generous, and active nature had gathered and shone round his own footsteps. He had made charges of the deepest dye against Opposition, and proved them by facts, of which every one was cognizant; and then, and not till then, he called for a verdict. He had marched the leaders of Opposition, one by one, before the popular eye; and, as each passed, pronounced his crime, and sent him off under a roar of popular condemnation. He thus showed North guilty of the loss of America—Fox branded with the still darker guilt of the Coalition—the inferior members stigmatized with offences to the measure of their opportunities—and the whole covered with the general condemnation of prostituting their power to the construction of an established dictatorship in England.

But there are other and obvious considerations, which make the case still stronger against the policy of the late dissolution. In Pitt's time the Minister could appeal to the nation; for in his day England was a nation: it is now a populace. In

Pitt's day, property, intelligence, and birth were constituent parts of the nation. Now, poverty and ignorance, obscurity and corruption, are the elements of constituency. In Pitt's day the spirit of the nation was bound to the Constitution: in ours the politicians of the lanes and alleys pledge themselves to the overthrow of every form of the Constitution,—abhor all that they find established,—ally themselves with all that promises subversion,—and, already revolutionists in theory, pause only until their leaders have decided on what member of the Constitution the axe shall first fall. There is another evil added to the ominous superiorities of our time. In addition to the radicalism of politics, we have to encounter the radicalism of religion. The Popish question, fatal in all its aspects, fatal in the wound which it gave to Christianity, fatal in the character which it fixed on the Legislature, fatal in its acknowledged hostility to the Constitution, has brought into Parliament a faction of a totally different form from all that have hitherto figured as instruments of public danger. That faction, growing out of the inveterate hatred which superstition feels to truth,—the delegate of a priesthood essentially armed against Protestantism,—has a political bond which no political feeling has ever yet been able to rival. It comes the menial of the Popish clergy, chosen by their influence, acting by their direction, and wholly dependent on their will. Every man of that faction knows that his public existence depends on the will of Popery; and every man, therefore, feels that zeal, and nothing less than zeal, in the cause will be the tenure of his political existence. It is absurd to look for public spirit or national feeling in those men. They have been chosen but for one quality, blind submission to the Popish ordinance, and but with one purpose, the overthrow of the pure religion. Protestantism must fall, is the cry continually echoed in their ears, and that command they must realize, or be extinguished, and that command they will leave no effort untried to realize to the last extremity. We are now on the eve of a struggle

between more than parties, between principles; and, to all human apprehension, every pillar of the empire will be shaken in the trial. England, as of old, will be the first, perhaps the chief, arena in which the conflict of good and evil will be exhibited; the political impurities of the nation, the grossness of party, and the furious impiety of faction, will be let loose; the scourge has been deeply earned; and England, so lately the object of envy for her triumphs over the spirit of revolution, may be only its most illustrious victim.

On the 18th of May, 1784, the new Parliament, returned by the new patriotism of the nation, assembled. Pitt stood in the most unrivalled rank of public honour. At the London election he was put in nomination, without his knowledge, and the show of hands was in his favour. He was strongly solicited to stand for Bath, which had been represented by his father. Similar solicitations came from other leading quarters. But his academic recollections determined him in favour of his University. His opponents at Cambridge were Townshend and Mansfield, the former a Lord of the Admiralty, and the latter Solicitor-General under the Coalition Ministry, and both representing the University in the late Parliament, a claim which, with both Oxford and Cambridge, is in general equivalent to possession. Pitt defeated them both, and not merely defeated them, but brought in his friend Lord Euston. Even this evidence of public feeling, in its most distinguished places, was perhaps inferior to the general and spontaneous confidence which displayed itself in the number of actual applications made to him to recommend candidates, and the utter exclusion from Parliament of no less than 160 of the decided Opposition, many of them individuals of the most powerful connexion, of large property, and hereditary influence. But their crime with the nation was unanswerable; they were enemies of the man whose talents and services England had proved, and delighted to honour. To those public testimonies were added private tributes, whose sincerity it

was as impossible to doubt as to deny their value. Lord North, in the midst of his defeat, pronounced him, "born a minister." Gibbon, with eloquent panegyric, declared, "that, in all his researches in ancient and modern history, he had no where met with his parallel, no where found a man who, at so young a period of life, had so important a trust reposed in him, and which he discharged with so much credit to himself, and so much advantage to the kingdom."

We may now proceed more rapidly through the next ten years. Pitt was henceforth undisputed minister, and his ability was to be exercised less in resisting Opposition than in developing the resources of the State. The chief occurrences which marked this tranquil period were the Westminster scrutiny, the new plan of Finance, and the question of the Regency.

The Westminster election of 1784 will long continue memorable in our popular records for its perseverance, its violence, and its general contrast to the more rapid and rational proceedings of later times. On the first of April, this remarkable election began. The candidates were Lord Hood, Sir Cecil Wray, and Fox. It did not close till the 17th of May! and even then was closed alone by the act of the high bailiff, who naturally conceived that he had no power to protract the election beyond the period when the writs were returnable. At this time Lord Hood was at the head of the poll, 6694; Fox second, 6233; and Sir Cecil Wray last, 5998. The defeated candidate pronounced that a large number of Fox's voters were fictitious, and demanded a scrutiny. The high bailiff granted it; and making a declaration to that effect, the sheriffs proceeded to the scrutiny. Fox in the mean time took his seat for the Scotch burghs of Tain, Kirkwall, &c. On the meeting of Parliament on the 18th of May, Fox made his complaint, that the representation of the people was incomplete, from the want of a return of two members for Westminster, and gave notice of a motion for bringing the conduct of the high bailiff before the House. The subject mingled itself with the

speeches of Opposition on the address, when Pitt enlivened the debate with some of those vigorous appeals to the general sense of ridicule, of which he was so great a master. The "Right honourable gentleman" (Fox), said he, "panegyricizes his India Bill. I admire his firmness, since it overthrew him. But he goes further, and boldly offers to bear all responsibility on the subject. This would be a new source of panegyric, if, in the next sentence, he had not made the unlucky discovery, that the responsibility amounts to nothing. There can be no responsibility in having merely brought a bill into Parliament. There he triumphs securely. But there is a responsibility, and of a heavier kind too, for which he has no courage, and no immunity—the responsibility of character. That has largely, effectually, unanswerably, been brought to the test. He has been tried before the tribunal of the public, and been unanimously found guilty." Of Lord North's speech he said, "That, approving of all that the noble lord had charged on the late Parliament, he must vindicate it for the sake of one act, an act fit to cover its multitude of sins; that it had put an end to the noble lord's unfortunate war and unfortunate administration together."

To Mr Adam, who had talked of "the check given to Ministers by the Westminster election," he retorted, "that he could not help congratulating him on the happy faculty of extracting victory from defeat, or discovering an unanimous return, while they were in the very act of enquiring why no return had been made, and finding that the unanimity was to be balanced by many thousand votes on the opposite side. But what were the honourable member's escapes from this fact? Why, that the candidate (Fox) had to contend with the powers of public office, the powers of the India Company, and what he was pleased to term the powers of popular frenzy! I shall enlighten him on those points," said Pitt. "The right honourable gentleman has to lament that he has to contend with the powers of public office. Why? Because he endeavours to subvert Government. He has to

lament that he has to contend with the East India Company, because he has endeavoured to seize upon their property, and to violate their most sacred rights; and he has to lament that he has to contend with popular frenzy, as he terms it, because the people at large have seen and *condemned* his conduct. But what allies the right honourable gentleman has had to fight for him, is not noticed. The degree of influence used in his favour has not been observed upon, nor any respect paid to those charms which alone can supersede every other consideration among us all, and command unanimity when nothing else can command it." This sarcasm alluded to the Duchess of Devonshire, and some other bustling women, who, as it was expressed, "more distinguished for rank and beauty than for delicacy and propriety of conduct," had canvassed for Fox in Westminster. After having raised the universal laugh by this sally, he adverted to "the other glories of the candidate, as not confined to Westminster, but extending to the remotest corners of the island, to which his *partialities* had not formerly gone.

Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graja pandetur ab
urbe.

His success at Ross and Kirkwall ought not to be denied its share of praise, it was well entitled to 'pursue the triumph and partake the gale.'" He concluded by a grave scorn of Opposition, and a full and contemptuous defiance alike of its principles and its powers. On the division, the address was carried by 282 to 114—a commanding majority, which fully vindicated the wisdom of the late dissolution.

The Westminster scrutiny was terminated by the public weariness. In February 1784, Welbore Ellis moved, that the high bailiff should make "an immediate return of the two members for Westminster." The scrutiny had lasted eight months, and was expected to last two years longer! Pitt, conceiving that the House ought to sustain its original act, resisted the motion, which was thrown out by 174 to 135. In March, Lord Muncaster brought in a report

from Sir Cecil Wray's committee, stating that, in the parishes of St Margaret and St John, they had discovered 400 persons to have voted as inhabitants, not one of whom could be found to exist there. But no evidence could now overcome the public exhaustion on the subject. Sawbridge moved, "that the members be returned." Pitt moved a short adjournment. His motion was negatived, and the Minister was unexpectedly left in a minority of 124 to 162. Next day, Lord Hood and Fox were declared members for Westminster.

The next measure of the Minister was his bill for Parliamentary Reform. The subject has a revived interest to us, from the contrast of Pitt's plan with the sweeping performances of our own day. Previously to laying his sentiments before the House, he communicated them to the King, who replied by the following manly, clear, and *conscientious* letter.

"I have received Mr Pitt's paper, containing the heads of his plan for Parliamentary Reform, which I look on as a mark of attention. I should have delayed acknowledging the receipt of it till I saw him on Monday, had not his letter expressed that there is but one issue of the business he could look upon as fatal, the possibility of the measures being rejected by the weight of those who are supposed to be connected with Government. Mr Pitt must recollect, that though I have ever thought it unfortunate that he had early engaged himself in this measure, yet that I have ever said, that as he was clear of the propriety of the measure, he *ought* to lay his thoughts before the House. And that, out of personal regard to him, I should avoid giving any opinion to any one, on the opening of the door to Parliamentary Reform, except to him. Therefore, I am certain Mr Pitt cannot suspect my having influenced any one on the occasion. If others choose, for base ends, to impute such conduct to me, I must bear it as former false suggestions. Indeed, on a question of such magnitude, I should *think very ill* of any man who took a part on either side *without the maturest consideration*, and who would *suffer his civility to any one to make him vote*

contrary to his own opinion. The conduct of some of Mr Pitt's most intimate friends on the Westminster scrutiny shows there are questions men will not by friendship be biassed to adopt."

Pitt had adopted this subject early. In 1782, he had moved for a committee to consider the state of the representation. In 1783, he had moved several resolutions as the basis of his plan. In both years he failed. His purpose now was to bring in a bill realizing his idea of a true House of Commons—an assembly freely elected, between whom and the mass of the people there was the closest union, and most perfect sympathy. Pitt's conceptions on this paramount topic are of the first importance. His speech may be thrown into a succession of principles. "Universal suffrage is a wild and impracticable notion. It was an indisputable doctrine of constitutional antiquity, that the state of the representation might be changed by the change of circumstances. From the reign of Edward I., the earliest period in which distinct descriptions of men could be traced in the representation, to that of Charles II., there were few reigns in which the representation had not varied. The successive kings exercised a power of summoning, or not summoning, as they pleased, acting always on the principle that the places should have such a population as entitled them to send members to parliament. As one borough decayed, and another arose, the one was abolished, and the other invested with the right of returning members. The House of Commons did not always consist of the same number, nothing preventing the executive from varying the numbers, but the Act of Union. In the seventeenth century, the Crown had ceased to call upon seventy-two boroughs, thirty-six of which, after the Restoration, petitioned for their franchises, which were granted; the other thirty-six remained disfranchised."

His plan was this, thirty-six decayed boroughs, each sending two members, should no longer elect, and that in their room the different counties and the metropolis should elect seventy-two members, as a just counterpoise between county and

borough representatives, without increasing the number of the members. Copyholders should vote as well as freeholders for counties. On other boroughs in the lapse of time becoming decayed, the reduction to a certain number of houses being the criterion of the decay, the members were to be transferred to populous places furnishing no members. But all compulsion in both instances was to be avoided, and no old borough was to be disfranchised, or new place authorized to elect, but with its own spontaneous application. But boroughs being, in many cases, a species of valuable inheritance and private property, and as the voluntary surrender of their rights was not to be expected without a compensation, the establishment of a fund was proposed for the purpose of purchasing those franchises.

"The value of this plan," said Pitt, "is, that while it recognises the natural necessity for change as time requires, it prevents that change from being rash, violent, or hurtful to private property. The provisions of the act were to be brought into practice, not till they were called for by the necessity of the times. But a clear and permanent rule for improvement in the representation was established, applicable to all times, but giving no countenance to chimerical schemes of reform. The purpose of the whole being to provide for the repairs of the constitution without deranging its principles, and forming between the representatives and the represented that bond of sympathy, which, as far as human foresight could extend, was the best security for rendering the constitution immortal." The motion, after a long debate, was negatived by 248 to 174. Pitt has been charged by later theorists with insincerity on this subject. But the charge is alien to the whole character of his public life. No minister that England ever saw, was more frank, broad, and unhesitating, in his public objects. Even his just reliance on his great abilities rendered the cautious and timid proceedings of others unnecessary to his government. The distinction between his plan and that which has followed, is perfectly clear. The instant extinc-

tion of the boroughs—their compulsory extinction; the absence of all compensation, even where the rights had already been recognised in the form of property; and above all, the throwing the representation into the hands of the ten-pound voters; place the two plans as far from each in principle and practice, as reform from revolution.

A plan of still higher importance, and sanctioned by success, was the establishment of the Financial System. On this topic so much has been talked and so little understood, that some slight detail may be advantageously given.

In the early times of England, the public debts were regarded as the personal debts of the king. The king frequently borrowed money for public purposes upon his private credit, from both foreigners and subjects. This plan often reduced the monarch to extraordinary difficulties. Henry III., Edward III., and Henry V. pawned their royal jewels, and even the crown. Some of Henry III.'s debts were discharged by Parliament, the first instance of such a payment. Richard II. had attempted to raise £60,000 upon security of Parliament, but the attempt failed. In the subsequent reigns money was obtained by the king on subsidies granted by Parliament, which money was repaid when the subsidies had come in. The system of funding, the most curious and fortunate invention in the whole history of money, is probably due to the Italian republics; those little centres where ability and necessity combined, threw out so many of the most important lights of modern civilisation. The loan of money on national credit, recognised by a transferable sign entitling the holder to a certain interest, was common on the Continent before it was adopted in the great future country of commerce. But the new and extraordinary excitement given to England by the full acknowledgment of civil rights, and the ascendancy of protestantism in 1688, made the nation eager to avail itself of all continental advantages. The first shape of stock in this country, was in annuities granted for lives, or for a certain number of years. But the applicability of the principle on a more

extensive scale was soon obvious, and on the advance of additional sums by the stockholders, the annuities were made perpetual, for the first time, in 1695. This change produced, of course, a corresponding change in the source from which the interest was paid, and the taxes, originally raised only for the time, were now made perpetual. Still the method was comparatively rude. An account was kept of each successive loan, and of the taxes raised for the payment of its interest; and when the product of those taxes was found to give a surplus, that surplus was applied, in general, to diminishing the principal of the particular loan. But this contrivance became at length too complicated, in consequence of the number of accounts produced by the various loans; and in the reign of George I. the whole were combined into three, called the aggregate fund, the general fund, and the South Sea fund. The celebrated Walpole, a man who bore a stronger resemblance to Pitt, in his boldness, financial talent, command of the House, and permanency of power, than any subsequent minister, was the author of this measure, and the last act of his *first* administration, in 1716, was to bring in the crowning principle of the sinking fund. This memorable fund was to be formed of the surplusage of the other three, after satisfying every demand upon them; and its title was derived from its purpose of "sinking," or discharging, the principal of the national debt incurred before the 25th of December, 1716. Walpole's sagacity saw the temptation which this fund would hold out to his successors, and he laboured to impress upon the legislature the necessity for preserving it inviolable. In the act of 1716 it was declared, that "the fund was to be appropriated to no other use, intent, or purpose, whatever." The words were repeated in the act of 1718, and were made a feature of the king's speech in successive sessions.

But the temper of England, disturbed by Jacobite machinations, and but ill reconciled to the characters of the first Georges, was not easily manageable. Taxes were a formidable test of popularity, and even Walpole himself, on his restora-

tion to the Premiership, was compelled to touch this sacred fund. From 1728 to 1733, it was thus charged thrice with the interest, as it seems, raised for the service of the current year. This unfortunate resource was adopted with still less scruple by his successors; and on Pitt's taking office as head of the Treasury, he found the Sinking Fund existing only in name. The state of the national finance was appalling; and, to know the whole power of the young minister's mind, we must see the fortitude and intelligence with which he prepared to encounter difficulties that must have overwhelmed any other financier of Europe. He found the national debt 241 millions!—no provision whatever in existence for the diminution of a sum unparalleled in history, and which to the general apprehension menaced national bankruptcy—the entire produce of the permanent taxes unable to pay the mere interest of the debt, and the fixed charges on the revenue—and for the expenses of the current year, amounting to millions, nothing but the precarious and inadequate resources of the malt and land taxes. The anxiety of Parliament had been turned to this subject speedily after the close of the American War, and turned in vain. The "Report of the Commissioners of Public Accounts" was big with feelings, almost of despair. "The national debt," said this remarkable paper, "is swelled to a magnitude that requires the united efforts of the ablest heads, and the purest hearts, to suggest the proper and effectual means of reduction. A plan must be formed for the reduction of this debt, and that without delay. Now is the favourable moment of peace. The evil does not admit of procrastination, palliation, or expedients. It presses on, and must be met with force and firmness. What *can* be done, the support of public credit, the preservation of national honour, and the justice due to the public creditor, demand *should* be done. It *must* be done, or serious consequences will ensue." To this alarming language was added the fear arising from the prevalent theories, of the extent to which the funding system could go, and no further; theories whose recollection is still of

use to show the ignorance of presumption on such subjects, and the grave absurdities into which men, who regard themselves as oracles in finance as well as government, may fall. But those absurdities had a strong influence in depressing the public mind; and if the Minister had at that moment started back from his task, and proposed a general bankruptcy as the expedient, he would have been fully sanctioned by the wisdom of those scribbling philosophers. But there were other hazards still more repelling. The fall of the public credit threatened to follow the distrust of the public mind. Europe was uneasy, and a new war must involve the nation in new loans, and more inextricable perplexities. Even the financial condition of England was felt to be a ground of insolence, perhaps of aggression, on the part of those foreign cabinets which had already so distinctly shown their hostile mind. The crisis was momentous; and knowing as we know the tremendous trial to which Europe was so soon to be exposed—the essential pressure upon the resources of England which that trial required—the infinite importance of England, first to sustaining the contest abroad, and next to consummating the deliverance of Europe by national victory—we may, without superstition or verbiage, regard the time, the service, and the man, as equally prepared by a Providence that has so wonderfully, in times of the severest trial, preserved the existence of the Protestant empire of England.

The accumulation of the national debt itself is a curious instance of the rapidity with which the incumbrances of a people increase, and the tardiness with which they are diminished. From the commencement of the funding system, which began soon after the Revolution, to 1697, at the peace of Ryswic, the debt had grown to 21 millions, a great sum, when we recollect that the annuities had been made perpetual but two years before, and that Exchequer bills were first used but in 1696 as a substitute for coin during the recoinage. Four years of peace reduced this debt to 16½ millions, but the war of the Succession, which broke out in 1701, gave a formidable

increase to the debt, which, at its close in 1713, amounted to no less than $54\frac{1}{2}$ millions. A long interval followed up to 1740, in which (but three years of war intervening) the debt was reduced by $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions. War again raised it, and at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the debt was 78 millions. Three millions only of this had been discharged, when the Seven Years' War (beginning in 1755 and ending in 1762) swelled it to the amount of $146\frac{1}{2}$ millions. This was reduced by only $10\frac{1}{2}$ millions when the American war broke out in 1776. The expenses of a war waged at such a distance were enormous, and when all the debts incurred were funded, it was discovered in 1786 that the national debt had risen to the appalling sum of 239 millions, exclusive of two millions of loyalists' debentures.

This view led to the startling conclusion, that the nation must finally be bankrupt. Peace had been found signally ineffectual to diminish the expenses of war, 200 millions of debt having been incurred in twenty-five years of war, while not quite twenty-two had been paid off in forty-five years of peace. The next shock of war would, of course, swell the debt, and probably in a much more rapid proportion; the result must be the utter exhaustion of the empire.

Perhaps no public topic ever took a stronger, and more general, hold on the national mind. Financial projects teemed on all sides; and the Minister was assailed with theories, propositions, and remedies innumerable. The problem was, to discover some means of more powerfully acting on the debt without hazarding the national credit. Pitt, with matchless sagacity, adopted the idea of reviving the long-forgotten principle of the Fund established by Walpole; but reviving it with guards and corrections, capable of rescuing it from that frequent alienation which had been its ruin. It was in these guards that the peculiarity and originality of his plan consisted. But he had the further merit of establishing the rule that, instead of the old fluctuation of the surplus, a permanent surplus of a million should always make a part of the year's produce, and that this million should, under all circumstances, be invariably applied at

compound interest to the extinction of the debt.

Pitt had now found the lever, and it was left for his vigorous hand alone to lift the enormous pressure of the public burdens. The power of the Sinking Fund is so vast, as to be almost dangerous. The original surplus, applicable to it by Walpole, had been indefinite and unequal; but if it had amounted to only half a million a-year, and had been constantly employed in bringing up the three per cents at their usual rate of seventy-five, it would, in the seventy years of its existence, from 1716 to 1786, the time when it was adopted by Pitt, have redeemed no less than two hundred and forty-two millions; in fact, have extinguished the whole debt: or, supposing the extreme case, that the three per cents had been bought at par, it would have extinguished one hundred and fifteen millions.

On the 29th of March, 1786, a day which ought to be recorded in the history of all finance, the Minister brought forward his plan in a speech which left the House in a state of tumultuous applause. As there are few things more interesting than traits of the private habits of eminent men, an intimate associate of Pitt tells us—"That, having passed the morning of this most important day in providing and examining the calculations and resolutions for the evening, he said that he would take a walk, to arrange in his mind what was to be said in the House. His walk did not last above a quarter of an hour, when he came back, and said that he believed he was prepared. He then dressed, and desired his dinner to be sent up. But hearing at the moment that his sister, then living in the house with him, and a lady with her, were going to dine at the same early hour, he desired that their dinner might be sent up with his, and that they might dine together. He passed nearly an hour with those ladies and several friends who called in their way to the House, talking with his usual liveliness and gaiety, as if he had nothing on his mind. He then went immediately to the House of Commons, and made that elaborate and far-extend-

ed speech, as Fox called it, without one omission or error."

In this extraordinary performance, after giving a luminous display of the state of British finance at the close of the war, and of the prospects of the revenue since it had come under his management, he adverted to the resistless operation of the Sinking Fund.

"I shall be justified," said he, "in considering the revenue as hereafter affording a surplus of one million a-year. It will be proper now to consider what effect the disposal of this annual sum will have. If this million be laid out, with its growing interest, it will amount to a very great sum in a period which is not long in the life of man, and but an hour in the existence of a nation; in a period of twenty-eight years, the sum of a million annually improved at compound interest, would amount to four millions a-year at the supposed interest of five per cent, a sum which would redeem one hundred millions of three per cents." He pronounced strongly upon the conduct of those administrations which had dilapidated this fund, "which should have been considered as most sacred." His proposal to obviate the temptation was, to appoint commissioners to buy up stock quarterly with this money, by which means no great sum would ever lie ready to be seized on. By this purchase on every transfer day, it would be impossible to take the fund by stealth; and, said Pitt, with, it must be acknowledged, but too brief a foresight of the generation who were to follow him, "A minister could not have the confidence to come to this House and desire the repeal of so beneficial a law, tending directly to relieve the people from their burdens." The national goodwill never was given more largely to any measure. The bill passed both Houses without a dissentient voice; and, on the 26th of May, the King gave it the royal assent in person, a circumstance unusual in the course of a session, but evidently intended by the King as a mark of honour to the bill and its author.

The Sinking Fund has been the object of attack in our day, when

every thing rational, honest, and English has been an object of attack, and when sarcasm and scribbling, pronouncing themselves statesmanship and philosophy, have set up their claims to be dictators of the national mind. The first sneer was, "Why are you to pay a debt with one hand, while you are borrowing with the other?" But those objectors did not condescend to listen to the language of its author. The Sinking Fund was never expected to supply the immediate expenses of war. The contrary was so much the case, that it was appointed to be kept sacredly from all employment of the kind. It was intended to exist during war, that it might be ready to act with unrestricted power at the moment when war ceased. The next sneer was, "Where is your compound interest to be created? What can be had from a people exhausted by war?" The objectors here disregarded the natural tendency of man to amass money, the growth of capital, and the new uses for the profitable exercise of money discovered by the industry and extending marts and communications of the empire. Another striking advantage of the fund was, that, by the system of constant purchase, the value of the stock was sustained in the market; an effect which, though operating in some degree against the interests of the fund, as an extinguisher of the debt, yet operated with a totally counterbalancing value on the general credit of the nation. An objection of a contrary order was also made. The power of the fund was acknowledged, but pronounced to be so enormous, that it would, in a few years, by abolishing all the debt, deprive the public of all means of obtaining that most secure and easy investiture of money which it finds in the funds. Of this inconvenience, or perhaps this evil, there could be no doubt; but this was provided for by Pitt's observation, that, when the Sinking Fund rose to four millions a-year, "it should be submitted to Parliament whether it should thenceforth be suffered to increase at compound interest."

In the next year a question was disturbed which has strong retro-

spective interest at this moment; and which unhappily commenced those attacks by which Popery is already rendering itself master of the Constitution—the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. The former had been passed in 1661, on the return of Charles, and while England was yet bleeding from the wounds of the rebellion and usurpation raised by the various bodies of the Dissenters from the Established Church. By it no man was eligible into any corporation, who should not, within one year previous to such election, take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the Church of England. The Test Act was for the protection of the State against Popery, and was passed in 1672, when Charles was notoriously charged with an intention to place Popery on the throne; when he had, in fact, entered into a treaty with Louis XIV. for the establishment of Popery in England ("Rose's Observations on Fox's History"), and when James, the heir-presumptive, was a professed Papist. The act required that every person who accepted any civil office, or a commission in the army or navy, should, within six months after such acceptance, take the Eucharist; in default of which, he should be incapable of holding the office or commission, and be liable to certain penalties.

Those acts had been framed with the express intent, not of injuring any man in his right of forming a religious opinion for himself, but to prevent the *exercise* of that opinion against the well-being of the State, of which the Established Church had been declared by the Constitution to be a component part, eminently essential to the continuance of public liberty, whose former overthrow, effected by those Dissenters, had been the forerunner of civil war and tyranny. Nothing could be more natural than that the State should prevent disturbers on principle from having again the power to destroy; and therefore the just precaution was adopted, of excluding from the offices of the State those whose habits rendered them hostile to its continuance. The declaration of the Lords and Com-

mons, at the time of the enactments, was as explicit as its justice was undeniable. "Our object," said they, "is, by withholding power from the enemies of the Established religion, to prevent the recurrence of those evils which we have so recently experienced." And the receiving of the Lord's Supper according to the forms of the Church of England was considered the most secure evidence that the individual so receiving was a member of that Church; it being proved, by facts of the most powerful and melancholy recollection, that to no other hands could situations of trust and authority be committed, without the hazard of new convulsions. Those measures were felt to be so entirely consistent with rational liberty, that when the Revolution of 1688 had revised and re-established the Constitution, and when Liberty was acknowledged on the broadest principle, it was found *essential* to retain those enactments, for the actual safeguard of liberty itself. This procedure had been subsequently pronounced by the authority of philosophic law, as decidedly as by that of active legislation, to be consistent, just, and necessary. "Those two acts," says Blackstone, in his Commentaries, "were *two bulwarks*, erected to secure the Established Church against peril from nonconformists of all denominations—infidels, Turks, Jews, heretics, Papists, and sectaries." They fulfilled their purpose eminently in the trying time which so soon followed, and, in the face of the perfidious government and Popish superstition of James, protected the national religion until they righted the country. But, so consistent was their principle with the freedom of Christianity, that, among the first acts of the "Glorious Revolution," and well it deserves the title, was the Act of Toleration, extinguishing all penalties for personal opinion, and thus abolishing, for the first time in the history of the human mind, all interference with the mind, and putting a legislative end to all religious persecution for ever;—in the words of Blackstone, "giving a *full liberty* to act as their consciences shall direct them, in the matter of religious worship."

That nations have a right to de-

send their laws and privileges as much as individuals have a right to defend their properties and persons, and that they have a consequent right to exclude from power any part of their own population which professes opinions hostile to establishments connected with the safety of the State, is as plain a proposition as can be offered to the understanding of man. No conceivable right can exist in the professors of any peculiar opinion, especially where the opinion is an innovation, where the professors form a comparatively small body, and where the opinion practically threatens the existence of any valued and essential institution of the State, to claim those offices by which the State is governed, and by which, of course, its progress may be retarded, or its existence undone. No *right* can thus belong to two millions of sectaries to possess those offices by which fourteen millions of the Church of England uphold their religion, and through it that Constitution which they and their forefathers alike felt and feel to be inseparably dependent on their religion. All that any holder of a new opinion can rightfully claim of Government is, that no man shall interfere with his conscience. To demand that he shall have the power of interfering with the consciences of others, by the claim of interfering with those offices which guard the general liberty of conscience, along with all the other forms of liberty, is an extravagance reserved for the blind illumination of our ridiculous age. The "Act of Indemnity" was the first practical folly. It failed in all points. It neither conciliated the sectaries, nor secured the Church. It was to have softened every asperity at once, to have filled public life with a new flow of Christian liberality, to have opened the path to genius hitherto excluded, and to have re-inspired a boundless attachment to the old institutions of the country. Its immediate operation was the direct reverse of all. It rendered sectarianism hourly more bitter; it brought the disputes of the conventicle into public life; and while it only exhibited on a larger scale the hereditary aversion of the Puritan for the no-

bler exercises of taste and learning, it empowered him to bring his whole hereditary hostility into play against the Constitution. It is in this overmastering spirit of hatred that the sectarian has looked out for auxiliaries in every quarter the most alien even to his religious professions. Pretending to be religious beyond all that bear the name of Christian, he plunges into the most intimate confederacy with the Papist, whom he pronounces an idolator! He holds out the right hand of fellowship to the avowed infidel. The atheist is the man of his choice, if he can make him his accomplice. The charitable cloak that covers all the sins of all is taken from the wardrobe where it has hung since the days of Cromwell, and the grand reconciling virtue is conspiracy.

Pitt's language on Beaufoy's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts should be remembered as the standard of English reason. The Dissenters had exerted themselves considerably at the general election in 1784 on his side; and the present motion was made, in some degree, in the hope of his Parliamentary return of the service. He began his speech by a full acknowledgment of their exertions, but declared that, after the most mature consideration, he saw nothing in the measure that could be an equivalent for its mischief. The leading propositions of this fine digest of law and polity were—The motion was not an application to relieve a class of men from any odium, or from any religious restraint, as the Dissenters were in possession of *perfect toleration*, perfect freedom to serve Heaven in the manner they themselves preferred. There is a wide difference between the right to participate in offices of state and to enjoy liberty of conscience—offices of state being intended for the support of the established government, *ought not to be placed in the hands of any persons who are not well affected to that government* in all its essential parts. In every society there must be a *restriction of rights*. And in England the restriction is acknowledged by the demand of certain qualifications in individuals in a variety of instances. The present attempt of the Dissenters was to ac-

quire political power, but political power being a *trust for the benefit of the community*, and not the right of any individual, might be withholden from *any one part* of the community, where the general interest rendered such a limitation necessary. The Dissenters might disclaim any hostile intention towards the Church, but it was only wise to look to human nature for the springs of human action. The difference between the various sects of Dissenters were of the widest kind; some might be tolerant, but many pronounced the Church of England fit only to be abolished as a remnant of popery, while others, going further still, declared against all establishments; yet no measure that admitted one sect for its moderation could exclude another for its violence. It was the *nature* of all sects to extend the influence of their opinions, and if they had power to introduce changes grounded on those opinions, subverting the political institutions which they conceived to be in error. That this subversion of what we believed to be right, and they to be wrong, would be, to its extent, revolution, and, therefore, was to be met in the first instance, and guarded against in every step, by every possible barrier. That the Church and State were united *on principles of mutual expediency*, and by *indissoluble ties*. That it therefore concerned those to whom the well being of the State was intrusted, to take care that the Church was not rashly endangered, the ruin of which must endanger the ruin of the State. That it was the *right* of every legislature to establish such tests as should appear to be most conducive to the public good. That there was no more reason for considering the exclusion of Dissenters from office as a disgrace or punishment, than any other rule which upheld our political government; just as no man was looked on as disgraced or punished because he had not a vote for a city, a county, or a borough.—He concluded by saying, that he “had much respect for the present race of Dissenters, and admitted that their moderation entitled them to the protection of Government; but protection and power were different things,

and neither law nor common sense could require their being invested with power to break up the settled order of the State, and that they already possessed every privilege compatible with the *safety* of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Establishments.” The House, not yet inoculated with the absurdities of political liberalism and religious indifference, acknowledged the force of a reasoning, which, to every man of constitutional principles, was unanswerable. And the motion was rejected by nearly two to one, 176 to 98.

If we demanded a resistless proof of the administrative sagacity of Pitt, it might be found in his views of the evil resulting from the overthrow of the Test and Corporation Acts. During the whole long period, from their enactment to the commencement of this revolutionary age, they preserved the Constitution from the inroad of infidels, sectaries, and republicans. But when the venom of French Jacobinism, the frigid affectations of German philosophy, and, more effectively than either, the Deism and Atheism of the modern school of political scribbling, had partially diseased the mind of the rising generation, the repeal of those acts was loudly called for by faction. The call was powerfully protested against by religious men and consistent politicians, as only preliminary to the ruin of the old institutions of the empire. In defiance of the protest, the repeal was carried in 1828. Its first consequence was, as if a curse had been instantly brought down, the admission of Papists into the Legislature; a measure which England will yet weep in tears of blood, and in which at this hour she feels the chains of Popish tyranny. All thenceforth was natural. The Papist hostility against England and her constitution was developed in that fatal Bill of misnamed and delusive Reform, which, throwing the representation from the hands of the responsible classes into those of the irresponsible, giving to ignorance the rights that belong to knowledge, and to poverty the rights which can be safely exerted by property alone, has already shaken the State to its foundations. We already see the fruits of this con-

cession in the absolute tyranny of a Popish faction over the English Cabinet, in its successive overthrow of English administrations; in its actual fabrication of a government for Ireland; in its attempt to ruin those corporations and public bodies which had been formed for the express purpose of sustaining the religion and interests of England in Ireland; in its bitter personal persecution of the Irish clergy; and finally, in its open demand to have the Established Church in Ireland given into its power.

To what further views the inflamed bigotry and furious ambition of this sect may look, must be judged of by what five short years have done. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was the death-blow of the Constitution; and on its grave may be written,—“There lie the Liberties of England, gained by illustrious sacrifices, sustained by vigilance and virtue, and lost at length by giddy concession, weak confidence, and the boundless folly of believing that Dissenters could be safe guardians of the Established Church, Papists of Protestantism, and Republicans of Monarchy.”

The debates on the Heir-apparent's Debts, in April and May 1787; the Impeachment of Hastings, of which the six articles were prepared by Burke on the 25th of April, and the general measure was carried on the 9th of May, by 175 to 89; and the debates on the Regency in December 1788, were the chief public transactions of this period. In them all, the Minister distinguished himself by the soundness of his views and the dignity of his principles. While the admirers of great abilities will regret that, on the first of those topics, Fox pledged himself before the House and the nation to the non-existence of a marriage between the Prince and Mrs Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic,—a pledge which in the most decisive degree involved his honour; and that in the last he claimed a *right* for the Prince to hold the Regency, independently of the choice of the Lords and Commons,—a right in which this headlong partisan equally abandoned the boasted principles of the Whig creed, and exhibited his readiness to abandon the Constitution. Pitt

was the great opponent to the triumph of this extraordinary claim, which would have made the Prince master not only of the Crown, but of the Constitution. Fox, in full contemplation of the feast of power, had palpably determined to enjoy it to the utmost. In his speculation the whole Cabinet was to be thrown out, and new men and new measures to be put in possession. Fox, as Secretary of State, was to have been actual Prime Minister; the Duke of Portland nominally Premier, as First Lord of the Treasury; Earl Spencer the Irish Lord-lieutenant. All the minor offices were to be filled by Fox's friends; and his party, with its easy relaxation of principle and unfailing thirst of place, already regarded itself as lord of all.

It is curious to observe, that this hazardous consummation was defeated, in the first instance, by party alone. Pitt, after combating and conquering the ignorant and guilty claim of right, fully admitted that the Heir-apparent was the individual most fitted to hold the Regency; and having established the few restrictions which he thought either the time or the Prince would endure, and which were to last only for three years, he prepared to give up office without delay, and to invest the Prince with the Regency. He had surmised that the two Houses would act at once upon the report of the Privy Council on the 3d of December. Fox, whose natural policy would have been to proceed without delay, from that hour seemed to study nothing but delay. Notwithstanding Pitt's strong reluctance to bring the King's physicians into that public and rude examination which must refer to so many personal and painful circumstances of the Royal illness, Fox demanded that they should be examined at the bar of the House. The examination, which ought to have been of the briefest and most restricted kind, was prolonged by frivolous questions, and the mere love of questioning, for ten days! The debates on the Restrictions were equally prolonged, by the mere folly of the Opposition. Two months were thus thrown away during which Fox might have been Minister. His whole conduct

on the subject seems the actual work of infatuation. No man was more eager for power. He must, like all other men, have been aware of the advantages which a Ministry in possession would have over a Ministry broken up and in exclusion, even in the event of the King's recovery. But all was in vain. His common sense seemed to have failed him, and he continued tampering with fortune, trying, debating, and opposing, until, on the 24th of February, he was astounded by the intelligence that the King had sent for Pitt, that the Royal health was restored, and the Government of his great rival restored along with it more firmly than ever.

But if this strange hesitation were disastrous for Fox, it was perhaps of the most fortunate order for England. What might be the effect on the feelings of the King, if, on his first feeble recovery from his disorder, he had found the Government of the man who was more than his Minister—his friend—subverted; and the Government of the man who had been for so many years more than the opponent of his Councils—his personal object of menace and hostility, paramount, may be not difficult to conjecture. There is every probability that his disease would have been inflamed by the shock, and his temporary aberration have been deepened into final loss of understanding. In that case, what *must* have been the lot of the Empire with the leader of the rabble at the head of Government, with the Prince helpless in his hand, with the fickleness of party turned on the sole possession and retention of power, with all willing to make any of those breaches in the Constitution, through which they might enter with facility in all future time, with the whole pauperism and plebeianism of politics hurrying on to the banquet,—and all this within twelve months of the French Revolution!

The great events which characterised the history of Europe from the year 1789 to the close of the Revolutionary catastrophe, are still so familiar to our memories, that it would be idle to enter into their detail. But the principles of the general overthrow

bear so direct a resemblance to the principles which are now afloat among ourselves, that we must dread a similar progress leading to a similar catastrophe. The French Revolution began with a demand for the reform of the National Church. The demand had been made fifty years before, but it was in the shape of gentle regret at conspicuous errors, and a philosophic hope of gradual purification. This was the language of treachery rendered prudent by fear. But the language became rapidly louder. Personal stigmas were followed by general libel, and the Church of France was gradually brought before the public eye as the customary object of sarcasm and scorn. The next step in the process was to hold it up as the object of plunder. The pretence of reform was cast aside, and the declared determination was robbery. If the cry for change had proceeded from men of virtue, justly indignant at the relaxation of clerical morals, or from men of religion, honestly desirous of seeing the Established Church of their country rendered worthy of Christianity, the desire for this revision might be not simply justifiable, but patriotic, safe, and profitable. But who were the purifiers? Notoriously a junta of the most profligate, profane, and incendiary names of France. Who were the zealots whose blood boiled in their veins at the injured majesty of religion, but a race of scoffers at all religion, avowed and ostentatious infidels, libertines, and atheists? Who were the chief mourners in that procession in which they summoned the rising generation of France to weep over the grave of public morals strangled by a powerful and corrupt establishment? Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, and the crowd of inferior panders to public vice, who solicited a share in their fame by rivalling them in their malignity.

It will be fairly conceived that we are no defenders of the views of religion adopted by Popery, but it would be a burlesque upon all reason to suppose that the Church reformers of France had any other object than subversion of the Throne in subversion of the Church, coupled with a fierce determination to ruin

the establishment as a preliminary to the ruin of the only religion they knew. They now proceeded systematically. The patriot orators were first aggrieved, not by the forms and doctrines, nor even by the property and pomps of the establishment, but by the injuries of the minor clergy. The condition of the village curates, the "working clergy," went to their souls, they reprobated the "intolerable partiality" which condemned the true labourer in the vineyard to a paltry pittance, while his diocesan was clothed in purple and fine linen. When this display of sensibility had produced its effect in enlisting the sympathies of that vast multitude who are born to follow every public absurdity which adopts the commonplaces of romance, the political power of the Church became the object. The orators of the Palais-Royal felt all their notions of propriety offended by the sight of Churchmen connected with the Monarchy. What was become of the simplicity of the primitive Church when all was purity and poverty? What could be more afflicting to the true friends of religion than to see Churchmen running the hazard of the great corruptor, wealth, or bearing those titles of honour, and offices of public distinction, which savoured so fatally of the spirit of the world? Where was the age of the apostles?

France is a theatrical country, and a high-sounding sentiment there captivates all ears. The sound was national, and no man stopped to consider from what lips it came. What low perfidy, what foul licentiousness, what inveterate corruption of heart and head were wrapped in the stage dresses which those actors of the revolutionary drama had put on for the hour. When the populace were inflamed by this appeal to their religious delicacy until they thirsted for the blood of the unfortunate, then the true development of the system came. The

Church must be reformed, was no longer the cry. The impurities of the Church were no longer the pretext. The Church must fall, was the cry. The last coin of the Church must be confiscated, was the principle of the rebel Legislature. Hypocrisy had done its work, it was required no longer. Legislation threw off its mask, and stalked forth as rapine. As if the human character had been suddenly changed, the philosophers, orators, patriots, and purists of the land, exhibited one ruthless gang of revolvers, assassins, incendiaries, and robbers; or rather as if some upburst from the dungeons of darkness and evil had sent forth their spirits to revel for a season on the face of earth, and supersede the form and feelings of man—all was one scene of furious struggle, bloody revenge, frantic laughter, hideous voluptuousness, and reckless spoliation. The *first* act of the National Assembly was the seizure of the whole property of the Church. Whatever might be the unscriptural errors of the French Establishment, the property was guiltless. That Church might have deserved the heaviest vengeance for its doctrines, but those doctrines were not impugned by the new illuminators of France. Its property was its crime in their eyes. They abated the nuisance by a general grasp at the whole corporate income of the Church. The operation was simple. It was completed in a single day, by a single debate. The motion was made, "That all the revenues and possessions of the Church should become the property of the State." It was carried with scarcely the form of deliberation. In 1789, and from that hour, the spirit of Revolution, torch in hand, went forth to lay the monarchy, the nobility, and the whole proprietary of France in a bed of flames, which was to be extinguished only in torrents of the blood of France and Europe.

With all the general principles advocated by the admirable author of this series we entirely agree; but we dissent from his opinion that it would have been better not to dissolve Parliament.

C. N.

THE EVEN-SONG OF THE STREAMS.

BY W. ARCHER BUTLER.

Lo! couch'd within an odorous vale, where May
 Had smiled the tears of April into flowers,
 I was alone in thought one sunny even:
 Mine eye was wandering in the cloudlets gray,
 Mass'd into wreaths above the golden bowers,
 Where slept the sun in the far western heaven.

I was alone, and watch'd the glittering threads,
 So deftly woven upon the purple woof
 By severing clouds, as parting into lines
 Of slender light, their broken brilliance spreads
 Thin floating fragments on the blue-arch'd roof,
 And each, a waving banner, streams and shines.

A mountain lay below the sun, its blue
 Veil'd in a robe of luminous mist, and seeming
 To melt into the radiant skies above;
 A broken turret near, and the rich hue
 Of faded sunlight through its window gleaming,
 Fainting to tremulous slumber on a grove.

But Evening grew more pale. Her zoneless hair
 Wound in dim dusky tresses round the skies,
 And dews like heavenly love, with unseen fall,
 Came showering. Insect forms swarm on the air,
 To dazzle with their tangling play mine eyes,
 That drooped and closed,—and mystery bosomed all!

Unsleeping thus—yet *dreamingly* awake—
 Fancies came wooing me, and gently rose
 To the soft sistering music of a stream
 That pilgrim'd by; and, as I list, they take
 A form, a being—such as deep repose
 Begets—a reverie, almost a dream.

I heard, I read the language of the waters—
 That low monotonous murmur of sweet sound,
 Unheard at noon, but creeping out at even!
 That language known but to the delicate daughters
 Of Tethys, the bright Naiads. All around
 The thrilling tones gush forth to silent heaven.

"We come," they sweetly sang, "we come from roving,
 The long still summer day, 'mid banks of flowers,
 Through meads of waving emerald, groves, and woods.
 Ours were delights: the lilies, mild and loving,
 Bent o'er us their o'erarching bells—those bowers
 For fays hung floating on our bubbling floods.

"We come—and whence? At early morn we sprung,
 Like free-born mountaineers, from rugged hills,
 Where bursts our rock-ribbed fountain. We have sped

Through many a quiet vale, and there have sung
 The murmuring descant of the playful rills,
 To thank the winds for the sweet scent they shed !

“ Our sapphire floods were tintured by the skies
 With their first burst of blushes, as we broke
 At morn upon a meadow. Not a voice
 Rose from the solemn earth as ruby dyes
 Swam like a glory round us, and awoke
 The trance of heaven, and bade the world rejoice.

“ Enwreath'd in mists, the perfumed breath of morn,
 Our infancy of waters freshly bright
 Cleft the hush'd fields, warbling a matin wild ;
 While beaming from the kindled heavens, and borne
 On clouds instinct with many-coloured light,
 The Spirit of Nature heard the strain, and smiled !

“ Heaven's flushing East, its western wilds as pale
 As is the wan cheek of deserted love,
 Its changeful clouds, its changeless deeps of blue,
 Lay glass'd within us when that misty veil
 Evanid, disenshrouding field and grove,
 Left us, a mirror of each heavenly hue,

“ An echo of Heaven's loveliest tints ! But lo !
 The spell that bound us broke ; in foaming leap
 Our sheeted water's rush'd ; our silvery vest
 Of light o'erhung the cliffs, our gorgeous bower
 Arch'd them at mid-fall,—till below the steep
 The maniac waves sunk murmuring into rest.

“ Now mourn'd one lone stream down a dusky vale,
 Like Passion wearied into dull Despair,
 The sole sad music of that sunless spot ;
 And prison'd from the sunbeam and the gale
 By nodding crags above, all wildly bare,
 We slowly crept where life and light was not.

“ To greet us from that salvage home there came
 A Form,—'twas not the Spirit of the Wild,
 But one more mortal, on whose wasted cheek
 Sorrow had written death ; a child of Fame
 Perchance, yet far less Fame's than Nature's child,
 He loved the languid lapse of streams to seek.

“ Some cherish'd wo, some treasur'd fond regret,
 Lay round his heart, and drew the gentlest tear
 That ever sanctified a pitying stream,
 Or crystalliz'd in lucent cells was set
 By Naiads, in their wavy locks to wear
 As priceless jewel of celestial beam.

“ The dirge of Nature is her Streams ! Their song
 Speaks a soft music to man's grief, and those
 Most love them who have loved all else in vain :
 We charmed that lone one as he paced along
 From the dark thralldom of his dream of woes,—
 His sadness died before our sadder strain !

“ Once more amid the joyaunce of the Sun,
And Light, the Life of Nature, we have taught
The pensive mourner of our marge to smile
In answer to our smile of beams, and won
The venom from the poisoned heart, and wrought
A spell to bless the wearied brain awhile !

“ The imaged Sun floats proudly on our breast,
Ever beside each wanderer, though there be
Many to tread our path of turf and flowers :
A thousand sparkling orbs for one imprest
On us,—for ours is the bright mimicry
Of Nature, changing with her changeful hours.

“ And thus we have a world, a lovely world,
A softened picture of the upper sphere
Sunk in our crystal depths and glassy caves ;
And every cloud beneath the heavens unfurled,
And every shadowy tint they wear, sleeps here,
Here in this voiceless kingdom of the waves.

“ On to the ocean! ever, ever on!
Our banded waters, hurrying to the deep,
Lift to the winds a song of wilder strife ;
And white plumes glittering in to-morrow’s sun,
Shall crest our waves when starting out of sleep
For the glad tumult of their ocean-life.

“ On to the Ocean! through the midnight chill,
Beneath the glowing stars, by woodlands dim,
A silvery wreath of beauty shall we twine.
Thus may our course—ceaseless—unwearied still—
Pure—blessing as it flows—aye shadow him
Our sources who unlock’d with hand divine!”

The soft and golden Eve had glided through
Her portals in the west, and night came round.
The glamour ceased, and nothing met mine eye
But waters, waters dyed in deepening blue—
Nothing mine ear, but a low bubbling sound,
Mingled with mine—and the faint night-wind’s—sigh.

FATHER O'LEARY'S SERMON.

Now know, ye nice flock of myself and friend Rock,
 That have done such good service with pike and with gun,
 That, except in that calling to which you're sworn all in—
 There's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 I must tell you how letters have come from your betters,
 Announcing your business in Parliament's done;
 And 'tis simply by breaking the oaths they've been taking—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 Now be ready for places, and wash all your faces,
 And put on clane shirts—that is, you that have one;
 For ye see a great squire is made of O'Dwyer—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 'Twixt this and December there shall not one member
 Be sent from green Erin but loves the true "fun,"
 And we'll soon burn the caxons of heretic Saxons—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 But first they would bid you of Protestants rid you,
 And finish the work they've so nobly begun,
 And all the King's cannon to sink in the Shannon—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 And when the pike searches the pews of their churches,
 Don't injure *our* walls, they'll be pure as a nun,
 When sprinkled with water, just after the slaughter—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 "Knee-deep" in the flood of "an Orangeman's blood,"
 And to spare neither father, wife, mother, nor son,
 Is the oath, by this token, must never be broken,
 All else is good perjury under the sun.
 We'll have no Lord-lieutenants—nor Admiral's pennants
 A-sweeping our Channel—our coasts they shall shun;
 For O'Connell's now King, boys, and we'll have our fling, boys—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 He'll burn all the Bibles, annul laws of libels
 And treason, and Sheil shall the Parliament stun,
 And good Irish thunder shall roar for Church plunder—
 Och, there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 Let Æneas M'Donnell be hang'd by O'Connell,
 And after the mass, boys, will some of ye run,
 For then you're all holy, and stick Father Croly—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun.
 Oh! we want no repaling just now—'tis plain-sailing,
 Since Erin the victory o'er England has won;
 For 'tis England no longer is stouter and stronger—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 No longer excisors and curs'd supervisors
 Shall vex us, for whisky shall flow by the tun;
 And they'll hang us no further for innocent murder—
 Och, there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 Then be off to the pike, boys, be sure when you strike, boys,
 While the sky with the smoke of their houses is dun;
 And be sure disappearance fulfils the law's clearance—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 So be off to your glory, nor fear Purgatory,
 That sink for a Tory, och! murder the pun,
 And I'll freeze all the coals, boys, red hot for your souls, boys—
 Och! there's nothing like perjury under the sun!
 Then pay well your Priests, boys, or else you're but beasts, boys—
 And the hemp that's to hang you shall never be spun,
 And the White-boys will harden with masses and pardon—
 Och, there's nothing like perjury under the sun!

AN OLD HOUSE IN THE CITY.

ANTIQUITY hath abundance of charity—she pleadeth for the mighty and the mean, the magnanimous and the contemptible. Touched by her influence, we gaze with reverence at the great Pyramid, and can look with interest at a gibbet—we venerate the dust of a sage, and linger even by the mummy of a lawyer. Placed in her circle, her host of shadows passing before us, we not only bow to poets and philosophers, but can nod and give a “good den” to usurers and pickpockets. The veriest rascal, seen through the haze of centuries, becomes picturesque. Who, for example, can see Guido Fawkes as he really moved and lived? Who can place before himself the veritable Claude Du Val? The vulgar cold-blooded conspirator is a fearful conjuration of romance, the highwayman a sprightly ill-used gentleman—the dark lantern of the fanatic is lighted with a fiery star, the fiddle of the cut-purse sounds in truth a most taking instrument. And why this delusion—why this charity towards the long departed? Is it not that we feel they are no longer partakers of our state of existence, but that they form a portion of that mystery, to the attainment of which life is but the preface? Is our homage that of ignorance towards intelligence? Is it, that, feeling a tree of knowledge springs alike through every coffin, our prejudices as to the peculiar earth are lost in speculation on the fruit? It may, we feel, be apples of Paradise—it may be apples of the Dead Sea; but whatever the produce, it can only grow from a dead man, and thus the corpse of the poorest slave has higher wisdom than a breathing Solomon. This, however, is more serious—if you will, more dull—than we intended. Only desirous of proving how time can plead for even antiquity, how evil may be halloed by the consecrated garments of years, we break off our sermon. This we will say, such lovers are we of the real antique that we would not destroy a single twig from an upas-tree, if the said tree had flourished for centuries—no, let pes-

tilence drop from the branches, if the branches were really and truly old.

With such benevolent feelings have we many a time gazed at the mansion of Messieurs Cat and Condor—yes, with no less amiable emotions have we beheld their “Old House in the City.” We never asked our friends, but have little doubt that the walls were built of the first bricks imported by the Earl of Arundel—to our eyes more valuable than the bricks of Babylon—writ with far deeper, far more recondite mysteries. Many a time, our back supported by an opposite door, with upturned looks and folded arms, have we contemplated the external features of that “old house.” Yet ere we narrate our wayward musings, it is right we give precedence to the opinions of “sage, grave men,” of “great ones of the city.” We will inflict on the reader but two or three examples.

“Pray, sir (I am strange to business), what may be the character of the firm of Messrs Cat and Condor?” This question has a thousand times been put by a thousand different querists: the answer has ever been, “An Old House in the City.” Such the words, but conveyed in no less than a thousand different tones: some replying in a note of explosive surprise, some with a pitying sneer at the interrogator, some with a chuckle at his boorish ignorance, some with deep solemnity, taking especial care to dwell upon the “old.”

Having produced the gravest testimony as to the antiquity of the house, we may now venture to add our evidence to that of serious matter-of-fact witnesses. We have in many a reverie read the walls of the house—we have dived into their mysteries—we have deciphered their hieroglyphs, and, rapt by our discoveries, we have lost sight of the bricks; as, in reading Homer or Shakspeare, we are wholly oblivious of the printer and the papermaker. Thus our “House” has at times seemed to us built up of human bones, a mansion composed of the

spoils of the churchyard. We have seen the pithless joints of the old and the young—we have beheld the skull of the widow and the orphan cemented in one compact mass—and still the walls grew higher and higher, as new materials fell into the hands of the builders—and every bone had its legend, every skull its curious history.

Anthony Cat—merry, simple-minded man!—whilst seated in his leather-bottomed chair, conning his daily ten hours' task, never dreamed of out-of-door opinions. He knew the walls of the old house were in good condition, for they had been surveyed; but for any types or texts to be found in them, he no more thought of such superstition than the fly in a painted paper cage thinks of the daubing of its prison. Anthony Cat professed himself a Christian, and proved himself a man of business. For ourselves we care not so much for professions as for deeds; therefore, waving what Anthony said, we may state what he seemed—for in mind he may have been an infidel, but in practice he was (in pounds, shillings and pence) a true believer. Anthony owed his first advance in life to his humanity. In the first American War, though he only held a situation partaking of the errand-boy and the junior clerk, he was at once a philanthropist and an admirer of his master's daughter. Being on principle averse to the war, he conceived that, by lessening the resources of his country, he might best accelerate the advent of peace—to which end, whenever despatched for stamped sheets, he six times out of ten supplied the office from his own garret, putting the purchase-money in his own pocket. How, it will be asked, was the cheat effected? By the unassisted genius of the simple Anthony, who, to while away the dreariness of his leisure, would cut the stamps from old extinct bonds, and with the most praiseworthy dexterity, with a nice ingenuity worthy a Chinese, would let them into plain parchment. "This was the way to thrive;" and Anthony had the double satisfaction of assisting the cause of national peace and individual profit. This is a truth, a truth without one thread of fiction.

In time Anthony became the second clerk—still his heart grew bigger, still his purse dilated. However, a proposal for his fair young mistress was met by the indignation of her father, and Anthony was about to be discarded, when an accidental discovery of a false stamp procured him another interesting interview with his master. The old gentleman was full of virtuous indignation, and talked of hanging. Anthony fell upon his knees, and, to the horror of the elderly lawyer, confessed a long catalogue of forgeries; nay more, avowed himself ready to publish to the world the name of every client whose property had been placed in jeopardy by a spurious stamp. Of course the master gave quills, ink, and paper to the penitent for the purposes of justice? Not so; the lawyer was a discreet man—were the iniquity of his clerk made known, his business, his connexion was gone! Anthony rightly interpreted the silence of his master, and again and again proposed to make "a clean breast." The good man got up a visible shudder at what he termed the consequences of a prosecution—he could not see an old, though worthless servant, hanged! Will it be believed by the modest reader? The instant Anthony was assured that his master would not consign him to the gallows, he again prayed that he might take his daughter to the church. The master paused at the request; but at length, wisely thinking that the best way to stop the mouth of his clerk would be to give him a wife, he consented to the match. This auspicious beginning was followed by "thick coming" successes, and, in the course of a few years, behold Anthony Cat partner of "An Old House in the City." He looked worthy of his prosperity—his face was ever in a glow of satisfaction, his voice rung like glass, and he would rub his hands with an air that told you they were as pure as his own pounce. And yet no man had a sterner eye to the "inevitable decencies" of life. Though he was outwardly smiling, meek, and gracious, he had in his way of business a heart more than Roman. Little knew they of the interior of Anthony Cat who judged him by his short laugh, his

venerable jest, or his one ballad at the club—nay, they who paused at his Hoxton Villa, garnished with potted myrtles and geraniums, and saw the owner pacing his lawn with a pink 'twixt his fingers brushing his nose, did him wrong if they confounded him with the same Cat setting a suit in his "Old House in the City," or following it out at Westminster.

Augustus Condor, the second partner, seemed expressly sent into the world to do two things, to keep accounts and eat a dinner. He accomplished the double purpose of his being with surpassing ability. No man had greater powers of calculation and digestion. His moral lining was, we are convinced, composed of a ready reckoner and a cookery book. Place him before the cedars of Lebanon, and his first thought would be to calculate the height and girth of every cedar-tree, and next its market price. Fix him on the shores of the Ganges, and his first enquiry would be if turtle swarmed there? and Condor knew himself, and so knowing, left the difficulties of consultation to his more mercurial partner. Cat looked to the pockets of the house, and Condor to the belly.

Having introduced the reader to the two partners, we will now take him into their office. So, being entered, one gentle question, dispassionate reader. (We suppose it to be the first time our friend has entered the office of a lawyer.) Does nothing new and strange strike upon your sense? Be there no "odours" here? Do you feel assured that there are no subtle particles flying about you, no peculiar emanations? Do you not yearn and gasp for the sweet air of even a London street? Does not your heart sink, and your lips part in sickness? Has nothing fatal to your genial everyday flow of blood entered your system? Your finger to your pulse—now, as there is an immortal soul in truth, are you the same man you were ere you crossed the threshold? No; for you are not made of oak or quartz—you share the common attributes of our common nature, and you are a changed man. You ask why is this? We who have felt the influence of the *genius loci*—we whom no expe-

rience can blunt to it, cannot clearly divine the mystery—we can only speculate. Look at those piled rows of japanned boxes. We think much of the evil, a great portion of the malaria issues thence—there are the deeds of the dying, the dead, and—but we will not increase the number of the parties, though we sacrifice alliteration. Surely within all those tombs all cannot be sound—no, there is the decay of truth, the rottenness of falsehood. Though some may be wholesomely embalmed with honest ink and wax, all do not "smell sweet, and blossom in the pounce." Thence rise the vapours, thence the noxious exhalations. And hark! Hear ye no sounds? A voice of wailing and misery, a sobbing, a groaning, as from a crucified spirit? though the notes are fine, an ear unsophisticated may catch them. From whence, you ask, this anguish? from whence this rending lamentation? We answer, from poor common sense locked up, gyved, disfigured, racked by a thousand menials, some called Whereas, some Notwithstanding, some Aforesaid, and some with names of gibberish, counting more syllables than the Spaniard. Even as the dainty spirit Ariel was imprisoned in the pine by Sycorax, that "blue eyed hag," so is poor common sense captive to an unrelenting bel-dam. And, reader, did you ever see the thumbscrew or the steel boot? You have; and your cheek has wrinkled, and your heart fallen as you gazed on those inventions of the devil, and thought of the blackened flesh, the spurting blood, the cracking bone and broken marrow of the victim? Well, screw and boots may be made from the skins of inoffensive sheep; from rags cast from a beggar, and—but we must pause. We have given loose to a morbid imagination. We have (it is our failing) been dreaming a day-dream, in which have mingled all kinds of monstrous horrors, whilst indeed we were comfortably seated in the office of Messrs Cat and Condor. We have taken a journey to a den of guilt and misery, while our feet reposed on the matting of "an old house in the City." It is fortunate we are awake, or we know not how basely we might have misrepresented

that young pale faced sandy-haired clerk, with a very white shirt-collar. Who knows how we might have typified the respectable partners themselves, the worthy Cat and Condor, those solid pillars of the "old house in the City." We have now to dismiss from the mind of our companion all that we have said; we are not justified in attempting to shake the nerves of any man, therefore the reader may as frequently as he pleases defy the atmosphere of an attorney's office; for our part, being naturally delicate, we love sweet air, and respect our health.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed; but, sir, money is money, and people are so difficult."

For the wisdom enshrined in these words, the reader is indebted to Mr Cat, who, with one of his blandest smiles, his eyes twinkling through his spectacles, his body gently inclined, and the tip of each thumb and finger nicely touching the tip of its brother, assured a client that money was money, and, to give Cat his due, he was capable of no better definition. To his client, however, money was liberty, peace of mind, every thing; he bit his lip, his eyes glared, and it was with some effort that with apparent composure the stranger asked, "When may I have the money?"

"To-morrow, sir, to-morrow."

The tone and manner of Cat were most convincing, and yet they evidently failed to assure his client, who, it must be conceded, ought to have been impressed with the promise of his agent, as the worthy man had almost every day, for the previous fortnight, repeated it. To-morrow bubbled from the mouth of Cat as freely as water from a source—but Lieutenant Lacy, we regret to say it, was a suspicious man, and when looking at the support of "the old house" from the crown to the gaiters, he turned upon his heel, and said, "Then I'll come to-morrow." It was but too plain that he quitted the office an unbeliever. Indeed, to confess all, as he descended the stair-case, a mutilated oath escaped his lips, an oath in which Messrs Cat and Condor were very deeply interested. However, something must in charity be allowed to the ignorance of the man. How was it pos-

sible that he, a sailor, could judge of the difficulties of what Mr Cat ever delighted to call "a financial operation?" What may appear very fair and simple to an unlearned mariner, abounds with perplexities in the eyes of prudent attorneys like Cat and Condor. Two and two may make four on the quarter-deck, but such false calculation is not to pass in "an old house in the City."

Lieutenant Lacy, in addition to his Majesty's commission and three body-wounds, had a wife and five children. Whilst his laurels were growing at sea, his olive branches had flourished at home, and though they were all fair and beautiful, Elizabeth, a girl of seventeen, was the fairest, the most beautiful—"an angel, if ever an angel walked," to use the words of a young gentleman, transfixed one summer evening by her graces; and the exclamation must be received as a triumphant evidence of the loveliness of Elizabeth, for certain we are that the speaker was not one of those happy people who, in their dreams, awake or sleeping, see angelic faces: he had no standard of beauty, but paid an instinctive homage to its influence. Charles Bars was himself the child of an officer, and when, on the 2d of May, his eyes met the bright orbs of Elizabeth, as, accompanied by her mother and younger sister, she walked in the Temple-Gardens, he felt an admiration so uncontrollable, that he three times thrust his head beneath her bonnet, nay, so powerful was his emotion, that it absolutely drove her from the spot. When she vanished from his sight, and he was prevented by a sense of delicacy (for we are almost certain that he despised the uplifted cane of a meddling gentleman), from following her, so profoundly was he touched that he flung away an almost whole cigar, and for that evening ceased to smoke. Vesuvius itself could not give a stronger evidence of what Mrs Siddons once called "Desperate tranquillity."

Let the reader suffer a day to have elapsed, and we will then return to the office of Cat and Condor. Enter Lieutenant Lacy; he is met with a smile so gracious, so cheering, by the partner of the "old house," that he returns it with a look of perfect sa-

tisfaction. "How have I wronged this excellent man! doubtless there were many difficulties in the way of the negotiation; money, on the best security, is scarce." Now, though Lieutenant Lacy spoke no syllable of this, every word of it passed through his brain, as Mr Cat having again carefully deposited himself in his chair, stretched forth his right leg, and began with an encouraging air to pat its calf. He then placed both his hands in his breeches pockets, and—(credulous Lieutenant Lacy, for he thought he heard the crumpling of bank-notes) observed, "I am very sorry." As he said this, his client leapt to his feet with a noise that even awakened the calculating Condor, who, dropping his jaw, coolly ran his tongue round his upper lip, and stared at the disturber: Cat widened his mouth, smiled with great industry, and to some very rapid and homely queries of the Lieutenant, again exclaimed, "Tomorrow." Here, we regret to record it, the sailor lost all respect for the representatives of the "old house," and in a tone not to be mistaken, demanded back his papers. Cat smiled consent, and opening the door, asked one of the clerks in the outer-office for "Lieutenant Lacy's bill."

The Lieutenant was a brave man, but at the sound of the word bill, he looked the veriest coward. The clerks of the "old house" were celebrated for despatch, and in a trice the last item, viz. the consultation of that day, was added to the account, and placed between the fingers of the debtor, who found himself "written down" forty pounds; in the books of Cat and Condor. Somewhat recovered from the first shock, the Lieutenant promised payment, but again loudly demanded his papers. Again Condor gaped, and again Cat smiled. "Certainly, Lieutenant Lacy—to be sure, when our bill is paid." Now Lieutenant Lacy had not forty shillings.

We have said the Lieutenant was a suspicious man; and we hate suspicion, for ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it takes away more than it secures. A man whose road lies through a wild forest, if told that the place be infested by a ravenous wolf, suspects every thing that moves

about him to be no other than the wolf; if a fox, a hare, or a poor rabbit start at his feet, he trembles, fearing it the wolf; nay, if a little squirrel crack nuts on his native branch, the suspicious man stands aghast, assured he hears the wolf; and if a few yards within his journey's end a pretty glow-worm glisten in a bush, he runs hallooing home, and gathering all his neighbours about him, vows he hath escaped by a miracle, having beheld the very eye of the very wolf! Now had nobody filled the poor fellow's head with terrible stories of the beast, he had scarcely thought of it, but had gone through the wood enjoying the singing birds, the waving trees, and the breathing flowers!

We know not whether Lieutenant Lacy had given ear to any malignant gossip touching the "old house," or whether his present valuation of Messrs Cat and Condor was the result of his unassisted observations, but certain we are that he viewed the still smiling Anthony with that kind of interrogative glance which the reader may have seen put by one gentleman in a crowd when the enquirer has lost his pocket-book or repeater. "Are you a thief?" demands the despoiled with all the force and eloquence of eyes. When Mr Cat made the surrender of his client's papers provisional on the payment of his client's bill, Lieutenant Lacy, though silent, put a question, and Cat, though he spoke not, smiled an answer. Cat was a philosopher, it is true, for a libel written or spoken he had a vein of unexampled tenderness, but for mere dumb opinion, for the thoughts that dwell within the chambers of men's brains, they no more affected him than they could wound the cynic through his tub. No, Cat was a liberal, he was for the free exercise of thought so long as thought went about its business, speaking no word and scrawling no pot-hook. It is clear Lieutenant Lacy was poorly matched against such a man, who was so strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, that when his intemperate client "prepared to chide," the lawyer beckoned in the senior clerk to listen to the vituperation. Whether the Lieutenant felt his want of eloquence, or whether,

like a high-minded player, he refused to exhibit before so poor an audience, we cannot decide. Sure we are, that the instant the sailor caught the eye of the clerk, that instant the speaker became dumb; and more, without deigning to accept an invitation significantly put to him by the smiling Cat, he swung from the office of "the old house" with a promptitude and decision worthy of Drake or Blake.

We spoke of an invitation on the part of Cat, and must trespass a few lines in the way of comment: Has the reader—we beg his pardon, of course he has—beheld a beautiful pair of lips, red and ripe as cherries, that, placed within the reach of even Origen himself, would win him to their audible cry of "Kiss me?" Show us the man who hath the marble entrails to withstand the invitation, and we shall honour him for a true philosopher, or despise him for a cowardly fool. Now, we place Lieutenant Lacy in the hands of the reader: it is for him to decide on the future character of the client of the "old house," when we state an equal instance of his forbearance. For be it known, that as the Lieutenant prepared to depart, looking death at his attorney, Mr Cat, with an improved smile, with both hands in his pockets, the tails of his coat accidentally hanging over his arms, and his head unusually advanced, approached the Lieutenant, and again grinning "Perhaps to-morrow," turned his back upon the officer. It was a critical moment for the tempted Lacy; for if ever, in her immortal life, Venus, without speaking, cried "Kiss," Cat, by his smiling look, and the dexterity with which he took the most tantalizing position, cried "Kick."

A maiden gazing at the full moon is a beautiful object; an astronomer surveying its valleys, plains, and mountains, challenges our admiration and respect; an Indian trembling at an eclipse, beating his tambour and yelling, to scare the dragon from swallowing the planet, calls up our pity at his darkness; a magician writing his riddles on the moon's bright face, carries us into the boundless realms of imagination,—but each and all of these, in the various emotions which they feel and excite,

are, in our opinion, powerless, compared to the sensations glowing, swelling in the bosom of Lieutenant Lacy, as he surveyed the presented disc of Anthony Cat, lawyer—as he looked on the broad stone of honour of "the old house in the City." Happy are we to say, we know nothing of anatomy, and seek not to know; for were we acquainted with the minute, the delicate machinery with which we are intrusted, could we enjoy, as in our present ignorance, our dinner and plurality of bottles? No;—wearing, as we should, our eyes in our bellies, we should shudder at the despotism which we daily exercise over a thousand tender subjects, with whose names and duties we are now unacquainted; and trembling at the cruel taskmaster appetite, we should confidently predict intestine revolution—dissolution. It is thus that their deep knowledge makes all the faculty temperate as cameleons; no true physician, no real surgeon, cares for his meals—empirics may gormandize, but science rarely dines. However, this much anatomical knowledge we have arrived at, from the deportment of the Lieutenant in the hour of his temptation,—we think there can be no muscle from the heart to the toe, or fearful we are that the Lieutenant's toe had gone up. The invitation on the part of Mr Anthony Cat was so unequivocal, that how Lacy, as a man of common courtesy, rejected it, he can best explain—we cannot. The Lieutenant descended the staircase, Mr Cat returned to his seat with a look of disappointment, and the senior clerk vanished to his desk, baulked of what at first promised to be a very pretty assault.

Lieutenant Lacy was a man of the highest courage; a ship's crew had presented him with a sword for his signal bravery, in an awkward affair of "cutting out." He merited to the full so flattering a testimonial of his active gallantry; but how much greater the recompense due to him for the passive magnanimity we have recorded! In such a case, and with such provocation, not to kick appears to us the grandest triumph of human equanimity. Cat himself was astounded at the moral elevation, which, however, brought

its reward. Ziska's skin, specially bequeathed by the wearer to cover a drum, though no doubt capable of the loudest and most terrible sounds, was, we are certain, thin, and weak as gold-beater's, compared to our Cat's skin, sounding a charge of assault at Westminster. Convinced we are that several eminent persons might, at their deaths, for ever silence the fame of the aforesaid drum, would they but leave, for a similar instrument, that which by good kicking hath been so admirably prepared on the living animal. At present, we must dwell no longer on the subject;—yes, we must record a startling instance of good fortune bound up with kicking.

A worthy man, happily intrusted with the guidance of public taste, owed the full blazon of his prosperity to this summary, and, as it would seem, intelligent operation. It chanced that a gentleman from a great London House sojourned, in the way of business, at the country factory of our man with the toe, and was at once astonished and delighted to hear the application of the said toe threatened upon the lightest blunder or disobedience of the people employed.

"Can it be?" asked the visiter, with a look of mingled pleasure and credulity. "Is that your way of governing? do you really kick?"

"I do."

The querist folded the respondent in his arms, then, as Ophelia describes Hamlet, surveyed him at a distance, clasped his hand, and, with an exulting voice, fairly crowing at the discovered gem, and an eye swimming with transport, exclaimed, "Come to London!"

The operator quitted his country business, and, in a trice, was placed in the metropolitan house. It is true, he was doomed to undergo a practical lesson from an amateur, in the very art of which he had dubbed himself *regius professor* before he himself had given a solitary lecture. But passing that slight annoyance, he had cause to rejoice at the discovery of kicking, which—enthusiastic in the remedy—he held, like Shakspeare's "barber's chair," to be equally adapted to all parties. Little knew an admiring world, when it gazed on the enchantments of the

London repository, when it beheld dancing nymphs and flying cupids, that even such delicate creatures were marshalled in their graces by the threatened foot. Processions, triumphal chorusses, battles, weddings,—all were kicked up! Next to the Pope, no man had such a toe! To proceed with our history. An unforeseen and critical event increased the disappointment of the Lieutenant. Arrived at his lodgings, he found a letter from Portsmouth, calling for his instant return to his vessel, the ship being under sailing orders. The papers must be obtained from Messrs Cat and Condor at any sacrifice; he must dispose of the reversion of a trifling freehold, inherited by his wife on the death of her mother. He had debts to pay, butchers, bakers, schoolmasters to satisfy, and money must be had. With this deep conviction, Lieutenant Lacy addressed himself to a solicitor, who promised an instantaneous recovery of the documents from the "The Old House." For the client, he knew not what to make of the procrastination of Mr Cat, who, three weeks before, on almost the first glance at the papers, declared them to be immediately convertible; money might be had upon them, ay, by noon the next day. Nothing was more easy; the Lieutenant might depend upon the cash. From that time, however, until the final interview, there was some new, some unexpected difficulty—always, it is true, explained away by the zealous Cat, who always cried "to-morrow," and always smiled with increasing complacency.

Lieutenant Lacy was seated in the front parlour of Number —, St —'s Court. His daughter Elizabeth, making the most of the light of a June evening, as it sickened through the windows, was employed on a crayon portrait of her father, a dear memorial for hearts at home, when he was "far amid the melancholy main." Elizabeth had heard of the hasty summons, and worked in silence. The sailor never showed greater heroism than at that hour. His heart was heaving for his wife and children,—he was about to quit them, perhaps for ever—to leave the beautiful creature before him intrusted to a

tempting world; and yet, with these thoughts piercing his brain, he kept a smile upon his face for the gentle artist. Lieutenant Lacy had looked with unblenched gaze on the guns of an approaching enemy; but in that dreadful pause of life he showed less noble self-control, than when, with a mind racked by household wants, he looked with a smile into his daughter's eyes. Great are the battles gained on field and deck, but greater far the triumphs won by the struggling spirit at the desolate fireside.

Father and daughter were thus employed, when a knock at the door proclaimed a new arrival. The circumstance, commonplace as it was, afforded a relief to Elizabeth, who longed, but knew not how to break the silence.

"It is not mamma," she said; "she will not be at home this hour."

The landlady briefly informed Lieutenant Lacy, that a gentleman wished to speak to him. The Lieutenant quitted the apartment, but in two minutes returned, followed by his visitor, who, beholding Elizabeth, seemed struck with amazement.

"I will but retire to my room, and then be with you immediately," said the Lieutenant to the stranger, in a tone partaking as much of a request as of a simple intimation.

"At your leisure, Captain—I beg pardon, Lieutenant Lacy," replied the gentleman, venturing a second look at Elizabeth, who was about to follow her father, when a glance from him told her to remain.

"Most happy, Miss Lacy, at the unexpected delight of this second meeting; most happy indeed, upon my honour."

Yes, reader, the visiter was no other than Charles Bars, the saunterer from the Temple Gardens.

"Really?—What! your father?" exclaimed the young gentleman, with the most enviable confidence; and he took the drawing from the table, and stared at it very like a patron of the fine arts. "Humph! Indeed, a fine looking man. Well, never mind, matters must blow over; and depend upon it, Miss Lacy, your papa will be a post-captain." Had Charles Bars been First Lord of the Admiralty, he could not have taken a higher tone of prophecy. "But really, Miss

Lacy, it's hard your papa must leave his family; is there no way of keeping him?"

"I fear, sir, none; he must almost immediately set off for the fleet."

"No, no;" cried Charles Bars, "not so bad as that—not immediately. I feel I can on my own responsibility allow the Lieutenant some further time; indeed, I came with the best intentions."

It was clear to Elizabeth, that the visitor was some functionary of the Admiralty; his confident tone betrayed his power and importance.

"Do you indeed, sir?" said the girl, forgetful of even the face of Charles Bars under her bonnet; "you will make my mamma so happy; we must all thank you."

"Not at all, Miss Lacy; for my part, if you desire it, your father shan't budge—any thing to please you, my dear Miss Lacy;" and with every word he spoke, Mr Charles Bars approached a step nearer to Elizabeth; and when he uttered the last syllable, his audacious arm surrounded her waist.

Lieutenant Lacy was a man of marked decision; and entering the room at this instant, without one word or breath of warning given, Charles Bars, by some extraordinary process, was flung with his head under the fire-grate, his neck uncomfortably supported by the edge of an iron fender. There he lay, and, lying, bled like Cæsar. We, however, have one excuse for the wounded. It was his firm conviction that Lieutenant Lacy had quitted the house by some back door, or by scaling the roof, and descending a neighbouring chimney. But why, it may be asked, should the Lieutenant shun an interview with the visitor? Why treat with such contumely the son of an officer? The truth is, when we spoke of the profession of Charles Bars' father, we forgot to state his precise service. Be it known, then, that he was neither military officer, nor naval officer, but officer to the sheriff! And Charles himself, though young, enjoyed no less a dignity, in support of which he had that evening visited Lieutenant Lacy at the suit of Messrs Cat and Condor, for services *not* rendered. The prostrate legalist, calculating that the courage of his assailant

"preyed not upon carcasses," lay motionless as Bracton; but he proved that his lungs were of corresponding brass with his face, and he roared, "Bob Sykes!" who, listening in the street, loudly responded to the call with the brass of the street-door knocker. The landlady, with feminine quickness, jumped at right conclusions, and admitted the clamorous gentleman without, who rushed into the parlour, and, blind to the blood of his companion in the pursuit of his duty, cried, "Where's the Lieutenant?" Where, indeed? All we know of his escape is this:—The landlady, ere she admitted Robert Sykes, with a strength proceeding from the hatred of her visitors, fairly clawed the gallant seaman from the parlour, and carried him off ere he himself was aware of the abduction. Where the woman hid her victim we know not. In what household fastness, in what domestic crypt the Lieutenant lay shut up from the searching kindness of Robert Sykes, remains to this day undivulged. The Lieutenant himself would never confess it.

"A pretty business this, marm; suppose he had killed the man?" asked Bob Sykes of Mrs Smith, when, having given up the search for the Lieutenant, he had time to sympathize with the maltreated—"Suppose he had killed the man?" again he asked; and again Mrs Smith rubbed her hands, and gave one of her quiet looks.

If we know ourselves, we are made up of gentleness and mercy; we would no more kill an officer of the sheriff than we would tread on a poor beetle. But as human nature at the best is weak, and as the father of evil, indefatigable in his business, ever watches about the meekest and the purest, should we ever be betrayed into the indiscretion of slaying a sheriff's officer,—should we ever be guilty of the absurd weakness,—our only hope is, that we may be tried for the peccadillo by a jury of matrons. If there be only one Mrs Smith among the dozen, the serenity with which we shall appear in the prisoners' dock will, as Mr Pepys would say, "be pretty to see."

The blood from the nose of Charles Bars continued to meander down

the finest shirt and the gayest waistcoat of his multitudinous wardrobe. The truth is, his father "held that night a solemn supper," where all the world was invited. We speak advisedly, for among the guests there were many veteran officers and their families, half-a-dozen bill-brokers, and a sprinkling of hard-working attorneys, particular friends of the hospitable host. Charles Bars had risen from the hands of the hair-dresser, and, aided by his sister Constantia, was about to rehearse, at their grand piano-forte,

"Together let us range the fields;"

he proposing to challenge Miss Solomons to the performance of that duet in the course of the evening, when he was summoned by his father to execute a writ on Lieutenant Lacy. Charles was the model of filial obedience, and Messrs Cat and Condor were excellent customers. However, we have already detailed the difficulties of Charles in the pursuit of his duty. Giving the writ to Sykes, he now quitted the house, and, entering a hackney-coach, drove homewards, speculating by the way on the amount of damages. Lieutenant Lacy emerged from his mysterious hiding-place, and immediately set off for the private house of his new solicitor. He was within sight of the door, when somebody calling his name, he turned round and felt a paralyzing hand on his right shoulder. "Lieutenant Lacy, you must come with me." The speaker was no other than the discerning and ubiquitous Bob Sykes, who, by a lamp, had caught a glimpse of the Lieutenant's features as he rapidly passed him. True it is, Bob had never before beheld his prisoner; but with restless observation he had scrutinized the drawing at the Lieutenant's lodgings, and the readiness with which he therefrom recognised the original was a high compliment to the powers of the artist. Nothing now remained but to enter into a new negotiation with the partners of "the old house," who consented to withdraw their action, avowing themselves ready to take their bills from the proceeds of the sale of the Lieutenant's property—a sale which they now hoped immediately to effect. They had never

wished to distress the Lieutenant—not they; but he had been so unadvised, so very impatient. Lacy even apologized to Messrs Cat and Condor for his hasty misinterpretation of their motives. But time pressed; he must immediately have the money—in two days the fleet sailed—he had that morning seen the news in the papers, and so, in truth, had Messrs Cat and Condor; and knowing, as they did, that the subsistence, nay, the very reputation, of their client depended upon joining his ship,—knowing, in fact, that he had not an hour to spare,—they wished, at any sacrifice, to effect a sale.

“In the evening, Lieutenant Lacy, I have no doubt, we may sign and seal.”

“Evening, sir!” exclaimed Lacy, frantically dashing his fist upon the desk. “In an hour, Mr Cat, in an hour, or I am a lost man!”

And he sunk again into his chair, and a tear burned in his eye.

“Be composed, my dear sir, pray be composed,” cried Cat, looking himself the spirit of tranquillity. “As the gentleman, who we believe is desirous of purchasing the cottage, is our client, we will immediately send to him. Edward, here! No; wait until I write, and take this note to Mr Fortescue, and be sure and bring an answer.”

The junior clerk vanished with the missive, and Mr Cat proceeded to mend his goose-quill. The operation finished, he politely handed the newspaper to Lacy, who, after a vain endeavour to read it, arose, and, with vacant looks, gazed out of the window. He was, however, shortly called to a recollection of things by the sharp whistling of a man below, who sauntered backwards and forwards, evidently as if waiting for somebody. Lacy thought he recognised the gait, the costume of the loiterer. Yes, he was not mistaken; the whistler was Bob Sykes. For whom, for what could he be waiting? Edward, the junior clerk, was fleet as a greyhound; and Mr Fortescue being luckily at home, in a few minutes personally answered the letter from the “old house.”

“Mr Fortescue is come, sir,” said Edward.

And Mr Cat, with a slight bow to

the Lieutenant, quitted the office, we presume to settle preliminaries with the visiter. After a short absence he returned, ushering in Mr Fortescue. He was, in reality, a man of about two-and-thirty; but we suppose it was either the smoke of his fire-place, or a continual cast of thought, which gave to his features, in themselves not regularly handsome, the aspect of eight-and-forty. Mr Fortescue had been a party to many of the “financial operations” of the “old house,” and thus must have possessed considerable wealth. Indeed, the fact was roundly asserted by Messrs Cat and Condor, who would facetiously (we know not with which of the partners originated the joke) call him their golden calf. In sober truth, they had talked so much of his wealth, that the poor man passed for an incorrigible miser; and neither his dwelling nor his garments were calculated to falsify the opinion. Indeed, what can be said of a man who dwells in the top apartment of a magazine for old bottles, old rags, old iron, at the bottom of Saffron Hill, and yet bargains for and purchases twenty houses in the year—beautiful mansions, rich acres, parks, woods, fisheries? What can be urged in defence of him who, by his dealings, we should judge capable of wearing each day a new suit of gold cloth, whose whole wardrobe, were he turned out from it clean as Adam, would be no good pennyworth at fifteen shillings? The case was plain: Mr Fortescue was a muck-worm; yet, with all the paralyzing passions of a miser, he had retained the lively sense of benefits received. He was bound by a feeling of gratitude, heart and soul, to Messrs Cat and Condor, who, in a most difficult law case, in a cause which perilled the whole of his worldly property, had, with their proverbial sagacity, effected his triumph. Lieutenant Lacy started when introduced to Mr Fortescue. The appearance of the stranger was not prepossessing: harsh, dark features, completely mapped by the small-pox,—a large, black, cowering eye, and a mouth wide and rigid, as though modelled by a horse-shoe, rarely appeal with success to the confidence of the superficial; and Lieutenant Lacy, though a worthy

man, we do not set up for a sage. A faded green coat, with honest copper buttons, the deceptive gilding having long since disappeared, a blue plush waistcoat, brown breeches, boots with clay-coloured tops, a hat of the like hue, verdantly turned up, and a cotton neckerchief, pattern white ground, with a small dark blue lozenge, composed all the visible obligations of Mr Fortescue to the sophistications of dress. The business was soon commenced: and luckily Mr Fortescue was a man of few words: we say luckily, for his voice was not one of those living harmonies the ear loves to dwell upon, at least it was not on the present occasion, but perhaps Mr Fortescue had a cold.

"Mr Fortescue is prepared to give one hundred and fifty pounds for the cottage."

"One hundred and fifty!" cried Lieutenant Lacy. "Three hundred, Mr Cat—three hundred was the sum."

"You asked? Yes, Lieutenant, I remember, and in other times worth the money, nay, I think now, cheap at the amount; but Mr Fortescue *has said* a hundred and fifty."

We must account for a peculiar emphasis on Mr Fortescue *has said*. Briefly, then, Mr Cat always eulogized his rich client for one stern virtue in dealing, he never rose or fell in his first offer. He was a man to die a martyr to his first *dixi*.

"But surely, Mr Cat, Mr Fortescue is not aware of the extent of the property, of the natural advantages"—

"Fully aware, my dear Lieutenant. I have shown him the plan, taken by our Plymouth agent; he is fully possessed of every thing, and he is ready to put down for the purchase"—and here Mr Cat met the eye of Mr Fortescue, who looked upon the ground, and turned away his head with an air of indifference, and said very gruffly,

"One hundred and fifty."

"Never! nothing shall force me to the sacrifice," exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Nothing! A hundred and fifty for"—

He seized his hat, and was about to rush from the room, when the shrill whistling of Bob Sykes below, like the voice of the snake-charmer, fixed him motionless. The

sweat broke in beads upon his forehead, his eyes glowed, and a hectic flush came to his cheek, as he said in a tone, almost tremulous with entreaty, "Say two hundred."

Mr Cat said nothing, but threw open the palms of his hands, and looked at Mr Fortescue, who remained dumb.

"Say two hundred," repeated the Lieutenant.

"Mr Fortescue?" cried Cat, awaiting his answer, "Mr Fortescue?"

Mr Fortescue again averted his face, and, as it appeared, with a slight convulsive elevation of the shoulders, again replied, "One hundred and fifty."

"It will not suffice, sir, it will not suffice," cried Lacy; and then in a lower tone, deepening as he proceeded, "I have engagements to meet, debts of a most pressing, delicate nature, to discharge, children who—Mr Cat, you promised three hundred!"

"Very true, Lieutenant, and I still think the house a bargain at the money; and, moreover, I have no doubt, since Mr Fortescue will make no advance, but in a day or two another purchaser"—

"A day or two? You know, sir, I must quit London to-night. To-morrow I must be on board my ship, or I am a ruined, a dishonoured man."

"Mr Fortescue!" cried Lacy, in a tone that seemed to pierce the spinal marrow of the purchaser, for again his shoulders leapt at the sound, but his head was turned away, and he replied no syllable. There was a dead pause in the sanctum of the "old house;" the Lieutenant looked livid with repressed agitation; Mr Cat gently rubbed his hands, and looked over his spectacles; Condor raised his eyes from his book, and again passed his tongue round his upper lip, and Mr Fortescue rocked to and fro, his head sunk on his bosom. Then Lacy, gazing wildly about him, his eye fell on the newspaper, and the line, "naval intelligence," struck on his brain like fire. Falling in a chair, he cried, or rather groaned, "give me the money." The deeds were signed, the hundred and fifty pounds paid, and then Mr Fortescue immediately departed. The original bill of Messrs Cat and Condor, for negotiating the purchase, was forty

pounds, to which must be added the expense of the arrest, which they so deeply regretted. These demands were of course discharged by the Lieutenant, who had then but little more than a hundred pounds to provide for claims to twice that amount. Puzzled how to make one guinea perform the duty of two (in this tragic comedy of the world, a most frequent but no less difficult double), Lacy prepared to return to his lodgings. "Tarry a little, Lieutenant, the law hath yet another hold on thee." It is enacted in too scrupulous England, that a man shall not, even in the way of relaxation, break the nose of a sheriff's officer gratis. Now Charles Bars had admirable ground of action; the family surgeon could conscientiously testify to the battered condition of the nose of his patient by violent contact with the knuckles of the sea lieutenant. No time was lost to inform the assailant of his delicate predicament; still it was insinuated that Christian charity was not extinct in the family of the Bars; a compromise of sufficient weight might be received. Now Lieutenant Lacy, recollecting a wise axiom of warriors, that to get rid of a troublesome enemy, it is lawful to build for him a bridge of gold, applied a principle of the field to remove a civil difficulty, and thus relieved himself of the broken nose of Charles Bars, by a sacrifice of ten guineas, in proper phrase by building for him a bridge of gold.

Ten guineas for the single nose of a sheriff's officer! If so small a portion of the sheriff's face divine be so costly, what must be the value of the whole animal? Little knew an excellent friend of ours, whose whole heart was cream and honey, what magnificent sport he was preparing for the world, when he gave it as his firm conviction, that once a-year every honest man, duly equipped for shooting, should be permitted unrestricted sport in and within the vicinity of Chancery Lane! Of what worth would be a single head of game, when it is seen that the market price of one nose is ten guineas! But then, on this expensive scale, what an opportunity would be afforded to the rich to display their wealth! Thus, no banquet, however luxuriously composed,

would be deemed complete, unless instead of being invited to partake of pheasant, teal, or woodcock, a carver could observe, "permit me, sir, the happiness of helping you to a little sheriff's officer." Of course at first the invitation might create a start, a tremor among many guests, but the luxury would soon be understood, and as a luxury highly relished. Our gross ancestors served up the boar, the swan, nay, the porpoise. Let us prove our advancement in civilised and rational life, by dishing sheriff's officers. However, to leave the delicacies of the table for our narrative—

Lieutenant Lacy took a hurried farewell of his wife and children, and threw himself into the mail for Portsmouth. The sacrifice which he had been compelled to make, rendering the discharge of all claims upon him wholly impossible, he could not feel secure of his liberty until far upon the road. Disappointed in certain views for the provision of her family in London, Mrs Lacy and the children prepared to return to their native place—a village two or three miles from Plymouth—at which seaport, twenty years before, an event occurred, which, gaining for the Lieutenant general esteem and admiration, we think had some influence on the affection of his future wife.

Lacy, at the time whereof we write, was about nineteen, a midshipman on board H. M. S. —. The ship's crew had received long arrears of pay, and all on board was clamorous merriment and high festivity. The slopsellers in Plymouth thronged the vessel to ply their dreadful trade. The first thing a sailor buys is a watch—now Mr Lazarus, a patriarchal slopseller, had sold some twenty chronometers among the ship's company, but by some unaccountable error of the maker or makers, one and all of the watches stopped, as by general consent, on the second day. The day after, Mr Lazarus, attended by his son, a boy of about ten years old, came on board—no doubt as an assiduous and honest tradesman, to enquire into the merits of his various timepieces. Mr Lazarus was between sixty and seventy—a man, uniting to the keenest views of business a singularly mild and venerable outside. He

would dilate on the excellencies of a Guernsey frock with the winning simplicity of an antique shepherd. Touched by his tongue, trinkets of copper glistened in the eyes of the buyer virgin gold. There never was so meek, so picturesque a slopseller. Behold him with imperturbable tranquillity surrounded by a crowd of sailors, every man exhibiting a watch—some roaring, some growling, some sneering, some blaspheming—and not a few grasping the frail memorial of time, as though meditating a cast at the seller's skull. In this tempest of bad words and unequivocal glances, Mr Lazarus was motionless and patient as the figure-head—a composure highly annoying to his customers, who began to close about him—and push him, now to the right and now to the left—now backwards and now forwards, until— How the accident came about not one of the crew could ever tell: the venerable Mr Lazarus was—pushed into the sea! “Man overboard!” is a cry that thrills through the heart of a ship's company; but whether in the present instance the general festivity had made men deaf to the call, or whether the cry was not sufficiently loud to be generally audible, we cannot venture to determine; but this we know, the tide, running strong, was carrying away the old Jew, cumbrously and heavily clothed, and in a few seconds Plymouth would have mourned its oldest slopseller, had not a young midshipman leaped into the sea, and, being an admirable swimmer, come up with the sinking Israelite as his gray hairs were fast disappearing in the deep. Young Lacy supported the drowning wretch until a boat received them. The old man's son, who had shrieked in helpless agony as he saw him borne away, fell on his knees at the feet of the young officer, embracing his legs in speechless gratitude. All Plymouth rang with praises of the humanity of the midshipman for his wonderful philanthropy in saving even Mr Lazarus. However, Lacy had his reward; for, as we have hinted, we doubt not he owed to the circumstance the first affection of his wife.

Arrived at Portsmouth, Lacy lost not a moment, but hastened to go on board. What was his despair to see

the whole fleet under sail! It had weighed anchor an hour before; the wind was fair and freshening—to come up with his ship was impossible—he saw her—with a sailor's eye he marked her canvas lessening as he looked. He seemed fixed, motionless with misery. Another moment, and he leapt into a waterman's boat. “Five pounds,” he cried to the two men, “if I reach my ship.”

“Which is she, sir? What's her name?”

“The —.”

“Impossible, sir—she is the fastest frigate in the navy, and the breeze, you may see, is getting up—impossible.”

“Make the trial, my good fellow—if I lose my ship, I am lost for ever. My family”—— Lacy could speak no more.

“What do you say, Peter?” asked the waterman of his companion.

“Say?” replied the man, looking suspiciously at the fleet, and arming himself with a mouthful of pigtail—“it's impossible, you know; but, poor gentleman, we must do it.”

The boat was pushed off, the sail hoisted, and the men, with arms of iron plied their oars. For some time the Lieutenant sat gazing at his receding ship in silence. Every moment she gained upon them.

“Lay to it, boys, lay to it,” said Lacy, despairingly.

The appeal was needless. The men toiled at the top of their strength—their faces were scarlet, and their stout oars bent and quivered like rods of steel—the boat, a taught trim craft, shot like an arrow through the water—still she seemed to close upon the frigate.

“Damn her,” said one of the men, casting a backward look at the vessel, and speaking in a tone of mingled disappointment and admiration, “damn her, she flies like a gull.”

“The wind is getting up,” said Lacy, hopelessly.

“No, sir; if any thing, going down,” answered Peter, though he looked as if he knew well enough it was not so.

“They are setting studdingsails,” said the Lieutenant, as though he gave up all for lost.

“The more credit for us if we beat 'em,” answered the encouraging Peter.

Again Lacy was silent, though, in

the waywardness of suspense, he could have talked to the boat as to a creature instinct with life and reason. Then, as he cast his eyes upon the sea, he beheld not the green fields, the vales, and groves, which a seaman struck by the calenture sickens for; but he saw mirrored in the deep, still following him and still looking on him, the face of his wife—the faces of his five children.

"My turn now," said Lacy, tearing himself from the vision, and relieving one of the men at the oar.

For another hour they pulled in almost unbroken silence. At the last, the man cried to his resting companion, "It's no use, Peter."—Lacy felt that every stroke of the forward oar became less and less powerful—that his ship became less and less distinct—the whole fleet looked no more than a flight of wild swans.—"It's no use, Peter," repeated the man; and he ran in his oar.

"We are gaining on them, we are gaining fast," said Lacy; "for God's sake, men, do not fail me."

"It's no use, sir," replied the man; and the sweat ran down his very fingers.

"My good fellow!" cried Lacy imploringly to Peter.

Peter gave another look at the fleet, and then echoed his partner—"It's no use, sir."

Lacy sprang to his feet, stretched out his arms, and, with a look of agonized madness, glared over the boat. The men, startled, rose with him. At that instant, as with a charm, the wind fell.

"Where's the wind?" said Peter, as the sail fell to the mast.

"A dead calm," cried his wondering companion.

"Come you aft," said Peter, and he again seized the oar—"Now, sir," cried he, "the blessing of God, and a long stroke, and we board her."

Again Lacy and Peter bent to it—the oars rang in the rowlocks, and the water boiled as the craft shot through it. It was a long, a hard pull; but Lacy stood on the deck of his own ship.

His brother officers crowded about him with congratulations, and even the captain, strict disciplinarian as he was, hardly repressed a smile as he said, "Better late than never, Mr Lacy."

In the solitude of his cabin, reviewing the hurried events of the past few days, Lacy remembered, and drew from his pocket an unopened letter. It had been delivered to him as he was about to get upon the mail. Fearing it contained no pleasing communication, he cared not to break the seal. He now opened the letter, and found it enclosed two hundred pounds in bank-notes. Bewildered by the treasure, and still more rapt as he proceeded, he read as follows:—

"SIR,

"It was some comfort to me, in the bitterness of this morning, to find you did not know me. Twenty times I could have fallen at your feet, and begged you to trample upon me. Oh, sir, I saw it all again—I saw the old man strangling in the sea—I saw your blessed hand pluck him back to life. If ever my eyes beheld my old father, they saw him in that office—there where I was brought to cheat, to rob you. Never before did I feel what it was to be a scoundrel. At the first glance I knew you, and I felt as if I had swallowed burning coals. The money I send you will make up the fair value of the house. For your compassion of an old man in the hour of peril, may the God of Israel for ever bless you.

"DAVID LAZARUS,
alias FORTESCUE.

"P.S. Any attempt to discover where I am will be useless. I shall free myself from the bondage in which you saw me, and leave England for some place where I shall be unknown. God bless you, dear sir."

It was even so—Mr Fortescue was no other than the tool of Messrs Cat and Condor, the poor nominal purchaser of all their bargains. "But," says the reader, "you spoke of a law-suit, in which all the property of Fortescue had been preserved by the partners of the 'Old House.'" Very true, for his only property was his neck. He had been brought through a very ugly business by Cat and Condor, who afterwards secured him for their own mercantile purposes. He had, however, by some means saved three hundred pounds, with which he contemplated speculations on his

own account, when his meeting with the preserver of his father's life, a victim to a conspiracy in which he himself played a most odious character, struck upon his heart, and made it flow with gratitude. The miserable wretch, scurfed as he was with his daily villanies, at one touch of nature shook off his moral leprosy, and stood a healthful man. With his one hundred pounds he went abroad, and lived and died a flourishing and wealthy citizen. For once Mr Charles Bars might claim the reputation of a prophet; for in a few months the fleet returned to Portsmouth, and in two days afterwards a communica-

tion from the Admiralty greeted Lacy Commander. But what of Messrs Cat and Condor? what of the partners of the Old House? On an eventful feast, in the fourth plate of turtle, Condor went off in an apoplexy. His fortune, inherited by a profligate nephew, passed in two years into the hands of blacklegs. For Cat, he became a bigoted believer in supernatural signs and tokens. He sank to mere imbecility, and may now be seen in a certain asylum, pacing the court-yard, vacantly smiling, rubbing his hands, and crying every minute, "To-morrow, sir, to-morrow."

FAMILY POETRY.

No. VI.

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

"*Macduff*.—I cannot but remember such things were!"—SHAKESPEARE.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy;

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks, in kindest mood;
"There," said he, "you little fat-
head,
There's a top because you're
good!"

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While Mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

* * * *

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and, with his pewter squirt,
Squibb'd my pantaloons and stock-
ings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb:
She exclaim'd, with fond affection,
"Gracious Goodness! look at
Jem!"

Pa cried, when he saw my gar-
ment,
—'Twas a newly purchased
dress—
"Oh! you nasty little *warm*ent,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar,
—Cruel only to be kind—
And, to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! *sarve* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play!

And the moral which they taught I
Well remember:—Thus they said,
"Little boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipp'd and sent to bed!"

SOUVENIRS, IMPRESSIONS, THOUGHTS, AND SKETCHES, DURING A VOYAGE IN
THE EAST; OR, NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

BY M. DE LAMARTINE.

THE French public have been long anticipating the publication of this beautiful work; but would probably have had to wait still longer if a pirated edition had not got abroad, and been published at Bruxelles. It appears that M. de Lamartine, with the proverbial carelessness of poets, had kept so negligent an eye on his amanuensis, that several copies were made clandestinely, and sold to a Belgian bookseller. As soon as this was discovered, of course the pirated edition was suppressed. Some straggling copies, however, it was feared, might yet remain in the hands of individuals; and it was therefore found necessary, for the safety of the Paris publisher, who had given M. de Lamartine a large sum for the copyright, to publish it without delay. We must nevertheless say, that the work itself bears no marks of the haste with which it has been ushered into the world, except that the fourth and last volume has not yet appeared. We hope, however, to receive it before we finish this article. And now let us make a short introductory observation or two, and then let M. de Lamartine speak largely for himself. By so doing, we are quite sure we shall best please our readers. To prevent them, however, from experiencing disappointment, it is necessary to forewarn them, that M. de la Martine has travelled neither as a historian, geographer, antiquarian, naturalist, or biblical critic, but as a poet. Like its title, his work is wide, diffusive, and aimless. His object in exploring the East seems merely to have been a poet's freak to indulge in a luxurious Orientalism of feeling, partly poetic, and partly religious; and his delight to have been, not to bring his intelligence to act upon what he saw—to examine, to compare, and to discover—but to resign himself passively up to every impression, and to be acted upon without effort, as an Æolian harp is by the winds. His volumes, therefore, are merely descriptive—de-

scriptive of scenes depicted before, but certainly never with more, if so much, eloquence and feeling. Taken together, they would, if executed with the pencil instead of the pen, form a most choice portfolio of exquisite pictorial views for a drawingroom table. We will commence our specimens of them by presenting our readers with a view of Mount Lebanon, as seen from the road from Baireut to Blabec.

“It is from this point, in my opinion, that the appearance of Mount Lebanon is most splendid. The spectator is at its base, but so far from it, nevertheless, that its shadow is not over him, and his eye can reach to its heights, plunge into the obscurity of its gorges, discern the foam of its torrents, and range freely over its conical elevations, each of which bears a monastery of the Maronites, crowning a grove of pine, cedar, and black cypress trees. The Sannin is the loftiest and most pyramidal mount of the Lebanon; it overtops all the inferior hills, and with its eternal snows forms the majestic background, golden, violet, and rose-coloured, of the horizon of mountains which mix with the firmament, not as a solid body, but like a vapour, a transparent veil, beyond which the sky, on the other side, seems to be distinguishable. This is an illusion peculiar to the mountains in Asia, and which I have remarked in no other part of the world. Towards the south, the Lebanon descends gradually to the advanced cape of the former Sidon. Snow is only now seen on some of its loftiest heights, more elevated than the others, and more distant. These heights run on in a chain, like the wall of a ruined city, sometimes rising, and sometimes sinking from the plain to the sea, and are at last lost in the vapours of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the borders of the sea of Genesareth, or the lake of Tyberias. Towards the north one perceives a little corner of the sea, which advances like

a sleeping lake into the plain, half hidden by the massive verdure of the hill of San-Dimitri, the most beautiful of all Syria. In this seeming lake, whose junction with the sea is not perceived, several vessels are always at anchor, swaying gracefully about on the waves, whose silvery foam moistens the roots of the laurel, the rose, and the mastick-tree. From this harbour a bridge, constructed first by the Romans, and repaired by Fakar-el-Din, throws its lofty arches over the river of Baireut, which traverses the plain, spreading fertility and verdure, and loses itself at a short distance again in the bay. Towards the west, the eye is at first stopped by light hillocks of sand, red like hot ashes, from whence a pale rose-coloured vapour arises; thence following the line of the horizon, it passes over the desert, and arrives at the deep blue line of the sea, which terminates all, and mixes in the distance with the sky, in the midst of a bright mist, which confounds the idea of any limit. All these hills, all this plain, the slopes of all these mountains, are dotted over with an infinite number of little houses, standing apart from each other, and each having its orchard, gigantic pines, its fig-trees; and here and there are more compact groups, and more striking to the eye, of beautiful villages, or clusters of monasteries rising on their pedestals of rocks, and reflecting the golden rays of the sun of the east, from their shining roofs, far out upon the sea."

* * * * * "The sky, the mountains, the snow, the blue horizon of the sea, the red funereal horizon of the desert of sand, the serpentine bending of the river, the isolated cypresses, the clumps of palm-trees, scattered over the landscape, the picturesque look of the cottages, covered with orange plants, and vines growing over their roofs, the severe aspect of the lofty Maronite monasteries, casting large patches of shade, or large spots of light on the sides of the Lebanon; the caravans of camels laden with merchandise from Damascus, which pass in silence under the trees; the troops of poor Jews, mounted on asses, leading their children by the hand, the women on horseback, en-

veloped in white veils, surrounded by a group of children dressed in red stuffs, with golden embroidery, dancing before their horses; a few Arabs hurling the dejrid around us on horses whose manes literally swept the sands; groups of Turks seated in front of a café, smoking their pipes, or muttering their prayers; at a little distance barren hills of sand stretching far away without end, gilded by the rays of the evening sun, and sending up clouds of inflamed dust, raised by the wind; then the hollow murmur of the sea mixing with the musical sound of the breeze, gently agitating the pine-trees, and the song of a thousand strange birds;—all this offers to the eye and to the mind a picture the most sublime, the most soothing, and the most melancholy, that has ever intoxicated my soul!"

After this splendid description of Mount Lebanon, our readers will doubtless be pleased with some account of the most interesting people who inhabit its magnificent sites. These are the Maronites. They take their name from a solitary hermit named Maron, who lived about the year 400, and who is mentioned, M. de Lamartine tells us, by Theodorick and St Chrysostom. The disciples of this anchorite built several monasteries in Syria, and, up to the present day, have continued to form a people. Though the subjects of the Emir Beschir, their internal government is a pure theocracy; and, what is remarkable, though professing the Catholic worship, their priests, excepting the monks, are permitted to marry; and to this M. de Lamartine attributes the happiest effects.

"The Maronites," continues our traveller, "occupy the most central valleys and the loftiest chains of the principal group of Mount Lebanon. The heights which they inhabit are nearly inaccessible. The naked rock pierces in every direction the sides of the mountain; but the indefatigable activity of this people has rendered even the rock fertile. They have raised from stage to stage, even to the highest site, to the eternal snows, terraces formed of blocks of rock. To these terraces they have transported the little earth which the torrents sweep down the

ravine; and breaking the very stones into dust, to mix with this little earth, have made of all Lebanon a garden covered with corn-fields, and planted with the fig, the olive, and the mulberry-tree. The traveller can hardly recover from his astonishment, when, after having for entire days climbed from peak to peak over sterile rocks, he finds himself suddenly in a beautiful village, built of white stone, inhabited by a rich and numerous population, with a Moorish chateau in the midst, a monastery in the distance, a stream running at the base of the village, and all around him a horizon of vegetation and of verdure—the pine, the chestnut, and the mulberry-tree casting their friendly shades over vineyards, or fields of wheat and Indian corn. These villages are suspended, sometimes one above another, nearly perpendicularly. One may throw a stone from one village into another, or speak so as to be heard and understood. Nevertheless, the path of communication is so winding from its declivities, that it requires an hour, or perhaps two, to pass from one hamlet to another.” * * * * * “There are about two hundred Maronite monasteries of different orders on the surface of Lebanon. These monasteries are peopled by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks. But these monks are neither rich, nor beggars, nor oppressors, nor extortioners. They are assemblages of simple and laborious men. Their life is the life of a laborious peasant. They tend cattle or silk worms; they split the rock; they build with their own hands the terraces of their fields; they dig, they sow, and they reap their own harvests. As their monasteries possess but a small portion of land, they receive no more monks than they can feed.”

This is a very pretty picture, and as a picture we admire it; but we beg leave to say, that so many colleges of Bramins, with their inmates, would, in the same situation, look quite as harmless and picturesque as do the monasteries with their monks. If we are called upon to sympathize with monachism, merely because, in a primitive state of society, monks also lead a primi-

tive life, we must refuse to do so. To continue:—

“The Maronite people,” says M. de Lamartine, “form a people apart in the East. They look like an European colony thrown by chance among the tribes of the desert. They are brave, and naturally warlike, like all mountaineers. They can muster to the number of about thirty or forty thousand men, at the command of the Emir Beschir, either to defend the passes of their mountains, or to descend like a torrent into the plain, and threaten Damascus and the cities of Syria. The Turks have never dared to penetrate into the Lebanon, when its people have been at peace among themselves. I know not whether I deceive myself; but it appears to me that great destinies are reserved for this Maronite nation. Its similitude of religion with Europe, and its commercial relations, acquire for it every year more and more of western civilisation. Whilst all is perishing about it, either through impotence or age, it seems to gather new youth and strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated, this people may descend from their mountains; found cities of commerce on the coasts of the sea; cultivate the fertile plains, which are at present a waste, and establish a new domination in those countries where the old ones are expiring. If, at the present day, any superior man should arise among them, knowing how to appreciate the capabilities of his country, and should form an alliance with one of the powers of Europe, he might easily renew the wonders of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and leave after him the germ of an Arabian empire.”

We must now give our readers a *coup d'œil* description of Balbec.

“I had traversed,” says M. de Lamartine, “the summits of the Lebanon, covered with eternal snows—I had descended its sides, crowned with a diadem of cedars—and reached the naked and sterile desert of Heliopolis—when suddenly, in the distant horizon before us, and on the last slopes of the black mountains of the Ante-Lebanon, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, detached itself from the shadow

of the hills, sparkling with all the rays of the evening! Our guides pointed at it with the finger, and cried out, *Balbec! Balbec!* It was, in truth, the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbec, coming in radiance out of its unknown sepulchre, to tell of ages lost to the memory of history. We pushed our fatigued horses forward at a quickened pace. Our eyes continued fixed on the gigantic walls, and on the shining and colossal columns, which seemed to expand and dilate as we approached them. A profound silence was preserved by the whole caravan; each individual seemed to fear that the sound of a voice would destroy the impression of the spectacle before him. The Arabs themselves kept silent. At last we reached the first trunks of columns, the first blocks of marble, which earthquakes have shaken as far as a league from the monuments themselves, like dried leaves tossed and whirled by a hurricane far from the tree that bore them. The large deep quarries, which split into profound valleys the black sides of the Ante-Lebanon, already opened their abysses under the feet of our horses. These vast basins of stone, which exhibit the marks of other hills of stone having been drawn from them, retain still some gigantic blocks, half detached from their base, which seem to be waiting for the arms of a race of giants to remove them from their place. One of these blocks is sixty-two feet long, twenty-four broad, and sixteen deep. We pursued our route between the desert on the left, the undulations of the Ante-Lebanon on the right, and across some little fields, cultivated by Arab pastors, and the bed of an immense torrent, which winds among the ruins, and is bordered by some beautiful walnut-trees. The Acropolis, or artificial hill, which bears all the great monuments of Heliopolis, appeared here and there between the branches or above the heads of the great trees. Finally, we got a complete view of it, and the whole caravan stopped as by an electric instinct. No pen, no pencil can describe the impression which this single glance gives to the eye, and to the mind. Under our feet—in the bed of the torrent—in the middle of

the fields—around the trunks of the trees, were strewed blocks of red and grey granite, of blood-coloured porphyry, of white stone as brilliant as the marble of Paros, with fragments of columns, sculptured capitals, architraves, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals; the scattered, and it seemed palpitating members of statues fallen upon their faces to the earth; and all this confused, hurled together, sundered, and disseminated on all sides, as if the wrecks of a great empire had been vomited forth by a volcano. Hardly could we discover a path amid these sweepings of the arts with which the earth was covered. The hoofs of our horses slipped against and broke at every step the polished cornices of the columns, or trod upon the bosom of snow of some female statue. The water of the river of Balbec alone was distinct among these beds of fragments, and washed with its murmuring spray the broken marbles which impeded its course."

M. de Lamartine has hitherto taken but a general view of the ruins. On the day following his arrival, he examines them more closely. Of the walls which surround them he remarks, that some of the stones are from twenty to thirty feet long, and seven or eight thick. Of all his details, which are so mixed with general description that it is difficult to detach them, we can only give the following:

"We had now before us, at about forty paces distant, the most complete and magnificent monument of Balbec, I may venture to say of the whole world. If one or two columns of the peristyle, fallen on the platform, were replaced, so as to support again the undamaged walls of the temple—if one or two pieces of sculptured marble were again inserted in the interior door from whence they have fallen—and the altar was reconstructed from its wrecks which strew the floor—the temple would be as entire, and as magnificent, as the day in which it was finished by the hands of the architect. This temple is inferior in its proportions to that of which the six colossal pillars already mentioned formed a part. It is surrounded by a portico, upheld by columns of the

Corinthian order. Each of these columns has five feet in diameter, and forty-five feet in its shaft. They are composed each of three blocks, placed one upon another. They stand nine feet apart, and at the same distance from the interior wall of the temple. On the capitals of the columns is a rich architrave and a cornice admirably sculptured. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large blocks of concave stone cut with the chisel, each of which represents the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero. We recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground; we measured them; they are sixteen feet long, and about five thick. Such were the tiles of these monuments. The interior gate of the temple, formed of blocks equally enormous, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks have fallen in at this place, and half choke it up. The appearance of the sculptured stones of which this gate is composed, and its disproportion with the rest of the edifice, make one presume that originally it was the gate of the great temple, removed to this one, when the other had become a ruin; the mysterious sculptures which decorate it belong not, in my opinion, to the Antonine epoch, for their workmanship is not pure enough for that age. The interior of the monument is adorned with pillars and niches of the richest sculpture. There are some of these niches perfectly untouched, and seem fresh from the workshop of the sculptor. Not far from the entrance of the temple we found immense openings, and subterranean stairs which conducted us to inferior constructions, to which we could not assign any use. All is equally dark and magnificent; here were, perhaps, the residences of pontiffs, the colleges of priests, the halls of initiation; probably, too, royal abodes. Issuing from the peristyle, we found ourselves on the brink of a precipice; we could measure the Cyclopean stones which

form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is about thirty feet above the soil of the plain of Balbec. It is constructed of stones, whose dimensions are so prodigious, that, if it was not attested by travellers worthy of credit, the imagination of men of the present day would be confounded by such improbability. The Arabs themselves, daily spectators of this wonder, attribute it not to man, but to genii, or supernatural powers. When one considers that these blocks of cut granite are some of them fifty-six feet long, and fifteen or sixteen broad, with a thickness unknown, and that these enormous masses have been raised, one upon another, twenty or thirty feet above the surface of the soil; that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to such an height to form the pavement of temples, one shrinks back from so extraordinary a proof of human force, for science in our day has nothing which explains it. But these wonders are evidently not of the date of the temple; they were a mystery to the ancients as to us; they belong to an unknown, perhaps an anti-diluvian, epoch, and have probably been the base of many temples, consecrated to different forms of worship. I think it probable that these gigantic stones have been moved by the first race of men, whom all primitive histories call giants. It is said that not far from this spot, in a valley of Aute-Lebanon, there has been discovered human bones of an immense size; and the consul-general of England, Mr Farren, a man of great learning and information, intends shortly to visit these mysterious sepulchres."

There are several very beautiful pieces of poetry scattered through M. de Lamartine's volumes. We can only afford, however, to give the following opening verses of his invocation to the ruins of Balbec. We are aware that our translation does very poor justice to the original, but it has the merit of being faithful, and almost literally so, to its sense.

"Mysterious deserts, whose vast mounds aye hold
The bones of cities that have ceased to be,
Huge blocks by deluges of ruin rolled;
Immense bed of a mighty dried up sea;

Temples, which, for your marble floors, explored
 And rooted hills, like trees, up from their base;
 Gulfs, where their floods full volumed rivers poured;
 Columns, 'mong which mine eye no path can trace;
 Pillar, and arches, and avenues profound,
 Where, as among the clouds, the moon strays lost;
 Capitals, which the wildered sight confound;
 Oh mighty records, from the far west coast
 A pilgrim comes to spell thy tablets hoar,
 And sound thy destinies—and pause—and o'er thy wrecks to pore."

The whole of M. de Lamartine's work is, as we have said above, nothing but a succession of landscape pictures. The facts he has collected, and the observations he makes, form a very ordinary and unimportant part of his volume, and his descriptions are so diffuse and straggling, that we can only take bits of them here and there, as indeed he gives them himself. The following little unfinished sketch must suffice for Jerusalem.

"The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be painted in a few words; mountains without shadow, earth without verdure, valleys without water, rocks without grandeur, a few blocks of grey stone piercing the cracked sand ground; here and there a fig-tree, and now and then a gazelle or a jackal gliding furtively among the broken rocks; a few vine plants crawling over the reddish grey cinder-looking soil; at wide distances apart, little clumps of pale olive-trees, casting a small spot of shade on the steep sides of a hill; the grey walls and towers of the city appearing afar off on the summit of Sion—this is the description of the earth. The sky is high, pure, clear, deep, and never does the smallest cloud float over it, or catch the purple colours of the evening or the morning. Towards Arabia, a large gulf, dividing the black hills, leads the eye to the glittering waves of the Red Sea, or to the violet horizon of the peaks of the mountains of Moab. Not a breath of wind murmurs among the dry branches of the olive-trees; no bird sings or cricket chirps in the herbless expanse; a silence, eternal and complete, reigns in the city, on the roads, and over the country. Such appeared Jerusalem during the whole time we passed under its walls. No sound was to be heard but the neighing of my horses, impatient under the ardour of the sun, or the melancholy

chaunt of the muetzin, crying the hour from the top of the minarets, or the monotonous lamentations of Turk mourners, accompanying, in long files, the dead of the pest, to the different cemeteries which environ its walls. Jerusalem, where the traveller goes to visit a sepulchre, is indeed itself the tomb of a people; but a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments; whose monumental stone is broken, and whose ashes seem to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence, and sterility. We were seated one day opposite one of the principal gates of the city. No sound arose from its places or its streets; among the paths which wind, as it were, at hazard among the rocks, were to be seen only a few Arabs, half naked, mounted on their asses; a few camel-drivers from Damascus; or some straggling women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads baskets of the grapes of Engeddi, or cages of doves, to be sold without the gates of the city, for the plague raged within. We went round the walls, and passed before all the gates. No one entered, no one came out—even the beggar was not at his accustomed post. No sentinel was to be seen at the barriers. We saw nothing—we heard nothing; the same void, the same silence reigned at the entrance of a city containing 30,000 souls, during twelve hours of the day, as there would if we had passed before the gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum. We saw only four funeral convoys issue in silence from the gate of Damascus, and a poor Christian carried out of the gate of Sion, by four gravediggers, to the Greek burying-ground."

We must now take a little peep into the interior of the city, passing over the description of the sepulchre which has been given so often, and is besides too long for our

purpose. We must pass over also many other interesting localities, as M. de Lamartine expatiates, not on them, but on the sentiments they give rise to, at a length which it would altogether exceed our limits to follow.

"We were now in two little streets, as obscure, as narrow, and as dirty as those we had already passed through. Here and there a few vendors of bread and fruits, covered with rags, and seated at the entrance of their little booths, with their baskets on their knees, cried their goods to arrest the few passers by. Now and then a veiled woman would appear at the barred windows of the wooden houses, or a child would open a low dark door, and come and buy for his family the provisions for the day. The streets are every where obstructed by rubbish, by heaps of ordure, and especially by rags of cloth, stuff, and cotton, which the wind whirls about like dead leaves. It is by this uncleanness, and these rags which strew the pavements of the cities of the East, that the plague is so easily caught and communicated. Nothing in Jerusalem announces it to be the abode of a nation; no sign of riches, no movement of life; its exterior aspect had deceived us. The most miserable bourg of the Alps or of the Pyrenees—the most obscure corner of our faubourgs, abandoned to the lowest class of our working population, are cleanliness, luxury, and elegance, compared with the deserted streets of the Queen of Cities. The only sign of life we saw were some Bedouin horsemen, mounted on Arab mares, whose feet slipped or sunk every moment in the holes of which the pavement is full."

We must now give a description of Constantinople, passing over many other beautiful, perhaps more beautiful, passages, which are too diffuse for our purpose. M. de la Martine is now fast approaching the city.

"At five o'clock I was on the deck. The captain put a boat out to sea. I got into it, and we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, along the walls of Constantinople washed by the sea. After half an hour's sailing amid a multitude of vessels at anchor, we reached the walls of the seraglio, which are

a continuation of those of the city, and form the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul stands; and it is here that God and man, nature and art, have placed or created in concert the point of view, the most marvellous in beauty which the human eye can contemplate on the earth. I uttered an involuntary exclamation; forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments. To compare any thing to this magnificent spectacle, is to insult its supremacy.

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio were a few paces to our left, separated from the sea by a narrow pavement which the waves wash unceasingly, and where the perpetual stream of the Bosphorus forms little murmuring billows, as blue as the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. These terraces rise gradually, one above another, to the palace of the Sultan. They are planted with gigantic cypress and plantain trees, through which the gilded domes of the palace may be seen. The trunks of these trees overtop the walls of the terraces; their branches spread over the gardens, and hang over the sea a canopy of thick foliage, under which wearied boatmen stop their caiques to get refreshment from the shade. Among these groups of trees, at little intervals, are perceived palaces, pavilions, kiosques, batteries of brass and bronze cannon of strange and antique shapes, and sculptured and gilded gates opening on the sea; the grated windows of these maritime palaces, which form part of the seraglio, look upon the waters; and across their green blinds may be seen the sparkling and gilded ceilings of the apartments within. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains, inserted in the walls of the seraglio, precipitate their waters from the height of the gardens into marble basins beneath. Near these basins may be usually seen a Turkish soldier or two stretched on the ground—dogs without masters wander along the quays, or sometimes they may be seen couched in the mouth of an enormous gun. As our boat advanced, the horizon before us grew wider; the coasts of Asia became distinct; the mouths of the Bos-

phorus, between hills of dark verdure on one side, and opposite hills, which seemed to be tinted with all the hues of the rainbow on the other, became traceable by the eye. A little farther on, these hills rose still higher, and then re-descended again, forming a jutting cape, on which we described in the distance the likeness of a great city. This was Scutari; we could see it clearly, with its great white barracks, like a royal chateau, its mosques and shining minarets—its quays and creeks—its houses and bazars—with its caiques under the shade of its plantains, and its sombre forest of cypresses—beyond which the monuments of the Turkish cemetery glittered mournfully in the sun. Beyond the point of Scutari, the Bosphorus, impatient of being straitened, seems to fly between the black mountains, reflecting in its rushing mirror the rocks, angles, ravines, and forests, which form its banks on either side, and along which the eye can see, as far as it can reach, an interminable succession of villages, of vessels at anchor or with spread sails, of little ports embowered in trees, of scattered houses, and of vast palaces, with their gardens of roses stretching into the sea.

“A few strokes of the oar carried us to the Golden Horn, where one has at the same time a view of the Bosphorus, of the sea of Marmora, and of the entire port, or rather sea, of Constantinople. There, however, we forget the sea of Marmora, the coast of Asia, and the Bosphorus, to contemplate the basin of the Golden Horn itself, and the seven cities suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which bears the unique, the incomparable city—at the same time, city, country, sea, port, the bed of rivers, gardens, wooded mountains, profound valleys of an ocean of houses, a hive of ships and streets, of tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes.

“We made sail towards the hills of Galata and Pera. The port enlarged more and more before us. This port is hardly described by that name. It is rather a broad river like the Thames, enclosed between two city-crowned hills, and covered with an endless fleet of ships riding at

anchor before the houses. We traversed this innumerable multitude of vessels, some at anchor, some with sails spread, and bound for the Bosphorus, the Black sea, or the sea of Marmora. Here we saw vessels of all builds, of all sizes, and all ensigns, from the Arab bark, with its prow shaped like the prow of the ancient galleys, to the three decked man-of-war with its cannon walls. Numbers of Turkish caiques, little boats which serve as street carriages in this amphibious city, circulated among these great masses, crossing, running foul of, and elbowing each other, like a crowd in public places, and clouds of albutrosses, like white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, and flew to a more distant point, to alight again upon the undulating wave. I will not attempt to count the vessels, ships, brigs, and barques, which slept or moved upon the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouths of the Bosphorus and the point of the Seraglio, to the faubourg of Egoub, and the delicious valleys of sweet waters. The Thames at London offers nothing comparable. Suffice it to say, that independent of the Turkish fleet and European ships of war, at anchor in the middle of the Canal, the two coasts of the Golden Horn are covered with vessels, three deep, for the distance of a league on each side.”

We must add, though we go back for it, a description of one of the most delightful walks, we believe, that ever was taken. Mons. de Lamartine was accompanied, in this excursion, by his little daughter Julia, whom he had the misery to lose during his stay in the East. We should not do justice, if we did not mention here, that Madame de Lamartine, an Englishwoman, has contributed to the work before us some of its most interesting pages—not so picturesque, perhaps, as those of her husband, but strongly marked by that good sense and self-possessing delight which characterise natives of England, even in their highest raptures. The following is the passage we now allude to; we have abridged it, but hope still that its beauty will excuse its length:—“We now entered on an higher valley, opening from the

east to the west, and imbedded in the folds of the last chain of hills which advances towards the vale where the river North-Baireut sweeps along. No words can describe the abounding vegetation which carpets the bed and banks of this valley. Although its two sides are composed of rock, they are so covered with plants of all sorts, so glittering with dew, so clothed with heath, fern, odorous herbs, ivy, wild-flowers, and shrubs, taking root in imperceptible clefts, that it is impossible to believe that it is from the live rock that arises such a prodigious display of vegetation; the whole is a broad carpet, two feet thick—a velvet ground of serried vegetation, tinted with all hues and colours, sown with bouquets of unknown flowers of a thousand forms, of a thousand odours; sometimes motionless, like flowers embroidered on stuff which we spread over our drawingrooms, and sometimes moved by the sea-breeze, a stream of verdure, perfumed waves, rustling and undulating like a murmuring brook. A multitude of insects with coloured wings, and innumerable birds, are perched upon the neighbouring trees; the air is filled with their voices responding to each other, with the humming of wasps and bees, and with the hollow murmur of the earth in the spring season, which some take to be the sound of vegetation, in its multitudinous forms, processing on her surface. We breakfasted here on a large stone at the entrance of a cavern. Two gazelles fled from it as we approached. We were careful not to trouble the asylum of these charming animals, which are to these deserts what the lamb is to our meadows. * * * * * Advancing still farther, we came suddenly upon the sea, which the valley had hitherto hidden. A Roman bridge nearly in ruins, which traverses the North-Baireut, also became apparent. A long caravan from Damascus, going to Aleppo, crossed it at this moment.

The travelling merchants were seen, one by one, some on camels, some on horses, to issue from the thickets which hide the end of the bridge, slowly ascend to the top of the arches, stand out for a moment with the animals on which they were mounted, and their strange and bright-coloured costume against the blue ground of the sea, then re-descend from the ruins, and disappear with their long file of asses and camels, amidst the plantations of laurels and plantains which overshadow the other bank of the river. * * * Seventeen ships were at anchor in the gulf; some with naked masts, and others drying their sails in the sun, looked like great white birds seated on the waters. A few fishing-boats passed at full sail. The valley under our feet, its slopes towards the plain, the river flowing under its pyramidal arches; the sea, with its bays and creeks among the rocks; the immense peak of the Lebanon, with all its accidents of structure, its snow-topped pinnacles stretching like silvery cones into the depths of the firmament, where the eye sought them like stars; the buzz of insects about us, the song of a thousand birds among the trees, the bellow of the buffaloes, the nearly human plaint of the camel of the caravans, the illimitable horizon of the Mediterranean, the deep, serene, and intense brightness of the sky, the perfumed mildness of the air, in which all seemed to be reflected as an image in the transparent water of a Swiss lake,—all these sights, all these sounds, all these shades, all this light, all these impressions, formed a spectacle the most sublime, and a landscape the most exquisite, that my eyes have ever beheld."

Mons. de Lamartine and his daughter meet, in this walk, with a numerous troop of Arabs, who carry them off and feast them in the woods. We are sorry we cannot make room for the *récit*al of this picturesque adventure, but really we have already transgressed our limits.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORT ON LIGHTHOUSES.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR,—The extensive circulation of your valuable Magazine, and the high credit due to all your statements, induce me to request your insertion of some remarks upon an article on Lighthouses in the CXXIII. Number of the Edinburgh Review. The notice which you were pleased some time ago to take of my reply to a former article on this subject in the same journal, leaves me no room to doubt that you will permit me to counteract, through the medium of your pages, the injurious tendency of the present observations of the Edinburgh reviewer. His article is throughout distinguished by uncandid censure on the one hand, and on the other by the most unblushing favouritism; but, before examining the errors and misstatements which it contains regarding the general question, I feel called upon, in my own vindication, to expose the falsehood of a calumny, which the author, at p. 241 of the Review, has directed against me personally.

The reviewer quotes my evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Lighthouses, from question 2471 to 2482 inclusive; but his calumnious charge rests on the first four questions, with my answers, which stand as follows:—

"2471. The Bell Rock Lighthouse is a red light? It is.

"2472. Of what colour? Red and white.

"2473. What are the number of burners in the white frame? Five.

"2474. The number in the red? Five also."

On this evidence the Reviewer has thought fit to indulge in the following remarks, concluding with a gross calumny.

"The only remark," he says, "which the preceding piece of evidence requires, regards the strange assertion, that, in the Bell Rock Lighthouse, there are *five white lights and five red ones*; whereas our animadversions, though equally just in this case, were particularly directed against *reddening the weak*

beam of light produced by the FIVE reflectors, in place of the strong beam produced by SEVEN reflectors. In Mr Stevenson's folio engraving* of the reflector frame, published in 1824, fourteen years after the completion of the lighthouse, the reflectors are, as we stated, *SEVEN on one side, and FIVE on the other, and the red glasses are placed in front of the FIVE.* It is therefore an unpardonable attempt in the Clerk of Works to diminish the force of our reproof and the magnitude of the engineer's blunder, by making the Committee believe that there were five reflectors on each side of the frame."

I answer this charge by a flat denial; and prove its falsehood by stating the fact, that, *on the night of the 16th of November, 1823, the SEVEN reflectors on the two white sides were reduced in number by the extinction of two on each face, so that, during a period of nearly eleven years before I gave the evidence above quoted, there were, as I have stated to the Committee, FIVE reflectors on each side, white as well as red.* I may also add, that at page 526 of my father's work on the Bell Rock Lighthouse, the number of reflectors is stated to be twenty (or five on each of the four sides), as altered in 1823.

But this fact is fully proved by no fewer than three official documents in the Northern Lights' office, one of which I sent to Mr Hume, the Chairman of the Select Committee, who alludes to it, as a proof of the accuracy of my evidence, in the following letter:—

"Bryanston Square,
29th April, 1835.

"SIR,—I have received your letter of the 18th instant calling my attention to an article 'On Lighthouses,' in the CXXIII. Number of the Edinburgh Review, where, at page 241, the Reviewer accuses you of deceiving the Select Committee of the House of Commons by erroneous evidence as to the number of reflectors at the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

"As Chairman of that Committee I can state, in contradiction of that

* This plate represents the reflector frame before it was altered in 1823.

assertion of the Reviewer, that I have now before me the original return from the lighthouse-keeper of the Bell Rock, for the month of November, 1823, in which the number of reflectors used on the 15th of that month were twenty-four, and on the 16th the number were reduced to twenty, as stated in your evidence, which is therefore quite correct, and in accordance with that report.

"I may further add, in justice to you, that your evidence before the Committee was able and candid, and showed your perfect acquaintance with the whole department, and I regret that any charge to the contrary should have been made against you by the Reviewer.—I remain your obedient servant,

"JOSEPH HUME.

"To Mr Alan Stevenson,
Edinburgh."

Such an accumulation of evidence renders farther remarks unnecessary on my part, more especially as Mr Hume's letter so clearly and fully explains the true state of the case. In spite of all this evidence, however, Sir David Brewster is far from feeling any compunction at having attempted to calumniate my character, by advancing so grave a charge against me; and what follows will show, that, true to this spirit, he has determined to listen to no facts which do not promote his object, and that he purposes, if an opportunity be allowed him, to repeat his calumnies in the next number of the Edinburgh Review.

When I saw the Review on my return from the country on the 17th of April, I lost no time in calling for Mr Napier, the editor, and not finding him at home, I wrote to him that same evening, demanding a recantation of the passage. Next day I received that gentleman's reply, in which he undertook to write to the author of the article then at some distance from Edinburgh; and, finally, on the 25th, Mr Napier again wrote to me, enclosing a letter from Sir David Brewster, addressed to himself, but sent to me for my use. Although the letter is somewhat long, I give it a place here, for reasons which will shortly appear,

and also to prevent Sir David complaining of my remarks on an unpublished document. It is as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR NAPIER,

"I regret that you should have put yourself to a moment's trouble about Mr Alan Stevenson, and that you did not at once refer him to me. If you will allow me room, I will give an explanation of the passage in your next number; but it will be an explanation very disagreeable to the party that has rendered it necessary; because I will prove that the Clerk of Works has not only misled the Committee, and has also misled me and others, by concealing in his evidence the true state of the case with regard to the correction of the blunder in the Bell Rock apparatus.

"With regard to the pamphlet* to which you refer, I never read a single line of it, and never will; nor did I ever read any paper about it in Blackwood's Magazine, or in any way, directly or indirectly, become acquainted with the fact, that the *seven white burners in the Bell Rock Lighthouse* were reduced to *five*, till I read it in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons.

"But even if I had got that pamphlet by heart, I presume that I would never have learned from it the above fact, because the extract from it which you have sent me, and to which Mr A. Stevenson refers, would never have led me to believe that such a ludicrous change had been made upon the light. The pamphlet, you will observe, is addressed to me; and the direct and only object of the passage in question is to make me and the public believe that the *blunder*, or '*defective arrangement of the reflectors*,' as he calls it, had '*been long since remedied*.' Now this declaration must greatly mislead all who read it; and had I perused the pamphlet it would have misled me also into the belief, that the engineer had had the sagacity to discover and the candour to correct his error. But I have stated, in my criticism, that there are two ways of remedying the

* Letter to the author of an article on the "British Lighthouse System" in the CXV. Number of the Edinburgh Review. By Alan Stevenson, Civil Engineer. W. Blackwood and Sons, 1833.

blunder, one partial, to place seven red glasses in front of the seven burners, and the other quite perfect, namely, 'to place as many reflectors, with red shades upon the sides B and D, as will give a light, leaving the same range as the seven white beams.'

"In place of doing any one of these two things, he merely *extinguishes* FOUR white lamps,* and his apologist calls this remedying the defect! The defect is not remedied; and the declaration that it is, without telling how it was done, would have misled the Committee and the public, had it not been elicited by some of its acute members, that the white burners were at present five. The respondent, however, has, even in this answer, obviously misled the Committee, because he does not mention the *reduction from seven to five* burners; and thus leaves the Committee to think that my statement in the Review, that there were SEVEN white burners, was incorrect.

"If you shall indulge me with a page or two in your next number, I will analyze more minutely the evidence of Mr A. Stevenson on this subject, and place it in a light in which it has not yet been viewed. I am, &c.

"D. BREWSTER.

"*Belleville, April 22, 1835.*

"TO PROFESSOR NAPIER."

The open profession, that he has never read my pamphlet, in reply to his former philippic in the CXV. Number of the Review, and his avowal of a determination never to read a single line of it, will no doubt have their due weight with the reader in forming an estimate of the trust to be reposed in the opinions of Sir David Brewster upon this subject, or the extent to which his censure or approbation is likely to be commensurate with the occasion. But a more important feature of his letter is the attempt he makes to waive the question as to the fact of the *change having been made in the number of reflectors*, and to substi-

tute in its place a totally different enquiry with regard to the *efficiency* of that change. Sir David expressly charges me, in the Review, with "*making the Committee believe that there were five reflectors on each side of the frame,*" and stigmatizes it as an "unpardonable attempt." He is therefore in honour bound publicly to retract this charge; because, in answer to the question regarding the *present* state of the reflectors at the Bell Rock, I described them as they *now* are, and have existed since 1823. But instead of doing this, Sir David both begins and ends his letter to Mr Napier by requesting room in the next Review to make an "explanation very disagreeable to the party that has rendered it necessary."

What the nature of this "very disagreeable explanation" is to be, 'tis no difficult matter to conjecture; he himself, indeed, has pretty clearly hinted at it in the letter, by implying, that in answering the question (2473), "What are the number of burners in the *white* frame?" I was bound not only to describe the *present* condition of the reflectors, as they have existed since 1823, but also their state before the change was made, and this for the laudable purpose of *voluntarily* bringing under notice a mistake of my father's, and preventing the Committee from forming an erroneous opinion of an anonymous declaimer in the Edinburgh Review. The Reviewer must vindicate his statements for himself; his anonymous squibs are not so important as to require notice in evidence before Parliament. Moreover, had I acted, as Sir David recommends, in alluding voluntarily to any admitted mistake of my father's, the Knight would have been entitled to find me liable in a breach of the canons of *filial piety*, which he doubtless learned when he assumed the cassock of the Scottish Kirk.

But, if Sir David further implies by his letter, that because I did not *volunteer* to expose the defective arrangement of the Bell Rock reflec-

* This remark of Sir David's is very shallow. If making seven red burners and seven white burners be a *partial* remedy for *equalizing* the range of the red and white lights; then, setting five red against five white is also a *partial* remedy, quite as effective as the other, in so far as the *proportional* distance of their range is concerned; which is the only matter to be remedied. Of course, the only *perfect* remedy is producing an *equality* of power in the red and white beams.

tors, I am therefore capable of resorting to an "unpardonable attempt" to conceal it, the *homonymia* is too shallow to pass unchallenged with the merest simpleton. It is, moreover, contradicted by the fact; for not only did I acknowledge the existence of "a defective arrangement" in my published pamphlet, but in the quotations from my evidence, given by Sir David in the Review, I have admitted that the remedy applied was partial, and that to be perfect, an addition of some reflectors would be required. In answer to the question (2478), "Would not the addition of perhaps from three or four burners with red glasses have carried that into effect?" I say, that "I think an addition might; I cannot say how many would be required." Here, certainly, is abundant evidence to show that no attempt at concealment has been made in my evidence, and that the calumnies of Sir David Brewster, both in the Review and in his letter to Mr Napier, are utterly groundless. It is vain to attempt mixing up the question about the *efficiency* of the change made in 1823 with the *fact* of that change having been made; they are totally distinct, and no jesuitism can ever confound them. In leaving this subject, I am in justice bound to observe, that the matter about which Sir David Brewster makes so much noise is in itself of little importance; and it is altogether unreasonable and uncandid to recur so frequently to this topic, and magnify the consequences of the "arrangement." The truth is, that no complaint was ever advanced against the Bell Rock light by seamen; and when the change was made in 1823, the difference was so trifling, as never to be remarked.

I regret that this personal topic should so long have detained me from the exposure of the erroneous statements contained in the Review regarding the nature of the evidence given to the Lighthouse Committee; and I shall now address myself to that part of my task without any farther delay. The present lucubration of Sir David is little more than an exaggerated reiteration of his former article on the "British Light-

house System;" and, as all the assertions regarding the insufficiency of the lights, and the wasteful expenditure of money, were fully disproved in my reply of July 1833, I consider it unnecessary to repeat the facts there advanced, and since confirmed by the evidence before the Select Committee, and by the Parliamentary Report itself, which, in speaking of the Northern lights, expresses satisfaction at the "manner in which the duties of the Board have been conducted by the Commissioners." On the subject of expenditure also, the Report is widely at variance with the opinions of this Coryphaeus of the *savealls* (who formerly proposed that the duty of the light-keepers should be partly done by their wives and children!) and in alluding to the "stores for the use of the lights," says, they "appear to be furnished with a regularity and attention, likely to secure a good supply on fair terms." On the more important point of the *efficiency* of the lights themselves, there seems in the whole course of the evidence to be but one favourable opinion. All concur in stating, that the present lights are seen as far as the curvature of the earth will permit; and it is also admitted, that their positions on the coast have been chosen with judgment, and for the best interests of navigation. To all this the Reviewer, nothing daunted, opposes the ridiculous assertion, "that, while they dispensed rush-lights to the benighted mariner, they burned their office candles at both ends, under a bushel!" His note of admiration is not misplaced; who can but wonder at the folly of such a statement? In this style he proceeds, confounding the admission of a possibility of improving what is *good* with an unqualified condemnation of it, and vilifying, in the most unmeasured terms, the whole system which has surrounded our coast with lights and beacons, and saved the lives and property of thousands.* The cause of the Reviewer's loud declamation is too obvious to escape detection, but I shall permit it to develop itself naturally in the sequel of these remarks.

The selections from the evidence are made with the express object of

* See letter to the author of article on the "British Lighthouse System" in No. XCV, of the Edinburgh Review, pp. 8 and 9,

favouring the peculiar opinions of the Reviewer; and those parts of it which do not suit his purpose, he takes leave to pass over in silence, or to condemn without quarter. This, to be sure, is only following up his own maxims in his letter to Mr Napier, where he openly confesses his mode of selecting information, and declares his determination not to read what does not please him. Accordingly, in his remarks on Lieutenant Drummond's evidence regarding the best constitution of a new Board for the Management of the Lights, he says, "The third member, Lieutenant Drummond thinks, should be an optician. If he mean a person thoroughly versed in optics, we agree with him; but if he mean a practical optician, carrying on his trade, we decidedly object to such a person; and, whether it be one or other, we are puzzled to find out why he should be a member of the Royal Society." The motive here is really too *transparent*; and Sir David has surely forgotten, that a *decent shade*, though not at all suited to the North Foreland Light, is no improper *epithem* in cases of *misthomania*.* The fact is, the "practical optician carrying on his trade," is not all the *idiosyncrasy* in request with Sir David, who most uncereemoniously ejects this unfortunate individual, to make room for a "person thoroughly versed in optics." Truly, this hint is both *plain* and *pleasant*.

Having so far paved the way for this "person thoroughly versed in optics," Sir David goes on to show, that from those connected with the management of the present Boards no good can be expected. To do this, all he considers necessary is to quote two isolated answers from the evidence of my father and myself regarding the use of lenses. But, if he had examined all the evidence upon this subject, he would have found, that in answering the question (2080), "Then would any of the Northern Lighthouses be better and cheaper lighted with polyzonal lenses and quadruple burners, than with a reflector and single argand burner?" My father says, that "in some situations they would be more expensive; in others, there would

be economy of fuel." In his quotation from my father's evidence on this subject, the Reviewer has also found it convenient to suppress one-half of the answer; while the second contains a full proof of want of prejudice upon the subject. The whole answer stands thus: "According to the present state of my information, I consider the system we now follow the best, *though it may turn out otherwise upon the actual trial at Inchkeith*." The Reviewer also tries to hold up my opinion about a limitation of the adoption of lenses to those cases where fifteen or seventeen burners are now used, as a proof of bias against the use of lenses; but this bias may be equally alleged against others who gave evidence, and Sir David alone is capable of explaining why he has singled me out as the *sole* supporter of what he doubtless considers both "heresy and schism." Mr James Jardine, for instance, is on this point equally liable to censure when he answers by a decided "yes," to the interrogatory (2223), "Therefore your recommendation would go to the larger lights where the greater number of burners *now* exist, rather than to the smaller;" yet the Reviewer seems to consider this gentleman as next in authority to himself.

The next position which the Reviewer takes up is a very unfortunate one, both because it is utterly untenable, and because, if vacated, the citadel must at once surrender; I mean the stand he has incautiously made about the application of lenses to fixed lights. His only support, as he himself shows in the following remarks, is Mr James Jardine:—

"The next two witnesses examined by the Committee, are Lieutenant Drummond of the Engineers, and Mr James Jardine, Civil Engineer, Edinburgh, two individuals highly distinguished by their talents and scientific acquirements. *Both of these witnesses testify that the built up polyzonal lens was the invention of Sir David Brewster, and both of them recommend its general use in all our lighthouses.* Lieutenant Drummond, however, has shackled this opinion with a very singular limitation. He recommends the lens only in revolving lights." In

* *μισθος*, salary, and *μεναι*, vehement desire.

this passage no one can fail to observe a very close *sequitur*, by which Sir David seems to make the recognition of his claim to the invention of the lens to constitute the *unica nobilitas*, the distinction of "talents and scientific acquirements." But he goes on with his comment on the evidence of Lieutenant Drummond in these words:—"This opinion, we confess, startled us exceedingly," &c. Possibly it might, but it is, nevertheless, capable of the most rigorous demonstration, and will no doubt commend itself to Sir David himself on a moment's reflection. Mr Jardine, indeed, whose "known caution, and thorough knowledge of the subject" are so highly extolled by the Reviewer, thinks very differently upon this subject from Mr Fresnel, for that gentleman never contemplated the use of lenses in fixed lights, to which they are wholly inapplicable from the cause described by Lieutenant Drummond in his evidence. In the fixed lights of France, accordingly, an instrument called the *cylindric refractor*, invented by the late distinguished Fresnel, is universally employed.* But, as Mr Jardine informs the Committee, (2234) that he *does not know how many of the French lights are lighted with lenses*, and (2236) *is not aware of any different plan being carried into effect*, much information could not reasonably be expected from him; and it is amusing to contrast the admissions of the witness himself with the praises of his encomiast. Mr Jardine seems, indeed, totally unacquainted with the subject, and his evidence involves a most singular contradiction, obviously arising from defective information. The following questions, and their answers (occurring in different parts of the evidence), contain the sum of his strange opinions.

"2224. Do you mean fixed or revolving lights?"

"Either of them."

"2225. That would apply equally to the revolving as to the fixed lights?"

"Yes."

"2235. Sir David Brewster's plan is carried into effect in France?"

"Yes."

"2236. Are you aware whether in any of the French lighthouses there is a different plan from that?"

"None that I am aware of."

"2237. It would require sixteen of these lenses to fill up a circle of a fixed light; now, is there room in any lighthouse to put up sixteen of these lenses?"

"I think I mentioned there would be room for eight in one circle, in the Bell Rock for example."

"2238. Not revolving?"

"I am speaking of a fixed light."

The result of all this is, that Mr Jardine thinks the *annular lenses* equally applicable to fixed and revolving lights, and that *eight* of them would *illuminate the whole horizon*. Now the respective amplitudes of illumination may be taken at about *fifteen* degrees for the reflectors and *six* degrees for the lens; and it is found necessary to employ no fewer than twenty-six reflectors, in order to distribute the light with tolerable equality over the horizon. Yet Mr Jardine speaks of using only eight lenses, each of which illuminates only half the arc lighted by the reflector!

In such an opinion no one who understands the subject can possibly concur. It is, as already noticed, quite at variance with the opinions of Fresnel; and Lieutenant Drummond, with great reason, apprehends that even in the best combinations of lenses for a fixed light "there would be intervals of darkness left between each blaze of light, which would of course be exceedingly dangerous in a fixed light." "A vessel," he adds, "might sail down in one of these dark intervals," and "run against the lighthouse without seeing the light." The truth is, the arrangement described by Mr Jardine is that employed for the *express* purpose of producing the dark intervals at Corduan; and his opinion is tantamount to the enunciation of this novel theorem, *That the side of a po-*

* See p. 18 of a "Report to the Committee of the Commissioners of Northern Lights appointed to take into consideration the subject of the Illuminating Lighthouses by means of Lenses, by Alan Stevenson, M. A., Civil Engineer," which was printed by order of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, and extensively circulated by them.

lygon of eight sides subtends a LESS angle than the side of a polygon of twenty-six sides. On the subject of fixed lights, I shall only add, that even in using the cylindric refractors of Fresnel, which have their generating section placed vertically, and refract the rays only in planes parallel to the horizon, it is found necessary to range them in a polygon of thirty-two sides, and to employ the assistance of subsidiary mirrors to boot, in order to effect an equal distribution of light, which Mr Jardine proposes to accomplish by means of eight annular lenses!

In summing up Mr Jardine's evidence, the Reviewer says—"he recommends" "the use of gas," and at 2250 and 2251, he even approves of its use at the Bell Rock. Lieutenant Drummond, however, at the questions from 3009 to 3017 (inclusive) does not seem to consider that there is any advantage in using gas in lighthouses; and in his answer to question 3038, he decidedly objected to its introduction in situations like the Eddystone or the Bell Rock. The evidence also of my father, between questions 2091 and 2134, regarding the three accidents which have occurred at Holyhead light from using gas, deserve notice. Mr Jardine, moreover, in answering the questions between 2252 and 2259, has no fear in applying the Drummond light in lighthouses, an opinion which no other witness has ventured to hazard, though they all agree in considering its introduction, if practicable, an improvement of the greatest importance. The ingenious inventor himself, says (at question 3025) that he does *not* consider its application with the men ordinarily kept at lighthouses at the present moment safe, and in a subsequent part of his evidence (3027) he speaks of the difficulties to be removed before its use in lighthouses can be safely recommended. The opinion of Mr Jardine, therefore, on this subject, being opposed to that of the inventor himself, is entitled to as little attention as his "cautious" dogma about applying annular lenses to fixed lights.

The next topic is the use of *occasional lights*. Sir David considers my evidence on this subject highly objectionable, as tending to undervalue some of his plans; and he

finds he "dare not decide between the presumption and ignorance" which it "involves." But he has mistaken the tenor of my evidence, which refers, not to the exhibition of a stronger light in hazy weather, if that can be rendered practicable without altering its *characteristic appearance*, but to such *occasional lights* as imply the exhibition of the nitrate of strontia, and Bengal lights, and others, which, by changing the appearance of the lights, would utterly destroy their usefulness, and in certain situations might lead to consequences of the most serious kind, by making the mariner mistake one light for another. The apparent disagreement which the Reviewer points out between my opinion with that of my father on the subject of the Drummond light therefore vanishes.

Sir David winds up by an attack upon the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses regarding the Newcastle lens. This instrument was made in one piece by Messrs Cookson, who having received orders to construct a *built lens*, requested permission to try to cast it in a solid mass, and to their great credit they have produced a lens wonderfully perfect in figure, if the difficulty of this method of working be considered. When compared indeed with that "constructed under" Sir David Brewster's "own superintendence," the lens of Messrs Cookson was found immeasurably superior, and Sir David is not justified in branding, as proof of "total ignorance" on the part of the Lighthouse Board, that liberality which has afforded to an ingenious artist the opportunity of constructing an instrument which has justly excited the wonder of all who have seen it. That this mode of construction is less perfect than that of *building* in separate pieces is quite true; but a little more of the calmness which always accompanies justice would have enabled Sir David to prove this as fully (if indeed he consider any parade of proof necessary) without either vilifying the Lighthouse Commissioners as "totally ignorant," or insulting the shade of Buffon by calling his invention a "rude idea." Such epithets, however, have been freely applied to the Commissioners, both in the present article of the Edinburgh Review and in its worthy

predecessor in the 115th number; and if they be strangely at variance with what the author has said of the same body at p. 44 of the 11th vol. of the Edinburgh Royal Society Transactions, we only learn thence that Sir David Brewster has *changed his opinions*. But strange as this discrepancy may seem, it is surely still less strange than the fact that, though in daily communication with the Lighthouse Board up to the 29th of March, 1833, when he wrote to the Convener of the Lens Committee, Sir David did actually, in April following, anonymously impeach that body in the Edinburgh Review, as utterly negligent of its duties, and regardless of the interests of the mariners whose lives are committed to their guardianship. Sir David Brewster, in the Review, no doubt complains that his suggestions have been neglected. But what does he himself say at the above cited page of the Transactions of the Royal Society? "The reception," he tells us, "which I have experienced from that liberal and enlightened body has convinced me, that if I had made this application in the year 1819, I should now have had the satisfaction of seeing the new mode of illumination introduced into our own lighthouses. The Commissioners have allowed me opportunities of explaining to them, both personally and in writing, the construction and advantage of this new apparatus; and I have been authorized to have one of the polyzonal lenses constructed under my own superintendence." Since Sir David wrote this paragraph, nothing that I know of has occurred, which ought to have changed his opinion, or could argue either negligence or disinclination on the part of the Commissioners to adopt new suggestions; on the contrary, they have been since in communication with himself on the subject of lenses, and that so lately as March 1833, during their experiments at Gulanhill; and their having last year sent one of their officers to the French coast, and their being at this moment engaged in remodelling the light of Inchkeith for the dioptric apparatus, surely does not look like any determination to reject improvements. But it is quite true that there was neglect on the part of Sir David Brewster himself, who, though he

"was authorized to have a *lens* constructed under his own superintendence" so far back as 1826, actually never saw that instrument till the 12th of February, 1833, when he condemned it as unfit for use. Sir David, therefore, seems to have vented upon the Commissioners the expression of that dissatisfaction which arose from a consciousness of his own negligence.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to say a few words regarding the general spirit of the two articles on Lighthouses in the Edinburgh Review. That they are distinguished by exaggerated views and hasty conclusions from feeble premises is certainly their least blot; for they are throughout characterised by a want of candour which, when taken in connexion with the tone of Sir David Brewster's letter to Mr Napier, in which he acknowledges the authorship, is alone sufficient to invalidate the statements they advance. That letter has obviously been penned with a feeling of rancour which ought never to have found expression in language; nor should I have expected, from a man of Sir David's years and high standing, the threats which it contains. What the cause of his resentment may be is, of course, best known to himself; for, as he denies having seen my pamphlet against his former philippic, it cannot take its origin in that reply. I confess, however, that I am not without the hope of solving this mystery, and explaining the remarkable phenomenon presented by a philosopher and theologian so "marvellous distempered" in mind. Will Sir David vouchsafe replies to the following questions?—

1. Whether it be not true that Sir David Brewster, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, under the article "Buffon," quotes a book called *Condorcet's Eloge de Buffon*; and again, in the same half volume, describes, under the article "Burning Instruments," as an invention of his own, the *building of polyzonal lenses*, which, in the same *Eloge*, cited by Sir David, had been, long before, thus described by Condorcet:—"On pourrait même composer de plusieurs pièces ces loupes à échelons, on y gagnerait plus de facilité dans la construction, une grande diminution de dépense, l'avantage de pou-

voir leur donner plus d'étendue et celui d'employer, suivant le besoin un nombre de cercles plus ou moins grande, et d'obtenir ainsi d'un même instrument différents degrés de force? * *

2. Whether Sir David Brewster did not receive a copy of a Report to the Committee of the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, on the illumination of lighthouses by means of lenses, in the 11th page of which this passage of Condorcet is quoted?

3. Whether Sir David Brewster did not claim the *building of lenses* as an invention of his own, in the article "Burning Instruments," in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia; in a paper "on the construction of polygonal lenses," in the first part of the eleventh volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and finally in the article "British Lighthouse System," in the 115th number of the Edinburgh Review?

4. Whether it be not true that, in the article "Parliamentary Report on Lighthouses," Sir David Brewster has not, instead of claiming the invention for himself, referred to the evidence of Messrs Drummond and Jardine before the Select Committee, in proof of his right; which evidence was given *before* I called the public attention to the priority of Condorcet's claim?

It must be admitted, that the demonstration of Condorcet's title to the invention of *building polygonal lenses* is an *unfavourable* circumstance; and although I am far from thinking that it in any degree justifies the tone of Sir David's writings in the Review, or the threats contained in his letter to Mr Napier, it is not impossible that he may himself discover in it enough to excuse him for having so far forgotten the calm and temperate candour which belongs to his years, and still more to his sacred order, and may find in it a sufficient temptation to abuse that shelter which these accidental attributes justly procure for their possessors. It must no doubt be painful for Sir David to reflect, that, in this view of his *claim*, he might have saved himself the trouble of writing high-toned eulogies of himself in the Edinburgh Review; and that all the irksomeness of penning pathetic je-

reminds about the neglect of his own invention might as well have been spared. And even still more painful it cannot fail to be, thus to relinquish a claim he has so long preferred, and which he doubtless fondly regards as a harbinger of the revival of "declining science in England." †

What answer Sir David may vouchsafe to the questions above propounded, it is unnecessary to conjecture. He cannot be ignorant that the *curious contiguity in time and place* of the articles "Buffon" and "Burning Instruments," in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, and the suddenly declining boldness of his claim from the formal announcement of the first idea to a faltering reference to the witnesses before Parliament, are apt to give rise to something more than surmises as to the *source* of his discovery. At all events, the priority of Condorcet's claim is now incontrovertibly demonstrated by the quotation from page 85 of the *Eloge de Buffon*; and Sir David is therefore, in justice, bound to surrender those posthumous honours he has so long enjoyed in the room of their rightful owner, and to appease at the last hour the manes of the departed academician. A short time will show in what light he regards the obligation to exercise a generosity which is in truth no more than justice; and I shall, for the present, leave him to the enjoyment of those reflections which a fresh conviction of duty never fails to awaken. The style of his letter to Mr Napier might, indeed, have justified some parting remarks on the implacable and unjust measures which he appears to have in reserve against me; but as the nature of his meditated attack has been explained by himself, and already fully met by me in the first part of this letter, I shall not waste words in pressing home upon Sir David that lesson of caution in impugning the candour of others, which the facts of this case are calculated to convey, or in reminding him that it is only by a *satisfactory* answer to my questions that he can give any colour to his next attempt.—I have the honour to be, &c.

ALAN STEYENSON.

Edinburgh, May 3, 1835.

* *Eloge de Buffon*, p. 35. *Œuvres de Condorcet*, tom. iv. Paris, 1804.

† Quarterly Review, No. LXXXVI.

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

CHAP. XVI.

THE END OF THE YARN.

It was half-past nine in the morning—De Walden and I were seated on the cliff where I had been shot at the day before. The only indications of the spent storm were a line of froth, intermixed with large quantities of wreck and drift-wood, on the beach, far above high water-mark; branches of trees, strewed here and there with their yesterday bright green leaves, now sun-withered and as red and sere as if they had lain a winter on the ground; and a clear, cool, luxurious air and sky. The hill sides had even become perceptibly greener in one night's time—in short, Dame Nature had got her face well washed, and every thing was clean, and fresh, and shining. The sea-breeze was roughening the water in the offing, but in the cove, on which we looked down, all was as yet as smooth as glass. The undulations flowing towards the harbour's mouth, occasioned by what I would call the echo of the ground swell, or the reverberation of the send of the sea from the rocky beach, were scarcely perceptible, except from the varying shadows of the banks, and grey clouds, as the plane from which they were reflected was gently bent by the rise and fall of the water. The whole creek was sprinkled throughout its calm surface, by masses of floating wreck from the *Mosca*, that sparkled with the motion of the water, slight as it was, in the slanting rays of the morning sun; while, out to windward, near the entrance, there was a blue ripple on the sea right in his wake, that prevented us seeing distinctly what it was, but which I guessed to proceed from the rushing of fish, at some object on which they were feeding. As the sun rose, the dazzle hauled further off, and we then could plainly see three immense green skinned sharks, tearing at the floating body of a seaman; every now and then one of them would seize a limb,

and drag the carcass a fathom or so under water—when the second would make a rush, and seize another limb, and there would the dead body appear suspended between them, as if it had been standing on its feet and alive; the jangle of the water giving the limbs the appearance of struggling. Then again the third shark, like a dog walking off with a bone from two others who were quarrelling about it, would seize the trunk, and back-backing, forcibly drag it away from the others, and make sail with it across his jaws into the silvery glare, pursued by his mates, when the whole would once more disappear.

Their whereabouts, however, was distinctly marked by the wheeling of half a dozen pelicans; an individual bird stooping every now and then with a splash, while the lighter gulls and sea-mews were glancing about in all directions, whistling shrill, and twinkling with their light wings, like silver butterflies in the distance; as they pounced on the fragments that were disengaged by the teeth of the monsters in the water.

Several vultures, the large carrion crows formerly described, were perched on the neighbouring trees, or stalking along the shore, on the look out for any waifs that might be cast ashore, as their perquisites.

Sentries were placed along the hill-side, with their arms glancing in the sun, to give notice of the approach of any of the crew of the *Mosca* that might have escaped and taken to the woods, should they have the hardihood to attack any stray Spider crawling about on shore. His Majesty's schooner was at anchor beneath us, right in the centre of the cove, with her sails loose to dry, and her blue ensign and pennant hoisted, but there was not a breath of wind to stir either.

There were several lines of clothes

stretched from different parts of the rigging, some of the garments deeply saturated with blood.

The crew were busy overhauling the rigging, and repairing the injuries sustained in the action, their voices and loud laughter sounding hollow from the water, and echoing amongst the sails, while the long, silver-clear note, and the short merry chirrup of the boatswain's whistle, as the water-casks were hoisting in from the launch alongside, rose shrill above the confused sounds.

All this time the sea breeze was stealing on, throwing out its cats' paws, like *tirailleurs* covering the advance of the main body, eating into and crisping away the outer edge of the polished mirror of the anchorage, as if it had been the advancing tide gradually breaking away the ice of some smooth frozen river. We could hear the rushing of the wind before a feather moved near us; by and by there was a twitter amongst the topmost leaves of the tree under which we sat, and some withered ones came whirling down, and a dry twig dropped on my hat with a tiny rattle. The highest and lightest sails of the schooner began to flap and shake.

"There comes the breeze, Mr M'Taggart," cheeped a *wee* mid on board.

"All hands furl sails," was growled along her deck by the hoarse voice of the boatswain. "There it comes—haul down the square sail." Round swung the Spider, with her topsail, top-gallant sail, and royal all aback, and her fore and aft sails undulating and rumbling in the breeze; presently she gradually dropped a fathom or two astern, as more scope was given her. "Hands by the top-gallant clewlines—fore and main brails;" and the next minute she rode steadily on the surface of the blue and roughened cove, head to wind, the tiny wavelets sparkling in the sun, and lapping against her cutwater: with every thing snugly furlled, and the breeze rushing past her in half a gale of wind, driving the waves in a small surf upon the beach to leeward, and roaring through the trees where we sat; while the thunders of the swell, as it pitched against the iron-bound

coast, came down strong, vibrating on our ears like distant thunder.

"It is very awkward to change my name so suddenly," said De Walden, to whom I had communicated his father's death, and whatever else Sir Oliver had written to my uncle. "I believe I shall continue plain Mr De Walden, until I reach headquarters. But my poor father—alas! alas!—what misery he would have saved himself and me, had he but made this disclosure before. You know my story but in part, Mr Brail. My poor mother always said and believed she was his wife, but he showed me such proofs to the contrary, that I had no alternative but to believe him. However, Heaven's will be done—peace be with him."

There was an awkward pause, when, as if willing to change the subject, he continued—"How absolutely necessary for one's comfort *here* it is to believe in a *hereafter*, Mr Brail; the misery that some people are destined to endure in this scene of our probation—my poor mother, for instance"

"Or that most unfortunate creature, Lennox, that perished when the Midge went down," said I, willing to draw him away from brooding over his own misfortunes—"what a death!"

"Miserable, miserable," said De Walden.

"It puzzles me exceedingly," said I, "to conceive how Adderfang and his crew did not pillage the Moonbeam when we were so completely in his power."

"There are three reasons," replied De Walden, "any one of which was sufficient to have prevented him. First of all, he was here under the Buenos Ayrean flag; and as San Andreas must have been a convenient rendezvous, both from its seclusion and the abundance of provisions to be had in it, he might be reluctant to commit any overt act of piracy under Mr ***'s nose. Secondly, the Devil is not always so black as he is painted; and, from all we can learn, he was a fearful mixture of good and evil; and, last of all, and possibly the strongest of the three, you were scarcely worth plundering, being in ballast—had you been returning with your cargo of shell, I would

have been sorry to have been your underwriter. But what a desperate fellow this same Adderfang must have been. You saw how desperately he fought the little Midge, and how gallantly he carried on her, in his futile attempt to beat her out of the bay. I verily believe, from all I have heard, that he would have fired the magazine, and blown all hands into the air, before he would have struck. But see, there goes little Piper and his boat's crew, with the poor girl's body to her long home."

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a boat leave the Spider, pulled by four men, with a midshipman in the stern, and a deal coffin lying along, the flag that covered it having been blown aside.

"She was the only thing we picked up when the felucca foundered; except that devil of a bloodhound, which we had to destroy, in consequence of his untameable ferocity, before he had been a quarter of an hour on board; nothing else whatever, animate or inanimate, floated."

"And pray how *did* she?"

"She was buckled to an oar by this belt," said he, *producing the identical cincture I had seen Adderfang wear*; "but was quite dead by the time we saw her."

"That is Adderfang's girdle," said I.

"I guessed as much," continued De Walden. "Bad as he was he must have loved her dearly, for his last thought on earth seems to have been her safety—and no wonder, for she must have been a most beautiful creature, tall, and elegantly formed, with fine Greek features—such hair!—alas! alas! what a melancholy ending she has made, poor thing. I make no doubt that she was the same female you saw in the prison at Havanna."

"Very like, very like—but I wonder how she came on board?"

"Old Mr***," rejoined De Walden, "told me this morning, that she had shoved out in a small canoe, manned by two of her slaves, after the felucca was at sea, at least so Adderfang said; and as several guarda-costas were on the look-out for him, he had found it impossible to send her back to Havanna again. But enough of this poor girl and her

misfortunes, Mr Brail; it is time we were on board;" and accordingly I that day took up my quarters in the Spider.

The following morning I was invited by Tooraloo, whose heart was like to break, to repair on board the Moonbeam, in order to be present at the opening of Lennox's papers. De Walden accompanied me.

The will was autograph, and from its tenor, the poor fellow seemed to have had a strong presentiment that his days were not to be long in the land; at least that he was never again to revisit Scotland.

It purported to have been written after he had been ill on the voyage, and, amongst other clauses, there was one, leaving my uncle and myself executors, along with his old father and the clergyman of his native parish in Scotland.

He left several legacies among his kindred and friends at home; one thousand pounds to me; another thousand to be funded or *mortified*, I think he called it, to increase the salary of the parochial schoolmaster of Lincomdodie for ever; and the residue to his father; failing him, to be divided in certain proportions amongst the others. It was in fact an exceedingly prudent distribution, according to my notion, although the idea was strange of a poor fellow willing away thousands, who had all his life, with a brief exception, been himself struggling with the most abject penury.

When I read out Tooraloo's legacy, the poor fellow wept and ho'hoed after his fashion. "I give and bequeath to Tobias Tooraloo, the sum of five hundred pounds."

"Ho! ho! ho!" blubbered Toby;

"Currency or sterling, sir?"

"Of the current money of Jamaica."

"Hoo! hoo! hoo!" roared the skipper, whose lacrymose propensity seemed to increase in the precise ratio of the exchange, L.100 Jamaica currency being at that time only equal to about L.60 British sterling.

The following day we weighed for Jamaica, and the Moonbeam for the Indian coast, after having said good by to old Mr***, who, we found afterwards, bore an excellent character, but of course he had to yield to circumstances in his un-

protected condition, whenever a privateer chose to anchor in his neighbourhood. He took the precaution, however, before we left, of arming his black negroes, in case the privateer's men, who had taken to the woods, should prove troublesome, but I never heard that they did so.

Nothing particular occurred until we made the west end of Jamaica. We had intended proceeding at once to Port Royal, but seeing a large vessel, apparently a man-of-war, at anchor in Negril Bay, with a blue flag at the fore, we stood in, and on exchanging signals, were ordered to anchor, the frigate proving to be the Admiral.

We were both invited to dine on board, but during dinner we were nearly suffocated, by the cook having chosen to roast a jackfruit on a spit, taking it for a bread fruit, to which it bears a strong external resemblance.

I landed at Negril that same evening, after having taken a most affectionate leave of De Walden, and proceeded over land to Ballywindle, where I found my excellent uncle in good health, and getting along cheerily with his preparations for leaving the island when the season should be a little more advanced. He lent me a hand with poor Lennox's affairs, and the issue was that we presently scraped together a good round sum to remit to England on this account, there to await the distribution of the executors.

In the month of March, we left Ballywindle, and I may safely say there was not a dry eye, black or white, master or servant, that day on the estate, and proceeded to Kingston, where, after a sorrowful parting from our warmhearted friends there, we embarked in the packet, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at Falmouth.

I found a letter lying for me from my adorable, announcing that the family were now settled in Liverpool, where it was likely Mr Hudson was to be permanently domiciled, and I shall not weary the reader with the dreams of future happiness that floated through my brain that evening, as my uncle and I, after discussing our red mullet and beef stake, were enjoying our bottle of port in

that most excellent shop, the Green Bank Hotel.

We posted across the country to Liverpool, as fast as four horses could carry us, but neither will I attempt to describe the joy of our meeting. Uncle Latham was quite pleased with my choice, lamenting over and over again, however, that *she* had not been an *Irishman*.

Here, to while away the time, the old gentleman chartered a pair of spanking hunters, and took a day now and then with the Cheshire hounds. One fine, you might call it summer, day, the last of the season, there was a noble field, and not a scanty sprinkling of Liverpool cotton brokers. Some time previous, a London dealer had brought down a batch of grey horses, that were *too good* for Tattersall's, in order to clap the leek, as the Welshman says, into the wealthy Liverpoolians—"all real good, well-made hunters, sir." The fox broke cover, in good style, and away we all went at a killing pace, my uncle leading with the coolness and skill of an old hand.

We came to one or two stiffish jumps, and there was nothing like the greys; aware that they would be marked from the conspicuous colour of their horses, the men of the *long* and *short staple* rode like devils, and for a time the Cheshire aristocracy were at a puzzle what to make of it. At length we came to a post-and-rail fence, with a deep ditch beyond, which seemed to be a poser.

"Hold hard," cried Mr Frenche to me, as he settled himself in his saddle, and gathered up his reins; "hold hard, Benjie, and let the greys lead." A tall military-looking personage had for some time hung on the flank of the Liverpool cavaliers, who, being strangers, kept pretty well together; and as they came up to the fence, he sung out, in a clear, sharp voice,

"Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,"

"Halt!"—*Stock still*, as if touched by an enchanter's wand, on the instant stood each gallant grey, gathering himself on his haunches; and sliding several yards with his fore-feet on the moist sward, grooving out regular *ways* in the blue clay, as if they had been so many boats a-launching; and

away flew a shower of cotton-brokers, like a volley of stones from a catapult, leaving each an empty horse looking at him, with one exception, where the *raw material* was accounted for, sticking on his horse's neck, with an ear in each hand, admiring his *departed* friends in the ditch and the gay field, as fifty horsemen flew over them in a rainbow.

It was now fixed that we were to be married in June, and I accompanied Mr. Frenche to Ireland, in order to pay my duty to my dear old mother, who was comfortably settled in a nice cottage in the outskirts of Kilkenny.

It is profanation to touch on such meetings in print, so here again you must exercise your imaginations, my good people.

We were all most happy; and two mornings after we arrived, while sitting at breakfast, the door was opened, and a stout vulgar-looking little man was rushed in, dressed in plush small clothes, top boots especially dirty, an old swansdown vest, grey upper coat, tow wig, and green spectacles.

He made himself known as Mr. Treacle. This was the Cork grocer who had purchased the Ballywindle estate when my grandfather was reduced in his circumstances, and obliged to sell it.

My uncle and mother, the instant they heard his name, drew up with probably an excusable feeling of pride, as if they apprehended that the honour of Mr. Treacle's visit had been conferred from a desire on his part to appear *patronising* to an old, although reduced family. So the meeting was somewhat stiff.

"Pray, Mr. Treacle, be seated," said my uncle.

"Thank you kindly," said the honest tradesman, feeling very awkward in his turn. "Thank you kindly, Mr. Frenche, and, Mrs. Brail, your most obedient. Welcome back to old Ireland again, Mr. Frenche." Then, as if speaking aside—"I am sure I wish you had never left it."

"Thank you, Treacle," said my uncle; "that's kindly said, anyhow—and"—here he looked the grocer steadily in the face—"kindly meant too, I do believe—but talking of that now does not signify, you know—so

will you have the kindness to make known to me your wishes, Mr. Treacle, and the occasion of the honour of this visit."

"Arrah," quoth Treacle, "but it *does* signify, and a great deal too, Mr. Frenche, for to tell you the honest thrute, I am tired of this neighbourhood; and what most people think equally unpleasant, the neighbourhood is tired of me."

My uncle looked hard at him, as if he had said, "Well, it may be so; but what is all this to me?"

"I don't rightly understand you, Mr. Treacle. You have got a fine estate, for Ballywindle is an improving property, if one had plenty of money to lay out on it, and that I know you have; besides, you have a great advantage over the former possessors, in being, as I believe, a Catholic, whereas all the Frenches were Protestants, so I cannot understand why you should not make yourself popular here."

"Why, sir, I never was popular; but I was slowly sliding into my place, as the saying is, like a cheese along a bar of soap, for both you and your brother were thought to be poor men, and lost men, and men who had no chance of ever returning to Kilkenny; and them are just the sort of articles to get mouldy and forgotten, like a box of damaged prunes in the back shop, but—and how they found it out, I am sure I cannot tell." My mother smiled here.—"But for these two years past, I have had hints, and to spare; that although your brother was dead, you had come alive again, and had bought a large estate, which, for the honour of Ireland, you had also called Ballywindle, in Jamaica, where all the cottiers were black negers, and that you had made a power of money, and had your nephew sent out to you; he that was the sailor, young Master Brail, her ladyship's Hopeful there—and that, in fact, if I did not write out to you *my own self*; (Oh, murder, to be trated like a swimming pig, and made to cut my own trout)—if I did not write that you might have the estate again at prime cost, as we say in Cork; with a compliment (the Devil burn them, with their compliment!) of all my improvements; that"—Here he looked in my aunt's face with the most

laughable earnestness. "Now, what do you think they did say, my lady?"

"Really, Mr Treacle, I cannot form any conception."

"Why, they said that they would nail my two ears, which were long enough (at last so said the notice), to my own hall-door."

Mr Frenche laughed outright.

"Poo, poo, a vagary of the poor fellows! Why, you know our countrymen are fond of a joke, Treacle."

"Joke, did you say? And was it a joke to fire this sugar plum into the small of my back last market day." Here he rubbed a part of his body with one hand, by no means answering the description of the small of his back, while in the other he held out a leaden bullet. My mother drew me into the window, unable to restrain her laughter.

"Oh, you need not retrace, my dear Mrs Brail, I don't mean to descend to particulars. But," resuming his address to my uncle, "was it a joke to plump that into me, Mr Frenche? But this is all foreign to the subject. One needs must go when the devil drives, so I am come here to fulfil their bidding, and to make you the offer; for the county is too hot to hold the ould plum-splitter, and the aristocracy too cold—so between hot and cold, I am sick of it."

Here he turned himself to one side disconsolately, and pulling out his red bandana, began to wipe the profuse perspiration from his brow.

My uncle and I exchanged looks.

"Now, Misther Frenche, do think of it, will you? I am not very discrete in telling you all this, but really I am so worried, that I am half-dead with anxiety and vexation; more especially as I have this blessed day got another hint?"

"No! have you, though?" said my uncle, unable to contain himself.

"Indeed, and I have, and rather a strongish one, you will allow, Misther Frenche—there, I got that *billy* this very blessed morning handed to me with my shaving water, by an ould villain that I hired to wait on me, and to feed the pigs for an hour every marning; and who swore might the fiend fly away wid him, if he knowed from Adam how it comed beneath the jug—there"—

The *billy* ran as follows:—

"12 o'clock at night—no moon!"

"TREACLE,—You small lousy spalpeen—the *man himself*, ould Lathom Frenche, and his nevey, young Brail, and that blessed ould woman, Misthress Julia, are all, every mother's son of them, at this present spaking in Kilkenny. So turn out, you ould tief o' the world, and make room for the *rale* Ballywindles (you pitiful, mouldy *imitation*), Orange-men although they be, for they never lived out of Ould Ireland, when they could live in it. And show me one of the name who ever grudged the poor a bit and a sup—so out wid you, Treacle, or you shall hang as high as *hangman*, before the mont be done; like one of your own dirty farthing candles, which a rushlight overshines, like the blessed sun a pace of stinking fish.

"Your servant till death—that is till *your* death; if you don't behave yourself like a jontleman, and do the bidding of

"CAPTAIN ROCK."

"To the nasty little grocer Treacle (who has no right) at Ballywindle."

"Really," said my uncle, laughing, "this is very honest of you, Treacle, but I have no intention of buying back the old place. So, good by—go home, and be a little kinder to your poor neighbours, and no fear of you—good by."

"Go home, did you say?—go home—and that's what I will do, Master Frenche, this blessed day—but to the ould shop in Cark, to my nephew Thady behind the counter *there*. But if ever I darken a door of Ballywindle again, unless on the day of sale, with the mounted police on the lawn, and the footers in the hall, may'— Here he clapped his hand on his mouth, as if to stop the oath that trembled on his tongue.

"Why, Treacle, I *have* made some money—but if I *would*, I *could* not repay you—your purchase money. So."

The grocer caught at this.—"Ah, there I have you—if the money be the difficulty, it is a bargain already, by the Powers. I will leave all the money on it if you choose, sir—and at four per cent—there, now."

To make a long story short, before that day fortnight, Ballywindle open-

ed its once hospitable door once more to a Frenche—to the last of a long line of owners.

At length the day of execution arrived, and I was happily married; and, as if we had been guilty of something to be ashamed of, we split away the same forenoon down the north road, as fast as four horses could carry us.

Our route lay towards Mr Hudson's recently inherited estate in Scotland, which lay contiguous to the village where poor Lennox's friends resided, and I therefore took this opportunity of fulfilling my duty as executor.

We arrived at the end of our journey, as happy as people usually are in our situation, and had scarcely passed a few days in seclusion when the county folks began to call; and amongst others, old Mr Bland, the parish minister, and his nephew, paid their respects. I soon found that my fame had preceded me, and that I had become the lion of Lincomdodie from the connexion of my history with those of the *ne'er-doweel callant* Adderfang, as he was always called, and of poor Saunders Skelp, whose father now suddenly became the richest inhabitant of the village.

I was extremely glad to see the good old clergyman after what I already knew of him from poor Lennox's "*Sorrows*;" besides, he, along with his nephew, were two of the Dominie's executors, and I was desirous of denuding myself of the charge and devolving it on them, who were much more competent to manage it, from their intimate knowledge of the parties, and residence on the spot. This brought us a good deal together during my sojourn in Scotland, and as I frequently expressed a desire to meet with Doctor Soorock and Mr Clour, Mr Bland soon afforded me an opportunity, by inviting me to dinner at the manse on some occasion that had brought these parties together—I think he called it a meeting of presbytery.

At three o'clock, punctual to the hour, I was at the manse, hid amongst trees, with the neat modest little church situated about a stonecast from it, also embowered in a clump of fine old elms on the hill side. There, walking beside the beautiful clear stream that twinkled past, I

was introduced to the party. First, there was Lord ***, the patron, an urbane, stately sample of the old Scotch noble—Dr Soorock, already mentioned, the celebrated ultra evangelical clergyman of the Scottish kirk of his day and generation—Old Mr Clour, the minister of Thistledoup, the identical clergyman who preached on the day of poor Saunders Skelp's discomfiture as precentor—old Mr Bland, the incumbent of the parish already mentioned, a remarkably handsome patriarchal looking old man, and Mr Bland, junior, his nephew, who held the curacy, or what is called in Scotland the assistant and successorship to the living, to which he was to succeed at his principal's demise.

We had a very good dinner, although three or four times in the course of it, I asked myself how came you, Master Benjamin, to be sitting in an assemblage of this kind? However, as the afternoon wore on, we had, what I would have called a little whisky *punch*, but here it was called *toddy*, still all in moderation, as became a meeting of clergymen.

But whisky *toddy*, or *punch*, call it which you will, even of the weakest—and it always gets weaker somehow as the night wears on—however slowly you may sip it, with time and opportunity, does operate considerable innovation in most brains; often wearing away one's usual discretion, like water dropping upon flint; but as a counterpoise to this, while it sometimes confuses the judgment, it as often makes the wit sparkle and send forth sudden scintillations, like the aforesaid material when struck; so that many a dull hand, many a dark and dreary and chaotic opacity, becomes thereby suddenly illuminated like a piece of phosphorus exposed to a stream of galvanic fluid; and sparks off bright things, much to the surprise of those who hear, and eke of himself who speaketh.

Hillo—the whisky *toddy* is off with me a little I find, and I am firing beside the mark, for there was no *dulness* in the present party; no group of gentlemen ever less required whisky *punch* on this score, but what I meant was—"Poo! who the deuce cares what you meant—

get along man, will ye?"—"To be sure I will"—but what I meant was (you have gained nothing by the interruption, friend) that it inspired the excellent men to cast the slough of their usual sobriety of manner and speech for a time, so as to make their society fresh and delightful to a stranger—as I was, beyond any thing I almost ever remember. So, taste my tumbler; there—now *allons*—let us have a touch at the ministers.

Mr Bland and Mr Clour were, I knew, old and sworn friends and near neighbours; but the Doctor seemed rather to undervalue the rural clergymen, and to lord it over them a little during the intervals he could spare from his attention to the great man. The latter, however, with the tact of a gentleman, rather rejected his addresses; I should rather say parried his attempts to close with him on some exclusive topic, so that seeing his lordship determined to *keep* the conversation general and open to all comers, he had to descend into the arena and take his chance. However, even here, he was determined to lead, and this it was which led to the sparring I am going to describe. But it was all give and take with great cordiality for some time, until, from less to more, he began to disparage their drink. This was fairly passing the rubicon, for a more uncanonical proceeding could scarcely be imagined, and a thing Mr Clour could not stand by in any manner of means, so the skirmish forthwith began.

"Very well, Doctor," said he—"if ye will not make your tumbler according to Jemmy Bland's advice and direction there (for your's wad na fuddle a' powhead), dinna give the drink an ill name, man."

"And that's right too,"—chimed in his lordship,—"you are chaplain to our corps, you know, Doctor, so I will give you a military maxim, which is always to keep in mind that a tumbler is the reverse of a field-piece, inasmuch that with the latter you should *reduce* the charge every round, but with the other the rule is to double it, man—to double it."

"True enough, my lord," cried Clour, glorying in such an auxiliary, "as your simile is a strang ane, it

will carry double, like the doctor's powney; so I will just take a ride aff it mysell—and *secondly*, as we say, you *prime* a gun to fire it aff, Doctor, but *here* we fire away to *prime* ourselves; so you being the greatest gun in company, should have the strongest charge; therefore"—

"Oh, man, Clour," said Mr Bland, laughing, "gie ower with yeer nonsense, and haud yeer tongue—you see the Doctor is mending his drink."

And so he was, smiling most graciously all the while; and by and by he opened, and became exceedingly agreeable, which he could always be *when he chose*; although it did strike me now and then, that he took more pains than I thought becoming in a clergyman to disclose how intimate he was with a number of the great and learned in the city of palaces.

Now, old Clour, who revered no man except for his virtues, being besides as sharp as a needle, saw this; so finding that the doctor was making his *third* tumbler and laughingly saying, "that he really *did* think the whisky was getting weaker, as his lordship had remarked," he took his ground to have a yerk at him—"trusting," as he said afterwards, "that the superior strength of his own head being mair habituate till the drink than a toon's minister, might enable him to smite the doctor through the joints of his harness, to the effusion of his pride, when the toddy had loosened the rivets of his dour pomposity."

Bent on fun, therefore, forth pricked the minister of Thistledoup and *tee'd* the ball (as he called it) of an argument, involving some point of church government, to Doctor Soorock, who, in his usual dictatorial way, began to lay down the law *ancient* the same.

Finding, however, that he had met his match in Mr Clour, he speedily strove to eschew the combat, and reining in, he wheeled to break a lance with the mild minister of the parish, the excellent Mr Bland.

"Now, Mr Bland—a-hem—you must pardon me if I do remark, that were you not so old a man, I think I could give you some suggestions as to your style of preaching, that would induce you to alter it for the better."

Now this was altogether unexpected, and I thought extremely ill judged; but the truth was that, between the onset of Mr Clour and the unusual beverage, the doctor had become flurried, and in his anxiety to escape from an *unpleasant*, had selected what, time and place considered, was unquestionably an *ill chosen topic*.

Mr Bland, in his mild gentlemanly way, but evidently surprised, said that *old as he was* he would be delighted to benefit by the learned Doctor's suggestions.

"A-hem—why then, if you allow me the privilege of an old friend, I would say that you preach too smoothly; that is, that although your sermons, from what I have heard of them, are excellent moral discourses?"

"And is that sma' praise?" struck in Mr Clour.

Doctor Soorock did not deign to notice the interruption, but went on. "Excellent moral discourses,—still they want what should be the essence of a sermon; and before I go farther, let me tell you, that others have taken the same dangerous tone from you; there is your nephew, who I heard preach last Sabbath but one—why, my friends, the Misses Skinflint—nieces, Mr Brail of the great Jamaica Skinflints,—at the Sourbog Cottage, said it was a sin to listen to him, he was so comfortable."

"With all submission, my dear Doctor Soorock," said Mr Bland, stung by this allusion to his nephew, "to leave the friendless Dominie out, for he has no friends; but myself that I ken o'; and stick to me. According to my poor ability, I preach"—

Doctor Soorock waved him down with his hand, with the air of an archbishop. "Your doctrine is orthodox, highly orthodox, it may not impugn it—certainly not; I only say that you dwell too little on the high and incomprehensible mysteries of our faith, which certainly no man can understand, and rather delight yourself in?"

Mr Bland, all gentle as he was, here broke in, for he had a spice of courage in him; that when he thought himself or friends unfairly attacked, never failed to prove sufficient for the occasion.

Doctor Soorock, surprised at the interruption, made several attempts to go on, but Mr Bland held his own with unlooked-for energy; as he spoke as follows:—

"My dear doctor—you allow my doctrine to be orthodox, and I humbly trust it is so, and if I, living here in a beautiful pastoral country, amongst a happy and contented people, lean more to praising the Almighty for his goodness than bowing before his throne in dust and ashes, I hope I shall not be held guilty of any great crime *there!*" Here the fine old man pointed up towards Heaven, his face kindling as he spoke. "When Moses Bland, my helper there, came to the kirk to preach the day you indicate, all nature was rejoicing.

"It was a beautiful summer's day. I had scarcely ever seen the outline of the mountain so hard and clear and sharply defined, as it hove up and out, high into the cold pure blue of the cloudless sky. The misty cap that usually conceals the bald peak yonder, had blown off before the fresh breeze that rustled cheerily among the twittering leaves; disclosing the grey scalp, the haunt of the glee and the eagle, with the glittering streaks of unmelted but not unsunned snow filling the wrinkle-like storm rifts; whose ice-fed streamlets loomed in the distance still and fixed like frozen gouts of pure sea foam, but lower down sparkled in the sun, flowing with a perceptible motion as if the hoary giant had been shedding glad tears of dropping diamonds.

"Still nearer, the silver chainlets of their many rills were welded into one small waterfall, that leapt from its rocky ledge, white as the wreaths that fed it; bending and wavering in the breeze, and gradually thinning as it fell into the Grey Mare's Tail, until it blew off in smoke, and vanished altogether, scarcely moistening the black and mossgrown stones of the shallow basin beneath. Below this, and skirting the dry region of shingle, the paired moorfowl, for the cheepers hadna taken wing yet, were whirling among the purple heather, that glowed under the bright sunlight, as if the mountain had been girdled in with a ruby zone; while farther down, the sheep bleating to their lambs, powdered the whole green

hillside, like pearls sprinkled on a velvet mantle.

"The kine were lowing in the valley, as they stood kneedeep in the cool burn, whisking away the flies, under the vocal shadow of the overhanging saughs. The grey heron was floating above the spongy flows, from spring to spring, from one dark green tuft of rushes to another, so ghostlike, that you could not tell it from its shadow; the birds were singing among the trees; the very crackling of the furze pods in the sun had an exhilarating and joyous sound; and the drowsy and moaning hum of the myriads of bees, that floated into the wee auld kirk through the open window, from the plane-trees that overshadowed it; dangerous as the sound wad hae been to a prosey preacher, on a sultry Sabbath,"—(here old Clour cocked his eye)—"it was but a soothing melody to me, for Moses was in the poopit, and I kenned there wad be nae sleeping there that day. There was happiness in the very cawing of the rooks in the auld trees of the kirkyard, as they peered down at us with eyes askance, as much as to say, 'ay, freens, there's nae gun amang ye the day.'"

"The farmers came along cracking blithely as they looked over the sea of waving grain, now in ear, and fast bronzing under the genial sun; that covered the whole strath; the trouts were glancing and louping at the gray flies, and the ducks of the villagers were flapping and squattering in the burn (ye'll mind the *plum** you lost your wig in, Doctor), where the lasses were washing their feet, glancing like silver amang the sparkling wimples of the clear yet moss-browned water, and putting on their shoes and stockings, preparatory to their entering the sanctuary, therein differing from the heathen, who cast off their slippers at the threshold. Auld Widow Miller hersell, sober sedate body, was *heckling* with Tam Clink the blacksmith as she came along by the holly hedge; even the hard-worked carrier's horses, with their galled backs and shoulders, and the very banes sticking through their flanks,

were frisking awkwardly with their iron joints (like so many of their wooden scaffold-supporting namesakes bewitched), in clumsy imitation of the beautiful filly there, and neighing on the other side of the hedge from you, speaking as plain as Balaam's ass, that the Sabbath was for them also; ay, when the very Spirit of God himself seemed visibly abroad on the smiling face of the glad earth, is it to be wondered at that a man of genius—na, Moses, ye needna blush—that an extempore preacher like him, should, with so much natural eloquence, have exclaimed, 'Shall all the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, and fishes, yea, shall all creatures, animate and inanimate, praise the Lord for his goodness, with one universal burst of joy; and shall man alone, while he worships with fear and trembling, not mingle with the groan of his just humiliation a shout of heartwarm and heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty Dispenser of all this happiness around him?'"

There was a pause, that made the good old man turn round, startled apparently at his own vehemence—"even at the sound himself had made."

"Oh, man, Pate Clour, what for hae ye let yeer auld frien mak siccan a fule o' himself?"

"Fule, Jemmy Bland!—fule!—ye ne'er were mair eloquent in your life." Then, aside—"Gie him the *secondly*, man—gie him the *secondly*—Ye've shaken him in his saddle already—so gie him the other *devel*, and ye'll *whammle* him ootricht."

Doctor Soorock lay back, and covered his eyes with his hands.

"Ye needna shut your een, friend Soorock," said auld Clour, "ye didna do sae when ye stopped the powney that very day amang the barefoot lasses Jemmy Bland was speaking o', some o' them with their coats a gay thocht aboon their knees, Doctor; when the very dumb beast put ye to shame, as an inferior animal ance did a greater man; for drink he wadna."

But the Doctor was deaf for a minute—at length he said—"Why, Mr Bland, what I meant, since you

* *Plum*—a deep pool, or hole excavated by the eddies of a stream.

drive me to it, is, that listening to you, your flock may be apt to lapse into the grievous heresy of thinking that they can do something of themselves—that, in fact, they can in any the smallest way be instrumental in compassing their own salvation?

"Safe us, Doctor," rejoined Mr Bland, "dinna let you and me stick ourselves, like twa meikle bumbées upon preens, on the horns of the auld dilemma of predestination and free-will; for ye ken *that* was what the de'il himself brack his shins out-owre. Na, na, I hae a way o' my ain, when I am necessitated to touch on this and other deep matters, some o' them, which I darena mention here. 'My friends,' I say, 'there are many things which I am forced to believe, although I cannot understand them;' and here I shake their pride by calling their attention to the suffocating and crushing thought of the infinity of space, for instance, or of eternity, which our unaided reason *compels* us to believe, although our limited faculties are unable to comprehend them. Na, to come nearer hame, guid folk, can the cleverest doubter among ye, explain to me the nature of the magnetic influence, to gang nae farther, or the principle of animal life, or the power of gravitation? No, you cannot! therefore you see there *are* mysteries at every step, ay, at the very threshold, that are all too high for us, *and this is one o' them*; but after mature reflection, I believe it also from the conviction of my judgment; and a chiel that kenned a thing or twa, Locke was his name, he did so too, and so did Bacon, and so did Newton, and mony others as great, ay, greater than they; and, my brethren, while no man can reconcile his *felt* free agency with the *presence* of the Almighty, yet as you all, notwithstanding, exert yourselves under this Godplanted consciousness in your every day callings, as if *you could* be instrumental, in some degree at least, in the compassing of your worldly affairs; why will you not do the same with regard to those of such incalculably greater importance, especially as the same tremendous Being who hath propounded this awful doctrine, hath yet, in his loving kindness, said, 'whoever

will, may take of the water of life freely.' And having told them *this*, what more *can* I say on the subject? Surely, instead of puzzling myself and perplexing others about matters that God has not chosen to reveal, (I cannot err greatly, if I sometimes veil my face and retreat from before the thunders, and darkness, and earthquake of Sinai, the Mountain of the Lord, and wander away with my flock out of the bitterness and acrid atmosphere of the desert, 'where the Heaven over our heads is brass, and the earth under our feet iron, and the rain of the land powder and dust,' into the quiet and fertile valleys and pure skies of Canaan; and there, amongst the loveliness and freshness of nature, with hearts swelling with gratitude to *Him*, and love to our brethren of mankind, dwell on *His* attributes of goodness and mercy, with mixed adoration and trembling, and endeavour to sing his praises, in the spirit, and with the glorious imagery of David, while preaching up honesty and morality—ay, you may smile Doctor Soorock—and brotherly love and charity, and employing myself in comforting the distressed, in relieving the needy, and in smoothing the dying sinners' pillow—I may err—Heaven knows I may err—but I am not convinced that I do so."

"But I am," quoth Soorock; "and from what I know and have heard at Sourbog Cottage, it really is scandalous, that in place of stirring the hearts of your flock by alarming their fears, you send them away as happy and contented from the kirk as"—

"Hoot, toot!"—Here Mr Clour laid down his pipe, and puffed out a whole cloud at the Doctor, as if he had fired a gun at him—"Hoot, toot! would you have auld Jemmy Bland there, and his young helper, preach up damnation to the hail parish to pleasure twa auld hornfisted hoolats? Maybe Corbie wad be the better name. Why, let me tell you, friend Soorock, it is you, and the like of you, who, with the best intentions—for mind I'll no deny you the merit of meaning well—do more injury to religion in the general, than many scoffers. First of all, you preach owre lang—nae sermon is worth a button that is langer than half an hour, or three quarters at the vera

outside—for a sermon can only be called *good* in the ratio of the *good it does*. Noo, Doctor, dinna interrupt me—it is your congregation that are to judge o' this, and no you;—nine men oot o' ten, wha preach mair than three quarters of an hour at a time, do sae rather to magnify themselves, if the truth were known—I'll no be interrupted, Doctor—than to edify their hearers. A good practical sermon should be like a jigot o' wee blackfaced Highland mutton, short in the shank, and pithy, and nutritious, which every body can digest something o', frae the fistling restless callant, wi' a clue in his breeks, till the auld staid elder, wha hears ye oot as steadily—teuch as ben-leather though you may be—as if his tail were Tam Clink's anvil. But if you cram the lieges until they yawn again, wi' a lang metaphysical discourse, however good and orthodox it may be, of an hour and a half for instance, it becomes, through their sheer weariness and physical lassitude, as useless to them as ane o' your flummery, fusionless, fashionable *volavents*; that only fashes folk to swallow, blows them up wi' wind, and sours upon their stamachs when a's done. But that's no the warst o't; for you preach up such an unattainable standard of faith and conduct in these dreigh discourses o' yours, that no humble-minded man can ever hope to reach unto it. Why, the very last time I heard you hold forth, you worked away a hail hour in building up such a beautiful and heavenly-minded character, that an angel might have had some sma' chance of copying it, but no mere mortal; and then, as if to deprive even the best of your hearers—if any one *there* could have been audacious enough to dream of coming up to your description—you finished by telling them—'ay if they were even all this and *mair*, yet if they wanted an incomprehensible something, that you yourself did not seem to understand weel—at least you failed to make me do sae—'all was in vain,'—they were in a state of utter and hopeless condemnation."

Here the Doctor tried to break in, but Clour kept the lead gallantly. "Indeed, so far as I see, your object is to get people into an enthusiastical fermentation, as if

their minds were to be purified, and *rached* clear, on the principle of a brewer's vat, or as if you were endeavouring to make all your parishioners utterly miserable *here*, to ensure them of happiness *hereafter*—and you see the issue. Your hearers are now reduced to the soured, the gaizened, and the girning; folk who are never happy so long as they think they have the smallest chance of being saved, while you have driven forth all decent and believing men and women, who have *mair* sense than follow a shepherd who never leads them to the breezy hillside, nor the verdant meadow, nor the cool brook, nor the shady grove, nor gives them a taste of milk and honey—(oh, man, do you ever read the Psalms of David?)—but either keeps pouter-pouter with them down in the mountain-shadowed abyss, among the bogs, and ditches, and moss-hags, where the diel digs his peats frae, in the Slough of Despond; until they catch the rot of the sowl, and perish miserably in the mud of hypochondriasm—dear me, I'm almost breathless wi' that lang sentence—or whistles them away up among the flint-sharp pinnacles on the cauld misty heights of abstruse speculation, until mony o' them soar into the clouds, and flee oot o' sicht a'thegither, far beyond the attraction of this sublunary sphere; while you brand us of moderate opinions who inhabit the pleasant hillside between the twa extremes, as castaways, living in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. Oh, man, Soorock"—(forgetting the *Doctor* in his excitement)—"you ought to have been a Bramin, man, a Hindhu Bramin, and to have broadly, and at ance, told the people that, to be sure of heaven, there was nae recipe so efficacious as swinging by a hook through their flesh, at the end of a lang pole here, or the High Church doctrine of their creed, by driving tenpenny nails into their doups."

"But then," said Dr Soorock, imploringly—"but then see the immorality that prevails here—the laxity of morals amongst the women."

"Hoot, gae wa wi' your laxity o' the women; they wad be ticht aneuch, were it no for the men; and dinna speak o' immorality *here*,

so long as such streams of abomination are running down the streets of your own town. If a puir bit lassie makes a slip on a sliddery hill-side in the gloamin' hereawa, would you have us drive the creature demented a'thegither, by never ceasing to inveigh against the enormity of the sin until she was driven forth in desperation to increase the already overswollen mass of profligacy that putrifies the very air of your great cities? Na, na; we reprimand her weel, and tell her, after the manner of our great exemplar, to 'go and sin no more;' and if any thing comes o't, we cooper a' things wi a marriage, man—a wee ahint-hand whiles, I'll no deny; but, nevertheless, mony a *misfortunate* puir thing leeves to be a creditable mother of a family, when, by harsh treatment—God help us—she might, after a life of unutterable depravity, have been left to perish the death of a harlot in a lazar-house."

The Doctor now seemed persuaded that he had no chance; and as he really was a worthy man at bottom, he set himself to propitiate the minister of Thistledoup, although he somewhat missed his mark at first.

"Well, well, Mr Bland and Mr Clour, we shall not say any thing more on those subjects just now. We are old friends; and if we differ from one another, let us have the charity to believe that we do so, conscientiously. We are auld friends, especially Mr Clour there and myself. You were at the Marischal College in such a year, Mr Clour?"

"I was sae," said the latter, dryly enough.

"I knew it—in auld Thingamy's class?"

"Yes," responded once more the indomitable old man.

"I was quite and entirely certain of it. And so was I, man—so was I. So let us take a glass of toddy together; for noo, since I remember, I mind you weel."

"It's mair than I do you," quoth the inexorable minister of Thistledoup—"it's mair than I do you. There were twa Clours that year in auld Thingamy's class. There was Scoonrel Clour and myself: it maun hae been Scoonrel Clour that ye kenned."

This was a settler, and his lord-

ship now interposed between th mental gladiators.

"Never mind, Dr Soorock—never mind our friend of Thistledoup—his bark's war than his bite. And, Mr Clour, keep the peace, man; ye're as venomous as an adder the night."

"Here, lassie," quoth Mr. Bland, anxious to abet his lordship in his desire to restore harmony—"Here, lassie, bring some more hot water."

"I rather think some of our friends have had plenty and to spare of that already," quoth his lordship slyly. "But so be it: Come away, we'll tak another bî tumbler—that's it."

And once more, as if with one accord, we all bowled along among indifferent subjects; and I do not remember ever spending a pleasanter or more intellectual evening.

Soon after this, my dear old mother, my uncle, and the Hudsons, with Richard Phantom, Esq., whose friends, although respectable, were poor, and easily persuaded to part with him, joined us; and Mr Hudson's beautiful seat was a scene of great gaiety for the remainder of the summer. At length we all returned to Liverpool; and, sometime after, our party tore themselves from their dear friends, and we removed with my uncle to our house, situated about half-a-mile from Ballywindle; for the old gentleman, as a climax to his kindness, had purchased a beautiful small estate, close to his own, with which he presented us on our wedding-day. He and my mother occupy the family-mansion of Ballywindle; and, to tell the truth, my wife and I are more there than at home. As for Dicky, the old man has corrupted him altogether, and he is his constant companion on his little Irish pony. He speaks with a stronger brogue even than my uncle—at which the latter is so delighted, that he has sunk L.1000 in the name of the little fellow; so that, when he comes of age, he will have a comfortable nest-egg to depend upon.

Sir Oliver has now his flag, and commands at ———; and De Walden, Sir Henry Oakplank—I beg his pardon—soon after the action already related, was made commander, and eventually Post.

He was recently ordered home,

and allowed to call at Havannah, and to give Mademoiselle Sophie and Monsieur Duquesne a passage in his ship, but he somewhat infringed the letter of the Admiral's license, by converting Mademoiselle Duquesne into Lady Oakplank before embarking. They paid us a visit immediately after being paid off, on his arrival in England, and are now rusticated in Switzerland, on a visit to his ill-fated mother's relations.

Old Davy Doublepipe has inherited a goodly sum of money from Alderman Sprawl, a kinsman of his, and is now the master of a fine London ship in the Jamaica trade, as kind to his passengers, from all accounts, as he used to be to his brother officers and shipmates.

I frequently hear from my Jamaica friends, who are prosperous and happy, and Listado has settled down, so as to take Mr M——'s place in the management of the business at Havannah, and so far as I can learn his heart is none the worse of his disappointment. As for Massa Quacco, he installed himself as butler, with-

out thinking it at all necessary to ask any questions. He certainly takes more liberty with me than any other servant, and makes his remarks very freely.—“Ah, massa, lucky for you, you touch in dat river wid de leetle felucca.”

“As how, Master Quacco?”

“Oh! you would never hab know, what it was to have so good a sarvant if you had not—but ater all, dis gooder countree more as Africa, if people only would speak Englis, such as one gentleman can onderstand; and de sun could be persuade to sine upon him sometime—Ah! almost more better countree as Jamaica, so I bery well content to take my rest in him.”

Friend, we have had a tolerably long spell of each other's company, but I hope and trust nobody on board has been sea-sick. Having no excuse for holding on any longer, I now cast off the line—there—so you may amuse yourself by hauling in, and coiling down at your leisure; for here we are at last, at the End of

THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

A LEGENDARY TALE—WITH VERY LITTLE LORE.

I'LL tell you a story in well-sorted rhymes,
Of two notable Princes of comical times,
Whom the two Kings of Brentford Old Chronickle styles—
Though one William of Brentford, one Dan of St Giles.

Now the King of St Giles was a very great rogue,
For he had a foul mouth, with a dash of the brogue,
And he went always tended by fifty stout knaves,
Who bore all before them with sticks and with staves.

And he grew very wroth when he heard the folk say,
That the good King of Brentford was given to pray,
And he swore by St Patrick he'd pull down his church,
And, meaning his throne, knock him off from his perch.

But the good King of Brentford went on with his prayers,
And once kick'd his Minister fairly down stairs,
For proposing, to please the new King of St Giles,
To dismiss all his Priests and make schools of the aisles.

Then back'd by this Dan, all his servants, the crew!
Insultingly ask'd of King William at Kew,
To give up the Religion in which he was nurs'd—
But he sent them a-packing with “Sirs, I'll die first.”

He sent them all packing, and got a new set,
And the old one went grumbling away with a threat,
And they offer'd their services, aye, to a man,
To the worst of his enemies, big Bully Dan.

Now one was among them so small of his age,
That he went by the name of the King's Varlet Page;
With more cunning than wit, he ne'er blink'd at a lie,
And was favour'd by Dan as an exquisite spy.

And he told to King Dan he knew all the church goods,
Mitres, croziers, and surplices, cassocks, and hoods;
That if once in his place he could get himself back,
It would then be the time he should make his attack;

For that keeping the key of the sacristy door,
He'd let in the stout men of St Giles by the score;
They might then lay about them as much as they would—
And he'd take the Church chests that did nobody good.

" 'Tis an excellent plan, and this instant," quoth Dan,
" We'll just set about it as fast as we can."
So he took fifty men of his train, stout and tall,
And with little John Page broke into the King's Hall.

They belabour'd his servants on right and on left,
Some bent upon sacrilege, some upon theft,
And to the King's presence they daringly broke;
And little John Page, standing foremost, thus spoke :—

" You see, please your Majesty, here I'm come back,
For without me, you know, things are going to wrack;
So give up the keys of the butt'ry and hatch,
The cellars, and sacristy-bread—come, despatch!

" And more I must tell you, I come from King Dan,
Whom I find, by the by, a most excellent man;
And the offer he makes you is brick bats and tiles,
Or that he'll take half Brentford, and you half St Giles.

" In short, he speaks plain, that he'll take half your crown,
And if you don't give it at once knock you down;
And but one more condition—a trifle, I hope—
That you'd ruin your church, and submit to the Pope.

" I've bargain'd for all in your Majesty's name—
You agree, or your house will be soon in a flame.
Let them burn a few churches by way of relief,
And we'll then feast his knaves with your Majesty's beef."

So, without further preface, or asking of leave,
He pluck'd all the keys from his Majesty's sleeve,
And gave them to Peter and Dick; but himself
Kept the keys of the pantry, and all the King's pelf.

Now, when Sabbath-day came, there was many a good soul
In his best was long waiting to hear the bell toll;
But the sextons were warn'd not to touch the church bells,
Or the knaves of St Giles would soon make it their knells.

It was strange—so it happ'd—when next Sabbath came round,
They found ten good churches were pull'd to the ground;
And 'twas told them besides, the Pope's priests in the hall,
With bell, book, and candle, were cursing them all.

At each other they stared, and cried " Bob, Arthur, and Ben,
Here, we cannot stand this, though we're peaceable men!
If we don't now bestir us, I fear the church ropes
Will be put round our necks by these friends of the Pope's."

So they went, a stout *posse* as ever you saw,
And swore they'd break backs, if they didn't break law,
And they'd rescue their King—though the rogues from the leads
Only answer'd by hurling down stones on their heads.

But they batter'd the door, and leap'd in with a spring,
And from a dark closet they rescued their King :
And 'twas time, for Dick Radical meant in the night
To get into his chamber, and strangle him quite.

The rascally servants ran off like poltroons,
And the rogues of King Dan fled like lubberly loons ;
But they duck'd little John in the horse-pond, and then
The good servants call'd back to their places again.

And now, let me tell you, such comical times
Are not pleasant in fact, though they're pleasant in rhymes.
Send Dan to Beersheba, John Page, and Dick Swing ;
For one king at a time is a capital thing.

THE PILOT FISH AND THE SHARK.

LORD JOHN, if thou hast been "at sea,"

As Politicians hap to be,

Oft now-a days,—

But yet, not so—though well it fit

The small confusion of thy wit—

Accept the phrase.

If thou hast on the blue waves been,
Under the lee thou must have seen,

Down deep and dark,

A black ungainly monster lurk,

That spares nor Christian, Jew, nor

Turk—

Yclept a Shark.

At first, perchance, with outstretch'd
neck,

Thou did'st but spy a point or speck

There to repose

(The smallest creature), and then
brisk,

With sudden jerk, to sport and frisk

About his nose.

Then, did'st thou question how it
happ'd

The little minnow was not snapp'd

Up in a minute,

That dar'd to sport so near the jaws,

As if he sought that mouth of saws

To enter in it.

Then thou didst learn sharks do not
live

On creatures so diminutive,

But treat them kindly,

That bigger fish may cast off fear,

The awful mouth approach more

near,

Then enter blindly.

And if it chance the ocean beast

On human carcasses should feast,

Pilot, by favour,

Frisks ever round his ravenous chops,

And picks the morsels that he drops,

And licks his slaver.

Lord John, in thee I needs must
mark

The pilot-fish—in Dan the shark

All folks will see—

Death's-head and cross-bones, blood

and arson,

A strangled Protestant or parson,

Are nought to thee.

And if with dash and splash of tail

He split the plank on which we sail,

To thee—what matter!

The "Home Department" of King

Dan

Will furnish well thy pot and pan,

The Church thy platter.

Where'er the wat'ry savage goes

The Pilot's ever at his nose.

'Tis thus we find,

When patriest creatures take the lead,

They indicate a bigger Head

And Tail behind.

THE CANADA QUESTION.

FROM the indifference with which Colonial affairs are commonly regarded by that portion of the press which administers, whether in the metropolis or in the country at large, to the daily and periodical cravings of the community for knowledge or for news, and from the ignorance which, in the consequent absence of any supply of details through the vehicles of more extensive or speedy circulation, is prevalent amongst the public at large respecting the state and concerns of those branches of the common empire separated by seas from the parent trunk, it might be inferred that the English are really the egotistic race so characterised by some of our kind neighbours; that they are disposed to consider their own offshoots or dependencies as no more, and no better, than the mere steam-impelled machinery through which the virgin treasures of uncultivated regions may be raised and transferred for their own sole behoof; and that, whilst Mr Porter's tables parade an annual addition of exports and imports—of tonnage inwards and outwards—of customs' dues at home and abroad—it is all plain sailing and smooth water. No judgment could, however, be more unmerited or calumnious; for neither in ancient nor modern history can we find a system established evincing so entire a disinterestedness in spirit, and, where most vigorously applied, so strictly reciprocal in its correlative benefits and duties, as between parent state and colony, as that which has in all ages distinguished—which still distinguishes—the colonial policy of Great Britain. Wherever British colonization has carried the arts and the industry of civilized life, there also have they been accompanied or followed by—there also have they flourished under the shadow of—British institutions. Wherever the victorious flag of England has waved over the foreign dependencies of hostile states, there also has the British Constitution been planted, and vanquished serfs of the soil have run riot in the enjoyment of freedom unhoped for. Far, therefore, from squaring

the amount of happiness or welfare, political or moral, of their brethren in the Colonial communities, by the richly laden vessels freighted to the water's edge alone, which traffic between the Thames and the St Lawrence, it was impossible that the nation, in the absence of specific, undoubted, and notorious facts, could for one moment apprehend that the fostered care she dispensed with no niggard hand in the hour of need, had as little secured the gratitude, as an admission to equal rights, and to a full participation in all the blessings of institutions and laws under which she herself had prospered so highly, had advanced the social progress, or contributed to the harmony of a colony which had passed under the yoke of freemen, only to be enfranchised from wretched feudality and delegated despotism.

There can be little question that Messrs Hume, O'Connell, and Roebuck have been and are mainly accessory to the state of ignorance or deception by which the public mind has been blinded on the state of affairs in the Canadas; but more especially on that of Lower Canada. "Canadian Revolution or Rebellion" is not yet so popular a theme, and would not figure so gratefully on an election placard, for the Radicals of Middlesex and the repealers of Kerry, as "Down with the Church," or the "death's-head and cross bones." There is no scant of speeches and motions in or out of Parliament—no want of articles in reviews, and leaders in newspapers—about tithes, Tories, and other such scarecrows; but even the triad of chieftains of the destructive host—the demagogue patrons of Transatlantic confusion—hesitate to revolt the still English feeling of unreflecting supporters and deluded mobs, by detailing the march of sedition in Quebec, and beseeching their sympathies in behalf of Franco-Canadian traitors. Here they publish not, but prefer to work with the mole in the underground burrows of "secret committees" of the Reformed House. But, though to print and publish here the mass of grie-

vances unproven, of perjury unpunished, of treason threatened, if not committed, as delivered before a "secret committee," would subject the perpetrator to the penalties attending a breach of privilege—and the same law rules doubtless for every component part of the empire, whether domestic or ultramarine—yet it is seen that members of the "secret sittings" have not scrupled to report the proceedings in Canada, which have been sacredly reserved in England; not that it demanded less moral or physical courage to brave the law in the one country than in the other, but because the popularity and place-hunters would have lost caste here by that exhibition of alliance and fellowship with malecontents and traitors, which, in the meridian of Montreal, was deemed worthy of high applause, and cemented and stimulated with ample supplies of hard dollars. Some once or twice, indeed, attention was awakened, and public indignation aroused, by an incautious missive of patriot Joseph, calling upon the Franco-Canadians to throw off "the baneful domination of the metropolitan country?" or a tenderly humane suggestion of philosopher Roebuck, that "it is better to fight than lose all chance of governing ourselves." It would be surprising with what coolness the patriots and philosophers of our days counsel to rebellion, and point to the battle-field, did we not know how well those can "jest of wounds who never felt a scar," and had we not seen and heard the hero of a hundred fights, neither, in the slang dictionary of modern liberality, patriot or philosopher, invariably first and foremost to deprecate war, and shrink from the contemplation of its horrors.

The fierce manifestoes of Hume and Roebuck have served, however, to arrest attention, and excite enquiry into the causes of hostilities, apparently as unpremeditated as unprovoked. In examining the history of Canada since its conquest and final cession in 1763, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that all the ills by which it has been afflicted may be dated from the Constitutional Act of 1791,

by which the province of Quebec, then so called, was divided into two distinct governments, such as they now exist, called Upper Canada and Lower Canada, with a form of constitution for each,—based, indeed, upon that of the parent state, but carrying out the democratic principle to so extravagant an extent, that not only was the electoral right of suffrage more widely diffused and less cramped in its exercise, but no qualification, pecuniary or personal, required in the popular representative. The practical operation of so favourite a theory of peniless demagogues, such as it still continues, may be traced in all its glory in the composition of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada at this moment, among whose members persons may be found unable to read, and whose command of the pen extends no farther than to make the mark of the cross. Many of these gentlemen, too, assuming to decide upon laws affecting the property of others, are themselves so slenderly endowed by industry or by fortune therewith, that it may be doubted whether, but for an abstraction from the public chest under their charge, which they voted to be honest and honourable, but which committed in private life would have been duly visited upon the delinquents by the law, under the head of larceny or embezzlement—whether but for this, we say, these dignified legislators could have postponed his business—the attorney of his office—the inhabitant of his farm—the retailer of his shop—or the boatman of his boat to that of the nation. There is but one step, we are told, from the ridiculous to the sublime; the man that commences with extracting pence from the till is not likely in the end to be fastidious about plundering a bank or a church—for after all, *c'est (seulement) le premier pas qui coûte*. A House of Commons which—without mission for the object from the constituency—without the concurrence, nay, against the consent of the two co-existent branches of the Legislature—commences with the apparently modest appropriation, out of the public purse, of daily shillings only to the uses of its members, may eventually claim to deal

likewise with the whole revenue of the state; for the principle once admitted, who shall presume to limit its application? Pregnant with mischief and confusion as was the Constitution—framed, strange to say, under the premiership, but surely unknowing, of the great Pitt—framed, moreover, for a state of society then rude, ignorant, barbarous, and poor almost beyond belief, and even now, in the Franco-Canadian district of the colony, rejoicing in much of the darkness and feudality of its progenitors, the machinery for putting it in motion was little calculated to moderate its extravagances, or rather it was suitably calculated to accelerate their developement, and perpetuate their empire. The Colonial Office, content with manufacturing a charter for a *terra incognita*, with a self-denial quite exemplary, devolved upon the acting governor at Quebec the duty of apportioning the boon, as best might please him, among the cities, hamlets, and out-
lines of communities then existing in that vast region. Sir Alured Clarke dealt only in masses. Accordingly, he incorporated and breathed a political existence into places possessing a full complement of hewers of wood; he tabooed the Seigneuries or Franco-Canadian settlements only—a narrow slip of land on both sides the St. Lawrence, varying in breadth from ten to forty miles; and he excommunicated all other—the denizens of the trackless, measureless wilderness of forest and savannah, where the hardy sons of Britain were shadowing out the thewes and sinews of future empire—yea, the General, perhaps abhorring the skeleton of a corps, excommunicated them without saving clause or benefit of clergy, then and thenceforward, so absolutely, that, until of late, nay, even now, there are tens of thousands of English who have right, title, or interest none in that constitution, so gratuitously presented by their own fatherland, save and except at the price of home and property elsewhere, by residence within those counties with English names, into which Governor Clarke fantastically carved the favoured land of Gallic feudalism, *Lots et Ventes*, and the Charter. The race upon which was entailed, and to whose use was

limited, the enjoyment of the “Constitutional Act,” existed at the time—and is scarcely yet more advanced—in a state of nature and ignorance not very greatly more civilized than that of their ancient foes and neighbours, the Iroquois; the class of new comers and settlers, located in the rear of the Seigneuries, from whom and their descendants the constitution was withheld, was distinguished by all the energy and intelligence of the stock from which they directly derived—it was, in fact, composed of some of the hardiest among British adventurers; the poet’s stanza ought, therefore, to be varied thus—

“If ignorance bear a premium, ’tis folly
to be wise.”

All this was surely blunder and injustice sufficient for one act of Parliament, nevertheless, another more glaring and fatal still remains to be told. By the second clause of that act (31st Geo. III.), the province of Quebec, or Canada Proper, till then one and indivisible, was divided, as we have said, into two separate provinces, with House of Assembly, council, governor, and all the usual machinery of government, distinct from each other. This separation was decreed not only without consulting the wishes, but in direct opposition to the remonstrances of the inhabitants of both Upper and Lower Canada. Vainly were representations the most urgent repeated against this suicidal resolution. It is difficult to conceive upon what principle of policy or of expediency, or of advantage, present or prospective, it could have been founded, unless indeed as a means of ensuring dependency by the application to the colony of the ancient maxim directed against open foes—*divide et impera*. One thing is already sufficiently clear, the means have not compassed the end. We have indeed laid the foundation of two rival empires, each differing from the other in laws, language, and religion—we have laboured with might and main to transplant the hatred, to eternize the wars and the national hostility of the Old in the New World—between French Lower and British Upper Canada. Such is the poisoned garment with which

the two provinces have been regaled in the act of division that finally will estrange both from the metropolis no less absolutely than each from the other.

The rule adopted in the demarcation of limits, and the assignment of territory to the respective new provinces, betrays a singular contempt for the economy and the wants of the one, and that one exclusively the British portion, which, by the Royal Proclamation of 1763, inviting settlers, and guaranteeing privileges and protection, ought, if partiality were to be shown, to have had a preference in the eyes of the supreme powers. By the geographical position of Upper Canada it is cut off from all direct communication with the sea for the exportation of produce, or the importation of supplies, except under favour of Lower Canada, sovereign paramount of the St Lawrence, or of New York, lord of the Hudson. With a humility or a stolidity which would be marvellous any where out of Downing Street, the conquerors were stowed far away inland—locked up rearward and westward, and the keys of this prison-house, converted, by industry and perseverance matchless, into a storehouse for nations, consigned to the keeping of the vanquished—seaports, fortresses, river debouches, all abandoned to the Franco-Canadians conquered on the heights of Abraham, whilst the victors were left to hew their way through forests, to tempt the rapids, and accept the wilderness for an inheritance. That the colonists, both of the one and the other province, sought no divorce of their fortunes, and at that time exhibited no loathing towards each other, for as yet they had salaried no demagogues at home or abroad, may be gathered from the chronicles of the period, and the representations addressed to the British Parliament and Government against the division, and other enactments of the "constitutional act." Never indeed was truth expounded in a more masterly manner than in the remonstrance delivered at the bar of the House of Commons by their joint agent, on the 23d of March, 1791. From this document, altogether of high national interest, and worthy the study of

statesmen, we present the following extracts, all we have room for, which bear forcibly upon the present aspect of affairs, and upon events since accomplished:—

"There is one consideration of the utmost importance to the tranquillity of the people inhabiting all parts of that country, and which will alone, I hope, be sufficient to engage this honourable house to reject the plan of a new independent government. I beg leave to request that honourable members will recollect and attend to the geographical situation of that country, from which it will appear evident that no vessel of any kind can proceed farther up the river St Lawrence than the city of Montreal on account of the rapids, which are immediately above that town. Of course, as every article of necessity or luxury which the inhabitants of the upper districts have occasion for from Britain, or any foreign country, must come to them by the river St Lawrence, they must be landed at or below Montreal, where they must be stored by the merchants of Quebec or Montreal until carriages or boats are provided to send them forward; likewise, that every article of produce which the people of these upper districts wish to export must be sent in boats to Montreal, or perhaps to Quebec, for the purpose of being shipped for exportation; and that as well the articles of import as of export must, in passing through the lower country, *become subject to the laws, regulations, duties, and taxes which may be imposed by the legislature of the lower country.*" Now supposing the division to take place, as it may be expected that the new legislature of Quebec shall, in due time, provide a revenue towards the support of the civil government of that part of the province, it is more than probable, that whatever money is raised for that or any other public purpose, will be done by duties payable upon importations. It is, therefore, an object that deserves the most serious reflection of honourable members to consider how far the people inhabiting the upper government will approve of, and be content to pay taxes or duties on their importations or exportations, when the produce of those taxes or duties is to be ap-

plied towards supporting the expenses of the civil government of the lower province, or for building public edifices, or otherwise improving or beautifying that part of the country; or for the purpose of granting bounties or encouragements to promote agriculture, or particular trades or manufactures, of which the people in the upper provinces cannot, from their situation, participate the advantages. It is impossible, sir, if the province of Quebec is to be divided, for the wisdom of man to lay down a plan for these objects that will not afford matter of dispute, and create animosities between the governments of the two provinces, which, in a few years, may lead to the most serious consequences. This would be sowing the seeds of dissension and quarrels, which, however easy it may be to raise, it will be found exceedingly difficult to appease."

Again, he adds:—"Sir, I have considered the subject a thousand times since I first heard of this intended division, but have not been able to form any reasonable idea of the motive which has induced the proposition of such a dangerous experiment; if at any future period experience should point it out as expedient for the advantage and safety of government, or for the general convenience or prosperity of the people, to divide that country, it may then be done with more judgment, from a more certain knowledge of the consequences of such a division. The inconvenience that may arise from continuing the province united under one legislature are few; and they are well known and understood; the advantages are unanimity, mutual support, and strength; but no man can tell the dangers of a separation. The dangers, however, to be apprehended are political weakness, disunion, animosities, and quarrels."

The italics are our own, but so spoke Mr Lymburner in 1791; and so accurately had his prophetic eye taken measure of the coming events which cast their shadows before—so almost undoubted his second sight—

that every sentence seems a prophecy, and every prediction has been fulfilled to the letter. If it were possible for a good man to rejoice over the full accomplishment of ills foreseen, and vainly forewarned, that upright patriot and sagacious statesman may now enjoy a rich harvest of scorn over those who despised or rejected his counzels, and took no heed to his warnings.* We learn, indeed, that the division of the province of Quebec had hardly become the law of the land, when the then ministers of the crown became aware of its glaring impolicy, and so declared themselves to Mr Lymburner; but, without adopting any measures of a remedial or counter-acting tendency, the deed was left a fatal legacy to their successors.

The House of Assembly of Lower Canada pursued a course of action so systematically in accordance, that it is difficult to imagine Mr Lymburner's speech not to have formed its text-book. A perpetual warfare has been kept up against the co-ordinate branches of the legislature; encroachments upon their separate functions, followed up year by year with extraordinary perseverance and considerable tact, have been feebly when at all opposed, and almost invariably ended by plenary concessions made with the earnest but vain intent of conciliation. Of late open and undisguised usurpation has succeeded to insidious manœuvre. Members of the Legislative Council—an institution answering to our House of Peers—have been cashiered upon the demand of the Lower House; the purity of justice, and the independence of the Bench, have been tampered with, and the slavery of the executive sought to be compassed, by voting the salaries of judges and the civil list from year to year, instead of permanently as before, until, at length, at this present moment, the supplies have been altogether withheld for a period of two years, and public functionaries of all grades, from the governor and judges downwards, left unsalaried, and many of

* The venerable old gentleman is still alive and hearty, as we rejoice to learn from a metropolitan friend who assisted at the celebration of his 89th birth-day a few weeks ago.

them reduced in consequence to a state of the greatest distress. Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that whilst they hesitated not to rob the real labourers of their hire, especial care was taken to vote and to receive the wages which, by their own authority alone, they had appropriated to themselves out of the public monies, of which they ought to have been the honest guardians and not the selfish plunderers—but with these matters we shall have occasion to deal hereafter.

From the moment that the "Constitution" became the law of the land, and an independent Legislature was established, a *clique* of ambitious and bigoted persons, principally lawyers, was gradually organized among the Franco-Canadians, never, and not now, formidable for numbers, nor for the talent or ability of the members above mediocrity, but dangerous at all times, inasmuch as still of a superior order to the mass of ignorance and superstition by which they are surrounded in the great body of their countrymen, upon whose naturally honest and simple characters experience and cunning qualify them to operate in any way to suit their own views. Constituting from the first the great majority of the House of Assembly, it has been their invariable policy to efface all remembrance of the conquest; to keep British connexion and British supremacy in the background; to arrogate a separate national existence. Thus, in their speeches as in their writings, the "*Nation Canadienne*" is introduced and dwelt upon at every turn, with all the ridiculous pomposity of the bursting bull-frog, and all the airs and graces of a Mons. Calicot of *la grande nation*. The increasing number of British settlers under all discouragements, was a source of incessant and nervous agitation, lest the *Nation Canadienne* should be swallowed up in the multitudes of sturdy yeomen, Highlanders, and wild Irish which annually migrate to the shores of the St. Lawrence. This fear haunts them in all their legislation, and in all their refusals to legislate. In the *Tableau Statistique et Politique des deux Canadas*, by one Isidore Le Brun, according to the title-page, but, as generally

believed, written and published by the *clique*, the feeling vents itself throughout the work. "*Dans le Bas Canada*" (says he) "*la population Française sent accroître ses craintes de perdre sa supériorité morale et politique*;" and in the same page we are told that, as "*the House of Assembly votes rewards for the destruction of wolves, it is no less urgent to devise means to prevent immigration from being a calamity for these colonies*." The language is significant,—indeed it has all the air of being official; for the Legislature has actually laid a poll tax upon emigrants British born, and we believe upon them only of all the world. With the same prepossessions in favour of all that belongs to the "*nation*," and the same resolve to make it a home as uneasy as unwelcome to strangers and sojourners, the French laws of the old *régime* are scrupulously enforced,—every attempt to reform them resisted, every prayer or petition to adapt them to a new state of society, and to new and more enlarged relations, contemptuously refused. The petitions of the inhabitants of Durham, and some forty or fifty other townships, signed by 10,000 heads of families, state, that besides the grievance of being subject to French laws, they cannot get justice, even of that sort, without travelling from 100 to 150 miles in search of it—to Montreal, Quebec, or Three Rivers—and even then they are administered in French, a language the petitioners understand not; that *de facto* they are without any representation in the House of Assembly; that their complaints to that House have always been treated with contempt or indifference; that they are placed almost out of the pale of civil government; that they can account for this only on the supposition that the Franco-Canadian House of Assembly have determined that emigrants of British origin should have no inducement to seek an asylum or become settlers in Lower Canada. The latter object, if true, had marvellously succeeded; for of nearly 100,000 who had arrived within the last few years, scarcely 1000 had settled in the townships, or made Lower Canada other than a place of transit; vast numbers passed over into the United States, where they

found themselves in a less foreign country. These grievances are thus detailed in 1823; but they are repeated by other petitioners, inhabitants of, or interested in, Lower Canada, in 1828, and up to this present time they still form the burden of every communication,—they are wafted hitherward with every breeze from the Atlantic. By an act which received the Royal assent in 1829, an attempt, such as it is, was made to remedy the complaint of non-representation, by extending the right to the Eastern Townships; the six counties composing them being empowered to return two members each where the population amounted to 4000 and above, and one member where it was above one, but below 4000. Now, by the “Constitutional Act,” the cities of Montreal and Quebec each return four members; but however the counties of the Eastern Townships increase, even to their capacity of containing one million and a half of inhabitants, the right of representation for them remains stationary; the mark of Cain is set upon them as not of the “*Nation Canadienne*.” The defective state of commercial law in France is sufficiently notorious at this present time; under the old *régime*, it was still worse, or rather such a thing was almost unknown. Canada, before the conquest, having little trade, had no trading laws; but the new blood transfused into her shrivelled veins from the metropolitan country having multiplied her commercial relations a thousandfold, or rather having created an entirely new world of commerce and industry, laws became necessary for the regulation and protection of these novel species of property. Nevertheless, the Assembly, assuming to represent the whole people, opposed themselves to all legislation or improvement; declaring the *coutume de Paris*, such as before the Revolution it was, to be the antiquated code by which the vast and complex interests of navigation, trade, and agriculture, almost exclusively British, were to be regulated. The enactment, indeed, of a law whereby debtors could purge themselves of liability for debt by a mere oath of negation, and the facilities afforded

and confirmed by the state of the law to mortgage frauds, whereby a hundred mortgages might lie against the land, and all parties remain ignorant of the pressure of any securities besides their own, obtained for the Assembly the flattering distinction of patrons of mortgage and trading frauds. The French law of Inheritance and Dower, combined with the *Lots et Ventes*, is peculiarly unfavourable to the improvement of property, and is the real cause why the Seigneuries or French settlements are, in value and culture, so greatly behind those portions of Canada where the English tenure of free and common socage prevails. This will be more readily understood from the operation of the *Lots et Ventes*, by which a fine is payable to the seigneur of *twelve and a fraction* per cent upon every successive transfer of the land held under that feudal tenure. Thus a man may have purchased under this title for one thousand pounds, laying out ten thousand more in improvements and alterations; upon the sale or successive sales of the estate, through deaths, or otherwise, the twelfth and successive twelfths upon, not the original price, but the increased value, falls in to the seigneur. The House of Assembly upholds the antediluvian law, as tending to secure property in the same family, notwithstanding that it acts as a bar against the investment of capital, and deteriorates property; it is consoled, however, by the reflection, that it stays British immigration, or renders it ruinous to the luckless adventurers who unwittingly tempt fortune within the domain of laws so barbarous. To those who would more fully understand the subject, we recommend the evidence of Mr Simon M’Gillivray, and (then) Mr Edward Ellice, in the Parliamentary Report of 1828.

Nothing could well be more scandalous than the mode in which the customs’ revenue, derived from, and therefore the property of, Upper equally with Lower Canada, was squandered by the House of Assembly without at all deigning to consult the sister province. Numberless had been the petitions for the formation of improved roads and communications on the part of the

new townships; but, as usual, from that quarter they were utterly disregarded. So soon as the revenue (the joint revenue) grew prosperous, however, there was no want of alacrity in voting the public money for road-making; but then it was for roads in the *Seigneuries*, or the lands of the "*Nation Canadienne*," and not for the new or British settlements. The British residents had asked only for roads of general utility: the Assembly *Canadienne* constructed roads, at the public charge, of purely local convenience for their constituents. Mr. Gale (see Parliamentary Report) states, that in 1815 between L.8000 and L.9000, and in 1817 L.55,000 of the public money was thus lavished. Mr. Neilson, one of the députés of the House of Assembly to Parliament for the redress of (pretended) grievances, states, that since the war he thinks there must have been L.100,000 of the provincial money spent for roads—all for the *Seigneuries*, it appears—where roads were conditioned to be made, and allowed for, half a century before. Latterly there have been no appropriations for that object, because the *Canadienne* roads have been provided for, and there was no disposition to give encouragement to the new settlements. In the same way the expenses of building district gaols were charged upon the general revenue, although for the accommodation of populous towns and districts almost exclusively "*Canadienne*," and this to save their own pockets and those of the French *habitans*, their electors, partially at the expense of Upper Canada. On more than one occasion also there has been no scruple of applying the common fund in aid of the exigencies of special districts, always, of course, part and property of the "*Nation Canadienne*." At one time L.45,000 was voted to be distributed in loans for the purchase of seed-wheat for poor farmers in the district of Quebec, of the repayment whereof we do not find any account. The *habitans* electors would surely be the most ungrateful of men not to re-elect and support spendthrifts so unscrupulous in their behalf of the property of other people. So also with the monies granted for education. For

years a provision for the purposes of general education had been periodically pressed upon the attention of the Commons House of Assembly, by the Executive, and as often refused or neglected, until the clique discovered in it the means of extending their influence with the voters of French origin at the easy rate of a foray upon the public purse. It is easy to be liberal at other people's expense, and the excess and the manner in which this liberality was exercised in the present instance savours not more of prodigality than of cunning. Previous to 1829 the amount of monies voted for the purposes of education had not exceeded L.2500. Messrs Papineau had held it in signal abhorrence until they could turn it to good account. The grants for elementary schools after this discovery are as follow:—

1830,	L.27,840
1831,	25,261
1832,	29,233
1833,	22,500

In order to make the most of this profusion, the House of Assembly have, in the Elementary School Act lately passed, named the members *Visitors of the Schools for the Counties they represent*. It is the members, or one of them, for the county who make up the returns, and on those returns payments are made. Their peculation and partiality in several of the counties have already become matter of complaint, nor ought it to excite surprise that, under such a system, many of the teachers are utterly unfit for such a charge. The scheme has, however, admirably answered the objects of the projectors, for the members of the Assembly are looked up to as the grand promoters of education, and the donors of the immense sums of money annually given for its support. Under the Provincial Act of 1801, provision was made for certain schools placed under the charge of the Royal Institution. Efficient masters naturally presided over these schools, selected by a Board composed of most respectable members of both religions. Having tasted the sweets of power and jobbing under their own project, the Assembly managed, in the last session, to place the schools of the

Royal Institution under the Elementary School Act, in its usual grasping spirit of usurpation. It is a fact of importance, add the unimpeachable authorities from whom we have these details, that in most of the schools, instead of Roman and Grecian history, French history is substituted, and the political works of French republican writers placed in the hands of the boys. This may be credited, since it is in accordance with the advice contained in the *Tableau Statistique*—the work heretofore alluded to as published under the auspices of the *Cligue Canadienne*—that “the Legislature should allocate £1200 per annum for the education of fifteen young Canadians in Paris;” and we are told that—*Dès la prochaine Session, la Chambre d’Assemblée devrait voter des fonds pour que des professeurs Français, jeunes et déjà distingués, fussent appelés missionnaires de ces sciences, à les enseigner à Québec et à Montreal.*

Before putting the finishing stroke to the picture of the financial doings of the House of Assembly and of the House itself, let us take a glance (our limits will not allow of more) at its conduct towards the public servants. In impeachments, a proceeding of frequent occurrence, with a view to destroy the character of the Bench, encouragement is given to every vagabond to exhibit charges against the judiciary and other high functionaries. The accusers are usually

“Feb. 12, 1828. C. B. Felton,
 “Feb. 17, “ “ Do.
 March 5, “ “ Do.
 Jan. 17, “ Jacques Viger,
 “ 23, “ “ Do.
 “ 24, “ “ Do.
 March 5, “ C. de Tonnancourt,
 “ Feb. 27, “ F. A. Evans,
 March 14, “ “ Do.
 “ “ “ Do.
 “ “ “ Do.
 “ “ “ S. H. Dickerson,

practising attorneys of the court over which the judge presides, and as the House of Assembly is one-fourth part composed of these minor limbs of the law, their influence within its walls may be guessed. If an attorney be dissatisfied with a judgment—if he be reprimanded, or detected in the commission of fraud—his adversary, the judge, is at once impeached amidst the plaudits of the House. It is matter of frequent occurrence, that, when an attorney is displeased with the judgment of the Bench, he threatens an impeachment at once, and an alarming coalition exists for this end among most of those without talent or practice. A band of witnesses appears to be duly organized as an appendage to the Committee of Grievances. They make their appearance at the opening of a session with as much regularity as if forming a part of the Speaker’s tail, and their faces are as well known as that of the City-Marshal at the Old Bailey. That lying and swearing is no unprofitable avocation—and, in Mr Papineau’s eyes, perhaps ought not to be—may be seen by the table of payments to witnesses by the Grievance Committee, appended to a “Review of Proceedings of the House,” &c. &c., a very able work, written, we believe, by A. Stuart, Esq., and published at Montreal in 1832. The following are all the items for which we have room:—

Committee of Grievance,	L. 10	0	0
Do.	12	10	0
Do.	145	1	0
Do.	20	0	0
Do.	1	0	0
Do.	2	0	0
Do.	67	10	0
Do.	5	0	0
Do.	4	10	0
Do.	4	0	0
Do.	58	10	0
Do.	58	10	0
Do.	23	10	0

In 1830, some of these names again figure, such as Dickerson,

Notwithstanding all this extravagant expense, and formidable speeches of preparation, it stands recorded that no impeachment has ever been followed up by the Assembly. After holding the accused up to the execration of those who are

credulous enough to believe them in earnest, the prosecution is generally dropt, on the ground that the Government is unjust, and will not dispossess and ruin the victim on their simple address. The mode of conducting the enquiry is of a piece

with the cruel farce throughout. The accusation is referred to a committee of five members, of whom one only is generally present to examine witnesses, and do what seems to him good. Even this shallow show of justice may be dispensed with; for, in the enquiry against Judge Kerr, the accusing party was surprised by the present Attorney-General of the province in one of the committee rooms—not a committee-man present—doors locked, examining his own witnesses. On being asked his authority for such a mode of acting, he stated that he *proceeded by direction*. The wonder is, not that impeachments are frequent; but that they are so few, seeing that a premium is held out upon them, and that one impeachment is as good as a fortune in hand. For instance, Judge Vallieres, then (1828) a member of the bar, brought up the petition against Judge Kerr, gave evidence, referring to matters sixteen years old, and conducted the enquiry. He was promoted to the bench by Sir James Kempt, in 1829. Philippe Panet, a member, one of the witnesses against Judge Kerr and Attorney-General Stuart, was promoted to the bench by Lord Aylmer, in 1832. Ebenezer Peck, Esq., a member, who brought charges against Judge Fletcher, was presented with a silk gown by Lord Aylmer, in 1832. A. Quesnel, Esq., a member, the same. With such examples, the marvel will be, that more plentiful crops of prosecutions are not sown and reaped.

Our readers must feel a curiosity, natural enough, for some information touching the redoubtable House of Assembly itself, and its composition. We beg them to bear in mind the heroic deeds it has accomplished, and the more heroic exploits it is meditating: how valiantly the members have warred with the almost unresisting Legislative Council: how daringly they have assaulted law-officers and judges: how formidably they enter into session, preceded by their Committee of Grievances, and supported by the Vigers, Feltons, Tonnancours, Evanses, Dickersons, and all the other hired array of spies and informers—of the Castles and Olivers: how fiercely they

can beard the Governor-General absent, in whose presence they would fawn and lick the dust, and expunge his messages from the journals, when fairly recovered from the awe and trepidation their delivery had caused them. Gentle reader! behold the joints, not of the O'Connell, but of the Papineau tail. The actual members of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada consist of:

- 1. 2 Merchants.
- 2. 4 In general trade, or wholesale storekeepers.
- 3. 1 Publican and sinner, alias tavern keeper.
- 4. 1 Bailiff (query Bum), Court of King's Bench.
- 5. 4 Farmers, or "habitans."
- 6. 2 Professions or trades unknown—probably gentlemen at large.
- 7. 1 Lieutenant, R.N. half-pay.
- 8. 1 Collector of inland customs.
- 9. 1 Mariner—a master of a boat.
- 10. 3 THREE PERSONS OF INDEPENDENT MEANS!!!
- 11. 8 Attorneys!
- 12. 10 Notaries!
- 13. 11 Surgeons.
- 14. 2 Land-surveyors.

This is the Barebones' Parliament of Lower Canada, and it will bear a comparison even with the original Tail in this country, which is free of the Beggarmen's Kitchen for bub and grub, and roosts, three in a bed, somewhere about St Giles's. Some of the honest-hearted "habitans"—and more honest, simple-minded, and kind-hearted creatures do not exist—who figure as M.P.'s, are altogether as innocent of the English language as the babe unborn; unluckily, some are unable to read, and more to write, from the misfortune of having been born, and put to the plough before reading and writing was made easy to the meanest capacity. It happens charmingly—thanks to the "Constitutional Act"—that a man is qualified there for an M.P. who here and elsewhere would not pass muster for more than a porter; but, after all, these poor people are wanted not to talk, but to make count, and for this end have been dragged, unwilling instruments, from their families by the attorneys and notaries, whose schemes

their unsuspecting simplicity and profound ignorance are so well calculated to advance. It is, however, impossible to deny that these Parliament-men represent fairly the Cimmerian darkness of the "*Nation Canadienne*," however the sample belie the sack for straightforward honesty and simplicity of character. "Within the last two years," states an Address of the Montreal Constitutional Association, "in each of two grand juries of the Court of King's Bench in this district, selected, under a provincial law, from among the wealthiest inhabitants of the rural parishes, there was found but one person competent to write his name; and trustees of schools are specially permitted by statute to affix their crosses to their school reports." There are many of these enlightened grand jurymen in the Assembly no doubt, for we happen to know that several of the members can neither read nor write; and we have heard from respectable authority, that more than one, on taking their seat, *subscribed the oaths with their cross*. As the member for all Ireland feeds his penniless substitutes, so also were those of Papineau's Refuge for the Destitute to be provided for. Less generous than his great Irish prototype, although almost equally endowed out of the public chest, the Canadian Agitator denied to his needy servitors the crumbs that fell from (his) the rich man's table; and quartered the whole upon the country. In defiance of the Legislative Council, which rejected the various bills of appropriation sent up to it for the purpose, the members of the Lower House assigned to themselves *ten shillings per diem* during the session, with *four shillings per league* for carriage of the motley animals to their *mehageries*. The annual profit to a member may be fairly stated at *seventy pounds*; an immense sum amongst a people almost universally poor, but without which a large proportion of the members would be unable to take or to retain their seats. The sort of laws to be expected from such a body may be judged of from one among others passed by one of its predecessors. This was a bill to make notice of

action served on the Attorney-General for damage against the Crown legal and binding. If the suit went against the Crown, it was farther decreed that *execution might issue against the Governor*, and the furniture of his house, or the guns of the fortress.

One of the grievances most prominently remonstrated against by this House has been the increase in the expenditure of the civil government; yet that expenditure does not average an increase since 1805 of more than 40 per cent; whilst that of the Legislature, which in 1805, was £1800, now amounts to £18,000 annually, showing an increase of 1000 per cents. Of this, the House of Assembly takes the lion's share, the respective quotas being,—

House of Assembly,	£13,000
Leg. Council,	5,000
	<u>£18,000</u>

Of the £13,000 patriot Papineau appropriates as his own portion the thirteenth part, his salary as Speaker being £1000 per annum. Such a remuneration does seem grossly disproportionate to the duty performed, seldom, we believe, exceeding two months in the year, and to the population and revenue of the province. If this man be entitled to £1000 a-year for two months' presidency over a branch of the Legislature representing half-a-million of souls only, surely the Speaker of the Imperial Commons House is underpaid at £5000 per annum for presiding over the representation of twenty-four millions. Squaring the relative durations of service and the populations by the respective salaries, the British speaker, to be on a par with his more magnificent contemporary of Lower Canada, ought to have at the least £60,000 or £70,000 per annum. And what has been the conduct of Speaker Papineau with this enormous salary? Why, that not only has he been the most factious of the King's subjects, but that he has excited his countrymen of French extraction to hatred, nay, even to another St Bartholomew massacre, of those of another origin; and that he is, and has been, the apostle of treason, preaching it in the

House he ought to preside over with dignity, and out of the House organizing rebellion and revolution. In his late address to the electors of the west ward of Montreal, he presumes to style Lord Aylmer, the Governor-General, the "soul of faction"—the Constitution is denounced as "having ceased to exist de jure"—his opponents are stated to have been aided by "a dozen scoundrels in place"—"Gould, Gillespie, and Logan," are stigmatized as "intriguers," and as carrying on a "hateful and mendacious correspondence" with the Colonial Office—Mr Robinson, M.P. for Worcester, as the "paid director of the Land Company," and furthermore, as "a vile sharper (*escroc*)"—the judges are styled "prevaricating"—Colonel McIntosh is called a "fanatic brute, in the habit of dining every day with the other fanatic brutes, counsellors," &c. Dr Robertson, a magistrate, is the "father of lies"—again, "lying and deceitful magistrates"—the people, we are told again, "will have no more" of the Constitution—Mr Stanley and Mr Spring Rice are "declared enemies of the wishes and rights of the majority," &c. &c. Such is some of the mildest and most decent language of this infuriated reptile, not published during the heat of a contested election, but fourteen days after its termination, when his party, after horrible scenes of bloodshed and violence, forcibly closed the poll, disfranchised numbers of the electors, and falsely returned him. This vagabond lawyer proceeds then to denounce all of British origin, and to forbid dealing with them,—he calls to his countrymen to RUN FOR GOLD to the banks; TO PRESS FORWARD, "and always take back the notes;" and they are bade significantly to DEFEND THEMSELVES. In order more effectually to ruin the

banks, a FLASH BANK has been commenced or announced, under the firm De Viger & Co., the capital stock of which consists of nothing more solid than the well-known credulity of the poor Franco-Canadians, and whose Directors, we presume, are the hired spies and informers of those names who figure in these pages. The upshot of this concern, it requires no second sight to perceive, will be nothing more than another swindling crusade of the *clique* against the pockets of the people,—that is, plundering them of their gold, and loading them with paper valueless as empty coffers can make it. Were the Bank de Viger based upon substantial resources, and really projected for useful purposes, we should be disposed to applaud the enterprise without reference to the absurdity of the national prejudices in which it originated, for the sake of a competition in the money-market by which the public could only gain; but as it is, and considering the character of its Directors, it can only be regarded as the device of schemers to extract real in lieu of fictitious money from their simple-minded countrymen, for the purposes of continued agitation and of personal aggrandisement.

From these sickening details of private, we turn to equally disgusting displays of public profligacy—from Papineau and his hired troop of De Vigers and informers, to the House of Assembly and the famous *ninety-two resolutions*. A mass of more inflammatory or treasonable verbiage it has never fallen to our lot to read, fertile as our times have been of Revolutionists and Reformers, from Robespierre down to O'Connell, Hume, and Papineau. There is not real matter, assuming all the grievances to be well-founded, for a dozen resolves or a score of lines,

* Nathaniel Gould, Esq. of the highly respectable firm, Gould, Dowle, & Co. to whom Lower Canada owes so much. Mr Gould is the same name, and a near relative of the late Nathaniel Gould, Esq. not more known and respected for his tens of thousands spent in charities during life, as well as his tens of thousands bequeathed to public charities at his death; than known, beloved, and revered as the friend of the poor factory children of Lancashire, and the author of a factory bill passed for their protection; after a most strenuous opposition, somewhere about the year 1815 or 1816—many years before Mr Sadler Yorkshire.

we shall consequently stand excused for sparing our readers the infliction to which we have necessarily been compelled to submit, of wading through them. No less than *thirty-six* of the commencement are occupied with denunciations of the Legislative Council, because it has not passed all the bills sent up by the Lower House without note or comment, including of course those which provide meat, drink, washing, and lodging for the Franco-Canadian lawgivers, who can neither read nor write their own legislation, the L.1700 per annum for a De Viger, the L.1250 for Roebuck, and some thousands for the Papineaus—of which more anon! The infallible nostrum for remedying these crying ills is to assimilate the two branches of Legislature, by subjecting the Upper to the like process of popular election—a consummation in advancement of which a change in the Constitution is prayed for at the hands of his Majesty. But the said Lower House, with something of that envy, hatred, and malice against property, vulgarly supposed sometimes to animate those who are not blessed with any, protests against any “property qualification” for seats in the other, excepting within “certain bounds” indicated in their address of 1833, which “bounds” are no doubt so nicely adjusted as to include the major part of the large families of Lacklanders and Lackargenters—the honourable Addressers themselves not excepted—within the category. Farther, more abundance of threats are scattered throughout the ninety-two grievances—such as, “so long as the tie between us shall continue”—“that they do not wish or in the end to convey any threat”—“that the population of British America will soon be greater than that of the former English colonies” when the latter decided for “the inappreciable advantage of governing themselves,” with much more trash of a more silly and blustering nature. One of the grievances could not fail to be the partiality shown in the distribution of offices between the races of different origin, which appears to amount to the same sort of thing as the ludicrous complaint of

our countrymen south of the Tweed formerly, and perhaps even yet, that we Scotsmen monopolized all the *bons bons*, snug births, and good places, both at home and abroad, and that honest John Bull pocketed nothing of the taxes he paid in any shape. The Papineau clique tells us, that the returns of the establishment of Lower Canada for the year 1832 contained the names of 157 officers and others, “apparently of *British or Foreign* origin,” and of 47 only apparently of French origin; the population of the country being 600,000, of which 525,000 were French, and 75,000 British or other origin only. Passing by the fact that this statement of the relative amount of population is a notorious exaggeration, of which nothing but a Canadian attorney could have been guilty, it may be observed, in the first place, that, by their studious separation from their usurpations, their incessant quarrels, their defiance or contemptuous treatment of the government, supreme by right of conquest, the persons assuming to be the leaders of *one origin* had cut away the ground of confidence from under their feet. It is not customary in the new, any more than in the old world, we presume, to select for watchmen the incendiaries who are planning to fire the house. Again, from the wretched state of ignorance, and the want of education, as exemplified in the very body preferring the accusation, it would seem impossible, even with a roving commission, to register all the capacities, to rake together a sufficient number of Franco-Canadians—attorneys, notaries, and clique into the bargain—fit and proper for the duties of office of any responsibility. From a statement now before us, extracted from the Quebec Gazette, it appears, however, that, if any, the British Canadians are entitled to charge partiality. It is a list of—

“Members of Assembly called to the Council, or appointed to offices of profit.” [Here follow names not necessary to give.] “The whole number of members from which the appointments were made is 738, of which—

Of French origin,	557
Of British and Foreign,	181
Of French origin appointed :—	
To Legislative Council,	18
To Executive Council,	5
To other offices of profit,	29 [having held in all 35 offices.
	52 persons.
Of British or Foreign appointed :—	
To the Legislative Council,	11
To the Executive,	8
To other offices,	18 [having held in all 22 offices.
	37 persons."

This does not bear out the charge of invidious national distinctions, "systematically acted upon." Considering the admitted incapacity of the vast majority of the Assembly to fill any executive office, the proportion actually honoured is greatly to the credit of the impartiality of the colonial government. "Since 1833," adds the Gazette, "its choice has unavoidably been restricted by the declaration of the Assembly against the British system of government, and the established constitution." Undoubtedly it would have been a curious system of defending the citadel to have selected the captain of each gun from the ranks of the disaffected. Before we quit the subject, it will not be amiss to record the inordinate appetites of the Papineau and Viger brood. The *Ami du Peuple* (a Montreal paper, published in French) publishes *seriatim* the names, places, and pensions of twenty-three persons, many of them relatives of those worthies, of course including themselves. The total *resumé* is L.13,613 in favour of the placemen. Of this L.11,900 annually is enjoyed by Papineau, Viger, and various relatives exclusively; and again, the "Cousins of Montreal,"—being the aforesaid two people, with three other cousins famous under that designation in those parts,—out of that sum appropriate to themselves the modest modicum of L.4600 only, the spy and witness money of the Vigers not being included in the account; and two other of the relatives enjoy L.2500 per annum each. So much for Franco-Canadian place-hunting.

Another grievance put forward is

the "obstacles unjustly opposed by the executive to the establishment of colleges (for education) endowed by virtuous and disinterested men." To illustrate the malignant spirit of falsehood inherent in the party, there only needed this accusation. Mr M'Gill, a respectable resident, on his demise some years ago, left L.10,000, wherewith to endow a college for the purpose of education, to be called after him. The heir-at-law and executor, one of the clique, refused to part with the funds, and disputed the will. After being worsted in the Colonial courts, it was carried by appeal to London, and ultimately the decision of the courts in Canada confirmed, by which the bequest, with interest, now amounting to more than L.21,000, is ordered to be applied according to the testator's will. We shall merely state, that Viger prosecuted the suit—that Papineau advised, and became security, as we hear, for the L.10,000, interest, and costs of action—and that Des Rivières, the executor, since the cause has been decided against him, is bankrupt. The crime of the will, we suppose, was, that it did not restrict the uses of the college to the Roman faith.

We cannot follow the Assembly in its rabid denunciations of the American Land Company, which, originating in Lower Canada itself, and not sanctioned by the British Parliament until after long and patient enquiry, has conferred incalculable benefits upon the country, by settling lands, which, from their distance to market towns and roads, would otherwise have been long closed against individual enterprise, and unproductive.

The crime, in the eyes of the Assembly, is, that the British population is thereby increased and increasing.

We have said enough to show that it is high time to close for ever the reign of such an Assembly, and to remodel the Constitution which could engender such a prodigy of ignorance, absurdity, and corruption. The people must be relieved when they so desire, and that will soon be universally, from the dominion of French lawyers rioting in the chicanery and corruption of the old law, exploded in France itself. For them the feudal tenure is a constant golden harvest. By it the seigneur can demand the title deeds of every vassal; he has the exclusive right of grinding the grain of his seigneuries; he can resume any property within its limits, on repaying the purchase money, however improved in value by years of outlay; and he possesses other claims of a servile and arbitrary character, incident to feudal law, and, as the Montreal address truly states, "bearing with peculiar severity on British interests." But, although the Assembly, as Papineau says, could not, or would not, change laws centuries old, however absurd or mischievous, yet it betrayed no fear and no want of alacrity for change, when the Government, the Legislative Council, or the Charter was in question. A trumpery remnant of feudalism must be preserved; but the Constitution, the great palladium of rights, may be infringed or destroyed to suit the views of a party—to reduce the British population, the real lords of the soil, to the condition of serfs and bondsmen. The catalogue of its crimes and its follies is long enough to justify, not alone the cashiering of the Assembly, but the castigation of its leading members. What good law has it not broken, and what bad law has it not preserved? It has expelled members from its body, as, for instance, Christie and Mondelet, for successive Parliaments, and wantonly disfranchised the places they represented. It has accused and condemned public functionaries and judges, has blasted their characters in the public eye, and procured their removal, without daring to redeem its pledges of impeaching them before the competent

tribunals. It has voted, wasted, and misapplied the public monies upon its own members, and all manner of informers and agents, solvent and insolvent—yea to so ridiculous, if it were not scandalous, a pitch has extravagance been carried, that members of the House have been known to order portraits—ay, portraits—of themselves and others to be painted and magnificently framed, and the costs thereof have been charged and paid for out of the public chest. Did we not say the Assembly was a prodigy of absurdity and corruption? We trust, however, its days are numbered, and that soon it will be heard of only as among the things that have been. We have heard much of conciliation, but we hold the word to have been abused and the mode to be impracticable. For the last thirty years concession has been the policy, usurpation and arrogance the result. Public functionaries, remarkable for the zealous performance of duty, and therefore distasteful to the House of Assembly, have been removed on simple complaint—judges, for impartially dealing justice, in like manner disgraced—the Legislative Council has been decimated to conciliate—and Lord Aylmer is not the first Governor-General who has been degraded and recalled. Has all this conciliation produced the fruits of loyalty, obedience, and public tranquillity? Have not, on the contrary, civil dissensions, disorganization, *quasi* rebellion and treason, progressed *pari passu* with concession?

There is, one, and but one, sovereign remedy for this state of things—and that is, the reunion of the two provinces. This is a matter of justice to Upper Canada, now defrauded of her fair portion of the joint revenue—but it is a question of salvation to Lower Canada, if it is to remain a British dependency. But whether or not it is to remain a dependency, is not the subject in hand,—it must be British. We have peopled it with our kindred; we have guaranteed to them the laws and the institutions of their forefathers, by Royal Proclamations in 1763, by Acts of Parliament, and the "Constitutional Act" since. The sacred obligation we have contracted we must fulfil, and we shall. If then

brethren of other origins can dwell with them under the same tents, and under the shelter of equal rights and equal laws, in peace and harmony, so be it; we hail the fraternal union, and would cement it at any price consistent with honour. But

no exclusive creed can be tolerated—the free-born of Britain cannot be replunged into feudal barbarism, because the descendants of French serfs still groveling please to hug their chains.

The population of Upper Canada, according to the return of 1834,	296,544
is	
all of British lineage.	
The total population of Lower Canada may be estimated at 550,000	
Of which the British is calculated at 150,000, but disputed;	
say, however,	100,000
French origin,	450,000
	100,000
Total of British origin,	396,000

By a reunion of the provinces, therefore, no injustice would be done to the Franco-Canadian population: it would still be the most numerous in the country, and the most powerful in the Parliament—though not, as now, exclusively so—being more equally balanced; parties would learn to bear and forbear; amicable compromises would naturally be effected; principles and opinions respected; and desirable forgetfulness or fusion of “origins” insensibly produced. If the separation continue, the alienation of one of the States must in the long run ensue. Upper Canada is more akin by blood to New York than to the French portion of Montreal. Her increase has been so disproportionately rapid as compared with the Lower Province, that in any case she is not likely long to allow her neighbour to keep her sea-locked. Where is the strength of Lower Canada to resist her? Three-fourths of her wealth and her resources are the property of British settlers and merchants there, or of capitalists at home. For the sake, and in the interests of both, therefore, we trust the reunion will be decreed and accomplished; so that, when the time arrives, as arrive it must, that they emerge out of the chrysalis colonial state, they shall be found to possess and to enter upon all the energies and capabilities of a full grown commonwealth.

There can be no question, we apprehend, that power resides in the Imperial Parliament and in the

Crown to make such changes in the “Constitutional Act” as shall secure its working in harmony with the institutions and circumstances of all other parts of the united empire, the inherent possession of such faculty having been already and frequently demonstrated by the alterations and modifications introduced in accordance with the petitions of the House of Assembly itself—too often, as we have seen, of the most prejudicial tendency. Nay, more,—even at this present moment, as for some time past, the same body has been praying and intriguing for a change therein so decidedly organic as the destruction of one of the co-ordinate branches of the Legislature—the Legislative Council itself. So likewise, and in virtue of the same supremacy, the reunion of Upper and Lower Canada under one and the same local legislature and administration should forthwith be proceeded in. As well might the corporeal trunk be dis severed from eyes, mouth, and legs, with a view to the separate existence, and the performance of the functionary duties of each, as that the upper province, which may be called the body, should flourish in proportion to its capacity, when disjointed from the lower, which, by its geographical position, is or ought to be its recipient vent and feeder. It cannot, and it ought not to be tolerated, that the St Lawrence, the great alimentary canal of both, should be placed at the mercy, and subject to the caprice, of a grasping, mercenary

clique—the drones of the hive—who would reap where they have not sown, who would wallow in the riches of other people's getting, and seek to shroud the cravings of selfish ambition, of idleness and poverty, by affecting the rights of caste, and inflaming the minds of their really honest and industrious fellows of the same origin with pretensions of rule and authority which they know to be equally false and ridiculous. If even those rights ever had any real existence,—if those assuming to be the "*Nation Canadienne*" refuse to merge them in an equal, happy, and profitable union with their fellow-inhabitants,—we must remind them that they were abolished with the British conquest—that they disappeared with their own joyous acceptance of and submission to laws and institutions a thousandfold more free, more wise, more humane, than any they enjoyed or groaned under, or ever could have enjoyed under the feudal despotism of old, or the regenerated despotism of new France. Moreover, if their claims be founded, as they say, on original possession, and as aborigines, we may be permitted to recall to recollection that a vital flaw exists in their own right of tenure—in their own title-deeds—for what pretension can they urge against the real aborigines—the people of real native origin—the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the Mic-Macs, save that of conquest? In these dreams and these pretensions, the "*habitans*," the mass of honest Canadians, will hesitate to join them when fully instructed about the designs and characters of their leaders. They are described, by men well fitted to judge and appreciate their character, as a kind, simple, and virtuous race. Mr Gould, the eminent merchant we have before alluded to, who enjoyed, in his tour in Canada, ample opportunities of mixing with and knowing them, was delighted with them. "These humble but interesting mansions (their habitations) are the abodes of peace and content—a more decent, respectable, and happy peasantry than the '*habitans*' of Lower Canada does not exist, when placed away beyond the reach of agitators," says he, in his tract on

"Emigration." To separate them from these "Agitators," the Government must address them direct in a language they can understand, with kindness, but with authority. Hitherto they have heard of no governor or government but that of the clique, which has studiously usurped all authority, and stands between them and the ruling power.

For this reunion Upper Canada has long petitioned, burdened as it has been with customs and imposts for the support of the lower province, to remedy or equalize which the French majority of the House of Assembly of Quebec had even the insolence some years ago to refuse the appointment of referees. A large proportion of the inhabitants, including three-fourths of the rank, intelligence, respectability, and wealth of Lower Canada, have in like manner urged it, and all have been supported by the whole mercantile interest of Great Britain, to whose capital both are so largely indebted for their amazing prosperity and advancement, in the same demand upon the Imperial Parliament. The policy and expediency of the measure were furthermore vindicated, we doubt not ably and successfully, by no less a person than John Arthur Roebuck, Esq., now M.P. for Bath, in a pamphlet published by him, somewhere about 1822, at Quebec. This gentleman is now agent for the French clique in the British Parliament; but although endowed by them with the pleasant addition to his rent-roll of L. 1200 a year—an endowment which may enable him to dispense with the annuity qualification of Clement's Inn—it is of course impossible that so splendid a bribe can prevail upon him to forego opinions solemnly recorded, if not disinterestedly entertained. He will therefore cheerfully respond to the call we make upon him now to enforce them in the august body of which he is a member—now is the accepted time to purge his consistency and evince his patriotism. He may irresistibly demonstrate the necessity to be as unquestionable as the right for Parliamentary intervention; he can plead the sacrifices of ancient allies, and of commercial relations of long standing and indisputable advantages, made by the parent country

in favour of her once poor and struggling colonies; he, and none better, from personal knowledge, can claim fulfilment of the stipulations of royal legislation and solemn guarantees, by a harrowing description of the imminent peril in which all of British origin or British born are now placed, at the mercy of a provincial legislature bent on their destruction, and in the midst of a hostile population led on and inflamed by agitators and revolutionists.

To conclude. Three commissioners are to be despatched to Lower Canada instead of one—Lord Amherst—as intended. The Whigs have many mouths to feed, and we presume that, as is said, three French are barely equal to one Englishman, so it takes three Whigs to do the work of one Tory. Conciliation is the basis of the policy to be pursued, and the instructions prepared by the Earl of Aberdeen for Lord Amherst are to be the rule of action. Those instructions, we apprehend, must be of the most liberal character, since they have found favour with a colonial secretary so fastidious and so latitudinarian in his liberality as Lord Glenelg. But we can hardly think Lord Aberdeen would have commenced with so unworthy a concession to the passions of the Canadian Assembly as the disgrace of Lord Aylmer, for disgrace in truth it is. We are satisfied, that although he might have carried conciliation to the furthest point consistent with honour, he would not have commenced with giving a triumph to those who have insulted and trampled upon the authority of the representative of the sovereign.

Such are the facts connected with the Canadian question. They will enable any man to form his own judgment, for we have been carried so far already beyond our space, that we cannot pretend to follow out the comments they suggest.

P. S. At the moment that we are writing, some proceedings in the House of Commons on Canadian affairs have met our eye. Sir George Grey, the under-colonial secretary, is reported to have said, that more "cheering accounts had just been received from Canada." This we do

not doubt; the House of Assembly had met in its first session, and although still refusing, for the third year, to vote the ordinary supplies, as indeed it will continue to refuse so long as funds remain wherewith to pay the expenses of the members and the salary of Papineau, yet the tone of the debates is perhaps not altogether so—not factious—but treasonable as before. The expressed resolve of the Upper Canadians not tamely to stand by and see their fellow countrymen of the lower province sacrificed—the firm attitude of the latter—the thousand constitutional associations in which they had embodied themselves for the protection of their rights, persons, and property, had, and could not fail to have, some influence on the fears—for none could it have on the sense of justice—of the Assembly. The arrival of Messrs Neilson and Walker, the deputies, in London, with petitions from the British population, appears to have created some sensation, and to have aroused a British feeling both in the colonial department and in the legislature. The number of those petitions may be guessed by the fact, that they weigh three hundred weight.

A debate in the House of Commons on the 15th of last month deserves attention. It arose relative to a payment of £31,000 out of the military chest of Lower Canada, ordered by Mr Spring Rice, when colonial secretary last year, in order to relieve the public functionaries and officers of that province, reduced to the greatest distress by the Assembly refusing the supplies. The conduct of Mr Spring Rice on this occasion was what might be expected from a statesman. He detailed to the House the scandalous breach of confidence committed towards him by Mr Roebuck and the deputies of the French clique, Viger and Cuvillier. In an interview which these persons had with him last year, and to which, in order to evince the friendliness of his feeling, Mr Rice had admitted them without friend or witness on his own part present, under the stipulation of *strict reserve and confidence on all sides*, the right honourable gentleman entered into affairs, and discussed them as between mutual friends, abandoning, it rather seems,

the discretion never to be lost sight of in a Minister of State. He had a reward—as those may always reckon upon who parley with Agitators, if not worse than Agitators—he had his reward, as Althorp and Littleton and Earl Grey have had. The whole details of the interview, from notes revised, and declared by Mr Roebuck to be correct, were *printed and published*, with customary *punica Gallica fides*, by the French people *immediately on their return to Canada*. Mr Roebuck, while disavowing any personal participation therein—while suggesting, nevertheless, amidst the scarcely suppressed scorn of the House, a species of apologetic justification—whilst apparently blaming—acknowledged that *to him* the clique had offered apology for this detestable breach of confidence—whilst the really aggrieved and abused party, Mr Spring Rice, had been passed by with a contemptuous neglect. The insult is, however, fairly speaking, more direct and unpardonable towards the member for Bath, than to the ex-Secretary; for he was the intervening party, and the bail for the good behaviour of his friends. What steps he will deem it becoming to take, we can only surmise; but this we will say, that any gentleman valuing his honour and good name as a public man, would instantly, and by the first mail, cast his commission into the faces of the dishonouring clique who signed and sealed it. This is the path of honour; we shall see whether Mr Roebuck values his at something more than L.1200 per annum. As, it is said, every man has his price, we shall then know that of the member for Bath.

Mr Roebuck must know, that other breaches of confidence and of privilege have been charged against himself. The proceedings of the Select Committee on Canadian affairs last year, of which, we believe, he was a member, have invariably found their way, by every arrival, into the press "*Canadienne*," although the publication was forbidden, and the honour of every member usually considered

to be pledged to the resolution of non-communication. Mr Roebuck was accused of writing a certain seditious letter, which was published also in certain Canada papers: this, it is fair to state, he disavowed in the House; it is probable that he may disavow, in like manner, the transmission or publication of the proceedings in Committee. But there are Jesuits in these days; he may not have written either letter or proceedings, or transmitted them;—but, was he cognizant of their being written or sent by others? Did he furnish the materials for the handiwork of another? If so, the adroit mental reservation will be estimated at its worth. The agency of Mr Chapman, or any other equally respectable amanuensis on hire, will hardly stand him in stead, so long as the *qui facit* holds good in law and morals. We may further remark to Mr Roebuck, that the abuse of Lord Dalhousie, late Governor-General of Canada, in which he indulges, or remains silent and acquiescent whilst others indulge in it, comes with a bad grace from him, or indicates a taste which he will meet with few to envy or to imitate. There be those who assert that that much injured nobleman and functionary bestowed, not without solicitation, a post of some L.600 or L.700 per annum in Canada on a near relative, one on whom Mr Roebuck was partly dependent. But for this, it is said, the honourable member might still have been vegetating as a painter of landscapes in the wilds of Canada, instead of representing Bath in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. A more paternal administration than that of Lord Dalhousie has seldom been witnessed, and the zeal with which he laboured for the improvement and prosperity of Lower Canada, at great personal cost and exertion, has rarely been surpassed. Proofs of this, as well as of the praiseworthy manner in which he was seconded by his amiable lady, are now lying before us; we wish we had either time or space to quote them.

"HOW SWIFT IS A GLANCE OF THE MIND!"

"When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there."

THAT flower, that flower! Oh! pluck that flower for me!
There, in the running stream,
Its silvery* clusters gleam:
Oh! give it me!
The same! the very same! I knew it well,
Last seen so long ago. Oh, simple flower,
That sight of thee should waken up this hour
Thoughts more than tongue can tell!

A moment since, and I was calm and cold—
Cold as this world to me,
With all its pageantry,
Grown stale and old.
Now the warm blood, through every throbbing vein
Fast hurrying, mantles over cheek and brow,
Like youth and hope rekindling—ebbing now
To the full heart again.

Leaving a paler cheek—a glistening eye
With wat'ry gaze, fixed fast
On visions of the past;
Oh! where am I?
At home, at home again in mine own land;
Its mountain streams are murm'ring in mine ear,
And thrilling voices from loud lips I hear.
There—there the loving band.

Mine own long lost! Oh! take the weary one
To weep on some dear breast
This agony to rest—
On thine, my son!
Thou answerest not—None answer me—that cry
Was from mine own sad heart; and they are gone—
And at my feet the little brook flows on,
Tranquilly—tranquilly.

No mountain streamlet of my native land;
Yet doth its voice to me
Sound sweet and soothingly;
And in mine hand,
Of those pale flowers (now gemmed with tears) I hold
Henceforth to memory sacred:—from this hour
That they've awakened with such wondrous power,
Dreams of the days of old.

C.

* The buckbean.

NIGHTS AT MESS.

CHAP. XII.

SHORTLY after this the gentlemen on the right and left of Colonel O'Looney took their leave, and withdrew. There was also a break in the line here and there perceptible on looking down the table, which gave it rather a straggling appearance in the eyes of that most orderly commander. So, having given the word to fall in more closely, and ordered fresh glasses and another importation of Lafitte, he settled himself firmly in his chair with an attitude that plainly expressed how little it was his intention to be in a hurry to leave it. There is a great deal of eloquence in the way a man settles himself on his chair. On looking at the colonel, surrounded with oceans of claret, and lifting his flaming forehead half way up to the roof, you thought of the Bass rock or Gibraltar, and might as soon have an expectation of their vacating their seats as of the colonel's quitting his. When to this you added his commanding presence, jovial countenance, and prodigious strength, and recollected his unequalled feats, not only with the decanters, but with knife and fork, you will agree with the remark of a pleasant, quiet, petit-maitreish, young gentleman who sat upon my left, that the gallant chairman formed an excellent representative of the Feedian Jove.* I have forgot my classics; but if you have not, perhaps you will see the resemblance. We all drew closer together—a nice family party of his “boys,” as he called us, amounting to a couple of dozen; and as there were now no strangers (for by this time I had come to be considered as almost one of themselves), the mists of formality cleared gradually off the features of our host, and revealed the landscape of his good-humoured face, waving with a rich harvest of drollery and fun. All the little knots into which we had divided ourselves were combined

into one compact body. He who spoke at all, now spoke to the whole company; and the next party you happen to belong to, you will observe how very silent this makes the most eloquent of the talkers to twos or threes. For my own part, though not overburdened with the vice of modesty, I declare if, by any chance, I am overtaken by an unexpected calm in the conversation, in the middle of a sentence addressed to my next neighbour, I find great difficulty in bringing it to a conclusion. There ought to be some general rules laid down for the regulation of these matters,—that in a party of more than twelve it shall be highly penal for the eleven who have been busily talking to stop short all of a sudden, and turn their two-and-twenty eyes upon a blushing, hammering blockhead like myself, who was merely humdrumming some nonsense into the ear of his friend. On the other hand, it ought to be punishable with salt and water, or even with expulsion, for any one, unless duly qualified, to seize the ears of a whole party. If there are only five or six of you, you must yield as gracefully as you can to your fate, and listen—but even then only in his turn—to the braying of the most atrocious donkey; but if your number reaches even the youngest of the teens, let no man monopolize the conversation unless you be so minded. Cough, hem, shuffle, speak against him as if for a wager; and if none of all these hints will satisfy the proser, take up a decanter—an empty one of course—and fracture his *os frontis*. No jury would give more than a farthing damages, when they were made aware of the provocation. There is also another plan, not so certain as the decanter, but still one which rarely fails, and that is, to insist on the orator delivering the rest of his dissertation on his legs. It is wonderful what good effects I have seen

* Qu. Phidian?

result from this. The floweriest talker becomes dumb the moment he leaves his chair—the story expires in an unintelligible succession of hums and has; and, in fact, I have so often seen the instantaneous cessation of all the powers of prosing on the relinquishment of the seat, that I *have* for a long time believed there is some mysterious connexion between oratory and the portion of the body for which chairs were intended. These remarks come in most admirably just now, because they are not at all applicable to the glorious Colonel O'Looney. At all times, and in all positions, he was equally delightful. Sometimes, I have no doubt, he was less amusing than others; sometimes rather dull, and sometimes—for the truth is not to be concealed—he was as stupid as any red-coated biped in the service; but, at all times, his conversation was welcome—at all times listened to without a murmur. O beautiful effects of a temper like his, perpetually good, and of a disposition overflowing with kindness! For, after all, bad as some sour-faced hypocrites pronounce our human nature, how uniformly do we make allowance for the imperfections of the brave, the generous, the good, and give to benevolence; integrity, and friendship what we deny to rank or riches, or even to wit!

“And pray, did any of you boys ever live in a boarding-house?” said the Colonel, looking round the table with an eye that told us he wanted no answer to his question, but that it was just his way of beginning one of his adventures. “Not a bad sort of place at all, I can tell you, a fashionable boarding-house, whin the landliddy knows what's what, and keeps up the credit of her establishment.”

“Keeps up the credit, colonel? gives tick you mean?”

“I mane no sich thing, Harry Verner; and I fine you a bumper,—that is to say, you'll send round the bottle without helping yourself, for interrupting me in the very beginning of my story. The first leave of absence I iver had from the regiment I spint at a very genteel boarding-house, in a street, but I forget the name of it, running out of Bedford

Square. The landliddy, who had once been a beauty, presided at her table as if she had been the Queen of Love, attinded by a strong detachment of smiles and glances, not forgetting a prodigious accompaniment of airs and graces. Niver was sich bowing and winking, and all manner of other polite attintions, as she bestowed upon me. I really began to think she saw something mighty particular in my handsome countenance; but, thought I, if she is such a fool as to take a fancy to me it's none of my fault, and she's amazingly welcome, if she don't force me to fall in love with her in return. But the ould beauty had no intintion of the sort. If any body was in love with her at all, it was two white-headed ould fellows who regularly flanked her every day at dinner, and made fine speeches to her as she was helping them to the very best pieces of the fish. One of these ould men was General Sim, and the other Field-Marshal Snook, in the service, he told us, of the Electoral Prince of Hesse. We were a very distinguished company, I assure you; and when I compared myself with the lofty people I met there, I began to be confoundedly sorry I was not in the service of the Prince of Hesse myself. What was a poor cornet compared to a field-marshal and a general? We had ladies of the party too,—some old and some young; but all, according to our landliddy's account, the daughters and cousins of the nobility. I am not at all sure that the King keeps half such aristocratic company as sat down to table every day in the boarding-house of Mrs Maples. And capital fun we had in spite of all our grandeur,—every one found his own wine; and although the military grantees on the right and left of the landliddy were prodigiously dignified, it was astonishing how condescendingly they joined me in flooring as much good port as I chose to order, after they had finished a half pint of Cape, which was their joint-stock allowance after the cloth was drawn. They drank amazingly, especially the Field-Marshal, and I perceived I was rapidly getting into his favour. At last, one day, he told me that he really took a great interest in my fortunes, and would give

me a hint that might make a man of me for life. 'Oh,' says I, 'any thing you please. I'm nineteen years of age, and six feet two without my shoes, so let us have the hint you mention as early as possible.'

"'Oh, it's only a slight idea I have in my head. Have you observed a very elegant looking young lady along with the Honourable Mrs Snaggs?'

"'What; the pale-faced cretur with the sort of squint in her eye?'

"'She *has* an agreeable cast—you've observed her? Well, mum's the word; forty thousand down, 'pon honour, and immense interest at the Horse-Guards besides.'

"'How?'

"'Why, you see, her father, Honourable Tom—fine fellow as ever walked—poor—proud—high blood—low pocket—married city heiress—lots of money—tobacconist somewhere in the east.—Dash for a while—horse races—turf—opera. Stop, says the old tobacconist,—no more of the rhino. My friend—he was a friend of mine—the Honourable Tom—pulled up just in time to keep in with old Pigtail—lived steady—politics—bought some boroughs—obliged the duke—Pigtail died—lots of coin—Honourable Tom off like a rocket again—squandered immensely—drank—caught cold—died—we must all die—and left this one child—widow—interest at the Horse-Guards and all—poor Tom!'

"All the time the Field-Marshal was bolting out these sentences, he kept constantly pulling away at my bottle; and, as example is always very infectious, so did I, till the devil a drop was left in the half-dozen I had ordered. That night at tea you can have no idea of the attentions that were lavished on me by Mrs Maples and the Honourable Mrs Snaggs. The Field-Marshal was loud in my praises, for the quantity he had drunk made him particularly eloquent. I heard him saying to the widow, 'Fine fellow, Captain O'Looney—long line of noble ancestors—kings of Ireland long ago. Uncle of his, Terence O'Looney—friend of mine—commanded a corps of observation on the Rhine—fine fellow—fifty thousand men—fell on him unawares—heavy Bavarians—what could he do—sword in hand—died beside me—noble soldier!'

"Mrs Maples the landliddy sat on the other side of the widow, and chimed in whenever there was a pause in the Hessian commander's not very continuous discourse,— 'Very gentlemanly young man, indeed—I consider myself particularly lucky in so very select a party of gentlemen. We are always very select in this establishment. Captain O'Looney, I hear, is very rich. General Sim says he has heard of the great O'Looney estates—very well-informed man, General Sim—very.' By some means or other, what with nudging some to leave one seat, and some to leave vacant another, it so happened that I found myself sitting cheek-by-jowl with the interesting young lady with the squint, and the influence at the Horse-Guards. It struck me that all these fine speeches about myself might just as well have been spoken out of ear-shot; but a young fellow is not very particular on these points, especially after three bottles of port-wine. There were Miss Snaggs and I fairly seated together on a sofa,—a good way removed from the other people; and it isn't every body's luck, I can assure you, to be left side by side with forty thousand pounds. The young lady sat as quiet as a mouse, and in those days I was no great hand at small-talk even after dinner. Up to this very hour I think it is a most appalling service to begin a conversation with a lady that you have never seen before. But for my part I was always confoundedly modest, and I am afraid it is too late for me to improve. But my two military friends, and especially the generalissimo of the Hessian armies, came very opportunely to my assistance, and proposed, as we had had a most agreeable evening down stairs, that the ladies should participate a little in our enjoyments. Mrs Maples took the hint in a moment, and ordered tumblers and other appliances into the drawing-room. Emboldened by all these preparations, I recovered from my *mauvaise honte*, and turned to my cross-eyed companion with a look of as much admiration as a vision of the Horse-Guards enabled me to assume.

"'And, pray, madam,' says I, 'what's your opinion of a glass of brandy and water?'

“ ‘Particular comfortable,’ — minced the lady.

“ ‘Och then and you’re a very sensible young lady as iver I met in my life.’

“ ‘Captain O’Looney,’ interrupted the Honourable Mrs Snaggs, ‘you’re overpoweringly amusing; Adelinda is quite delighted with your remarks.’

“ ‘Quite charming, I do declare,’ — said Mrs Maples, pretending to conceal a laugh.

“ ‘Ah! wild dog—wild dog,’ said the Field-Marshal.—‘All the O’Looney’s—wild—witty—polite—just like his uncle Terence commanding on the Rhine—funny rogue—poor Terence!’

“ In the mean time we had set to rather ferociously on the tippie, and for a lady of her polished manners I never met with the equal of Mrs Snaggs in the art of cocking her finger. A good stout rummer seemed a mere plaything in her hand. It disappeared like winking, as the vulgar say, or as some poet or other tells us—

‘Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment seen, then melts for ever.’

I sat all this time next to the heiress, and it is really wonderful what effect an extra tumbler or two have in adding to the charms of beauty. Bacchus and Venus are surely brother and sister, and a very pleasant family they are. Well—I had no bashfulness now, but made as great a fool of myself as was to be expected. The squint of my right-hand neighbour had disappeared, and no wonder, for the devil a bit could I see whether she had any eyes at all. I just saw when I looked at her that there was certainly a face surmounted with a cap, but by this time I had lost all perception of the features of which the countenance was composed. I felt certain she was amazingly beautiful, and had every reason to conclude she was, like her mother, amazingly thirsty. But, however, such enjoyments as these can’t last for ever. The old lady on my left became very talkative; so did the general, and so did my worthy friend the commander-in-chief. The ladies at length left us, and how long after that we continued our potations it is impossible to say. All I recollect of the matter is, that on

bundling up stairs to my bedroom I pushed against somebody on the landing. There was a sort of scream—out went my candle—and after a great deal of palaver with the person, whoever it was I had encountered, I suppose I found my way to my chamber, for I wakened in bed next morning with a total forgetfulness of every thing that had occurred.

“ Before I had well finished dressing, the Field-Marshal of Hesse entered my room.

“ ‘Well, my boy,’ he said, ‘you’ve captured the citadel in glorious style. Ah, — I remember — on the Rhine—castle here—our camp there — no bustle with guns—no trenches — lines — circumvallations — word given—assault—off we go—up the hill—over the wall—into the marketplace—flag on ramparts—the city’s ours, hurra!—Egad, you carried the honourable Miss Snaggs by a *coup-de-main*.—And as to her mother’ —

“ ‘She was carried too, I suppose, for she’s the devil and all at squeezing the soul out of a brandy bottle.’

“ ‘Amiable woman the Honourable Mrs Snaggs,’ — replied the commander—‘weak health—stomachic affection—recommended by her physician—but come, breakfast is waiting’ — “happy happy pair, none but the brave, none but the brave—none but the brave deserve the fair.”

“ The ould fellow went down stairs roaring this at the top of his lungs, and certainly when I entered the parlour you’d have thought something very wonderful had happened. All the whole party had their eyes turned to me with such a funny expression, that I began to fancy I had really performed some very astonishing achievement the night before. A chair had been kept for me next to Miss Snaggs, into which I was handed with a great deal of ceremony by the two old warriors. The young lady kept her eyes firmly fixed on the table-cloth, and as I concluded from this that she was rather ashamed of her tippling performances of the night before, I resolved to spare her blushes, and not say a word upon the subject. Her mother was not at table.

“ ‘The Honourable Mrs Snaggs,’ said Mrs Maples to me, ‘will join us very soon. She is scarcely equal to meeting us so early.’

“‘No,’ says I, ‘it is scarcely to be expected.’

“‘Last night was a very trying one to her nerves.’

“‘Not a doubt of it,’ says I—‘my own hand is not so steady this morning as it ought to be.’

“‘There, Miss Adelinda, there’s a confession for you. Are you yourself quite free from tremors after so agitating an evening?’

“‘I endeavour to overcome my trepidation as much as possible,’ replied Miss Adelinda. ‘But it is very natural in one so young, and in my peculiarly delicate situation.’

“‘What is natural, Miss Snaggs?’ says I.

“‘Why, that I should feel particular uncomfortable.’

“‘Ah, I daresay you do,’ says I; ‘but you’ll be more up to such things by the time you’re as practised a hand at it as your mother.’

“General Sim, who was usually rather a silent member of the company, here joined in the conversation.

“‘Mrs Snaggs is certainly more accustomed to such occurrences than her daughter. When we look at her countenance we can’t be surprised at its happening every night.’

“‘Ah, very true,’ says I; ‘she bears the marks of it in her face.’

“‘Do you think so really?’ says the General.

“‘Ffaith I do—I never saw a more tell-tale countenance in my life.’

“‘She certainly is a lovely woman—of the most delicate feelings; and I assure you, Captain O’Looney, last night she was completely overcome.’

“‘So I expected,’ says I; ‘but, upon my soul, ’tis too bad to be telling all these things before people in this way. There should be no tales out of school.’

“‘Right,’ says the Field-Marshal—‘mum’s the word. In things of that sort it is cursedly indelicate to blab.’

“When we were all going on in this free-and-easy way, talking over our dissipation, as I thought, of the night before, a message came to me that Mrs Snaggs would be happy to see me in her dressing-room.

“‘The devil!’ says I, ‘what does the ould lady want with me there?’

“‘Mum’s the word,’ said the Field-Marshal—‘family secrets. Ah, what would the Honourable Tom have said if he had lived? Great fortune the O’Looneys. Poor Terence—commanded on the Rhine.’

“In the mean time I had followed the servant up stairs, and was ushered into a small room, which was only big enough to hold a sofa and a chair. Mrs Snaggs was lying gracefully extended on the sofa, and motioned me to sit down beside her. By the powers! thinks I, this is rather serious. There’s no saying what this tippling ould woman manes to be after. However, down I sat, and she began—

“‘You are not surprised, my dear O’Looney, at my having sent for you here?’

“‘Och, not the least,’ says I—‘how do you find yourself this morning?’

“‘Agitated of course. But, my dear friend, it is high time to proceed to business. You are an Irishman?’

“‘How the divil did you find it out?’

“‘You are the head of the family of the O’Looneys?’

“‘Like enough,’ says I.

“‘And hold of course the possessions of the name?’

“‘To be sure.’

“‘Then, my dear Captain O’Looney, I accept you with all my heart.’

“When she said this she laid hold of my hand, and squeezed it as if it had been a lemon.

“‘Indeed!’ said I, ‘then, by my faith, you’re one of the jolliest old women I ever met with—and what will you do with me after you have accepted me?’

“‘Do with you!—after your declarations last night on the landing—we shall send for a special license immediately.’

“‘On the landing! And was it you I fell in with on my way to bed last night?’

“‘Oh, no—my feelings had overcome me before, but my daughter has told me all.’

“‘Ah, what did she tell ye?’ says I, ‘for upon my word I’ve forgotten every syllable.’

“‘Sir!—forgotten!—these are but poor subterfuges. I hold you bound

to me by a regular promise, and of course you will break it at your peril.'

" 'A promise of what?' says I.

" 'Of marriage,' said she. 'But my friend General Sim will explain it to you better than I can.'

" 'The deuce he will!' says I. 'Then you may tell General Sim, that if he says a word to me about marrying such a funny, foolish, ould liddy, I'll break every bone in his body, and shoot him into the bargain.'

" 'I left the ould woman when I had said this, and walked down into the breakfast parlour. The whole party were there still, with the exception of General Sim.

" 'Here's a pretty piece of business,' said I; 'Mrs Maples, the ould liddy up stairs has not recovered from the effects of last night's punch yet.'

" 'Sir!' said the landlady, 'I don't understand your allusions—the honour of this establishment'—

" 'Is all in my eye,' said I; 'and as to marrying any of the party—as ould Mrs Snaggs wishes me to do—I have no intintion of the sort, I assure ye.'

" Here Miss Adelinda gave a faint shriek, and squinted at me with all her might.

" 'Have you no regard for the young lady's feelings?' said Mrs Maples. 'How do you feel, miss?'

" 'Particlar uncomfitable,' replied the young lady, and was quietly marched out of the room by Mrs Maples.

" 'Hem—hem—mum's the word,' said the Field-Marshal—'in general cases—but really, poz—this is a peculiar case—you must marry the lady.'

" 'What is it you mane, ould man?' said I, for I was now in a mortal passion.

" 'You must marry the lady—or—hem—the friends of the family will demand satisf'—

" 'Is it satisfaction they're after? With all the pleasure in life,' says I. 'I'll shoot the whole batch, tobacconists, honourables, and all!'

" 'Hem—mum's the word'—said the Field-Marshal, as he slunk out of the room. 'I shall certainly mention what you have said to

General Sim. Brave man General Sim—excellent shot.'

" 'In about half an hour, when I was busily packing up my trunk, a tap came to my door, and on opening it the Field-Marshal stepped into the room with a very dignified expression on his prodigious features.

" 'Servant, Captain O'Looney—sorry—very—to be messenger—hostile message—hem—mum's the word in matters of war—General Sim, angry at shameful conduct—satisfaction—pistols to-morrow morning, or marry the lady.'

" 'I'll meet him with all my heart,' said I; 'and I didn't give him credit for being so much of a gentleman; for between ourselves—mum's the word, as you say, among friends—curse me if I didn't believe that if he was a general at all he was a general dealer, and that your connexion with the Hessians arose from your being a maker of Hessian boots.'

" 'Hell—the devil—boots? what do you mean?'

" 'Very little, most noble Field-Marshal; but if you have delivered your message, and got your answer, I advise you to be off before I can say Jack Robinson, or I'll kick you over the bannisters, though you had the principality of Hesse on your back.'

" 'Hell! kick—bannisters! you shall answer—but mum's the word.'

" 'It was the finest fun in the world to see the Field-Marshal's fright, but how was I to get a second—for not a single soul in all London did I know that I could apply to, and there was no time to send to the regiment.

" 'I was quite disconsolate on account of this misfortune, but at last I bethought me that as all things were to be had in London, either for love or money, if I could not get the assistance of a friend in any other way, I would hire one. Now at the Ould Slaughter's Hotel, where I had dined once or twice, there was a devilish bluff jolly looking ould fellow of a waiter—I knew him, by the cast of his eye and the size of his calf, to be an Irishman; so I accordingly betook myself to St Martin's Lane, and entered into a conversation with my friend Joe. It was agreed that, in consideration of five guineas, Joe should sport himself as a gentleman

next morning, and accompany me as my second to Battersea Fields. Things were arranged entirely to my satisfaction. I gave Joe a crown to regale himself with in the mean time, and went back again to the boarding-house to make a final settlement with my friend Mrs Maples.

"On going into her private parlour, she received me with the haughtiest manner she could put on.

"Ah, Captain O'Looney, you have broken the heart of a dear innocent susceptible creature."

"Pray, madam," says I, "who is the injured lady you allude to?"

"Miss Snaggs."

"Are you sure it's miss? for, 'pon my soul, I fancied it was the ould lady."

"How can you say so, sir? Mrs Snaggs is a widow, oppressed with the loss of the best of husbands,—and the young lady, the dear sweet charming Adelinda'—"

"—Is rather partial, like her mamma, to a comfortable nightcap."

"A nightcap, sir?"

"Yes, and a divil of a strong one, too—half and half, and not a thimbleful less."

"Really, Mr O'Looney, 'tis too bad to take advantage of a lady having admitted you to her dressing-room, to quiz the particulars of her head-dress."

"But it's useless going through the whole of our conversation. I paid her all she demanded, except a trifling compensation she said she expected for my being in all probability the cause of her losing such distinguished members of her establishment as the honourable Mrs Snaggs and her daughter. 'And the property of the family, you are aware, Captain O'Looney'—"

"Is very large, indeed," said I, "and lies next to the O'Looney estates, which were left to me by General Terence, my uncle, who served under Field-Marshal Snook on the Rhine. Och, our properties, I suspect, are pretty much on a par; but if any of the ould snobs that live in this boarding-house of yours have any thing farther to say to me, tell them I am to be found at the Ould Slaughter's, and so good day to ye, ma'am."

"Nothing occurred that night. My

friend Joe the waiter seemed quite to understand the business I wished to employ him on, and I went very comfortably to bed, determined to shoot ould Sim through the liver for being such a Tom Neddy as to think I believed any of his lies and balderdash.

"Next morning at peep of day I was up and in the coffeeroom. My second had figged himself out in his Sunday clothes, and such a divil of a buck had never been heard of since the days of Adam. He had on a pair of the tightest fitting buckskins you ever saw, that pinched him so cursedly at the knee, that he walked without even daring to bend the joint, exactly as if his legs had been two straight stout pieces of wood. His top-boots were knowingly wrinkled almost down to the ankle, leaving about a foot of the calf of his leg sticking out like an enormous Yorkshire pudding tied in at both ends. Before proceeding to the field, he continued his professional avocations, and brought me a dish of coffee, in which, by some mistake, I suppose, he had emptied a noggin of brandy instead of milk. While I was drinking it, and waiting for the coach, Joe employed himself very busily in setting the coffeeroom in order. He scrubbed the tables, brushed the floor; and while we were both thus employed, we did not perceive the entrance of my honourable friend the Field-Marshal.

"Servant, Captain O'Looney.—Unpleasant business this—hate blood—come from friend the General to see if you won't compromise."

"What do you mean by a compromise?" said I.

"Why, if you won't marry lady, make some compensation—feelings acute—wounded sensibility—five hundred pounds or so."

"Who told you to say all this?"

"General Sim. Brave man General Sim."

"Then, I'll give you my honour as a gentleman, the moment I've shot your friend the General, I'll run a ball into your body, you miserable braggadocio old scoundrel."

"At this moment my friend Joe, who had been rummaging in the bar, came out, looking as fierce as a lion.

"Hell and botheration," says Joe,

‘what’s the meaning of this? The coach is just coming up the lane, and we’ll finish the jewel directly.’

“He looked at the Field-Marshal as he said this, but suddenly I remarked a great change in his countenance. He broke into an immoderate fit of laughter, held out his hand to the commander-in-chief of the Hessian armies, and said, ‘Master Snook, don’t you know me, now I’m drest so fine?’

“It was still grey dawn, and the coffeeroom is none of the lightest in the world. The Field-Marshal looked at Joe, and seemed amazingly puzzled.

“‘This is my second, sir,’ said I. ‘Let me introduce you. Field-Marshal Snook, Mr Joseph’—

“‘Coming, sir,’ said Joe.

“‘Mr Joseph Cumming; now that you are acquainted, you will settle matters as speedily as possible, for I am anxious to have a shot at both of them.’

“‘And is it with Master Snook you are going to fight? Faith, jewel-ling’s come to a purty pass, if you’re going to give a meeting to a carcass butcher.’

“‘A carcass butcher!’ said I.

“‘A carcass butcher!’ cried the Field-Marshal—‘what do you mean?’

“‘Just that you was once a carcass butcher, till you failed, and left a good score agin your name in master’s books, I can tell ye. Don’t ye know me now, Master Snook?’

“‘A carcass butcher!’ said I.—

‘Well, that’s the best name I ever heard in my life for a generalissimo. But, carcass butcher or not, let us be off, and have a slap at General Sim.’

“‘Why,’ said Master Snook, in a

very penitent tone, ‘mum’s the word—Sim is waiting at the door—business carried far enough—shake hands—friends—no shooting.’

“‘No, no,’ said I; ‘you’ve got me out of my bed in the middle of the night, and I won’t let you or the other ould vagabond off without a little amusement. Fight me you must.’

“‘Why—hem—no offence, I hope—did all for the best—Sim’s fault.’

“‘Who the devil is Sim?’

“‘Mrs Snaggs’s husband.’

“‘And who are you?’

“‘Mrs Maples’s husband.’

“‘And what did you want to make of me?’

“‘Miss Snaggs’s husband.’

“‘Och, and that’s your plan, is it? Then may the devil fly away with me if I ever say a civil word to a young woman in a boarding-house.—And there was an end, gentlemen, of my duel with a general and a field-marshal. Joseph won his five guineas; and all I can say is, never trust yourselves in a lodging-house when you can get into a hotel. Boots never tries to inveigle you into a marriage.”

I don’t recollect whether any more stories were told that night or not. We had a great deal of fun; and I thought, when I got up next morning, and tipped my first bottle of soda-water, what a pity it is that a friend can’t show his hospitality unless by deluging you with wine—people are always so wise and sententious in the morning. I could draw a fine moral, if I chose it, from all the rigmarole I have written. I am quite certain there is a moral to be found in it; and if you can’t find it out, the worse luck for you.

LETTER FROM A LIBERAL WHIG.

SIR,—It was the object of my two last letters to show that the system of the balance of parties, by which the affairs of the nation had been conducted ever since the Revolution of 1688, is now come to an end—that even the names of “Whig” and “Tory,” so long perverted from their original signification, have at length ceased to possess any characteristic fitness whatever—and that the only broad line of demarcation between public men at the present day is that which distinguishes them as the defenders or subverters of our existing institutions. That this great change has been accelerated by Parliamentary Reform there can be no question, and it is not a little remarkable that the chief originators of that measure should have been so blind to its immediate result as to think that they were securing to themselves the permanent possession of power through the very means which have almost annihilated their separate party existence. The events of the last three months, since the meeting of the second Reform Parliament, have served but to rivet the chains by which the shattered remnant of the Whigs are held in subjection to their Radical associates. Political servitude is the price which they have consented to pay for the gratification of a short-lived and short-sighted vengeance. Those whom they had themselves recently denounced, not only as traitors to the state, but as their own deadliest enemies, are the taskmasters who for the present appear to be content with their voluntary surrender, only that they may be made the fitter instruments for the accomplishment of the most destructive purposes. There is nothing of exaggeration in this plain statement of the actual position of a (so-styled) Whig ministry. The objects and designs of the Irish Roman Catholics, on the one hand, and of the English Radicals, on the other, are open, undisguised, and straightforward—on the part of the first, repeal of the Union, separation of the Crown, and popish supremacy—on that of the second, a virtual at least, if not a

declared democracy. Do the one hundred, or (at most) one hundred and fifty members of Parliament, who still rejoice in the name of “Whigs,” or does any one gentleman among them seriously believe that these objects, so openly avowed and plainly manifested, are abandoned—nay, are even so much as suspended—for the sake of a support so little needed, and, but a few months since, so contemptuously spurned and derided? Can they imagine that those, more especially, who are unrestrained by the obligations of a positive oath, unchecked by the dread of deliberate perjury, are to be rendered innocuous by the admixture of a small lump of aristocratic leaven, or overreached by the superior talent and skill in diplomacy of those whose ministerial existence is bounded by *their* convenience?

On the other hand,—and here, sir, I must crave your indulgence in respect of some difference in our political sentiments,—let us turn from this picture of Whig humiliation, and look to the state of their ancient rivals, the pure and unmixed Tories. The first and most striking feature of dissimilarity which presents itself is, indeed, highly to the advantage of the latter; for here we see honesty, sincerity, firmness of purpose, and an unvarying consistency of opinion, contrasted with (I grieve to say) the reverse of these noble qualities; but then we must add to these a spirit of resistance to all improvement, and, what Lord Bacon so aptly terms, of “froward retention of custom,” by persisting in which, despite of all the lessons of wisdom and experience, more harm has accrued, both to themselves as a party, and to the nation at large, than the wildest schemes of innovators and enthusiasts have *hitherto* been able to accomplish,—one of the worst of these consequences being their own exclusion from power, and the establishment of a counteracting principle, a sort of morbid and indiscriminating *Toryphobia*, which is at present, perhaps, the only real stronghold of the opposite party. To as-

pend to the origin of these phenomena would be to trace the political history of the country for the last two centuries. But, to go no further back than to the introduction of the recent Reform Bill, do we not see this truth signally exemplified in the short-sighted policy which first placed the Whig party in the seat of power, and afterwards forced them into an unnatural alliance with the avowed enemies of monarchical government, and thus mainly contributed to the introduction and success of a measure far more sweeping and popular in its construction than had been imagined by its original projectors?

It is no compensation for this injury, that its consequences, by a just and impartial Nemesis, have fallen yet more destructively on the heads of the actual contrivers than of their *unintentional abettors*; but, if any circumstances were wanting to confirm this as the just view of our actual position with reference to the point in discussion, it may be found in the still more recent event of the failure and breaking-up of Sir Robert Peel's ministry—a ministry which gave the brightest assurances of solid and substantial benefits to the country of any that it has ever possessed, and which has fallen not from any defect of performance, but simply because, owing to their former participation in the fatal mistake above referred to, the people refused to place confidence in some of the members composing it. Nothing indeed could be more absurd or illogical than the inference from their past resistance of Reform to the insincerity of their present professions, nor can an instance be found of greater dishonesty than in the arguments used to sustain that inference, and to derive from it a plea for refusing them the advantage of what was called a fair trial. Not the less, however, is the deplorable result to be traced to the original sin of *abstract Toryism*, which leads me to the conclusion before announced, that, to all practical purposes, the two rival parties of Whig and Tory are alike virtually extinct, and that what we have now to put our trust in, humanly speaking, is a spirit of wise conservatism, equally distant from both the ex-

trêmes of obstinate denial and weak and timid concession.

With respect to the precise measure of reform, whether in church or state, which prudence would either require or sanction, I trust it will not be imputed to any illiberality of sentiment if I support a hypothesis, seemingly paradoxical, that a much larger allowance may now be expected from the hands of a Conservative than of (what is called) a Liberal Ministry. How consistently with his first declaration, and how speedily also, Sir Robert Peel proceeded in the redemption of the pledge he had freely given, the issuing of the commission for reporting on the state of the English church, with a view to ecclesiastical reform on the widest basis of an establishment, abundantly testifies; and if it is, on the one hand, certain that, without the previous measure of Reform in Parliament, no such scheme could have been propounded with the remotest chance of success, it is no less so, although this be an ingredient which has been left out in every calculation, both of Whigs and Radicals, that, *notwithstanding* Reform in Parliament, none but a Conservative Ministry could even now have ventured upon it. The reason of this is obvious—namely, that the Church rests for support on public opinion; and that the consent of the Church would fairly, and from no mean or unworthy motives, be withheld from any ministry in which she herself had no confidence—from any ministry, in short, which is unable to furnish adequate security against the extension or perversion of its plans to purposes of destruction. Even before the formation of Sir Robert Peel's administration, what confidence, it may well be asked, could any sincere well-wisher to the Church establishment have reposed in the assertions of Earl Grey with respect to a scheme which a portion of Earl Grey's cabinet—whether with or without his own concurrence is immaterial—might have thought it expedient to submit to the previous approbation of Mr O'Connell? What confidence could he have reposed in the assertions of Lord Melbourne with respect to any measure of *his* proposal, when, by his own confession,

his lordship was unable to command a majority of voices in that mock-ministry, the abrupt dismissal of which, on account of its own self-avowed incapacity, has been absurdly represented as an unprecedented stretch of arbitrary despotism? This, then, is—at least in my apprehension—the true state of the case.

Without Parliamentary Reform no extensive or solid good, in the shape of national improvement, could ever have been accomplished by any thing short of a revolutionary process, and, *notwithstanding Parliamentary Reform*, no such improvement could be effected, without resorting to agitation and violence, upon any other than a Conservative principle. If these positions be granted—and I do not see how they can be disputed—there is an end of the fallacy which confounded *Reform with Revolution*, that is to say, the means of escape with the calamity which was sought to be avoided. What, then, is the practical inference to be drawn from these premises, as applicable to our present condition, by those whose true object is the wise and cautious improvement of our civil and religious institutions? Not surely that we ought to unite with those who seek their destruction in the vain hope of moderating or neutralizing them by the junction, or with those who are the avowed enemies of all change, in the expectation that they must, even though unwillingly, be dragged along, together with ourselves, in the already too rapid career of irresistible innovation. Circumstances indeed may arise, as has recently been the case, to render such an union as the latter for a time expedient or even necessary, but it can be for a short time only; while, on the other hand, no possible circumstances can justify the true lover of his country in uniting, for ever so short a period or limited a purpose, with those whose principles are such as, in his judgment, to involve her ruin. What, then, remains but the cordial junction of all classes of *moderate Reformers*, whatever their original party distinctions, upon a true Conservative basis—a junction which, as we are now circumstanced, is not to be paralleled with any previous instance

of political coalitions, none of which have ever yet been effected without some disgraceful, or at best suspicious, compromises of political principle, whereas, in the present circumstances of the extinction of party, no such sacrifice is required, and consequently no risk of loss of character incurred, or selfish motive imputable?

It may be said, however, that this “consummation,” although “devoutly to be wished,” must be a work of time, and is only too likely to be altogether frustrated by crude and injudicious attempts to hasten the accomplishment—that many prejudices are to be subdued, many jarring opinions to be reconciled, many open or lurking animosities to be forgotten, before the arrival of this happy period of peace and fraternity—to which it may possibly be added, that the abrupt dismissal by the King of Lord Melbourne’s Ministry, and the inveterate persecution by the ousted party, aided by their Radical confederates, of that which succeeded it, even to its downfall, have but widened the breach, and placed a new and (for the present at least) an insuperable bar in the way of reconciliation. From both these opinions I differ entirely, and maintain, on the contrary, that there never was, or can be, a season more fit than the present for mutual forgiveness and amity. Whatever the party which now appears to be triumphant may have said or felt on the subject of that late extraordinary exercise of the royal prerogative, they cannot but know what was the real motive, as also that it is one in which almost the entire wealth and intelligence of at least this division of the empire more or less fully participate. They cannot expect to retain their present ill-gotten position for a single month without conciliating the favour, or softening the opposition, of their antagonists, except at a price which they will be very loath to pay—the continuance of a tribute which they will shrink from rendering, now that they have attained the end of their ambitious or revengeful endeavours. Even already they affect to regard the late Premier as one who ought consistently to belong to themselves—as a true Whig and Reformer at

heart, although hampered (as the phrase is) by his baneful connexion with the hated Tories; and with those whom the Courier, with felicitous and dignified courtesy, styles "the truculent Orangemen." But let us listen to their champion and ringleader—to the illustrious "scion of the noble house of Russell" himself, and hear the altered tone in which he speaks when actuated by the dread of being rejected by the South Devon electors. No longer are our Conservative ears startled, and our Protestant indignation roused, by the fierce and impatient clamour which so lately assailed us, when we were told that nothing could appease the Moloch of agitation but the immediate suppression of some two or three hundred Protestant livings, and devotion of their revenues (under the title of surplus) to the purposes of general—that is to say, Roman Catholic Education. "Oh, no—we mean no such thing. God forbid that a shilling of Church revenue should go to any other than Protestant ecclesiastical purposes, so long as there are any such purposes to which it can be applied! Heaven forefend that we should ever be deemed guilty of so much as a thought of such sacrilege! Oh, no—we mean no more than the abolition of sinecures, in Church as well as in state, and if the L.1000 per annum which we take from A, who does nothing, is wanted for the augmentation of the livings of B, C, and D, who at present work hard and are insufficiently paid for their labours, in God's name let it be so applied before so much as a single farthing be suffered to be diverted to any other purpose!" "Why, my Lord John Russell, how you surprise us! Surely this is nothing else but precisely the same thing that Sir Robert Peel has been saying all along—at least it comes to the same thing in the end—since no man living, Roman Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Infidel, can imagine the existence of a *general surplus* over and above the legitimate Church objects to which you now admit that any *partial excess* ought in the first place to be devoted. If you had expressed this as your real meaning, you must at least have been forced to wait till the report of your own commission." "Very true, my good friends, and that is the very reason why I did *not* so express it; for if I had, we could not have turned out those whom the Morning Chronicle so aptly designates as 'the bloody Tories.'" "Now, as I am not aware that any reasonable defender of Church property has ever yet attempted to place it on any better foundation than that upon which *all* property rests, whether of corporations or of individuals, and as there can be no question that, whether in the case of corporation property or of the private property of individuals, it all reverts to the state, on failure of objects to which it ought to be applied, or of persons to enjoy or to inherit, it becomes the most difficult thing imaginable to conceive the necessity of Parliamentary interference to establish a self-evident truism, or of turning out a Ministry possessing in the highest degree the confidence of the King, the Lords, and a considerable majority of the *English* Commons, for the sake of announcing it as applicable to an all but impossible contingency. But what shall we say when we hear the same moderate and constitutional sentiments re-echoed on the other side the Channel by the Proteus-leader of Irish insurrection himself, who now avows that neither he nor his followers have the smallest intention of disturbing Church property so long as there are any Church purposes to which it can be rendered *bona fide* available, and that their *only* end is answered by the expulsion of those Ministers whom they designate as the eternal enemies of Ireland, and the substitution of others whom (to serve the present turn) they extol as her liberal friends and sworn champions, but whom, whenever it suits their purpose, they will turn round upon and tear in pieces, as they have already done ten times over? Is it possible to conceive that such men as—I will not say Lord John Russell—but such as the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Melbourne, can be soothed into the merest temporary belief of the sincerity of such repentance as is now evinced by their late reviler and political assassin? Yet it is still more inconceivable that they can have deluded themselves into a persuasion that it is *he* who is *their* dupe,

and not *they his*. How, any other-wise than by an honest, straightforward, and manly union with a sincere, although cautious and conscientious, Reformer—such as Sir Robert Peel has now proved himself to be—by an union with him, if it can be effected (and why not, since there are really no vital points of difference in opinion between them, at least not on this important subject of Church property), or, if not by an union, then by a candid and honourable submission and recognition of his acknowledged superiority—how else, I ask, can the really respectable among the scattered relics of what was once the *Whig party* hope to extricate themselves from this humiliating embarrassment?

Let us turn for a moment from these (the most really pitiable of any class of persons calling or fancying themselves a political party) to those among Mr. O'Connell's own immediate followers, the Irish Roman Catholic members,—and I sincerely believe they are not few in number,—who feel that they have reputations at stake, and characters to be maintained or sacrificed,—and ask, how they can hope to emerge, with honour, out of the frightful abyss of equivocation and perjury, to which one of the most truly respectable and, till lately, really influential, both from principle and talent, of their own body—I mean Mr. Æneas Macdonnell—has so clearly shown that their infatuated conduct is leading them? To be sure, if the present *recantation* of Lord John Russell and Mr. O'Connell is to be relied upon, and they can *scarcely* say that their late vote had *no other object* than the expulsion of what they considered to be a hostile Ministry, and that they never had in contemplation the appropriation of ecclesiastical property to any but Protestant ecclesiastical purposes, so long as there are any such purposes to which it can be appropriated—why then, indeed, *cadit questio*, no perjury is committed—none was intended—and they have an undoubted right to use every lawful means (though it may be questioned, even then, whether such means as this be lawful) to get rid of an obnoxious Government. But this is not the sense in which a much more honest and conscientious, if not

a more really able and intelligent Roman Catholic than Mr. O'Connell, thinks himself bound to meet the accusation. Mr. Sheil admits, that the direct object of the vote is to divest the Irish Church of some considerable portion of its actual property, which portion he (indeed) *assumes* to be superfluous; and he then proceeds to argue, that this is *not* either doing or imagining any injury to the Establishment, because the Establishment will be both more secure and more efficient by being stripped of this superfluity. Now, not to comment upon the very close resemblance between this argument and those which have so frequently been resorted to, by the Macheaths and Dick Turpins of the day, under similar circumstances, it is sufficiently obvious that it implies a construction of the Roman Catholic oath somewhat different from that intended by the Protestant Legislature, which imposed it; and, even in conceding the privilege for which Mr. Sheil contends in favour of honest difference of construction, we must say that it appears something like a miracle worthy of St. Patrick himself, if five-and-thirty Roman Catholic minds are found to concur, by the mere accident of a peculiar mental conformation, in *one* sense of a very plain declaration, which sense happens to be the direct contrary of that which is entertained by an immense and overwhelming majority of their Protestant neighbours. If even *half* of the five-and-thirty (not reckoning the odd one), or if ten, or even five, out of the number, were to intimate so much as a *doubt* about the true construction, Mr. Sheil's argument might demand something of complaisance in the midst of its apparent absurdity; but if *all* the thirty-five are of one mind, and all the rest of the world of the direct opposite respecting it, what favour, or even what toleration does he expect should be granted to him?

I have before found occasion to express my admiration of the firm and dignified, and at the same time conciliatory tone, with which Sir Robert Peel met the senseless insults of a few fanatical Dissenters at Birmingham, and had really begun to hope that the mild spirit of that reproof had had the effect of making even that stiff-necked generation

somewhat ashamed of their obstinacy and prejudice. But it is with these extravagants in religion as with those in politics, who can never rest satisfied while there is a "*plus ultra*" to be contended for, and who repudiate the boon of a liberal and beneficial public concession, because it is not accompanied by an entire surrender to the sovereign will and caprices of a thankless multitude. It has fared even thus with Sir Robert Peel's Marriage Bill, which, calculated as it is to meet every ground of complaint, whether just or unjust, hitherto alleged by ever so small a body of discontented separatists, is now held up to execration as a new source of grievance, an additional stone of offence, a gratuitous insult heaped upon countless old injuries, because (forsooth) it requires those who seek the benefit of it to proclaim their reason for doing so—in other words, because it does not concede to a score or two of fanatics (the only persons who *really* seek its protection) the right of dictation to the entire Established Church of the empire. "*We require,*" say they, "*to be relieved from the obligation of being married according to rites which we deem idolatrous.*" Granted. "*We consider marriage only in the light of a civil contract, and demand that the mere solemnization before a civil magistrate shall be deemed effectual for all legal consequences.*" Granted also—only with this proviso, that you do not compel the far greater number of your fellow-citizens, who regard the religious sanction as a necessary ingredient, to conform to *your* notions, and that you therefore accompany your demand before the magistrate with a declaration that you are not a member of the Church Establishment. Then immediately bursts forth the cry of "*Bigotry!*" "*Intolerance!*" "*Persecution!*" "*Bloody priesthood!*" "*Bloated hierarchy!*"—Nor does this rest with the very small number who feel, or fancy themselves really aggrieved by the present system. It is eagerly caught and loudly re-echoed by the whole tribe of levellers and destroyers—even such men as my Lord John

Russell do not hesitate to take it up as an engine of vituperation against those by whom they find themselves outdone in *true* liberality of sentiment, as much as in sound practical policy; and the ears of common sense and justice are outraged by a mere factious clamour, of which it is impossible that any can be the dupes, and to which it is barely conceivable that any can lend themselves, for whatever purposes of hostility or vengeance. It is difficult to imagine in what manner the fosterers of this clamour will now proceed to acquit themselves of their undertaking to present the malecontents with a measure less obnoxious to the charge of invidiousness than that which they now repudiate. But let it pass: not on this account will the true friends of the Church be inclined to retract the proposal made by them in the spirit of Christian charity.

It is much the same with regard to the graver question of the Admission of Dissenters to the Benefits of Education at the English Universities; and, on this head of contention also, it is not because some eager individuals, whether among the Dissenters themselves, or among their supporters in Parliament, demand an equalisation of University privilege, which, in point of principle, would extend to the abolition of a separate Church Establishment, that we should hesitate to deal to them the fullest measure of concession which is, in fact, compatible with the interests of the Established religion. It has given me, accordingly, pleasure to find the views which I announced in my last letter on this subject borne out in most essential points by the author of a very sensible pamphlet, who, nevertheless, being a gentleman of Oxford, is naturally enough imbued with some Oxford prejudices, and seems scarcely aware with how little repugnance the more liberal sects of Dissenters regard such acts of temporary conformity as the attendance at chapel, or at lectures for instruction in the principles of religion, even though grounded on doctrines from which they may differ in opinion. To all such persons I must

• "A Review of the State of the Question respecting the Admission of Dissenters to the Universities. By the Reverend Edward Denison, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, Oxford."

persist in maintaining, that a release from the obligation of subscription, as a necessary qualification for a degree in Arts, would, without further concession, be a valuable measure of conciliation; and I am moreover persuaded that it may be yielded, not only without detriment to the cause of religion, but greatly to its real advantage, by promoting a spirit of charity, and establishing a better mutual understanding than now prevails, both among Churchmen and Dissenters, as to the grounds of their existing differences. I will not indulge myself, for the present, in further speculation as to probable consequences, although I cannot but believe that they would be altogether favourable to the great cause of truth, which ought to be the exclusive object of all our hopes and endeavours. But, before I quit the consideration of this topic, I will briefly advert to, what seems to me, the most mischievous and perverted view which has yet been taken of it—that is to say, as connected with the origin, and mere abstract legality, of the present constitution and government of the Universities. On this head, indeed, a great deal of what may well be called even *Ultra-Jeremy-Benthamism*, has been recently poured forth by the Edinburgh Reviewers (No. 122, Art. “The Universities and the Dissenters”), such as might with more reason have been expected to issue from the Radical fountain at Westminster. What possible good effect, it may be asked, can be hoped for from such appeals to the silently abrogated laws and usages of remote antiquity? If the changes which have been gradually introduced into the system of these venerable institutions, from motives of public convenience, and in accordance with the insensible alterations of the entire frame-work of society, are to be stigmatized as flagitious acts of usurpation, and made the ground of attacks on the very existence of the calumniated bodies, there is an end of all moral distinction, and the laws of prescription and usage are to be deprived of all their hitherto acknowledged efficacy. On the other hand, it is nothing but the coarsest and most wanton of injuries to affix the name, and attach the penal consequences, of wilful and corrupt per-

jury, to a mere servile retention of forms which ought, in strictness, to have ceased together with the circumstances which gave birth to them. It would, no doubt, be well if the Universities, together with their several colleges, would undertake the task of revision, and agree in the abolition of all that is absolutely exploded and useless in their respective institutions.

Another article in the same number of the Review—that entitled “Appropriation of Church Property”—evincing, on the whole, a very commendable share of true liberality, contains the following important concessions, which it would have been quite as well if Lord John Russell had kept in view, in place of proposing his resolutions for its virtual demolition,—namely, that “in attempting to ascertain what shall or shall not be considered a sinecure, the sole adoption of a numerical line is strongly objectionable,”—first, as tending to “engender feelings of the worst description, and fraught with temptations to violence and crime;” and secondly, as giving occasion to “a cry for perpetual re-adjustment.” With regard, however, to the question—“if the numerical line is not to be the sole criterion, then how, and to what extent, is it to be admitted into the calculation?” I find no answer attempted; and the difficulty attending it is, to my mind at least, insuperable. Nobody appears to be as yet prepared to contend for the *establishment* of the Roman Catholic religion, even in Ireland. The only alternative seems to be between the absolute suppression of any establishment, and the support of the English Protestant Church already established; and then, if what is called “sinecurism” be made the test of suppression in any particular parish or district, it becomes of importance to ask what is really meant by a church sinecure; and whether that is or ought to be considered as such, where the resident Protestant clergyman, although he may have no congregation to listen to his discourses from the pulpit, is yet conscientiously or piously engaged in a thousand other, perhaps even still more important, pastoral functions—where he may very possibly devote the whole of his clerical in-

come to the purposes of true Christian charity within the district committed to his charge—where he may probably be the only resident gentleman in a semi-barbarous region, and as such the natural father of the fatherless and friend of the friendless—and where, if he were once removed, the only chance would be lost of reclaiming the poor ignorant parishioners from their condition of spiritual destitution, and of erecting on the ruins of the most baleful of superstitions the fabric of that which we believe to be the best and purest religion—which we are bound as such to reverence, and (to the utmost of our opportunities) to extend and propagate—and which we can neither abandon nor treat as a matter of philosophical indifference, without a dereliction of the most sacred duty ever imposed on man. The extreme importance, even as regards the mere temporal welfare of the Irish people, of this view of the question, is evinced by the most trust-worthy of the publications which have recently swarmed from the press on the subject of the state of that country; and we find it recorded, on evidence which admits of not a shadow of doubt, that instances are not wanting of Protestant congregations called into existence by the well-directed zeal and truly Christian virtues of the resident minister, in districts which, if they had been abandoned to the Roman Catholic priesthood, upon this mistaken notion of sinecures, would have remained perhaps for ever unvisited by the slightest glimmer of reason or civilisation. This, however, is a branch of the subject deserving a separate treatise, rather than a mere paragraph in such a letter as I am now addressing. In order to its being fully discussed, it requires a far more intimate knowledge and more profound study of all the different conditions of Irish society, than I can profess myself to have attained or practised,—a knowledge not to be acquired, and a study not to be pursued, during a two or three months' hasty tour through the country, still less by an occasional visit at the houses of violent partisans or interested proprietors,—but such as have for their foundations the far wider lessons of experience in human nature, together with a

calm and patient observance of the peculiar circumstances by which it is in this instance liable to be actuated and modified. Least of all, in a country so unhappily distracted by faction, can we trust to the representations of those who may otherwise be supposed, from constant residence, to be capable of best informing us; representations which, to say the best of them, require to be weighed and sifted with the most patient philosophy before they can be made, in the remotest degree, serviceable to the cause of truth; and which, without the aid of such a process, are calculated to work its irretrievable injury. And yet it is on a subject like this, so deeply fraught with the most important of human interests, that the leaders of the late Opposition, for the mere factious purpose of unseating a rival Ministry, dare to call on the whole British nation to decide, without waiting even for the result of that most partial and limited enquiry which they had themselves, when in possession of power only a few short months previously, caused to be instituted, with a declaration of its absolute necessity, in order to the fair disposal of the question; and on the ground of the dependence of such enquiry, they had themselves resisted a proposition similar to that which they themselves brought forward.

It is the more remarkable, that this *destructive* mode of proceeding, so directly at variance with their own measures while in administration, should have been resorted to by the party still calling themselves Whigs, when again in Opposition, since it is no less inconsistent with the doctrine expressed in other passages in the same article of their own accredited Journal, to which I have already referred,—as, for instance, the following, the argument of which would be weakened by putting it into any other language:—"As strongly as we advocate the payment of the Roman Catholic Clergy" (a branch of the subject on which I do not propose at present to enter), "so strongly do we deprecate the notion of a common fund for religious uses. If it be expedient to reduce the revenues of the Established Church, it would assuredly be inexpedient that reduc-

tion should be made with reference to the endowment of any other sect. If we could abstain from inflaming the too frequent violence of rival sects, by infusing a spirit of mercenary rapacity, let us not encourage the dangerous idea that one sect may become a pecuniary gainer by the losses of another,—that what is taken from the Protestant establishment is so much clear profit to the Roman Catholic. *A greater curse could scarcely be entailed upon a country, already distracted with religious dissensions, than by furnishing its bigotry with the sordid motives which such a mode of endowment would hold forth.* Never may the Protestant of the Establishment, the Presbyterian, and the Roman Catholic, be rival partakers of a common fund. If the latter should be paid, let them be paid out of the public revenue, receiving what is deemed meet, without reference to the endowments, past, present, or prospective, of any other denomination of Christians.

Now, it is very true, that the project of Lord John Russell, so far as it may be deduced from the vague terms in which his resolution was designedly wrapped, is *not*, in literal strictness, a proposal for transferring any portion of the revenues of the Protestant Church to the Roman Catholic clergy. But, even with this allowance, the whole scope and tendency of the argument is equally cogent in its application to the general purposes expressed by that resolution. The “sordid motives,” of which it so forcibly deprecates the encouragement, would be, though perhaps not so directly, yet not at all less surely, excited by the specious covering of a design in favour of general education; or, if it be contended that the motive is less sordid, because there is no direct personal interest to be served by the attainment of the object, it is only as the passions of hatred, jealousy, or revenge may be esteemed less sordid than the passions of avarice, not that they are therefore less potent and influential, or more fit to be trusted with the means of gratification.

So much for the general line of argument pursued by the writer of this article, of which, however, I cannot take leave without an ex-

pression of regret, that the tone of moderation, which for the most part distinguishes it, should in any place have been suffered to give way to a style so very different as that which he thinks proper to make use of, when, in speaking of the very just and natural alarm expressed by a large, if not a preponderating, portion of his Majesty's subjects for the safety of the establishment, he designates that demonstration of feeling as “the deep yell of factious bigotry, mingled with the counterfeit vehemence of time-serving adherents, and the earnest clamour of misguided sincerity.” It is really time to be ashamed of employing language such as this with reference to the motives and designs of fair political adversaries; and with respect to the charge itself, so indiscriminately applied, it is enough to say, that, although the cry of “the Church in danger,” like that of “wolf” in the fable, *may* be, from interested and hypocritical intentions, so often repeated as to lose its effect, yet it is at least equally possible that it *may, once too often*, be disregarded.

Surely, if there were ever a crisis to justify the honest and intelligent friends of the Church in putting its less cautious adherents on their guard against surrounding perils, it is at a time when those to whom the government of both Church and State is intrusted, are sitting as if in close alliance with the open and bitter enemies of both; and when the shout of “Down with it! down with it, even to the ground!” is met, if not with direct encouragement, with no marks of censure, or even of disapprobation, on the part of its constituted defenders. That this was the actual state of things, at least under Lord Melbourne's *former* administration—a state of things which as certainly led to its sudden downfall—witness the many timid measures of half-way concession with which it answered the fierce demands of both Radicals and Dissenters; and if the case is, as I trust it may be, somewhat altered since the resumption by his Lordship of the seals of office, to what is such a charge ascribable but to the prevalence of that better spirit, of which that very cry, so loudly vituperated, was the type and forerunner?

It is not, therefore, with the crime

of apostacy that those persons are justly chargeable, who, from having been warm and zealous supporters of Parliamentary Reform, considered as the means of national improvement, have become equally zealous in interposing whatever weight they may individually possess, for the purpose of checking the too rapid career of innovation. Least of all were they so chargeable at a period when the partisans of a dismissed ministry had, for the avowed purpose of forcing the Sovereign to reinstate them, leagued themselves with a party, whom we cannot, from a false affectation of candour or politeness, hesitate to designate as revolutionary and destructive; or when, as at the present moment, they have, by the most unscrupulous use of those unjustifiable means, just succeeded in the attainment of their object. Neither is it because we were unable to discern in that Reform, which we believed to be necessary, the revolutionary features which its uncompromising opponents ascribed to it, that we are to be held bound, in consistency, to blind ourselves, for all time to come, to the existence of dangers, not only long antecedent, but of which we consider the Reform Bill itself, if properly managed, as the correction, rather than any additional incentive. On one point, however, our minds are irrevocably settled—it is not by a spirit of timid conciliation or paltry compromise that the great interests of Church and State are to be preserved and defended; and, on the contrary, even at the risk of whatever charges or insinuations may be levelled against us, we must now feel, and act upon it as our bounden duty, to separate ourselves from those who pursue a course which we believe to be plainly destructive, and to resist, to the utmost of our opportunities or ability, the further progress of the Democratical principle. Neither, again, is it, because some, even among zealous reformers, were from the first opposed to those bungling and deceptious clauses of the Bill, which, upon a principle of merely nominal uniformity, bestowed the elective franchise on the class of ten pound householders all over the country, at the same time that they opened the flood-gates to the full torrent of mob

ascendency in the new metropolitan constituencies; neither, I say, is it, because, disapproving the principle of these clauses, we nevertheless submitted to their introduction rather than encounter what seemed to us the worse evil, of an open collision between the different branches of the legislature, that now the Bill is become parcel of the Constitution, we are the less resolved to maintain it as such, in opposition to those who, though once loudest in the cry of "The Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill," are now equally clamorous in the attempt to subvert its fundamental principles, by introducing the practice of secret voting, and extending the present rate of qualification (which, however in some respects absurd and anomalous, is at least comparatively sensible) to the wild and utterly impracticable notion of universal suffrage. To those who, under whatever different denominations or leaders, professing themselves the advocates of revolutionary projects, have been aptly enough classed together under the general name of the "indefinite and incessant movement party," it would be no less unjust and futile to apply the same indiscriminate measure of censure and reprobation, than it would be to pour the same strain of invective alike upon the heads of a Brutus and a Catiline, an Algernon Sidney and a Wilkes, or a Despard. To some no other mode of argument can be addressed, with the smallest prospect of success, but that which is furnished by the terrors of justice. To others it will never be too late to suggest the width of distinction between every political principle as it exists in the abstract, and in its application to established forms of society, and to maxims and usages incorporated during the lapse of centuries with the very being of a people. It will never be too late to appeal to their Wisdom and their Humanity, and call upon them, in the name of both, to institute a fair measure of comparison between the benefits to be reasonably expected from any change of government, however expedient in theory, and the calamities to be seriously dreaded from the adoption of those steps which must necessarily be taken in order to insure its

attainment. Even the visionary glories of a Platonic republic are not, in the sound estimate of benevolence, still less of religion, worth the purchase of so much of human guilt and misery as must be risked in the attempt to procure them. The participation of power is not the enjoyment of happiness; and the doctrine, which, rightly understood and practised, is unquestionable—viz. that the end and aim of all government ought to be the attainment of the greatest possible amount of public good, is widely distinguishable from that of the "movement," which makes it consist in the greatest possible amount of innovation, tending to the broadest and most undisguised democracy.

A great deal has been lately said and written by men, professing themselves the organs of the "Whig Party," on the evil and mischief arising from a not unnatural tendency of the human mind, at a period when two great parties in the state are equally balanced, to separate from each, and form a third, or middle party; and the tone of reprehension with which it is noticed, is probably not a little exasperated by the immediate sense of injury which *one* (at least) of the two parties supposed to be thus deserted, has sustained in consequence of this unhappy propensity, inasmuch that the persons who have thus fatally distinguished themselves, are classified, without much regard to the principles either of common candour or true philosophy, as consisting of two divisions of "mere selfish people," united to "men of feeble and silly minds;" the latter themselves being created for no other purpose than "to help" the former "to drive their bargains"—a species of "base and dirty work," which (it is added) "lowers character, and hurts the public service;" while the system which is supposed thus to unite them is described as a mere paltry *ruse* or evasion—"their trick is to cry out against party; themselves being a mere faction—a fragment of a faction."

The above complimentary passages occur in the leading article of the last number of the celebrated journal already referred to (Edin. Rev. No. 123), and being thought, perhaps even by the writer of it, to bear a

little harder than sound discretion would warrant on the character and motives of some of the most influential and respectable noblemen and parliamentary leaders of the present day, have been a little qualified in a subsequent article of the same number, where we find the somewhat too spiteful appellation of "the fragment of a faction" softened down to "a section;" which *section* is moreover said to embrace "some highly estimable men," with "pure motives," "exalted integrity," and so forth. How far these qualifying expressions may have the effect of conciliating such persons as Lord Stanley, and others, who had been previously included in the sweeping classification of "mere selfish people, united to men of feeble and silly minds," I will not attempt to conjecture—it being no "object" of mine to widen differences or increase irritation; and in the truth of another sentence I most fully coincide, namely, that "times may occur when the violent extremes of two leading parties in the state, and the excess to which each is pushing its doctrines, may call upon reasonable and moderate men to separate from both, and form a third party—but that, to make this course either necessary or safe, there must be a very marked difference in opinion between the middle party and each of the two extremes." When and how often these occasions may arise must, however, be left to some more unimpeachable judgment than that of an avowed partisan of either extreme to determine—nor can I altogether agree with the writer, that it is in *politics* the same as in *morals*, viz. that there can arise "few questions which have more than two sides—a right and a wrong;"—from whence he draws his deduction that middle men, differing from each, must, in most cases, be wrong, as of necessity. On the contrary, as to *politics*, there can scarcely be any question which does not admit of a variety—an almost endless diversity—of shades of opinion—or of which the extreme is not, on both sides, almost equally wrong; and the inference would rather be that the *right* is always to be found in some middle point between them—some *just medium*, to which the truly honest politician would be bound to attach him-

self, were it not for the practical inconvenience of every statesman acting on his own individual opinion, and the impossibility of conducting the affairs of the world upon any principle but that of combination, involving the surrender, in points of minor importance, of the right of private judgment to the general interests of the community.

Nevertheless, there are also times and occasions which, however blameable we may think the excess of either of two opposite modes of action, admit of no middle course, and render neutrality criminal. To men who, at such times, and on such occasions, adopt a temporizing or a vacillating line of conduct, call them trimmers or waverers, deserters or sectionaries, provided their motives be honest, we have only to say, There is a battle to be fought for life or death, and no safe or honourable station betwixt the contending legions. That this time is the present, and this occasion the question of the English Protestant Church, involving the fate of the aristocracy and of the monarchy, I entertain no doubt whatever; and the actual occupiers of that untenable, neutral position, from which the first blast of the trumpet must necessarily dislodge and force them to fly for shelter to one or other of the *really* contending parties, are the Whig Ministers and their few remaining adherents. I know that this is harsh and unpalatable doctrine to those who have, for more than a century, never extended their optical faculties beyond the narrow limits of their own exclusive party; who have constituted a little world of themselves, and, like the ancient Greeks, mentally (at least) classified all the rest of the universe under one general denomination of barbarians; who have lost sight of *principle* in their blind adherence to a few leading individuals; and who, after suffering under a long and apparently hopeless exile from power, principally through their own want of foresight and sagacity, now find themselves again, and far more hopelessly, deprived of it, just at the moment of a victory more fatal to their existence than the most signal defeat, and when they hoped they had secured themselves in permanent possession through the instrumen-

talities of that very Reform Bill, which, from being the engine of their short-lived popularity, is become that of their irretrievable loss and dispersion. The small remnant of their once formidable camp must soon inevitably become, if it is not already made, the prey of a hardier host of unflinching aggressors; and if any part can yet be rescued from radical subjugation, it is only by manfully shaking off the fetters of old party prejudices, losing even the recollection of more recent defeat and disappointment, and openly proclaiming its conjunction with the great Conservative body. It may, at best, be hoped that *all* the leaders of this broken party are not of the same mind in "preferring anarchy to despotism," even supposing that such were the only remaining alternative. Some few among them must, even now, be believed to have learned the hard lessons of history and experience to better purpose, and to be rendered sensible that the evil so much dreaded, and which (in the shape in which it is thus presented) is a mere bugbear of the imagination, is no less than the inevitable consequence of that which is thus blindly embraced as its substitute. None but the most incapable of idiots can *really* imagine that the worst of all possible forms of government is not preferable to a state of savage independence and utter licentiousness, any more than that the latter state—the *transition* state, as it is termed—can endure, even for the shortest possible period, without being followed by its direct opposite. The history of all ages has established that anarchy is the immediate road, not to liberty, but to that very despotism from which it is, with such ignorant stupidity, hailed as a refuge. But to desist from the exposure of a fallacy so gross and palpable, that nothing less than the distinguished *name* attached to it by some of the public journals could have induced me to pay it a moment's regard, let it be at length known, and acted upon, that the reign of party is at an end, and that the people of England will no longer tolerate the neglect and abandonment of their most vital interests for the selfish and paltry purposes of faction. "*Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi*," is a motto which has

never been altogether applicable, and is now less so than ever, to the case of a nation of freemen who "know their just rights, and, knowing, dare maintain." The voice of the new or enlarged constituency, however it may suit the present purposes of certain baffled demagogues to decry and undervalue its worth and potency, has been heard, in more than one quarter of the kingdom, expressive, in the most unequivocal terms, of the just sense of the sound and intelligent part of the community, especially when roused to indignation by the exposure of falsehood and imposition, and of the base, although too successful, attempt to revive the system of party chicane and trickery which we perhaps dreamed that the *great measure* of Reform had for ever exploded. A *great measure*—I venture, even in addressing the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, to denominate it—*great*, and most influential (be it for good or for evil) on the future destinies of this mighty empire, he must, equally with its warmest champions, consider it. That neither the good nor the evil to result from it will be so pure and unmixed as the more zealous of its partisans or opponents anticipated, has been always my belief; as also that neither the good is to be attained, nor the evil prevented, by sitting in silent apathy, awaiting the changes which it is its tendency to produce, as if they were matters of inevitable necessity, beyond the reach of human prudence to avert, direct, or modify—nor by weak and "vain lamentation over the past," or childish "regret of that which it is beyond our power to remedy"—still less, on the other hand, by blind and presumptuous confidence in the results of a victory achieved, or the absurd persuasion that, Reform being all in all, the course of events may now be securely left to chance, without the trouble of selection either of methods or instruments. True it is, as the late Premier no less justly than eloquently stated, in a speech, a very imperfect report of which I am now citing, that "there is danger to the institutions of this country—danger to the form of government under which we live;" but that it is in the power of

the Conservative party, to which he is addressing himself, "by the exercise of the functions which the Constitution has left them, to mitigate, if not altogether remove, that danger,"—that it is a danger which can be effectually averted only by the men of that party "gaining a legitimate influence in the popular branch of the Legislature,"—that even, "though they may feel that they do not exercise the influence which they are fairly entitled to exercise, they may still attempt to compensate that loss by the exercise of whatever is still left to them,"—and that, "if they act like Englishmen, they may yet animate the country with a pervading spirit which will be sufficient to rescue it from the danger which is impending."

From this animating, inspiring, and glorious strain of manly confidence, it is pitiful, indeed, to turn, but for a moment, to the puling and mawkish complaints of the "effects of intimidation and undue influence"—the temporary alarm in weak minds, caused by the revival of the cry of 'No Popery,' and the advantage gained by *misrepresentation* and *slander*," which we hear uttered, to palliate the shame and mortification of a defeat, fairly ascribable to no other cause than one—the character and conduct of the defeated party—a defeat not produced by "misrepresentation and slander," but which is the just reward of a series of misrepresentations and slanders, perhaps unparalleled, regard being had to the rank and station of the offender—a defeat, not effected by "intimidation and undue influence," but which has nobly exposed the inefficacy of those arts, even where they have been most lavishly and unscrupulously resorted to, to secure, even for the space of a few short months, that ill-gotten ascendancy, poorly purchased at the price of conscience and reputation. Thus contemplated, the recent event, to which I am at present disposed only thus briefly to allude, exhibits, indeed, a great moral lesson, which may not be without some permanent advantage, little as *morality* seems to be regarded in the pursuit of *politics*.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

METRODORUS.

NURSERY RHYMES.

Chacun a son gré peut gloser,
 Mais je n'en veux point imposer,
 Par un pompeux amas de brillantes paroles
 Je raconte des faits et non des fariboles.

I wish to correct a great error I was led into by too eagerly following popular expectations, in a paper on Nursery Rhymes in *Maga* of March last. I certainly did misconstrue one of those ancient nursery tales, which, though pigmies, cast before them mightiest shadows. But it will happen sometimes that "the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of

the two." The current report, that her Gracious Majesty, whom Heaven bless, was likely to present the good King and this nation with a royal infant, so occupied my thoughts, that, like many an enthusiast, I did in this instance bend prophecy to my wishes. I confess, therefore, that the quatrain

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
 Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
 Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
 And put it in the oven for Billy and me,

has no relation whatever to such an event, but most unquestionably is prophetic of a good Tory *batch* of Ministers, to come out of the oven for the benefit of King and people. But though compelled thus to humble myself as a decipherer of these nursery mysteries, I am instantly elated again with the pride and satisfaction of an antiquarian, who,

just on the point of rejecting it as base coin, discovered an Otho. It is no less extraordinary than true, that this very mistake has led to a further elucidation; for I find that this report is plainly spoken of, and the disappointment of all good subjects elegiacally and pathetically announced. First, we have the rumour,

Hush-a-by, baby,
 Upon the *tree top*,
 When the wind blows
 The cradle will rock.

Upon the "*tree top*," is aptly expressive of royal elevation; the wind the rumour, that certainly did set the cradle "*rocking*;" but we im-

mediately are told to put no confidence in this rumour, for that this royal branch would be broken away from our hopes—thus,

When the bough breaks
 The cradle will fall,
 Down will come baby and cradle and all.

I showed fully in my last who the old women of these fables prefigured. There is one amusing one which gives a kind of summary of the "*Gesta Graiorum*," in which the perplexity of the poor old woman that could not make her kid go, is given to the life; how she calls on stick, fire, water, ox, rope, grease, rat, and cat, none of which act as

she would wish, till at last the "*movement*" takes place, and they are all ready not only to go "*kiddy*," but the "*whole hog*," which no doubt is the meaning, kid being here substituted for the more unclean animal. This tale must be of great antiquity, for, though it is in some sort metrical, it is not in rhyme.

There was an old woman swept her house, and found a silver penny,
 And she went to market and bought her a kid;
 But when she came to drive it home, kid would not go.
 She went a little farther and met with a stick, and said to it,
 Stick, stick, beat kid, kid won't go, 'tis a'most midnight, and home I
 must go.
 She went a little farther and met with fire;
 Fire, fire, burn stick, stick won't beat kid, kid won't go, 'tis a'most, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with water;
 Water, water, quench fire, fire won't burn stick, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with an ox;
 Ox, ox, drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with a butcher;
 Butcher, butcher, kill ox, ox won't drink water, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with a rope;
 Rope, rope, hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with some grease;
 Grease, grease, grease rope, rope won't hang butcher, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with a rat;
 Rat, rat, eat grease, grease won't grease rope, &c.
 She went a little farther and met with a cat;
 Cat, cat, eat rat, rat won't eat grease, grease won't, &c.

These several prefigurations are not very difficult to make out. The Madam Reform sweeping her house is as clear as day, and her finding thereby a "silver penny." The stick exhibits the "bludgeon system," so requisite to the "go;" and we know she went through fire and water to accomplish her ends; and Bristol and Nottingham well know the fire came first, and water too late to quench it. The ox, perhaps, may be John Bull emasculated, and entreated to drink "holy water." The

butcher, head and cross bones cannot be mistaken—nor the rope to hang him, which the reforming Whigs refused to do; and the greasing the rope requires no comment, for we know well what political grease is, and how rats eat it with great avidity. But it is a sly puss, and, we suspect, a puss in boots, pounces on the rat after all, and then begins the "movement" party to exhibit their pranks, and Reform is brought home.

"The cat began to eat the rat—the rat began to eat the grease—the grease began to grease the rope—the rope began to hang the butcher—the butcher began to kill the ox—the ox began to drink the water—the water began to quench the fire—the fire began to burn the stick—the stick began to beat the kid—kid began to go—and as 'twas all midnight, home they did go."

Midnight, indeed! dark as Erebus—chaos come again—and Reform brought home to every rogue's and every honest man's door. But we must retrace our steps, and see what is to be before this "midnight finale." I have only first to observe that I do not write chronologically. We read of the beast with one only apparent horn, fed to insolence by those who gave him white bread, and then brown—coaxingly gingerbread, and then sent him out

of town—and cannot doubt as to the signification. The Unicorn is the Political Union; and what is he fed to fight for, that is, to tear away from the good old lion defender? The Crown. But though thus pampered by the Grey administration, the sturdy lion of England was too much for the unicorn—the unions—and beat him "all round about the town." But the whole matter is best expressed in the lines—

The lion and the unicorn
 Fighting for the crown:

The lion beat the unicorn
 All round about the town.
 Some gave them white bread,
 Some gave them brown,
 Some gave them gingerbread,
 And sent them out of town.

It is not only the unicorn these pamperers finally send out of town, but the good old loyal defender, such a one as the poet speaks of—"Luxuriatque *Toris animosum pectus*." They drove loyalty itself out of Town: but the noble animal has begun to have a shrewd suspicion that he has been abused; and having given the unicorn a clapperclawing, is on his way back—and long may he defend the Crown! This specimen of the nursery rhymes has been even considered important; and the Heralds' College have emblazoned the fight for the royal arms; but some heraldry painters have of late taken very great liberties, and made the lion the weakest, and crown and royal arms falling from the "pressure" of the unicorn,

—and here is an example—the envelope to the engraving of the National Gallery. This is bad taste, and they should be made put the thing upright again at their own cost, and let them give the lion a good mane, though *his tail* has been, as Lord Grey feared, too much *curtailed* by act of Parliament; and they ought not to make him throw back his head so, as if he were afraid of being taken by the beard. I do not like these radical omens, and wish the designers whipped.

The restless interference, the petty turning out and turning in of the royal household, even to the Queen's chamberlain, and the wandering mountebanking of the Grey goose administration, is here very manifest.

Goosey, goosey gander

Where shall I wander?

Answer—

Up stairs, down stairs,

In my lady's chamber.

Then comes the indignation against the old schoolmaster that wouldn't teach the children their prayers, persisting in every other

sort of education—and his many tosses and attempts to stand on either one or both legs and failing in all, make the portrait like as life.

Old father long legs

Will not say his prayers;

Take him by the left leg,

Take him by the right leg,

Take him by both legs,

And throw him down stairs.

But here is a new education system promised, and the authors of the two curiously, and somewhat whimsically, denoted by the very alphabet to be taught. For great A, it must mean Arthur, who will triumph over Brougham, who is, therefore,

the little b. Arthur will take care to put the sly puss of a school-mistress, either Popery, or Miss Martineau, in the cupboard, and shut her out from all participation, where she can't see.

Great A, little b,

The cat's in the cupboard,

And she can't see.

The Parliament rescinding their votes on the malt-bill—the eating their own words almost as soon as spoken, and the *ratting*, will be found in

and, "The malt that lay in the house that Jack built;"
 "This is the rat that eat the malt."

I will leave it to the reader to gather the detail. He will very easily discover

“The man all tatter’d and torn,
That married the maiden all forlorn ;”
as well as “The priest all shaven and shorn.”

The details in this Orphic are of consequential events not yet come to pass—nor is it pleasant to pursue the train of thought to which the particulars lead ; but I fear I see Popery at the bottom of all ; and it is with an eye of suspicion the reader will picture in the following, “The Scarlet Lady ;” and it would appear her confident approach towards our venerable Protestant University, is not omitted.

Ride a cock-horse to *Banbury* cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse ;
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

The fisherman’s “ring” and the bells, leave little doubt as to the identity ; and I confess I like not to say what music may accompany her.

All will confess that we live in momentous times, and that circumstances, apparently insignificant in themselves, have a most dire and prospective import. Lord John Russell is but the minute instrument in the hands of the enemy of England, which he may choose for its manageableness to stab her to the very heart. He is in these Orphic mysteries so clearly pointed out with a contemptuous ridicule, and his defeats so frequently detailed, that I cannot but take courage

therefrom, and entertain some hope, from the extreme lightness and playfulness of the compositions, that the discomfiture will be complete of Lord John and all his co-partners in iniquity. The difficulties of the present administration, if so monstrous a thing as that which goes *tail over head* can be called an administrative body, are dwelt upon with keen satire. The King’s three principal secretaries of state are handled with great contempt ; the progeny of the “Mountain in Labour,” blind, discomfited, and not knowing where to find a hole to creep into, are thus simpy, yet most significantly described :—

Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run !

In another curious apologue, they are treated as “three children sliding on the ice,” which we find breaks under them. The very time of the year is noted, for it is “all on a summer’s day.” Thus, even impossibilities are collected for illustration to show the manifest folly of

their attempts ; we have them, as it were, in this scientific mountebankery, constructing a bridge of artificial ice to cross the slough of despond. The three principal secretaries are certainly the three children—

Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer’s day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

They delight, it seems, in the rapid “movement” that ice alone can give ; but, in another sense, we may see them leaving their homes on a very slippery expedition, to get in, indeed,

but not as the tale says, for they trusted, if the ice should break, that they should still go on swimmingly ; but not they—they are drowned. Thus,—

Now had these children been at home,

Or sliding on dry ground,
A thousand pounds to one penny
They had not all been drowned.

Who does not see in the "thousand pounds to one penny" the beggary-box and penny collections for Lord John Russell, and the intimation that the very ground which, to "purity of election" men, should have been dry, was soaking with bribery, ale, and cider, and all to no purpose? The ridicule and irony of the conclusion is admirable,—the parents

of course being the *appointing* House of Commons that have children (three principal Secretaries of State), and have no children; for not one of them can show his face at home. It plainly says, "keep them safe at home, for the moment you send them *abroad*, they are no longer returnable nor safe, however dear they are to you."

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you will have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

But the particulars are whimsically correct in the following—

Here we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down e,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And all the world around e.

Thus, Mr Charles Grant goes *up up*, up to the peerage: Lord John Russell goes *down, down, down* in South Devon; Lord Palmerston goes backwards and forwards, rejected of all, and yet as "Foreign Secretary" he is the one to go "all the world a-

round e." I cannot conceive four more pithy lines; they are a history in epitome, yet in incident and character complete.

In another very mysterious effusion, they are termed three cats,—

Three cats sat by the fireside,
In a basket full of coal dust;
One cat said to the other,

"Su pu, pell mell—Queen Anne's dead!"
"Is she?" said Grimalkin, "then I'll reign Queen in her stead."
Then up, up, up, they flew up the chimney!

Events have not as yet developed the mystery of these lines. What alliance the three secretaries may hereafter make with the "small coal man," who, it would appear, gives them a seat in his cabinet, his basket full of coal dust, time will show; the unintelligible words, as they are to express the hieroglyphics of the parties, are involved in inextricable unintelligibility; we can, however, learn their import from pell-mell, signifying great confusion. The death of Queen Anne; and who is great Grimalkin to reign instead; and why they fly up the chimney, must be left to another generation. I could surmise, but it would be

mere conjecture, and I meddle not with it.

One of the three principal secretaries having been disposed of—by going up—we afterwards read of but two of them, the foreign secretary is aptly designated the Man in the Moon, a sort of extra-parochial expression. His coming down too soon clearly shows his *earliest* rejection; and his looking to any place, so that he might but get in, is ludicrously imagined by his asking the "way to Norwich;"—no matter where—whether known or unknown, all the same thing—but he does not even know the way.

The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon
To ask the way to Norwich.

Then, what follows most decidedly points to Lord John and his "de-feat" in the south of Devon, for he is called the Man of the South.

The Man of the South,

He burnt his mouth

By eating cold plum-porridge.

Nothing, indeed, can be more descriptive of his total discomfiture. However, quoad subscription to the beggar's petition, he let *others* "burn their fingers;" he certainly burnt his mouth; for, being obliged to eat his own words, so often served up cold to him, and not being allowed to bolt the mass kneaded and mould-

ed into a Devonshire dumpling, he is said to have suffered intensely, and is still labouring in consequence under the "tic douloureux."

The absurdity of his attempt upon impracticable places, his blindness, and reiterated rashness, are here portrayed!

There was a man of Thessaly,

And he was wondrous wise.

I must, in the first place, notice, that the man of Thessaly is another expression for a mountebank, a conjurer, a trickster, Thessaly being famous for acts of incantation and

such matters. I would not be so bold as to say it alludes to any treasury incantations, though he is termed wondrous wise. But to proceed—

He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,

And scratch'd out both his eyes.

This done, the quick-set hedge, so picturesquely and so truly representing the deep-hedged south of

Devon, he, knowing his lacerated condition, repeats his folly—

And when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and main

He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,

To scratch them in again.

Old Scratch, however, does not seem to have been his friend on the occasion, for it does not appear that he succeeded.

he is discovered under another title, innocently looking for his lost sheep, determined to get a flock by hook or by "crook," as the saying is.

Having fairly lost his constituents,

Little Bo-peep has lost his sheep,

And can't tell where to find them;

But let 'em alone, they'll soon come home,

And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,

And dream'd he heard them bleating,

But when he awoke, he found it a joke,

For still they all were fleeting.

Then up he took his little crook,

Determined for to find them;

He found 'em indeed, but it made his heart bleed,

For they'd left their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep is very characteristic of the bo-peep Reform bill trickster, and we here have the importance of the *tails* noticed. His dreaming of success, and finding it a joke, is capital. Sheep, too, admirably prefigure those who are *driven*, some borough constituency, or equivalent to one; and finding such, that

they have no *tails*, so small a constituency for one who declared he never would have but a large one, is enough to make his heart bleed. But it seems his own former constituents chose to bring their tails behind them, not liking the Russell system of going tail-foremost.

All know that Devonshire is fa-

mous for cows; and that Lord John tock, and this we see distinctly was tauntingly told to go to Tavis- foretold in the following.

Russelly, busselty, Hop o' my Thumb
Scrambled up on the wall, but he couldn't down come—
He call'd on the chicken, he called to the hen,
He call'd to the house-dog, and big boy Ben;
But the red red cow she happen'd to stray,
And took his two legs for two tuffets of hay;
So into his waistband she hitch'd her horn,
And toss'd him into his father's corn.

I will not stop to particularize the designated hen-chickens, house-dog, and big boy Ben, they are obvious to every one, but proceed to show the consequences of this "climbing ambition" and fall.

Humpty Dumpty on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Not all the King's money, nor all the King's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty up again.

All the King's money, and all the King's men, really shows a very frightful degree of bribery and corruption; and when we add to this the whole contents of the beggary box, we cannot sufficiently admire the "purity" of the South Devon electors.

To those who may be disposed to "go the whole hog," it may not be unpleasant to learn that a sufficient choice among the political swine is left them—all equally effective—for there is

A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.

The sow-pig being the old lady of Babylon, O'Connell is without doubt the pig with the curling tail, and we fear to represent the world's ingratitude in mentioning the belief that the pig without any tail at all is poor Earl Grey.

I will conclude this paper with one more extract from these pigmy prophetic rhymes, in which the utter recklessness, arts, and wickednesses of the Whig faction, is put in such a light as will ensure abhorrence.

Nor must the reader be surprised to find in it a play upon words before he reach the sense. This shows the antiquity, for, as Æschylus tells us, very ancient prophecies deal largely and gravely in puns, and he brings as a proof the name of Helen the destroyer of Troy (in some passage I will not stop to refer to, trusting that the reader not already acquainted with it will take my word for it), as given by a prospective fatality. But to the matter.

Some say the devil's dead,
And buried in cold harbour;
Some say he's alive again,
And prentice to a barber.

Here, by a metonymy common to ancient productions, the maker is put for the thing made—the thing made by sound substituted for another thing. Here a political party—barber for wig, wig for Whig. It is awful to think that, wicked as this nameless "gentleman in black" is said to be, that he is so inferior in

arts and mischief to the Whigs that he is willing to serve an apprenticeship under them. We have all of us, however, only to hope that the apprenticeship is not for more than seven years, and that the period of the expiration of the indenture will shortly arrive.

FOREIGN MILITARY BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is a great deal of beautiful biography scattered through the voluminous old chronicles of France, Spain, and Italy, but it is surprising how little of it has been extracted and reduced to a popular form. Of Gonsalvo, the great captain of Spain—of the Constable Bourbon, Sforza, Gaston de Foix, Du Guesclin, and many others, we know little more than their names, and some of their detached prominent feats. Even of the sieges of the Marshals Saxe, Turenne, and Condé, we have no separate agreeable narratives. And yet nothing seems to us so calculated to form delightful and instructive reading as little biographical sketches of such men as these. Almost all the worthies of the time we allude to being military, only gives an additional charm to the subject; for however little the general reader may be supposed to sympathize with the political views and intrigues of statesmen of past ages, or in the polemical discussions of divines, or in the discoveries and theories of philosophers, which all make a greater demand upon thought than it is always pleasant to accord, the “moving accidents of flood and field” have an attraction for every one. War is heroic poetry put into action; and great warriors, and their exploits, hold the same place in our imaginations as the themes of great poets. We therefore think we shall give pleasure to our readers, by presenting them with the following brief sketch of the life of Alexander Farnese. He was undoubtedly the greatest captain whom Spain, in her palmiest days (the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II.), sent forth to conquer; and his campaigns in the Low Countries and France have at the same time a romantic and scientific interest. The impulses of chivalry had not then ceased to be felt, and military tactics had made nevertheless considerable progress. In its purer days, chivalry, perhaps, shows itself too Quixotic to excite much of our sympathy; but when we behold it running parallel with science, chastened and checked by its severer companion, and brought within the rules of reason, the combined display of both is very inspiring. In the following sketch, we have touched only on such historic details as could not be omitted without rendering our subject unintelligible; and, notwithstanding the brevity of our notice, we have endeavoured to render it complete, and have omitted nothing likely to be at all interesting.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER FARNESE.

ALEXANDER FARNESE came into the Netherlands, the theatre of all his military renown, in the year 1578. It is necessary to mention, that Don John of Austria, his uncle, was at that period governor from the court of Spain, and that the “*Pacification of Ghent*” had just then been concluded by the patriots. This celebrated instrument, of which the Prince of Orange was the chief author, promised a respite from the desolating effects of civil war and religious persecution, which had afflicted the country during the three previous administrations. To make this the more secure, another instrument, called the “*Perpetual Edict*,” had been prepared for the acceptance of the new governor, before the States would acknowledge his authority. Both these instruments contained the same provisions; an alliance be-

tween the provinces, the dismissal of foreign troops, and a certain degree of toleration and protection for the Protestants. Don John readily subscribed the edict; but, finding himself reduced to a state of painful insignificance, he sought to possess himself of real authority by seizing by stratagem on the citadel of Namur. This provoked the renewal of hostilities, and it was then that Alexander Farnese was sent into the Netherlands with an Italian force to support his uncle. He had before greatly distinguished himself under him at the famous battle of Lepanto, and now came in the hope of gathering fresh laurels under a captain whom that action had rendered so celebrated.

Alexander Farnese was the third Duke of Parma and Placentia. He brought with him into the world the

somewhat sinister lustre of being grandson to the two chief potentates of Europe—Pope Paul III. and the Emperor Charles V. He discovered, even in his boyish years, a decided turn for a soldier's life; besides, the spirit of the age being purely military, he was surrounded in his childhood by martial sounds and spectacles. "He was born," says Strada, "amid the alarums of war. He heard the sound of the trumpet before the songs of his nurse, and the gleam and flashing of arms was the first light that broke upon his eyes." He was married in his tenth year, with much pomp and circumstance, to the Princess of Portugal. But to us he is chiefly remarkable as illustrating the war-game of his times, and forming the most prominent connecting link between the ancient and modern school of warfare. Before him—if the campaigns of Gonsalvo, the great captain of Spain, will not form an exception—war, compared with its later improvements, was only budding into science. The campaigns during the late reigns in Italy and Flanders, and the contemporary struggles in France between the Court and the Calvinists, exhibit military tactics in a very rude state; but in reading of the deeds of the Prince of Parma, we seem to be carried more than a century in advance, almost into our own times. We behold once more a great general, not an adventurous soldier, at the head of an army; and the high qualifications of a modern commander, which he every where displayed, are the more remarkable, as he was fully alive to the impulses of the chivalric spirit which run so counter to their development.

In the very first action in which he was engaged, after his arrival in the Netherlands, he gave promise of his future renown. This was at the battle of Gembloues, where the royal army gained a decided victory over the superior forces of the States. The latter were passing through a narrow defile, so rugged and rocky, as to prevent their preserving any order. They believed themselves, however, secure from an attack, from the difficulty of traversing the pass to reach its outlet; and from the protection which a steep bank, intersected with small streams of rushing water, apparently impassable for

large bodies, interposed between them and the enemy. The Prince of Parma, however, without consulting Don John, resolved to undertake this perilous passage, and fall upon them at the outlet, with merely a few troops of cavalry. He trusted for success to the disorder of the enemy, and to two simultaneous charges which should take place at the same time with his, the one in flank, and the other in rear, which were practicable higher up the defile. Taking a lance from his squire, and mounting a fresh horse, he sent this message previously to Don John, "Tell your general," said he to his squire, "that Alexander, recollecting the ancient Roman, has thrown himself down a precipice to gain this day a great and memorable victory." Complete success crowned his daring adventure. As soon as the enemy appeared, they found themselves suddenly attacked in front, in flank, and in rear; and before they could face this triple shock, confusion and panic had spread through their ranks, and completed the victory. The Prince of Parma thus justified the boasting banner Don John had hoisted on the occasion, which had the sign of the cross, with this inscription, "Under this sign I have conquered the infidels—under this sign I will conquer the heretics." According to Strada, the royalists only lost twelve men in this action, whilst the incredible number of six thousand of the enemy remained on the field of battle, and all their artillery and baggage fell into the hands of the victors. Alexander Farnese followed up this victory by taking the towns of Siechen, Diest, Philipville, and Limbourg, which already raised his reputation very high.

Shortly after, Don John of Austria, the youthful conqueror of the Turks, the hero of Lepanto, died. The Low Countries had been a land very fatal to his glory. He brought into it the highest reputation in Europe, and found there nothing but disappointment, failure, and chagrin. The only gleams of success which attended his administration were owing to the Prince of Parma, whom he left his successor, and in a very critical position. Two armies, one from Germany, under the Palatine John Casimir, and another from France, under the

Duke of Alençon, had arrived to the succour of the States. The prince, unable to keep the field against this force, had shut himself up in a fortified camp, under the walls of Namur. But the divisions and disunion which prevailed among the confederated chiefs, secured him from an attack; and their armies in a short time disbanding for want of pay, or from the expiration of their period of service, he found himself free again to assume the offensive. The arduous and important siege of Maestrich, was the enterprise with which he resolved to commence his career.

It does not suit the limits of this sketch, to record his previous successes, or to give a detailed account of this memorable siege. It was fertile in all those accidents and adventures which vary the features of all operations of the kind; but their narration would be as uninteresting now, as it was full of stirring excitement at the time. One only encounter seems to claim a particular relation. It was when two breaches were ready for an assault. The Prince of Parma had resolved to storm them both at the same time, and chose the storming parties from the various nations of which the royal army was composed. Their courage was thus heightened by emulation, and the intrepidity with which they advanced right in front of the enemy's cannon, which swept through and made gaps in their ranks every second; the fury of their attack, and the equal fury with which it was met and repelled, has in it, as related by Strada, something incredible. As soon as they came into close conflict, both sides flung down their fire-arms, and contended hand to hand with their swords and pikes. In a few minutes the ruins of the walls were strewn with dead. Clouds of dust enveloped the combatants, and it was only by the clatter of their arms, and the confused sound of mingling groans and shouts, with sudden and indistinct glimpses, as suddenly obscured and shifting, that those not immediately engaged could get notice of the fray that was going on. Occasionally this dun mass of combatants was illuminated by the artificial fires, which the women from the battlements hurled, to their momentary

dismay, among the assailants; and the continued jaculation of stones and other missiles from the same quarter, caused terrible annoyance, and often did fatal execution. During a moment of intensest conflict, a barrel of gunpowder near the spot blew up. The stunning explosion suspended the struggle for a few seconds, and this pause seemed to have new-strung the energy and rage of the combatants. A promiscuous fight was maintained for a long time with growing fury. It became thickened and more confused by the number of unremoved corpses, which formed stepping stones to mount the breach for the assailants, and the field of combat for the assailed. The conflict still raged and fluctuated, with an obstinacy unabated, and the issue seemed doubtful, when the Prince of Parma sent a report to each storming party, that the other was already victorious. This had the effect he desired. It gave a fresh impulse to the exhausted strength of his soldiers, and by the aid of the constant reinforcements he poured in, they at last reached the top of the breaches. But here, instead of victory, they found only baffling disappointment. Strong interior works and trenches hindered their farther progress, and a mortifying retreat to the camp, with a heavy loss of men, was all the result of this day's most fearful contention. Maestrich at last fell, after eight months' desperate resistance, by a combined surprise and assault. But "what boots the oft repeated tale of strife?" Its fall was followed by important results. The Walloons (the most warlike people of the provinces, devoted Catholics), who had been long cold towards and lately disgusted with the popular cause, were decided by it to a reconciliation with the King's party. The insinuating manners and address, and frank and gallant bearing of the Prince of Parma, had much share in inducing them to this. They only stipulated that all foreign troops should be dismissed from his service—a point which was yielded with much reluctance. Besides this advantage, which was equivalent to many victories, the Prince of Parma seduced, or cajoled by his arts, many towns to return to their obe-

dience to the King: Mean time the patriotic party was torn by divisions and polemic passions which baffled and thwarted all its energies. It resembled, indeed, that part of the image of Nebuchadnezzar which was composed of clay and iron, which cannot cleave and adhere together; and nothing but the cement which the prudence, energy, wisdom, and patriotism of the Prince of Orange compounded, prevented it from falling asunder and being broken to pieces. On the present occasion, however, Philip played into his hands. The bigotry of that cruel tyrant had got the mastery over his guile. He spoke out too plainly at the conference then holding at Cologne, and made it appear that nothing would satisfy him but the total extirpation of heresy, and the completest establishment of despotism. This prepared the minds of the patriots for a bold measure, which was the forerunner and basis of one still bolder, viz. "The Declaration of the Independence of the United Provinces." The first step towards this great act was the "Union of Utrecht," which the Prince of Orange now opposed to the successes of Alexander Farnese. It was equivalent to them certainly in immediate effect, and gained for its author a much more sterling, because a purer kind of glory. Mutual weakness now caused the war to languish on both sides. The States, having so many towns to garrison, had no efficient force to keep in the field, and the Prince of Parma, since the dismissal of his foreign troops, could undertake nothing of moment. The two chiefs were therefore busily employed in spinning webs of intrigue and negotiation over the face of the whole land: Farnese, in corrupting the governors and garrisons of every town where his agents could get admission, and the Prince of Orange in bringing to conclusion the treaty which transferred the sovereignty of the Netherlands to the head of the Duke of Anjou. This latter measure, when completed, produced not the happy results it promised. The Duke of Anjou, impetuous and enterprising, as he was false, fickle, and weak, attempted to surprise Antwerp and some other towns, that he might render his power independ-

ent. This piece of base treachery having disgracefully failed, brought himself and his French soldiers into thorough odium and contempt. Hence new troubles new divisions, and distractions. Mean time the Prince of Parma had brought the Walloons to petition for a return of his foreign troops, and, with a force of 64,000 foot and 4000 horse, again commenced a most active warfare. Nothing could exceed the rapidity of his successes. After a first check he met with from the renowned Marshal Biron, who had only a handful of men, the career of his conquests went on without stop or delay. Town after town fell before him. Stenwick, Nienoven, Levres, Goesbeck, Endora, Diest, Westerloo, Ghent, Bruges, Tournay, Nieupoort, Dunkirk, Ipres, Oudenarde, and shortly after Villevorden, Dendermonde, and Bruxelles, were reduced, some after a long siege, some by treachery, and some by surprise, or the fear of famine, to acknowledge the authority of the King. To deepen the emphasis of their losses, and heighten the alarm of the States into consternation, a blow was now struck by the hand of an assassin which was severer and more irreparable than all their other calamities: This was the death of the Prince of Orange. He was assassinated, at the public instigation of Philip, on the eve of his inauguration to the sovereignty, vacant by the death of the Duke of Anjou. The circumstances of this tragedy are too well known to be repeated; but the name of Orange is too classic in the annals of liberty to be dismissed without regret so abruptly.

The course of his successes had now brought the Prince of Parma to the greatest of his undertakings—the siege of Antwerp. The success of his enterprise depended altogether upon depriving the besieged of the resources of the Scheldt. To do this, it was necessary, in spite of its great depth, breadth, and rapidity, to build a bridge upon its heaving waters. It would be as tedious to record, as it was glorious to overcome, all the difficulties which occurred before every thing was ready to commence this huge construction. First the city was strictly blockaded, and two forts erected on each bank of the river to protect the workmen

at their labours. Then immense stakes, which formed what was called the estocades, were driven by force of engines into the bed of the river, cemented together by masses of stones and earth, and descending on the one side to the depth of two hundred feet, and on the other of nine hundred. On these were built two piers, projecting so far into the stream, as to contract its channel to the one half of its original width. These were armed with rows of long pikes tipped with iron, which darted out above the surface of the water, rendering the passage still narrower, and the navigation extremely dangerous. Parapets were besides raised on the piers planted with cannon; and two forts, built in the middle of the stream, at the extreme ends of the estocades, were ready to open their fires upon all hostile vessels. To complete the whole, the strait between the two piers was filled up with a considerable number of dismantled ships, fastened together by chain-hooks and anchors, and this prodigious structure, thus completed, stood together in immovable firmness, undamaged by the winds, floods, and ice of the whole winter.

The Antwerpens, who had at first regarded the idea of the bridge with derision, beheld its progress towards completion with terror. They resorted to an expedient for its destruction, as extraordinary and as striking to the imagination as was the stupendous barrier itself. This was the construction of fire-ships, or infernal machines as they were called, of which Giambelli, an Italian engineer, was the inventor. These ships, of which three were built, had each a mine or chamber, stored with gunpowder, bullets, cannon ball, rugged stones, and other weighty materials and hard substances, forcibly compressed together, to be ignited by a slow train which should catch only at the proper moment. As the royal army had merely heard uncertain reports of this invention, they could make no preparation to avert the danger. Their dismay and astonishment were consequently the greater when they beheld one night, the whole surface of the stream burst suddenly into light, and present the appearance of a sheet of vivid flame, whilst three enormous ships were hurrying through this

extraordinary splendour, and by favour of the wind and tide driving directly upon the centre of the bridge. Multitudes drawn by curiosity, crowded on the piers to witness the dazzling spectacle. Though the night was pitchy dark, every object was more distinctly seen than at noon-day. The city, the forts, the fleet and bridge appeared to be invested with a supernatural light. The country all around was lit up with a fairy-like brilliancy, and the flags and banners with their inscriptions, and the arms and distinctive badges of the soldiers were brightly visible in the intense radiance which filled the whole atmosphere. Presently one of the ships exploded before it reached its destined mark, with a dreadful noise. Some Spanish soldiers, with incredible boldness, leaped into the others, and endeavoured to extinguish their trains; and the Prince of Orange had hardly been hurried from the bridge, where he was intently watching their success, when the two machines, bursting through it with a ruinous crash, and exploding at the same time, shattered it to atoms, and men, cannon, and the huge machinery upon it, were in an instant dispersed in the air—eight hundred perished by this explosion. The Prince of Parma was struck to the earth by a beam, where he lay for a long time insensible. Many others were frightfully disfigured and maimed by the ghastly wounds inflicted by the missiles with which the machine was stored. The river, forced from its bed, rushed into the adjacent forts, and swept away many individuals of their garrisons, and the ground all around shook as with an earthquake.

The damage of the bridge was soon repaired by the diligence and zeal with which the prince of Parma knew how to inspire his army; and to prevent the like disaster in future, the ships between the piers were made removable, so as to afford a free passage to the fire-ships should they be sent on a second errand of destruction. The besieged now sought to inundate an immense plain which stretched up to the walls of Antwerp, by which to render the navigation free despite the blocking up of the river. This plain was traversed by a dike, and along this dike the Prince of Parma had built seve-

ral forts. To take them, and be thus able to let loose the water over the plain, became at present the sole hope of the Antwerpens, and on its frustration depended the success of all the labours of Farnese. Several of the most furious encounters of the war took place on this important spot. The Prince of Parma, who seemed to delight in the exposure of his person when prudence permitted it, fought on one of these occasions at the head of his men, sword in hand, like a common soldier, and to this personal example he owed victory. His men had before given way, and the besieged considered themselves as conquerors, when Alexander appeared on foot with his naked sword in his hand, and rushing forward at the head of his men, he renewed the combat, and beat back the enemy on every point, who at last fled to their ships. They left 3000 dead upon the dike, or at its base, and the Spaniards lost 800 men. (Strada's account of numbers we look upon to be always suspicious.) Antwerp immediately afterwards surrendered, and was granted the most favourable conditions.

Shortly after the surrender of Antwerp, Alexander Farnese exchanged the title of Prince for the superior one of Duke of Parma, to which he had succeeded by the death of his mother. We must pass over his remaining successes in the Low Countries. Though marked with his usual energy and rapidity, they are too much involved in political matters to be rendered intelligible in this brief space, and besides offer nothing of sufficient interest to detain the reader from his two famous expeditions into France. He was summoned thither by Philip II. to oppose the Huguenots, who held Paris closely invested and on the point of surrendering. He had now to meet a rival worthy of his fame, Henry IV. of Navarre. Henry had just before raised his military renown to the highest point by the victories of Argues and Ivry, and all Europe was attentive to the exciting spectacle of a contest between the two greatest captains of the age. The hostile armies met at Chelles, about four leagues distant from Paris. An action seemed inevitable. The high-road to Paris was occupied by the French army,

and there was no other road except on the other side of the Marne, which was defended by the strong fortress of Lagny. Henry, believing it utterly impossible that the enemy should quit his camp, where he lay strongly intrenched, cross the river and take Lagny in presence of a superior force, counted upon a battle as unavoidable and certain. But Farnese had resolved to evade that risk, which might expose him to a disastrous retreat. After remaining for some days inactive, and communicating his intention to no one, he gave out that he designed to give battle. His van, composed of cavalry, immediately occupied, in dense squadrons, a hill which separated the two armies. The duke, having ordered the Marquis de Reut, who commanded it, to maintain his ground, but on no provocation to descend the hill, galloped back to the Duke de Mayenne, who was advancing with the main body. "My dear duke," said he, shaking him by the hand, "we shall soon be at Paris, but for this purpose it is necessary to turn back and direct our march to another quarter." This movement was perfectly concealed by the cavalry which covered the hill. Henry, full of joy and alacrity, drew up his army in admirable order, and expected every minute an engagement, but he was resolved to wait till the enemy should descend the hill, that he might engage them on more equal terms. During this anxious interval, the Prince of Parma had expeditiously marched his main body towards the Marne, taken up his encampment directly opposite Lagny, strongly fortified it, and planted his batteries over against the town. The cavalry in the mean time continued to amuse Henry till towards nightfall, when they began to file off towards the river. It was not till the morning that he discovered the meaning of the manœuvre that had been so skilfully executed. He then, to borrow a term from a game which never more strikingly illustrated the art of war than in the present instance, found himself completely checkmated. He could not make a single move. Should he attempt to relieve Lagny, he left the direct road to Paris open. Should he attack Farnese in his intrench-

ments, he was exposed, from the advantageous position of the enemy, to almost certain defeat. He was condemned to the bitter mortification of watching in inactivity the operations of his adversary, and seeing them crowned with success. The river was crossed, and Lagny taken by assault under his immediate observation, and he might see from his camp the Spanish army marching triumphantly upon Paris, whilst he commanded 30,000 men, burning for action, but spell-bound by the magic of superior skill.

This was the most brilliant achievement of the life of the Duke of Parma, if the closing action of his glorious career does not even surpass it in boldness and adroitness. Being sent to the relief of Rouen, which was also besieged by Henry, he had advanced into the peninsula of Caux, to take the fortress of Caudebec; but he had neglected, by an immense oversight, which had wellnigh stripped him of all his laurels, and fixed upon his fame an indelible disgrace, to secure the entrance behind him. Henry, delighted at the prospect of outgeneraling his great rival in his turn, promptly seized upon all the passes. Farnese then found himself completely hemmed round, and shut in by the rivers Seine and Eu, and the French army. He himself had been wounded at the siege of Caudebec, and was suffering from a fever, and famine began to be severely felt in his camp. There appeared no means of escape, and Henry waited with impatient confidence for the triumphant moment when the whole Spanish force would be obliged to lay down their arms at his feet. How great, then, must have been his astonishment and mortification when, one morning, after he had been amused the preceding day with a smart skirmish of cavalry, the seeming prelude to a general attack, he beheld the whole Spanish force, whom he had already regarded as his prisoners, at the other side of the river! Farnese had executed this astonishing passage under the cover of a heavy mist. He had before collected a great quantity of boats from Rouen, constructed rafts for transporting his artillery and

baggage, thrown reinforcements into the besieged town, and cleared the river of several Dutch ships of war, by planting batteries along the shore, and making their anchorage too hot for them. But although all these operations were carried on within the observation of the French army, they were conducted with so much expedition and secrecy, that the enemy's design was not discovered till his camp was found void, and his arms were glittering, like a vision in Henry's eyes, on the opposite banks of the Seine. To enjoy his triumph more poignantly, Farnese sent on the same day a good-natured, but mocking message to Henry, to know if he was content with his last manœuvre.

The career of this great man now drew towards its close. He died at Arras of the effects of the wound he had received at Caudebec, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the fourteenth of his government of the Netherlands. It was suspected that he was poisoned by the orders of Philip, but there appears to have been no other ground for the suspicion than the black character of that throne inquisitor, from whom every crime might seem to emanate as from its natural source. If that crowned assassin did not, however, cut short his mortal course, he at least sullied his immortal fame. It is impossible to look with entire complacency upon the most potent and active instrument of such a tyrant in his most iniquitous designs. But if posterity can forgive him this fault, or rather misfortune, and pardon his arbitrary principles, in consideration that he was the grandson of a pope and an emperor, his moral character will bid fair for as lasting an admiration as his military genius. His temper was gentle and humane, his manner frank and courteous, his fidelity to his word inviolable. He maintained his engagements to the towns which submitted to his arms with the most scrupulous strictness; and his prudence and moderation, the favourable terms he granted to conquered provinces, and the wisdom and lenity of his whole administration, had more effect in retaining them in obedience to Spain, than all his triumphs in the field.

MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATE REVOLUTION.

WE suppose there is no re-action against the Revolutionary system now perceptible:—The gain of a hundred seats at the last election; the striking defeat of Lord John Russell in Devonshire, by a constituency of seven thousand voters; the triumphant victory in Essex; the unsuccessful but yet significant contest in Yorkshire; the memorable defeat in Inverness-shire, are no indications whatever that the people are wakening from their lethargy, and becoming alive to the enormous evils which await them from the now avowed junction of the enfeebled Whig Rump with the powerful Radical and Popish faction. All this of course shows nothing; it only demonstrates, in the opinion of the Whigs, that the Ballot is indispensable, and that the influence of the clergy and landowners must be exterminated by secrecy of voting. And has it really come to this! Is the property and education of the country so decidedly hostile to the Revolutionary system; that the lower orders are every where in danger of being swayed by their influence? We thought the great bulk of the property, and all the talent and education of the country, were arrayed on the other side; that the Conservatives were a wretched band of selfish drivellers, driven from the helm by the roused indignation of the people, and wholly incapable of ever again setting their face to the government of England. Whence has sprung this sudden terror of Tory influence: this appalling resurrection of Conservative principle? “*Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*” It is the force of Truth—often slow to arise, but ever triumphant in the end, which has now arrayed almost all the educated or respectable classes, out of the pale of official trammels, against them; and compelled the Whigs to take refuge in that disgraceful union with the Popish Destructives, which now seeks to hide its shame under the cover of the ballot.

It is in vain for the Whigs to endeavour to palliate the mortification of these defeats by referring to the still more numerous cases in which, at

the late election, persons connected with Sir R. Peel's administration were rejected by the reform constituencies. The cases are not merely not parallel, but they are literally the reverse of each other. The Whigs had the new moulding of the constitution: they were permitted to draw the line round schedule A and B as they chose; they selected an urban constituency from the class which they knew to be most favourable to their views; and during the tumult of the reform mania none of these things could be effectually resisted. That *such* constituencies, so selected, created or preserved for party purposes, should for half a century prove faithful to the leaders who gave them such a sway in the state, and for as long a period reject all candidates on the Conservative side, would have been no way surprising; but that they should in so many instances so soon, so *very soon*, have veered round, and rejected their former idols, is indeed a humiliation. It argues either a degree of imbecility and weakness in the direction of affairs, which the Whigs will not readily admit in their administration, or a rapidity of descent down the cataract of revolution, which is sufficient to justify all the forebodings of their opponents. The truth is, that such has been the display which they have made, for the last two years, of their incapacity in every branch of government, and so fearful the advances of the anarchical party, under their feeble or infatuated management, that the great bulk of the education and property of the state has, in the energetic language of the Times, “drifted over to the Conservative side, which has, in that short period, doubled or perhaps trebled in bulk, and increased an hundred fold in talent, courage, and energy.”

We are not initiated in the mysteries of Whig, or Radical, or Popish tactics; but, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, we venture to foretell, that the O'Connell propped Administration, alarmed at the manifest tide which is setting in against them in the counties of England,

and yet compelled by their Papist and infidel allies to pursue the very measures which have roused this spirit of indignation, will strive to turn the tempest aside, by presenting some new object of ambition to the Radical multitude, and endeavouring again to revive the innovating mania which, for four long years, overwhelmed the sterling judgment of the English people. Nor is it difficult to perceive what is the next interest in the State which will be sacrificed in the hope of reviving the destructive mania. We have only to look at France, to perceive the order in which spoliation is to succeed in this country. The Constitution was there the first object to be sacrificed, and this was effected by the forced union of all the Three Orders in one Assembly. Already this great organic change is recommended in the Edinburgh Review,—the organ, even in its decrepitude and decline, of the Whig party. The Church was the next interest to be sacrificed, and the O'Connell Ministry has come into power, pledged over head and ears to ecclesiastical spoliation. The Corporations and Municipal Institutions were the next object of destruction by the French Revolutionists; and the Corporations and Municipal Institutions are already marked for spoliation by their humble imitators and devout admirers in this country.

The subject of corporate spoliation is one of the utmost importance, not merely from the great and disastrous consequences with which, if carried into effect, it is likely to be attended, but from the terrible consequences which must ensue from it as the first complete and successful inroad upon private property; the first open attempt to set aside the bequests or settlements of former times, and vest their management not in the persons destined by the original founders, but a totally different class, who will pervert the trust funds to entirely different and probably hostile purposes. Nor is the subject of municipal reform less important. It is in the municipal institutions of a state, that the principles of its citizens are formed, and their ideas of government matured; and in the powers exercised by its officers are to be

found more than half of the government which is actually felt by the great body of the people. Nothing can be of more importance than that municipal government should be purely and righteously administered; and nothing more deplorable than that party violence, intrigue, and corruption, should gain possession of these important seats of power. And it is precisely because we so strongly advocate purity and rectitude of municipal government, and so warmly deprecate the reverse, that we decidedly oppose such a change as we fear is calculated to extinguish all chance of the first blessings, and most certainly incur the second evils.

As this momentous subject will ere long form the subject of anxious debate in both houses of Parliament, and will be perhaps the first point on which the Conservative and Revolutionary party will be brought into collision, it is fortunate that a practical experiment has been made in Scotland of the change with which England is threatened, and that we can speak from *actual experience* of the tendency of the radical changes in this particular, which are there to be proposed for imitation. We make no apology, therefore, for now requesting the earnest attention of our southern readers to the working of Burgh Reform in Scotland. We have hitherto abstained from enlarging on it, not from the want of a clear sense of its ruinous consequences, but from an anxious desire not to mix up what was then a local grievance with the general concerns of the empire. Now, however, the case is different. Scotland is openly put forth as the prototype for general imitation; and it becomes, therefore, of the highest importance to England to know how the system which is recommended for their adoption has worked in the country where it was first established.

The principle on which the ancient burgh government of every European monarchy was founded, was the representation of society by its *classes*. The people were not massed together in the election of their magistrates as they now are in the choice of a member of Parliament; Each trade or incorporation had its

own representative, elected by itself,—and they chose the provost, bailies (lord mayor and aldermen), and other functionaries by whom the active duties of the magistracy were performed. Thus the merchants had merchant-councillors, the trades the trades-councillors, and each craft or incorporation a deacon, who was to represent it, and attend to its interests in the legislature of the borough. In this way the “town council,” as it was called, came to be the representative of the burgesses, not individually or collectively, but by their professions and avocations; and every respectable individual found himself represented through the medium of the craft or trade to which he belonged in the common council of the borough.

To all who are acquainted with modern history, it is unnecessary to observe that it was on this principle of the representation of *classes*, not *individuals*, that the whole machine of representative governments was framed; and that it is owing to the firm and compact union which it created that the machine of society in modern Europe has so long resisted the principles of dissolution by which it was assailed. The principle on which the municipal government of boroughs was thus founded was the same as that on which the Parliamentary representation of the state rested; where the clergy were represented by the bishops or lords spiritual, the nobility by the peers or lords temporal, the land-owners in counties by knights of shires, the boroughs by their burgesses, the universities by their members. Every borough with its merchant-councillors, trades-councillors, and deacons of crafts, was a little image of a nation with its barons, its bishops, its knights of shires, and borough representatives. Anomalies, irregularities, and abuses crept in, as will be presently noticed, but the *principle* of burgh government has been now stated.

To those who attach no weight to such political analogies, and are rather disposed to repudiate institutions because they have stood the test of ages, and held society together during centuries of former difficulty, it will appear of more im-

portance to observe, that such institutions rest on the true principles of government; and that just in proportion as municipal or national institutions depart from this standard, do they become precarious and short-lived in their existence.—The reason is obvious, and being founded on principles of universal application, may be calculated upon in all ages. The only firm and lasting conglomerations of mankind are those which are formed by community of interest or occupation; all other bonds of union are ephemeral in their endurance. Political passion, religious fervour, may for a time hold large bodies of men together, but with the arrival of seasons of tranquillity and peace such combinations gradually die away. It is the bond of common interest which alone is lasting: if the different classes of society wish to be adequately attended to by the local legislature, they must be represented by the trades or professions to which they belong,—the lawyers must be represented by a lawyer, the physicians by a physician, the surgeons by a surgeon, the bankers by a banker, the shopkeepers by a shopkeeper, the barbers by a barber, the butchers by a butcher. If these different professions, instead of having their own separate representatives, charged chiefly with their interests, and selected from among themselves, intrust them to representatives generally chosen by the mass of the people, they will all find themselves in the end miserably neglected. The Ten-pounders will hardly ever elect persons interested in the success of any particular branch of industry, or qualified by their experience to appreciate its interests; but they will fall under the mere direction of adventurers and demagogues—men who make a trade of electioneering, and are solicitous for no earthly interests but their own. In a word, *si parva licet componere magnis*, the principles so finely expressed by Mr Burke in regard to the due formation of a constitutional monarchy in France, are equally applicable to the due composition of municipal rulers,—“The natural legal interests of France are composed of the ecclesiastical, the military, the several

corporate bodies of justices and of burgherships, making, under a monarch, the French nation, according to its fundamental constitution. No considerate statesman would undertake to meddle with it upon any other conditions.”*

But although the principle on which the old municipal institutions of Scotland, as of every other country in Europe, was founded, was the true principle, yet in practice a great abuse had gradually and in soporific times arisen. This consisted in the principle of representation being abandoned to a certain extent, and a portion of the town council *electing their successors* out of members of the same craft which they represented,—a practice inconsistent with the very essence of a popular constitution, and which has afforded a handle to ambitious demagogues to raise up the clamour which has at length subverted the whole municipal institutions of the country. This evil, however, never spread universally; the principle of annual election was always admitted to a certain extent, even in the closest burghs; and at the dissolution of the old Edinburgh town council in 1833, fourteen seats out of thirty-three were every year filled up by the Deacons, chosen by the votes of their several crafts. The evil of self-election, however, existed to a certain extent, and was the subject of loud though much exaggerated complaint.

Here then was the fairest opportunity for a *real Reform*; for a return to the true principles of the municipal institutions of the country, and a cleansing of our boroughs from the impurities which, by statutes enacted in times of turbulence, or by erroneous custom at other times, had gradually attached to them in the course of ages, without departing from the original and fundamental principles of municipal, as well as political, government in modern Europe. All that required to be done, was to abolish the election of their successors by the town councils, and restore the whole body to its original constitution, that of being chosen by the different industrial classes

of society, and the old borough constitution would have thereon revived in its original purity, containing an ample representation of all the interests in the community. This would have been real Reform instead of Revolution—a return to the original principles of European society, divested of all the impurities which had gradually attached to it during the slumber, the turmoil, or seductions of ages.

Instead of this, what did Ministers, led by the deluded Whigs of Scotland, do? They brought in the Burgh Reform Bill, which at once overturned the old and fundamental condition of European society, the representation of classes and trades, and declared that all the seats in the town councils of Scotland should be filled up by the *indiscriminate election of the ten-pounders*, in the several districts into which the burghs were divided. A more deplorable and absurd innovation never was carried into effect by any Revolutionary Government. By it the old rational, coherent, and enduring bond of representation of professions has been destroyed, and instead of any *one interest* or craft finding itself represented among its civic rulers, all are overwhelmed by an indiscriminate mob of ten-pounders, whose passions are so variable, and views so inconsistent, that no human being can calculate upon their pursuing, for any length of time together, any steady or consistent policy. The only permanent principle by which they appear to be regulated, is a desire to throw off burdens, and gain pecuniary advantages or relief—a salutary principle, when directed by wisdom, and restrained by experience; but the most dangerous of all principles, because the first step to spoliation, when not guided by the most scrupulous attention to the rights and interests of others.

It was only in October 1833 that this new constitution of the magistracy, by the election of the ten-pounders in the Scottish burghs, came into operation; and its first general effect has been to overturn the fundamental condition of the Scottish

* Burke, *Policy of Allies*, 154.

Church, the nomination of ministers by the Crown and patrons of parishes. The way in which it has produced this deplorable effect is obvious. The magistrates of burghs choose lay representatives for the General Assembly; they are themselves chosen by the ten-pounders, and consequently the lay members of that ecclesiastical convocation, who hitherto have formed the barrier against revolutionary innovation, have, generally speaking, now been filled up from the enemy's ranks. The Whig Crown counsel were seen in the General Assembly to take an active part in the proceedings against the right of patrons; they acted in the true spirit of the rump of the administration, who have conceded the principle of Church spoliation, and are preparing to determine what proportion of the property of the Irish Church should be devoted to the maintenance of the Roman Catholic priesthood and the establishment of the Popish superstition.

Already has the hostility of the new magistrates to the Established Religion, and their subservience to the dictates of a dissenting or irreligious mass of ten-pounders, manifested itself. The magistrates of Edinburgh have by a solemn act adopted the principle that the clergy should be *reduced* from eighteen to thirteen, and that too in a city where the population is *increasing*, as proved by the last census, at the rate of two thousand a-year. The Whig and Radical magistrates have selected this period of rapid and unexampled increase of inhabitants to propose, by nearly *a third*, a reduction in the numbers of the clergy! It is unnecessary to say more. The spirit in which such a reduction at such a time was brought forward is too evident to require illustration.

It is impossible to condemn in too severe terms the proposal which the Whig magistracy have entertained of reducing the number of the city clergy at the very time when every true friend to religion would rather

have promoted their increase. The numbers of the establishment are already wholly inadequate to the wants of the people. From the statistical tables, lately compiled with so much care by the city clerks, it appears that there are in the churches and chapels belonging to the establishment only 17,833 seats for a population in Edinburgh alone of 136,000 souls. The seats in the dissenting chapels are 12,350—a natural consequence of the total inadequacy of the Establishment to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants. Within the royalty of Edinburgh there are 614 families to each Presbyterian minister—a proportion obviously and scandalously inadequate to the due instruction of the people. And yet it is now gravely proposed and *carried* by the reformed civic rulers of the Scottish metropolis, that this proportion, small as it is, should be still farther reduced by cutting off a third of the Established clergy, and leaving only one pastor to every nine hundred and twenty families!

The statistical tables, recently published at Edinburgh by the Movement Party, have given the death-blow to the argument so often stated against the Ecclesiastical Establishment of the metropolis, compared to that of Glasgow and some other towns in Scotland. To illustrate the utter extravagance of the principles of these Church Reformers, we would refer to the table which they have published of the ecclesiastical statistics of the chief cities in North Britain. From thence it appears, that while in Edinburgh there are at present one minister to every 614 families, in the city of Glasgow there are only one to every 1797 families, and in the great suburb of the Barony parish of Glasgow only one clergyman to 15,477 families, and SEVENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND INHABITANTS. This is the *model* which the reformed magistrates hold up to the example and imitation of the whole empire. One pastor to

1821.

1831.

139,000

162,000

* Population of Edinburgh and Leith,

In the parish of St Cuthbert's alone the increase is 2000 a-year, the number it contains being, in 1821, 50,597, and in 1831, 70,887.

Parl. Return, 1831, p. 380.

seventy thousand inhabitants. Having got matters to that pass, they boast of the great economy of the establishment in the great Babylon of the West. It farther appears from Dr Cleland's recent and admirable statistical tables of that city, that there is now a public house to every TWELVE HOUSES over the whole of Glasgow.* This, then, is the Utopia of civic economy in great towns according to the ideas of the reformed magistracies of Scotland—one spirit shop to every twelve houses, and one clergyman to every seventy-seven thousand souls!!

The dreadful evil, affecting to the constitution of the country under the Burgh Reform, is the immense power with which Town Councils, elected by the ten-pounders, and professing their principles, are now invested. Take Edinburgh for an example—The delegates of the ten-pounders are the patrons of all the city churches, and, from their parliamentary influence with the Attorney-General and Mr Abercromby, the city members, may be expected soon to acquire the power of reducing the number of the clergy, by a legislative measure, to any amount that they think fit. They are the patrons of the principal city schools: the guardians of its various and magnificent charitable establishments, one of which has an income of above £20,000 a-year; in a word, they are *ex-officio* at the head of almost all the institutions on which the instruction, improvement, and relief of the people depend. It is painful to think of such powers being vested in the delegates of the ten-pounders, in men, whatever as individuals they be, who are placed in a situation where they can do no good from the "pressure from without," to which they are all subjected; in the representatives, not of any interests, or professions, or classes in the city, but of a vast and changing mass, incapable of forming any rational plans, or of being permanently governed by any other desires but those of relief from burden,

no matter how obtained, or acquisition of money, no matter how acquired. The working of such a system on the internal economy of the Scottish cities must be, in the highest degree, deplorable; and for these evils we have to thank the Whigs and the reform mania.

One peculiar effect of Burgh Reform, in its working upon the best interests of the country, requires particular notice. By charter and custom the magistrates of Edinburgh are the patrons of the University, and in that character appoint persons to fill all its important chairs. By a recent decision of the supreme Court of Session, they have also the uncontrolled power of regulating and directing the course of study to be pursued in that seminary and every class it contains; the examinations to be required for every degree: in a word, every thing relating to the duty of the professors and the studies of the students. These ample powers were, by the statute introducing Burgh Reform, handed over, without any qualification or restraint whatever, to the new magistracy elected by the ten-pounders. They may now, if they choose, on the demise of the existing professors, suppress any or all the chairs in the University; extirpate the teaching of Latin, Greek, Astronomy, or any other branch of science or literature which they happen to think useless or conservative in its tendency, and fill the chairs of Ferguson, Blair, Playfair, Dugald Stewart, and Gregory, with mob orators or popular demagogues! In short, it is the same thing as if the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had been subjected to the government of the electors of the Tower Hamlets. Such is the extreme rashness and precipitance with which this ruinous civic innovation has been introduced; and that we can expect nothing but a succession of rulers, each worse and more governed by their ignorant but conceited constituents than those which preceded them, is proved by what has occurred in France,

* Cleland's Stat. of Glasgow, 234. This most meritorious public officer, whose admirable statistical works have long been admired over all Europe, has recently been deprived of the situation which he has so long and worthily filled by the reformed Town Council of Glasgow!

where such a method of choosing the municipalities has, ever since the last Revolution, been in full operation, and the result is thus stated by one of the ablest of the liberal school, the eloquent Salvandi:—

“The present law for the election of municipalities in France,” says this eminent author, “rests on the most erroneous foundation. Setting at defiance all the lessons of history, deluded by the magical words of municipal freedom and independence, we have despoiled the Crown of its right to appoint the mayors of towns, so that the administration system, like the ladder of Jacob, never touches the earth. And as the little proprietors are omnipotent in all the boroughs, they select the most absurd and unsuitable person for their magistrates. Property is excluded from all share in the elections. It has no privilege left but that of bearing all the municipal burdens, and being exposed to every species of vexation and outrage. It has invariably been found, that the municipal councils, excepting in some very small boroughs, are incomparably worse composed than they were before the recent enormous acquisitions of power which the democracy has received. To secure the appointment of a bad mayor, a mayor suited to their sordid and ignorant views, they are compelled to elect municipal councils of the same base description—*Abyssus abyssum vocat.*”

Nor has the experience of Scotland been less decisive upon this point. It is of the highest importance that the people of England should be made aware how the fact really stands on this important subject, and be disabused of those delusions which, for their own selfish purposes, the Radicals are perpetually putting forth on this subject. According to them, there never was such a blessing conferred upon a nation as Burgh Reform was on Scotland; whereas the truth is, that there never, in a matter of that description, was a greater curse. In making this remark, we assert not an opinion entertained by one or other party; not a matter concerning which there is any dispute; but a fact now abundantly established by experience, and concerning which there is no

diversity of opinion really entertained by any person capable of judging on such subjects, whether Whig or Tory, in Scotland. The Whig leaders, who were once so vehement in their clamour for Burgh Reform, are now as unanimous in its condemnation. For party purposes, and the appearance of consistency, indeed, they may deny this in public; they may still call Burgh Reform a blessing at public meetings on the hustings; but enquire their real opinion in private, and you will every where find that they lament its effect, and admit that it has done much more harm than good, nay, that if it continues, it will go far to ruin the country. Scotland, as the *corpus vile*, was first put forward into the flame of municipal innovation; and it is of the highest importance that the English should know, that the hazardous experiment has there *totally failed*. To all persons, of whatever party, excepting the official individuals who have obtained lucrative situations by the change, this is matter of notoriety in this country; our readers to the south of the Tweed may easily ascertain the truth of our assertion, by enquiring of any Whig of tolerable information and candour in this part of the island.

Nor is it surprising that this unanimity of opinion in condemnation of the change should obtain among all persons of sense or information, of whatever party, in this country. All the evils, without exception, which were complained of under the old system, have re-appeared in a still worse form under the new. Jobbing for their own party and party connexions was the great evil formerly experienced, and jobbing of that description is in the Reform Town Councils more rife than ever; the sway of a few individuals was loudly and justly complained of under the old system, and it was reasonably held forth as improper that a little circle should possess the power of nominating their successors, and the sway of a few individuals is now *more paramount than ever*, and the nomination of their successors by the existing councillors is just as completely effected as ever it was under the Dundas government. The only difference is, that instead of being openly done by

law, or under the authority of consuetudinary usage, it is accomplished by the force of intrigue, and the power invariably acquired by a narrow clique of six or eight individuals, who, by loud professions of patriotism and constant flattery of the lower orders, have gained the lead in their administration. This evil, the well-known concomitant of democratic municipal institutions in the republics of antiquity, has acquired such consistency in America, that a separate name (the *hocus*) has been devoted in their vocabulary to the permanent committee, which constantly sits for the purpose of guiding and directing the returns of the numerous bodies there intrusted with the elective franchise, whether for political or municipal offices. Short as has been the period (two years) that the popular system has been in activity in Scotland, that evil has already grown up. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, and all the considerable towns, have each their clique of bustling intriguing attorneys, or jobbing place-hunters, who, by constantly working at the electors, incessantly canvassing for one object or another, and considerable skill in the management of numerous bodies, have acquired the entire dominion over all the returns of *individuals* which the lower orders are empowered to make. We say, and say intentionally, the return of individuals, for doubtless these democratic intriguers must make some sacrifice to acquire such a sway over the electors; but this sacrifice is speedily made, and in general costs them little. They sacrifice to their followers every principle of reason, every lesson of history, every dictate of experience on general subjects, and slavishly advocate whatever extravagances or absurdities, the populace, under the guidance of their demagogues, think fit to press upon the legislature, and obtain, in return, what is the real object of their desire, an unlimited power of directing the popular votes towards whatever candidate, either in political or municipal contests, they choose to support. To such an extravagant length is this already carried, that if the clique in any of the great towns of Scotland were to put up the most worthless and in-

capable man in existence for any office, however important, a Robespierre, a Catiline, a Marat, a Collet d'Herbois, or a Fouché, and he were opposed by the ablest and most upright statesman that ever lived, by an Aristides, a Cato, a De Wit, a Sully, a Pitt, a Burke, or a Peel, the rejection of the opponent of the popular party would be certain. Under the guidance of such leaders, the populace are blind to every consideration which should influence them; they shut their eyes to virtue, talent, character, principle, beneficence, property on the one side, equally as to vice, recklessness, stupidity, profligacy, insolvency, on the other, and consider merely the one thing needful, viz. is he supported by their clique, and likely to do their work. If that is the case, though blasted by all the vices of Hell, he would prevail over a candidate arrayed in all the graces of Heaven.

Ignorance of the prodigious change which Burgh Reform has made in this respect on Scottish elections, leads our southern neighbours into frequent error on this subject. They are continually led to believe that the personal character of the candidate, or some other consideration foreign to the ambitious or selfish views of the ruling clique, will influence the electors; or that, exercising a dispassionate survey of public affairs, they will return such a representative as, in the existing state of the empire, is most conducive to the public advantage. It is natural they should do so; because they of course suppose that the elections in other places are to be governed by the same principles as in their own country. But we, who have gone through the ordeal of Corporate Reform, and know what it is to have all municipal officers subjected to the direct control of the ten-pounders, have learned, from the stubborn evidence of facts, that this is not the case. Woful experience has taught us, that when the elective power is vested in such vast masses, as necessarily contain crowds of dissolute abandoned men, like the urban constituencies of Scotland, all personal qualities, or general views of politics, go for nothing; and that the sole point looked to, is, whether the candidate will for-

ward the views, or promote the selfish objects of the intriguing knot who, by bustle, activity, and ultra-democracy, have risen to the lead in municipal affairs.

Nor is it in Scotland alone that this effect has taken place; the same result has, in all ages and countries, attended the extension of the right of election to great urban constituencies. It obtained universally in the republics of antiquity, as all their historians and philosophers have testified; it prevailed, with the most frightful consequences, in France, during the Revolution; it is in universal activity, amidst the plenty and rude prosperity of America; it appears in full vigour amidst the starving multitudes and fervent passions of Ireland; and in equal force amongst the once sober and calculating manufacturers of Scotland. Effects so uniform, springing up under every possible variety of nation, race, climate, and political situation, point to one general law of nature. That law is, the inability of multitudes to think for themselves, or form a dispassionate judgment on any subject of general interest; and the consequent necessity of their submission to the dictates of a single or a very limited number of leaders. It is the same principle which speedily brought republican France, with its enthusiastic millions, under the relentless yoke of the Committee of Public Safety; which now arrays the multitudes of Ireland in abject submission to the nod of the salaried Agitator, who enforces his mandates by the death's head and cross bones; and has long since vested the whole practical powers of the state in America in a very few individuals, who have acquired the lead in the different committees, to whom it is remitted to carry through the different functions of Government. The idea of the mass of the people practically exercising the powers even of municipal or corporate government, is, therefore, a mere chimera, which never yet existed, and never can exist among mankind, not even for six months. It is always, even during the heyday of democratic fervour, the beck of a few leaders which is obeyed; the difference only lies in the character of these

leaders, and the degree of deference which they pay to the passions or vanity of the multitude. If every municipal institution and corporation in the United Kingdom were to be thrown open to the rule of the ten-pounders, as the Scotch burghs have been, the consequence would be, not that abuses would be rectified, or the people would acquire the practical control, but that these abuses would come to benefit a different class of individuals; they would be fastened on with insatiable avidity by the hungry crew of democratic adventurers; by the coalesced ranks of Catholics, infidels, bankrupts, and prodigals, who have overthrown Sir Robert Peel's administration; and the last state of the nation would be worse than the first.

There is this especial circumstance worthy of note, and in a peculiar manner to be dreaded, in the government of corporations or municipalities by the cliques who rule the democratic constituencies, that the real movers of the machine, those who practically benefit by its abuse, are shielded from responsibility by the multitude who are put forward in the first instance, and are the persons by whom all the powers of Government are ostensibly wielded. Nothing can be worse than this; it is like the present state of Government, when the persons intrusted with the seals are overruled by an irresponsible power, wielded by an individual who bases his authority on the co-operation of the multitude. Such a state of things opens the door to abuses tenfold greater and more dangerous than any which obtained under the close system. For, under the fixed and acknowledged government of a few individuals, though abuses, and flagrant ones, may exist, yet it is impossible that responsibility for them can in the end be avoided, and the persons intrusted with the management soon become gorged, and, from affluence, less active than formerly in the prosecution of corruption. But the case is widely different with the succession of hungry, needy adventurers, who, under the democratic system, are successively elevated to the direction of the cliques which govern the multitude of electors. They exer-

cise an unseen, and therefore an irresponsible authority; no permanent situation or visible power is in their possession; like the great Agitator, they may rule three kingdoms, and yet neither wear a crown nor hold the seals of office. The multitude are the apparent depositaries of power, and what is the responsibility of the multitude? Nothing; for the share of every individual elector, in an improper choice, however destructive in its consequences, is so inconsiderable, that it can neither be the subject of opprobrium nor punishment. The persons whom they instal in office or power also are not either wealthy or permanent, but needy and changeable; precisely the class of all others most likely to profit by the fleeting enjoyment of power, to realize all their long wished for projects of spoliation. The management of corporations and municipalities by the multitude, therefore, is the certain source of abuses and corruptions infinitely greater than the greatest which were complained of under the old system; because, supposing the tendency to evil to be not greater in the one class than in the other, the likelihood of its commission is so fearfully increased, by reason of the total want of responsibility in the real directors of affairs, and the needy, desperate character of those who, in such a state of things, are invariably brought to the helm of power in villages and cities equally as empires.

The result has abundantly proved the justice of these observations. Corruption and the rule of a few were the grand evils complained of in the outset of the French Revolution, and the prominent abuses put forward to justify all the innovations which were introduced. What was the result? Why, that, when the rule of the multitude was established, corruption tenfold greater prevailed, and an oligarchy an hundred times closer was established. Great and crying as the abuses were in the days of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV., they were nothing to the wide-spread, the universal corruption which prevailed under the Republic, and literally, in Napoleon's words, "under the Directory, swallowed up more than half the revenues of the state." Nor need we go

to former times, or other countries, for proof of the same unhappy tendency. We have only to look at home to see its real working in the clearest light. Ireland is in reality governed on democratic principles; agitation has there long had full sway; a Voluntary Church is supported by the contributions of the Catholics, and leaders elected by a newly enfranchised multitude sit in Parliament. What has been the result? Has corruption declined, or selfishness disappeared, or patriotism flourished, or abuses expired, or oligarchy been overthrown, since agitation was made a trade, and the religion selected by the multitude has all but superseded the established faith? Have not the reverses of all these things occurred? Was ever oligarchy so powerful, or nomination so flagrant, as that now exercised in Ireland? Who appoint the sixty Catholic members? Is it the people? It is O'Connell and the juno of agitators. In choosing or rejecting the candidates whom they bring forward, the people have no more share than their own pigs or poultry. Are there no abuses in the Irish Popish Church? Is money never there extorted by spiritual terrors and the force of superstition? Is religion maintained by the property, in opposition to the industry of the country; and are the poor never taxed by their voluntary priesthood for the purpose of chicanery, imposition, or delusion? Whence comes the £12,000 a-year paid to the Great Agitator? Is not the payment which perpetuates the misery and pauperism, because it perpetuates the agitation and anarchy of Ireland, wrenched by the force of spiritual thunder, or threats of death, from a deluded peasantry? Is not he that resists any contribution ordered by the church denounced from the altar? What is the death's head and cross bones meant to signify? Is it a symbol of the freedom of choice of the people under the democratic system, and the perfect security with which all persons can exercise their will under the shadow of a ten-pound Government? And these are not the result of any casual or extraordinary combination of things in Ireland; they are the uniform and unvarying

effects, in all ages and countries, of vesting the multitude, that is, a fluctuating irresponsible mass, necessarily under the guidance of demagogues and agitators, with the supreme direction either of municipal or public affairs. And it is a system, proved by experience to have such consequences, which the Revolutionists, under the name of Corporate Reform, would force upon all the subordinate institutions of the country.

For evils, of whatever kind, in the political or municipal system, the Whigs and Radicals have but one remedy, and that is to vest the government of the body in which they have been detected in the ten-pounders. They deem it utterly impossible that *they* can ever become corrupted, or lend a hand to any abuse, in any situation; and therefore all, in their estimation, that is necessary to ensure practically a good Administration in every department, is to have its governors chosen by that democratic body. They have already, with their eyes open, subjected the University of Edinburgh to their government; and ere long they will do the same with Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College. If an arc of the meridian were to be measured, and ten-pounders were to be had in its neighbourhood, we have not the smallest doubt that they would vest the direction of the affair in their hands. The effect of such a system, acting universally and simultaneously in every part of the country, is fearful to contemplate. Judging from what it has already done in Scotland, during the two years that it has prevailed, it is hardly possible to overrate its disastrous tendency. It is impossible to contemplate, without the utmost alarm, an irresponsible mass of ten-pounders, under the guidance of agitators, exercising an irresistible authority over all the charities, corporations and municipal Institutions of the country. What will be the first effect of such a system? Why, that in every city or town, or village, where corporate funds exist, or municipal authority is to be exercised, there will spring up, as has been the case in Scotland, a little swarm of pestilent democratic intriguers, who, warmed into political life by the prospect of the

good things to be got out of the corporations; or the influence to be exercised in the magistracies, will devote themselves as to a separate profession—to the art of swaying and canvassing the electors, and, consequently, installing themselves in all the situations of trust or emolument which are at their disposal. To the race of low attorneys it will be life and joy; to every other class of men a subject of lamentation. With professions of patriotism, liberality, and purity for ever in their mouths, they will have gain, and lucre, and intrigue invariably in their hearts. This dismal brood, the invariable concomitant of popular election in municipal and corporate matters in every age and country, has already been hatched, and thriven apace, under the wings of Burgh Reform in Scotland. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee that it will infallibly spread with radical corporate reform into every part of the empire. When it does so, farewell to the application of charitable or religious bequests to the purposes for which they are destined,—farewell to rational or religious education out of the pious gifts of former ages,—farewell to the pure and upright administration of funds bequeathed by the beneficence of former times. Every thing will be jobbed; every thing will be the subject of intrigue with the clique, from the situation of lord mayor in his ermine to that of room-sweeper in his rags. This may seem strong language; but we are persuaded it is not stronger than every candid Whig who has witnessed the practical working of the new system in the Scottish burghs, or is aware of its effects in other states where it has been long established, will admit to be just. It is so, not because the democratic leaders are in their own nature more liable to corruption than the aristocratic, but because they are not exposed to the same responsibility, or influenced by the same feelings of permanence as those who, not being shielded in their administration by the power of the multitude, and holding only a brief tenure of office, exercise a visible, and therefore responsible and durable, authority.

There is another reason, and it is

a most powerful one, why democratic bodies, when they once obtain the command either of municipal institutions or corporate funds, must always be much more corrupt and selfish in their administration than a more limited class of office-bearers. The great and salutary control of public opinion is totally lost upon the persons appointed by such bodies, because the abuses which arise are in favour of those who direct the opinions of the mass of the people. It is a common observation, that the Whigs can venture upon abuses which the Tories could never set their faces to; and the remark is founded upon a general principle applicable to all the branches of government, and in the highest degree important. That principle is the experienced impossibility of providing any adequate check to the abuses or corruptions of the democratic party when their own leaders are the persons who profit by them. The great check of public opinion, the restraint, and the invaluable restraint, under a proper system of government, on the errors or selfishness of those intrusted with the administration of affairs, is not only lost when the democratic leaders acquire an uncontrolled ascendancy, but its weight is thrown to the wrong side. It is then employed not to *correct* but to *defend* abuses, and it is astonishing how long, under a skilful set of leaders, the popular press can be made to support corruption and iniquity of the very worst kind, provided it is shared only by its own supporters. The loud and indignant declamations of the Conservative or Aristocratic journals produce no sort of impression upon the immense constituencies invested, under such a system, with supreme power; for they never read a word of such productions, nor are made aware even of their existence, and what the Conservative party either think or say on the subject is to them a matter of perfect indifference. As the order of society, in short, requires that public opinion should be the requisite check on authority, so, when its leaders become possessed of authority itself, the two opposing powers are made to draw in one direction, and the nation is speedily overwhelmed by a spring-tide of

despotism and corruption. It is impossible on any other principle to explain the enormous and unprecedented abuses which sprung up in every department of the public service in France, during the whole course of the Revolution, or the incalculable evils to which the Irish now willingly submit for the selfish purposes of their democratic leaders. And the case is the same with municipal or corporate administration as political government: the principles are identical in both cases, and the same causes which overspread France with the worst and most degrading corruption during every stage of the Revolution, and now retain Ireland in its present miserable and distracted state, will operate with full force in every corporation, municipality, and village of the empire the moment that the ten-pounders are intrusted with their administration.

Is it then impossible to devise a system which shall be free from abuses, and must we cling to the old system of self-election and close corporations, to avoid being deluged by the flood of popular corruption and rapacity? No. It is possible, nay, it is easy to devise a system of Corporate Reform, which shall, as far as human weakness will admit, provide a check to the abuses of the burghage aristocracy, without opening the door to the still greater abuses of the populace and their demagogues. The principle on which this Reform must be based is that which lies at the foundation of all good government, whether in municipal or political matters, and that is, that *property must be the governing, and numbers the controlling power*. The actual administration must be few in number, and appointed by persons who have the fly-wheel of property and station to steady their conduct; but they must be laid open to the vigilant control, and subjected to the readiest examination from the persons, or their representatives, who are subjected to their authority, or interested in the funds of which they have the management. Property in municipal institutions must be represented by classes or professions, the only permanent and enduring bond which holds men in society together. Mere numbers

must not be excluded from the management, but they must not be allowed to obtain a majority. The instant they do so, the balance is subverted; the great weight of public opinion runs down to the wrong side, and the machine is destroyed by the acting together of the forces which were intended to keep it in due equilibrium, by exerting their respective influence in opposition to each other.

It was with a view to the establishment of a system which, abolishing at once and for ever all self-election and close management, should establish Corporate and Municipal Reform on such a safe and constitutional basis, that Sir Robert Peel, we are persuaded, continued the commission which the Whigs had issued. Something required to be done. Abuses in many places existed; corporations had dwindled away to a few members, and funds had been diverted from their destined ends to the purposes of individual aggrandisement,—all this, the result of the want of due public control over those intrusted with the management, required a remedy; but let us beware, lest, in avoiding Scylla, we fall into the jaws of Charybdis. The Corporate Reform which the Conservative would have introduced would have been one based on the true principles, founded on the remedy of acknowledged abuses, without the concession of more democratic control than was necessary to guard against their revival. This would neither have been innovation nor revolution, but renovation and improvement; which, without departing from the fundamental principles of European society which have subsisted in these realms for a thousand years, would merely have cut off the abuses which time had fastened on its institutions, and restored those checks which experience has proved to be essential to their permanent well-being.

What the Corporate Reform of the O'Connell Administration will be we know not, though we own our anticipations are of the very worst kind. In the close of their official pamphlet on the Reform Ministry and the Reform Parliament, published in October 1833, the

Whigs avowed that their intention was to reform all corporations and municipal institutions as they have done those of Scotland, by subjecting them at once to the direction of office-bearers elected by the ten-pounders. If such was their design in October 1833, we much fear more moderate councils are not likely to prevail in May 1835, after an alliance offensive and defensive has been formed with the Radicals, and O'Connell has been installed in his important office, that of the secret and irresponsible ruler of Government. If any such rude and Radical innovation as this is brought forward, we call upon Sir R. Peel and the Conservatives to oppose it to the uttermost in the Lower House, and upon the Peers at once, to reject it in the Upper. The subject of Corporate Reform is not like the Irish Tithe Bill, pressing, and productive of calamity if delayed: it is one which may, with perfect safety, be rejected, and which had infinitely better be rejected an hundred times over, than permitted to lead to the establishment of such an execrable system as the management of municipal or corporate institutions by the ten-pounders; in other words, by a clique of needy, rapacious, and, for the most part, unprincipled adventurers in every city, who have acquired the dominion of the people by flattering their passions. We denounce such a system, as fraught with the very worst possible effects, as calculated instantly and irrevocably to fasten upon the country abuses and corruptions tenfold greater than it removes—as subversive of the natural and only safe order of Government, and utterly inconsistent with the whole system and fabric of European society. We denounce it still more, as laying the axe to the root of the true nursery of freedom, which is to be found in the association of men in situations of trust and local power in every part of the country—who are held together by the durable bond of common interest and profession, and as likely to destroy those strongholds in which infant liberty in modern Europe found its first refuge and surest support. We tell the people of England that the ten-pounders are nothing but an aggregate of numbers from a

particular class in society, without any community of occupation, profession, or durable interest, held together by a rope of sand—that no permanent or lasting efforts in favour even of liberty are to be expected from their exertions—that no freedom ever yet subsisted six months which was established by the agency of such a heterogeneous multitude, and that in the lapse of years they inevitably and invariably sink under the despotic rule of a single or limited number of leaders who have made their passions the means of destroying the bulwarks of real liberty in the land. We say this not from the mere deductions of history or foreign observation—not merely from a contemplation of the utter and irrevocable prostration of freedom which has resulted from the destruction of the corporations and overthrow of the old municipal system in France, but from a practical acquaintance with the working of the proposed change in our own country, and a melancholy recognition in the Scottish towns, under the Burgh Reform system, of all the innumerable abuses and evils which historians and observers of foreign convulsions have unanimously concurred in representing as following its establishment in other states. If, after such warning, both from history and experience, the English are deluded enough to swallow the bait of Radical Corporate Reform, they deserve to suffer all the incalculable evils which follow in its train.

But we confidently hope for better things. We trust in the effect of the general burst of indignation which the monstrous alliance between Whigs and Radicals has occasioned. We trust in the at-last-awakened sense of the nation to the enormous danger which awaits

alike our civil and religious liberties, from the rapid strides which Catholic ambition, going hand in hand with infidel impatience and democratic despotism, has recently made. We trust that the well-disposed and rational part of the English people will see that Corporate Reform is nothing but the sop thrown out to Cerberus, while the perilous gates are passed; the peace-offering presented to the populace during the important crisis when an irretrievable inroad is effected upon the Protestant constitutions of the empire. It is just because the O'Connell Ministry clearly perceive that the nation has become alive to this danger that they will infallibly present the municipal and corporate institutions of the empire as the next holocaust to be offered to the spirit of Revolution, and the most effectual means of diverting the public attention from the real objects which they have in view; and it is for that reason, as well as on account of the enormous peril with which the measure itself, if based on Radical principles, is attended, that all friends to their country should combine to resist the momentous change. Let the people of England, therefore, support Corporate Reform, but resist Corporate or Municipal Revolution. Let them cling to that Conservative amelioration which can alone remedy the evils of the close system, without inducing the woful corruption of a ten-pounder Administration; and by furthering the improvement, but resisting the destruction, of our institutions, at length put a bar to that feverish passion for innovation which promises to bury in one common ruin our liberties, our religion, and our national existence.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVII.

- Aird, Thomas, poem by him of the Christian Bride, in Three Cantos, 179.
- American Starling described by Audubon, 116.
- America, Democracy in. M. Alexis de Tocqueville, Remarks on his Book, 758.
- Annals, German, for 1835, reviewed, 386.
- Antique Greek Lament, by Mrs Hemans, 535.
- Audubon's Ornithological Biography, vol. II. reviewed, 107.
- Boyton, Rev. Charles, deputed to represent the condition of the Protestant Church in Ireland, 210—His observations on the Income of the Clergy of the Irish Church, quoted, 212.
- British Months, Poem by Mant, reviewed, 684.
- Brüder, die feindliche, remarks on, 513.
- Buccaneer, Dana's, 416.
- Bull, Fragments from the History of John, Chap. XI., 18—Sham Fight between Dan and Allsop when he robbed Patrick's House, 18—Chap. XII.—How Buckram behaved when he went to visit Sister Peg's quarters, 20—Chap. XIII.—How John was Sickened at Breakfast, Poisoned at Dinner, and nearly Burned at Night, 23—Chap. The Last—How John desired his servants to walk about their business, as they could not agree, and took his old steward back again, 26.
- Butler, W. Archer, The Even Song of the Streams by him, 856.
- Canada question, 909. Evils of Canada imputed to its division into two Governments, which created two rival Empires, 910—Speech of Mr Lymburner in 1791, 912.—Financial Doings of the House of Assembly, 915—Composition of the House of Assembly, 918—Grievances complained of by this House, 919.
- Change of Ministry, 796—Present Parties in the House of Commons, *ib.*—Prospects of Conservatives more fair now than they have been since the Death of Pitt, 797—Present Views of the Radical Party avowed, 799—Danger now apparent to all, 801—Encouragement from the sentiments of the most influential Journals, 804—Admirable conduct of Sir R. Peel, 807—Remarks on the appropriation of the Surplus Revenues of the Irish Church, 810—Battle of the Constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts, 758.
- Chateaubriand, his Conversations, 620.
- Chatham, Lord, his letters to his Son William Pitt, 7, *et seq.*
- Chouan, the Land of the, 354.
- Christian Bride, a Poem, by Thomas Aird, 179.
- Conservative Government, shall we have a, 431—*Gradual Ascent* of Conservative Principles, 432—Reverence to old Institutions a commendable feeling, 435—Remarks on the Character of those that form the Movement, 438—Of Radicals, *ib.*—Retrospect on the Ministries of Grey and Melbourne, and on the Causes that led to their Dissolution, 439, *et seq.*—Refutation of the Charge against the Tories that they have been Enemies of the Country, 432—Absurdity of supposing a Government has nothing to do but Reform, 441.
- Conversations of M. Chateaubriand, 620.
- Cruise of the Midge, Chap. XI.—The Devil's Gully, 319—Chap. XII. My Uncle, 447—Chap. XIII. The Suicide, 579—Chap. XIV. The Moonbeam, 767—Chap. XV. The Breaking Wave, 777—Chap. XVI. The End of the Yarn, 893.
- Curse of Kehama. Character of Kailyal, 815.
- Dana's Buccaneer, 416.
- Delta, Poem by him. The Child's Burial in Spring, 792.
- Democracy in America, by M. Alexis de Tocqueville, 758.
- Devil's Gully, Cruise of the Midge, 319.
- Dudevant, Madame, her account of Talleyrand, 76.
- Dunbar, his poems, edited by D. Laing, reviewed, 288.
- Early Called, the, Chap. I. By the author of Chapters on Churchyards, 82—Chap. II. 196.
- Elections, remarks on the result of, 428.
- Ettrick Shepherd, a Scree on Politics by him, 634.
- Exeter, Bishop of, and Lord John Russell, 145.
- Faëry Queen, Legend of the Red-Cross Knight, No. V. of Article entitled Spenser, reviewed, 49—Reviewed, No. VI., 540.

- Fall of Melbourne Ministry, 30.
 Farnese, Alexander, Sketch of his Life, 957.
 Father O'Leary's Sermon, 859.
 Female Characters. Modern Poetry considered, No. I. 815.
 Foreign Military Biography, Alexander Farnese, 957.
 Fox, Character of his Eloquence, 173—His Character at his greatest Elevation, 567.
 Fragments from the History of John Bull, 18.
 French and German Belles Lettres—Remarks on "La Magnetiseur, and Die feindliche Brüder," &c. 513.
 German Annuals for 1835, reviewed, 386.
 German and French Belles Lettres, remarks on, 513.
 Goriot, Le Père, a true Parisian Tale of the year 1830, 348.
 Hamlet, German Critics on, 236.
 H. B. Sketches, by, No. I. 72—L—d B—m to a great personage, *ib.*—Lord B—m to Lord A—th—e, 74—No. II. L—d B—m to Joseph Grimaldi, Esq. on a coalition, 410.
 Hay, William. Translations from the Greek Anthology, 652.
 Hollings, The Type of Prometheus, 651.
 Heman's, Mrs, her poem of a Huguenot's Farewell, 233—Antique Greek Lament, 535—Poem by her. Despondency and Aspiration, 793.
 Horn, his Remarks on the Scene with the Gravedigger, &c. in Hamlet, 254—His criticism on the play of Julius Cæsar quoted, 754.
 How Swift is a Glance of the Mind, a poem, 928.
 Howitt, Mary. The Seven Temptations by her, reviewed, 613.
 Huguenot's Farewell, a poem, by Mrs Hemans, 233.
 Ireland, Deputation from the Irish Protestants to the People of England, 210.
 Johnson, Dr, Observations on his manner of criticising Shakspeare, 237.
 Judge Not, and other Poems, by Edmund Peel, reviewed, 677.
 Jungfrau of Lurlei, the, 536.
 Kailyal, in the Curse of Kehama, her Character, 815.
 Keywest Pigeon, described by Audubon, 119.
 Laing, David, his Edition of Dunbar's Poems reviewed, 288.
 Lamartine, M. de, notice of his Souvenirs, Impressions, &c. during a voyage in the East, 875.
 Land of the Chouan, 354.
 Last Journey, the, 534.
 Lays of the Levellers, No. I., 446—No. II. The Grand Junction, 657.
 Legendary Tale, with very little lore, 906.
 Liberal Whig, Letter from a, 125—His Remarks on Sir R. Peel's Address to the Electors of Tamworth, 126—His Recommendation of a Coalition, 127—His Opinion as to the Manner in which Government ought to act in Church Matters, particularly as regards Dissenters, 375; as regards Church Rates, 376; as regards Commutation of Tithes, Non-residence, Exclusion of Bishops from House of Lords, 377; as regards a more just Apportionment of Income among the Working Clergy, 378—Coalition again Recommended, 380, *et seq.*—His Views of the Reform which may yet be safely given, 383—Reprobates the Spirit of the Whig Addresses at the Elections, 386—Contrast betwixt the present position of Whigs and Tories, 937—Appropriation of Church Property, 940—Admission of Dissenters to English Universities, 942.
 Magic Key, the, 391.
 Magnetiseur, La, Remarks on, 513.
 Mant's British Months, reviewed, 684.
 Melbourne Ministry, Fall of, 30—This the Work of Retributive Justice, *ib.*—Whigs may again succeed to Power, but will cease to be Whigs, *ib.*—Their Destruction the Result of their own False Principles, 31—Their Gross Mistake in supposing the Reform Bill was to perpetuate their own Power, 32—Three circumstances in this Country have counteracted or delayed the natural tendencies of the Reform Bill, 33; viz. 1. Religious Feeling of the People *ib.*; 2. Firm Conduct of the Aristocracy, 34; 3. Decision of the King, 35—Sergeant Spankie's Letter quoted, 36—Gradual deterioration of the Whig Cabinet after the passing of the Reform Bill, 37—Retrospect on the measures of the Whig Government, 38—Their West Indian Policy, 41—State in which the Whigs have left our Foreign Relations, 44—The Internal State of the Empire, 45—Prospects of the new Government, 46.
 Michael Lynx, the man who knew himself, 730.
 Middle Ages, Stories of the, 505. Queen Semiramis, 506—The Ungrateful Man, 509.
 Midge, Cruise of the,—Chap. XI. [The Devil's Gully, 319.—Chap. XII. My Uncle, 447.—Chap. XIII. The Suicide, 579.—Chap. XIV. The Moonbeam, 767.—Chap. XV. The Breaking Wave, 777.—Chap. XVI. The End of the Yarn, 893.]

- Municipal and Corporate Revolution, 964—Unequivocal symptoms of reaction against the Revolutionary System, *ib.*—Corporate Spoliation the first inroad on private property, 965—The advantages pointed out of a representation of *classes*, not of *individuals*, 966—Self-election of Town-Councils was the true evil that required a remedy, 967—Survey of the disastrous operation of the new Municipal Constitution given to the Burghs of Scotland in 1833, 967—Great power of the Cliques in the large towns interfering with the Free choice of the Electors, 972—Corruptions in the new system of Election by Ten-Pound Voters, 974—Possible to devise a system better than either the old or new, 975.
- Nights at Mess, Chap. IX., 225—Chap. X., 627—Chap. XI., 723—Chap. XII., 929.
- Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. LXX. Remarks on the Grassmarket Meeting, 138—Other Political Remarks, 135, *et seq.*—No. LXXI., 256.
- Notes of a Traveller, by M. de Lamar-tine, 875.
- Nursery Rhymes—A Summary of the Times, 95—467—950.
- O'Sullivan, Rev. Mortimer, deputed to represent the condition of the Protestant Church in Ireland—His Character of Mr Whitty, 215—His Speech at Leicester quoted, denouncing the intended Spoliation of the Irish Church, but admitting the necessity of Reform, 217, 218—His Speech at Bath, referred to and partly quoted, 220—His Speech at Lincolnshire on the disregarded Oaths of the Roman Catholics, on which they obtained Political Power, referred to and partly quoted, 221.
- Old House in the City, 860.
- Ornithological Biography, Audubon's, Vol. II. Reviewed, 107.
- Parliamentary Report on Lighthouses. Letter from Alan Stevenson, 884.
- Peel, Edmund, his Judge Not, and other Poems, reviewed, 677.
- Père, le, Goriot, a true Parisian Tale of the Year 1830, 348.
- Pilot Fish and the Shark, 908.
- Pitt, William, Part I. I.—His Birth and Entrance at College, &c. 5—His Studies and Habits at College, 6—Letters from his Father, Lord Chatham, 7, *et seq.*—Called to the Bar, 9—First Appearance in Parliament, *ib.*—Subsequent Appearances in Parliament, and extraordinary applause attending them, 10, *et seq.*—Character of his Eloquence on these occasions, 12—De-clines to join the Rockingham Administration, 12, 13—Unpopularity of the King in the First Part of his Reign, 13—Manner of the Dissolution of the North Ministry described, 14—Firmness of the King on the Disasters of Cornwallis in America, 15, 16. Part II.—Pitt becomes a Leader in Parliament, 162—His early Conduct in regard to Parliamentary Reform, *ib.*—His Motion on this Subject in 1782, 163—Misconceptions pointed out of the True Rights of Man in Society; also, of the True Theory of the British Constitution, 164, 165—The British Constitution has more to dread from the Democratic than Monarchical Power, 166—Pitt named Chancellor of Exchequer, 168. Part III.—Coalition Ministry of 1783, 477—Fitzpatrick, 475—Pitt's Bill for abolition of Fees in Public Offices, 481—The King's dislike to the Coalition Ministry, 482—Fox's plan of Reform in India, 484—Pitt's opposition to that plan, and Bill rejected, 486—His great difficulties and uncommon firmness at this crisis, 487. Part IV.—Parallel betwixt the present time and 1783, when Pitt assumed the Ministry, 557—Character of his Eloquence, *ib.*—The King's encouragement of Pitt has a decisive influence on events, 560—Character of Fox at his greatest elevation, 567—Continued firmness of the King on the farther defeats of Pitt, 571—Rise of public opinion in favour of Pitt's Ministry, 573—Dissolution of Parliament, 577.—Part V. 843.—Reflection on the late Dissolution of Parliament, 844—Westminster, Election of, 1784, 847—His bill for Parliamentary Reform, 848—Financial System, 850—His Views regarding the Test and Corporation Acts, 854—Reflections on the early stage of the French Revolution, when the property of the Church was adjudged to belong to the State.
- Prince Talleyrand, 76—Madame Dudevant's account of him, *ib.*
- Poetry—Poems by William S. Roscoe, reviewed, 153—The Christian Bride, by Thomas Aird, 178—The Huguenot's Farewell, by Mrs Hemans, 233—Ancient Scottish Poetry, No. I., Dunbar, 287—Sonnet on the Duke of Wellington, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 353—Whig or Tory, 445—Lays of the Levellers, 446—Town Eclogue, London University, 502—The Last Journey, 534—Antique Greek Lament, by Mrs Hemans, 535—The Jungfrau of Lurlei, 536—On an insulated Rock on the summit of Mow-

- cop, &c., 538—Sonnet written by the Sea-side, by Lady Emmeline S. Wortley, 642—The Type of Prometheus, by Hollings, 651—Lays of the Levellers, No. II. The Grand Junction, 657.—Sonnets by the Sketcher, 739—Song by Lady E. S. Wortley, 791—The Child's Burial in Spring, by Delta, 792—Despondency and Aspiration, by Mrs Hemans, 793—The Evening Song of the Streams, by W. Archer Butler, 856.—Family Poetry, No. VI.—Nursery Reminiscences, 874—The Pilot Fish and the Shark, 908—How Swift is a Glance of the Mind, 928—Nursery Rhymes, 950.
- Result of the Elections, 428.
- Romeo and Juliet, German criticism on, 523—Schlegel quoted, 528.
- Roscoe, William S., Poems by him, reviewed, 153.
- Russell, Lord John, and Bishop of Exeter, 145.
- Schlegel's Translations and criticisms of Shakspeare, 242, *et seq.*
- Scottish Poetry, Ancient, No. I., Dunbar, 287.
- Screed on Politics, by the Ettrick Shepherd—Letter First, 634—Letter Second, 635—Letter Third, 637—Letter Fourth, 639—Letter Fifth, 650.
- Semiramis, Queen, a Story of the Middle Ages, 506.
- Seven Temptations, the, by Mary Howitt, reviewed, 643.
- Shakspeare in Germany, Part I., Hamlet, 236—Character of Johnson's criticism, 237—Of Lessing's, 240—Schlegel's Translations, 242—Tieck on the character of Ophelia, 250—On the Ghost, fencing scene, &c., 252—Horn on the scene with the Grave-digger, &c., 254—Part II. Romeo and Juliet, 523—Part III. Historical Plays, Julius Cæsar, 747—Criticism by Horn quoted, 754.
- Shall we have a Conservative Government? 431.
- Shelburne, Lord, character of him, 170.
- Sheridan, character of his eloquence, 173.
- Silas Fleshpots, "a Respectable Man," 595.
- Sketcher, No. X., 336—No. XI., 625.
- Sketches by H. B., 72.
- Sonnet on the Duke of Wellington, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 353.
- Sonnets by the Sketcher, 739.
- Souvenirs, Impressions, &c. of M. de Lamartine during a Voyage in the East, or Notes of a Traveller, 875.
- Spankie, Serjeant, his letter to his Finsbury constituents, quoted, 36.
- Spenser, Faery Queen reviewed, No. V., 49—No. VI., 540—Legend of the Red-Crosse Knight, No. VII. Conclusion of review, 659.
- Stevenson, Alan, Letter from him on Parliamentary Report on Lighthouses, 884.
- Stories of the Middle Ages, 505.
- Suicide, the—Cruise of the Midge, 579.
- Talleyrand, Prince, 76.
- Tieck on the character of Ophelia, 250.
- Tocqueville, M. Alexis de, Remarks on his Book on Democracy in America, 758—his opinion on the probable continuance of the Union of the States quoted, 762.
- Town Eclogue. London University, 502.
- Ungrateful Man, the, a Story of the Middle Ages, 509.
- Wellington, Sonnet on, by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, 353.
- Whig, a, as he ought to be, a pure old Whig, 412.
- Wordsworth, William, his "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," reviewed, 699—Retrospective View of the Poets and Critics of Scotland, 700—Sentiments with which the Reviewer met the first appearance of this great Poet, 702.
- Wortley, Lady Emmeline Stuart, Sonnet written by the Sea-side, 642—Song by her, 791.
- Wyvilles, the, 489. Letters 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
- "Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems," by William Wordsworth, reviewed, 699.
- Zenaida Dove described by Audubon, 117.

